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AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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JUL 26 1919

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*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

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READERS of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will notice several new names and features in this, the first issue in the larger size.

To begin, we have Rob Wagner, whom it seems almost unnecessary to introduce. There is no one who has written more entertainingly concerning the great screen industry, and certainly no one has equaled his output of articles about film folk. The subject which he discusses for us in this issue is one that cannot fail to attract the attention of every reader. And Wagner does the rest.

We want to call special attention to the two fictionized versions of film plays which we are printing this month. A good many people, we believe, do not care to read screen plays told in story form, because so many plays—including some of the greatest successes—are not suitable for adaptation in short-story form. Moreover, the work of writing these magazine versions is too often intrusted to hack writers rather than to professional fiction writers. In choosing the stories for this issue we endeavored, first of all, to select two which would make good stories. Then we looked about for the writers best fitted to see these plays and write from them our fiction versions.

For "The Pagan God" we procured the services of Achmed Abdullah, a novelist, playwright, and short-story writer, whose name has appeared many times in nearly all of the leading magazines. Captain Abdullah, who lived in China for several years, while serving as an officer in the British army, knows the Orient thoroughly. You will be repaid for reading his story.

Mary Denham Monroe, who novelized "Hard Times," is another newcomer to PICTURE-PLAY'S staff. Miss Monroe is a fiction writer who has a deep sense of human interest, as her version of King Vidor's appealing film play shows. We will have stories by her in future numbers.

We also call your attention to a new department, "Reviews in Rhyme," by C. L. Edson. Mr. Edson has been a professional humorist of standing for several years. In conducting humorous columns on the Kansas City *Star* and on the New York *Mail* he has written miles of comic verse, but never has he done a more delightful and rollicking bit than his "One-thing-at-a-time O'Day." Next month he will review "Peg o' My Heart."

We have several other treats in store for you in our next issue. Perhaps you read the notices of the recent wedding of John Emerson and Anita Loos at the summer home of the Talmadges on Long Island. One of our special writers attended that wedding, and is going to tell you of what took place there on that momentous occasion.

We are going to print one of the most interesting and informative articles concerning the screen which we have ever had the good fortune to read. It is written by Peter Milne, veteran reviewer of pictures. In a most entertaining manner Mr. Milne sets forth a long list of the tricks and situations which producers constantly put into their pictures in order deliberately to produce certain effects on the spectator. As you read it you will find that the situations he mentions will call to your mind scores of pictures in which you have seen these tricks employed.

There are many other equally novel and interesting features scheduled for our next and succeeding issues.

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Little Orphan Annie
The Hell Cat

JAMES NEILL
Say Young Fellow
The Little American

MAHLON HAMILTON
The Danger Mark
The Hidden Hand
The Death Dance

KATHLYN WILLIAMS (Selig Star)
Out of the Wreck
The Whispering Chorus
We Can't Have Everything

EDWIN STEVENS
The Devil's Toy
The Squaw Man
Faith
Cheating Cheaters

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Sporting Life (Leading Man)
White Heather (Leading Man)

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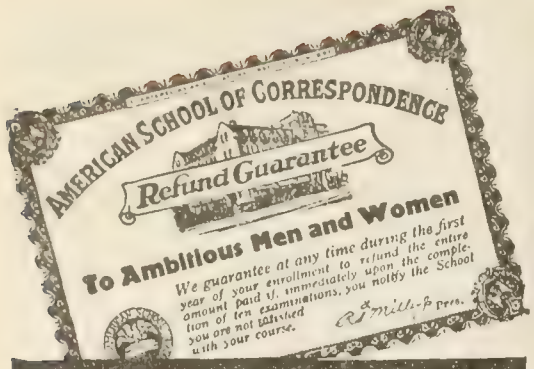

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DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art,* that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is *a real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

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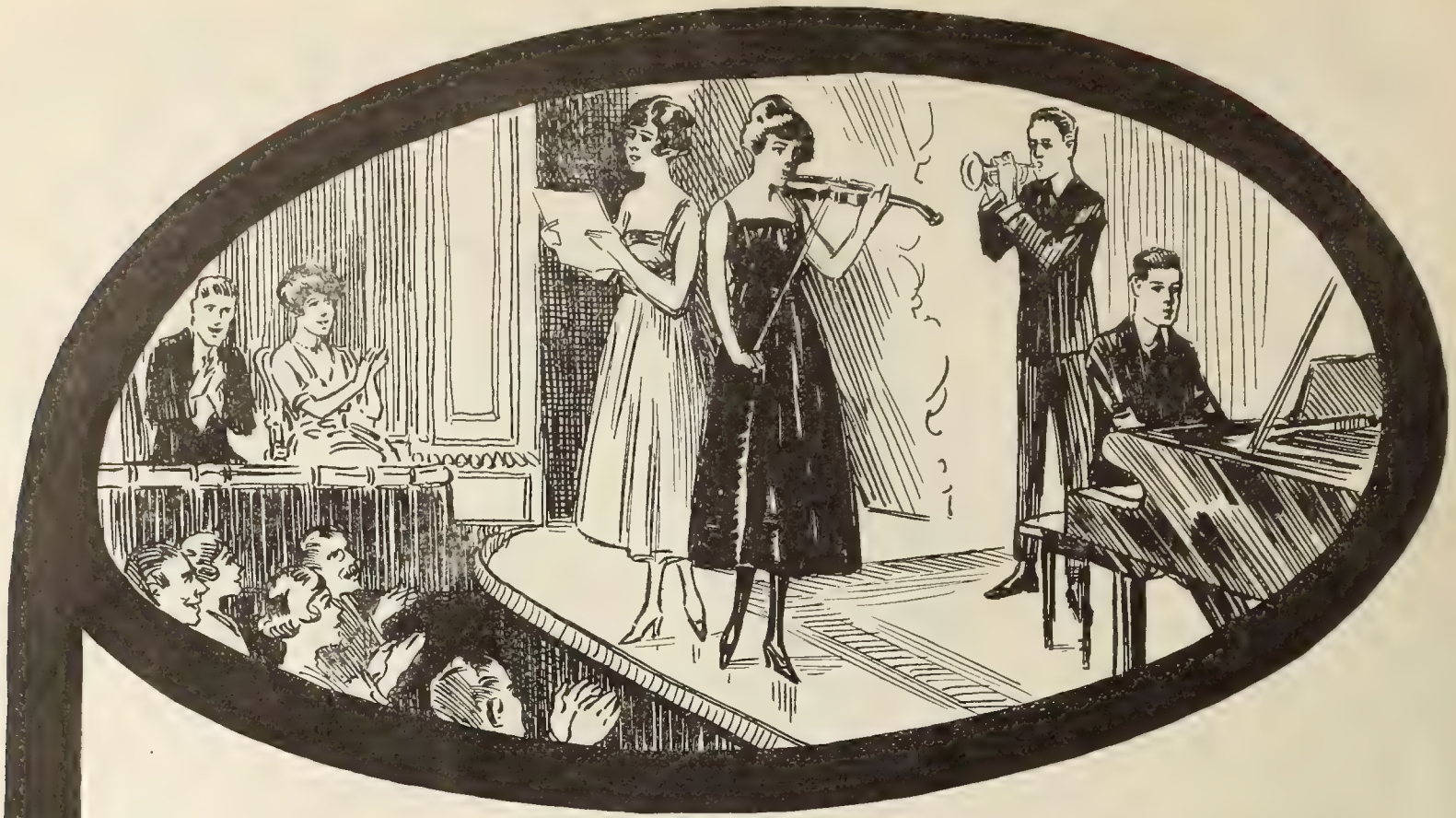

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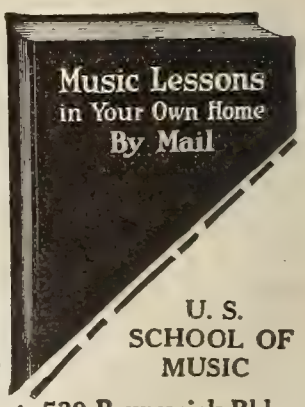

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FOREWORD

WITH the present number, PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE enters upon a new phase of its career. In keeping with the progressive spirit of the day, it has been enlarged, and will be printed, from now on, in what has become the new standard size for illustrated magazines. The advantages of this larger size for displaying the wealth of photographic material that is used each month will be apparent to all our readers. And with this, and the other innovations, which are commented on elsewhere, it is a safe prediction that the magazine, successful in the past, will be still more successful in the future, in meeting the demands of the great screen-loving public for a publication of its character and purpose.

For PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE holds a distinctive place among the publications devoted to the screen.

It has aimed, first of all, to keep its readers informed, through well-selected text and pictures, on all vital topics connected with the development of the great film industry.

But, in accomplishing this, it has also been pledged:

To present in the most entertaining manner, material selected for its warmth of human interest; to avoid all that is heavy, didactic, and dull—and all that is silly, vapid, and insincere.

To keep faith with an intelligent following by making its readers acquainted with the real personalities of the men and women who have become loved through their work upon the screen.

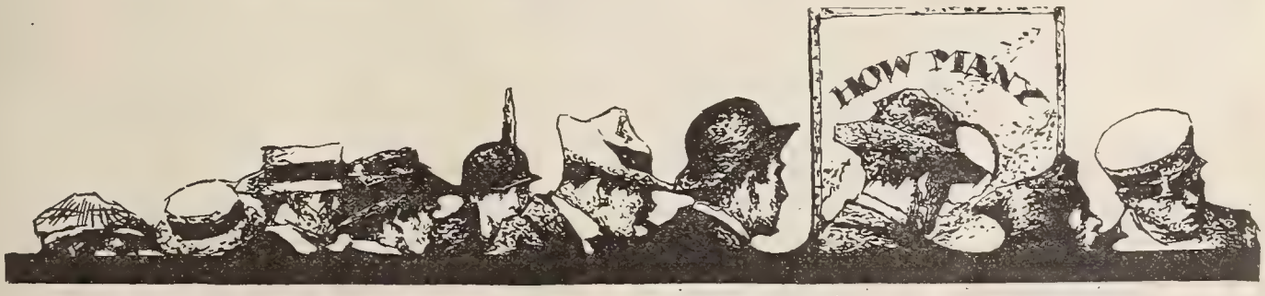
To encourage, without preaching, the best achievements of the screen.

To retain, at all times, a permeating sense of humor.

To strive constantly for novelty and variety.

And last, and perhaps most important, to further a close personal relationship between the magazine and its readers.

In the new era of the magazine's career, we feel confident that this relationship, which has been attested by thousands of welcome letters, will become even closer and more personal. And that is our aim.



SELZNICK PICTURES

ELAINE
HAMMERSTEIN

In a series of powerful emotional dramas.

Are Screen Characters Immoral?

A serio-comic discussion of an oft-discussed problem—light enough for a summer-afternoon's reading, but packed with enough profound ideas for a winter-evening's discussion.

By Rob Wagner

I KNOW a charming lady over in Altadena who has been happily divorced three times, but who will not permit her little Madeline to attend the movies because, "my dear, they fill a child's mind so full of scandal!" I know another lady whose husband financed a bloody revolution in Mexico, yet she never attends the pictures lest her æstheticism be shocked by too much gun play. And I am good friends with a perfectly delightful couple living in Beverly Hills who won't attend the Santa Monica road races unless they can park their car at "death curve," yet they both deplore the "violence" in the photo drama.

Mary Pickford makes no appeal with sticky sentimentality, nor with sex allurements. On the contrary, her greatest charm lies in the sublimation of her sex.

Now it is a terrible indictment of a new and struggling art when the nice people of the country are so outraged. Yet, if the function of art is to-

Bill Hart represents another character of splendid manhood.

hold the mirror up to life, what are the poor movies to do? We have seen that scandal, lawlessness, and violence are not uninteresting even in the lives of our sincerest deplorers.

Doug typifies the modern spirit.

A symbol of a romantic period that is almost past.

Who are the folk who clutter up our divorce courts with their scrambled infelicities? The lowly proletarians? Not a bit of it! They are the respectable bourgeoisie and our nicest aristocracy. And as for violence, has not the recent brawl in Europe enlisted the exuberant participation of our most rococo society? It isn't fair for ladies who change their meal tickets with their spring motor cars to grow squeamish over our artistic scandal; nor is it becoming for our æsthetic orchids to grow deplorable over our film violences, in the light of what many of them suggested should be done to the kaiser.

If there is any real deploring to be done it should be because of the cinema's understatement of the facts of life. Even without a censorship we couldn't show crime as raw as it really is, and if we should celebrate the war as it actually happened it would be an artistic violence. Furthermore, ladies, you know perfectly well that evil gains stupendous successes in real life, and poor old virtue oft languishes and dies, but we are so darned nice in the pictures that vice always gets it in the neck, while virtue is rewarded with a beautiful, dissolving clinch at the end of the film. No, as I said before, if there is any real artistic kick coming to the photo drama it should be addressed to its almost sticky morality.

In fact, the purpose of this piece is to prove to sensitively nice people that the art of the motion picture is alarmingly moral and that the screen heroes who, by popular election, have achieved Olympian stardom, symbolize all the virtues of our national and personal idealism.

Before I set out on that joyous adventure suppose we take a quick slant at the youthful heroes of those grown-ups who now have impressionable children with morals to be conserved. As we are so gol-darned concerned about our own little Edgars, how about the heroes of yesteryear? Perhaps some of my nicest friends will deny the voracious appetite they exhibited for Anna Katherine Green and The Duchess and other sacred cows of their sloppily sentimental youth. Perhaps they will deny that they were brought up on such works as "Luella, the Heiress of Cameron Hall." Perhaps; but they dassent if they are truthful.

And who were the heroes of that artistic renaissance? Nick Carter, Della Fox, and John L. Sullivan. I dare any man of my generation to deny that he did not regard Sam T. Jack's "Orange Blossoms" as a great dramatic treat. Personally, I shamelessly admit that my youthful hero was none other than "Left-handed Luke," the lion-hearted lad left on Labrador. And according to modern movie standards Luke would be regarded as a highly improper person, for he killed with the sheer lust of it; and as for his domestic morals, it was quite erysipelas to him whether he had four Eskimo wives or fourteen.

Perhaps it is Charlie Ray's screen character that is corrupting our moral standards?

And remember this; nice folks with short memories, it was in our youth the great discovery was made that the human leg was immoral, and so we jammed the performances of the "Black Crook" and other charming exposures of those unvirtuous days. Where little Madeline now cherishes a "domestic-happiness picture" of Marguerite Clark, your deploring old Uncle Bill used to decorate his walls with Queens of

the Amazons shamefully garbed in tights—*tights,* mind you! And as for violence, do you realize that we exterminated every noble red man in America, so's we could slake our romantic thirst for blood with buckets of that dime-novelish liquid?

And who are our heroes to-day? Prize fighters, bandits, and ladies with legs like chianti bottles? Horrors, no! Perhaps never in the history of art has there been gathered together so much virtuous merit as is cinematically revealed by our screen characters. For modesty and clean purpose the movies possess the noblest lot of demigods who ever shattered a lance in holy battle or the tourney d'amour.

Take Mary Pickford, for instance. No well-rounded ballerina she, whose pictures decorate the dressers of lewd-eyed men. Nor yet one of the clinging-vine heroines who languished through the pages of her grandfather's reading matter. Mary makes no appeal with sticky sentimentality, nor with sex allurements. On the contrary, her greatest charm lies in the sublimation of her sex. Even in the final clinches she never raises her lips in amorous embrace, but allows Harold to kiss her atop her curly head.

Twenty-five years ago C. D. Gibson gave to America an ideal of American girlhood that had every lass in the land trying to emulate it, with the happiest results. The "Gibson girl" that pyrographically decorated the sofa pillows of that time was no "Fluffy Ruffles," but an austere maid with wit, dignity, and intelligence. Aside from this splendid artist's delicious satires on our national social life, he gave to feminine youth of his day an ideal that had a tremendous influence in its life.

Gibson was followed by a perfect epidemic of gooey girls appearing on magazine covers and athwart the tops of candy boxes, but none of them stood for anything but caramel sweetness. Then Mary appeared with her straightforward girlishness, and immediately she attained the difficult rôle of personating an ideal. Full of spirit and sometimes tomboyish, she is never rough nor vulgar, and, though adorably lovable, she is as sexless as a young Greek goddess. I'll venture to say that hers is perhaps the only picture of an actress that is to be found in nearly every convent in America, for even the nuns hold her up to their charges as a symbol of beautiful girlhood. Mary's tremendous vogue speaks well for the virtue of the masses, and if the dear deplorers have a finer ideal they ought to trot it out.

And now, dear ladies of the Dorcas Society, censoriously bent on conserving the morals of messenger boys, who are the ideals of these potential presidents of our great republic? Douglas Fairbanks is one, and he stands for most everything that the average mother hopes for her little Edgar, for Douglas, perhaps more than any film hero, typifies the modern spirit. He is to the screen what Roosevelt was to politics. Strong, virile, and aggressively optimistic, he combines all the qualities that lie behind the "do it now," "get it done," "laugh and be merry," "boost, don't knock" spirit of the day. There is a perfect epidemic of books and magazines devoted to this dynamic principle of life of which Doug is the greatest screen symbol. It is the spirit that built the country and won the war, so at present this young man has become the ideal of boy scouts, young business men, and the fathers of sissy offspring. Dear ladies of the deplorations, take it from me, no art has evolved a more popular hero than the exuberantly wholesome screen character of Douglas Fairbanks.

He is to the screen what Roosevelt was to politics.

Vulgar little Charlie Chaplin! What about him?

Ray has evolved a screen personality of tremendous sympathy.

The truth is, Chaplin is the greatest artist the screen has produced.

Though different in many ways, Bill Hart represents another character of splendid manhood. Calm, imperturbable, and quietly efficient, he symbolizes a romantic period that is almost past. He is the heroic mold of those great figures of our national adolescence who built

Perhaps the one who comes the nearest to making the lovable young wife by sheer force of beautiful personality is Elsie Ferguson.

an empire cut of a wilderness; and to the youth of the land who still cherish the primitive adventurers Bill is a tremendous figure and a much more splendid one than Jesse James or Belshazzar Brick, the Bailiff of Blue Blazes, and other erstwhile heroes of the dads of these same boys.

Due to a curious phenomenon of modern life, Bill also has an army of idealists among the middle-aged married women. The hectic struggle of latter-day industrialism, compelling people to huddle together in great cities, has well-nigh killed adventurous romance, and so the hungry, feminine craving for that cosmic thrill finds partial satisfaction in the red-blooded amours of this knight of the plains. Henry may be the best husband in the world, hard-working and attentive, bringing home his weekly wage from the music-publishing house every Saturday night, but he "never does anything." If he would only go out and beat up a rival for Minnie's favor or save the poor, romantically starved lady from a bunch of kidnapers, she would feel that life still held a few thrills. But, no; the best the dear old meal ticket ever does is to blow out a tire twelve miles from home on Sunday or get a pain in his lap from eating Welsh rabbits over at the Swaseys'. And so Mamie goes to see Bill Hart upon the screen, and secretly and shamelessly loves him, regretting all the time that her Harry couldn't have been like him. Nice people, I ask you, is Bill's ideal degrading? You had better address your deplorings to poor old Harry.

Perhaps it is Charlie Ray's screen character that is corrupting our moral standards? There is no doubt about the ever-growing hold he has upon the hearts of the movie fans, so suppose we operate on him, too. Mebbe we'll discover the turrible poison. At first Ray's "rube parts" caused only amusement, but after several repetitions as the small-town boy it gradually developed that the fellow was a real artist and had evolved a screen personality of tremendous sympathy. Though we may all admire the complex efficiency of Douglas Fairbanks and the quiet sophistication of Bill Hart, after all the world really loves the unspoiled man, and Ray is giving to us a very remarkable example of that uncommon phenomenon.

Here we find a country boy, who has grown up untainted by the world, suddenly thrown into violent

Continued on page 99

Baked Beans and Bizet

Doris May's hobbies are just as far apart as the distance from the piano to the kitchen.

By J. Stewart Woodhouse

BAKED beans in an Aztec pot—and Bizet on a baby grand. There's a combination for you, and when you have Doris May in the middle of it there's little to long for.

She was at the piano when I went to call, and when I urged that she play for me she began one of those things that you've always known and can't remember the name of when you most want to.

Bizet reigns here, when Doris plays.

And here are the beans, in their Aztec pot.

"It's the Toreador Song from 'Carmen,' of course," laughed Doris when I asked about it. "Bizet is the composer. I like it, even though it is played to death, don't you?"

In a case like that a man always says "Yes," of course, and I was just preparing to when Doris, with a cry of "Beans!" leaped up from the piano bench and dashed kitchenward. I promptly hurdled a taboret and two floor pillows and brought up the rear of the procession, making good time, I supposed, but when I arrived Doris, with a ruffly pink apron over her dress, was bent over a strange-looking piece of pottery.

"The ancient Aztecs made it, and it's my magic bean pot," she explained, ladling out a spoonful of the contents for me to sample. "Won't you stay to lunch and have some beans?"

Would I? I would—and I did.

And during luncheon Doris' mother told me about how Doris accompanied the great violinist, Jan Kubelik, when she was just a youngster, and about a lot of other things like that which proved that she was nothing less than an infant prodigy. Then we talked of Doris' work with Charlie Ray, when she was known as "Doris Lee," and of how it led to her present engagement as an Ince star.

And Doris, modestly blushing, said nothing and served beans. Now perhaps you, like Doris, like her music best. Perhaps, like the public in general, you prefer her pictures. But give me her beans!

Venture-some Viola

Who makes us think of a youngster in an attic on a rainy day.

By Muriel Andrews

VIOLA DANA might be called "The Girl of the Quaint Costumes." You remember how droll she was in those huge overalls she wore in "Blue Jeans," and in the funny bandmaster's uniform, in the same play? Or perhaps you saw her as the ragged newsboy waif in "The Microbe," or as the tiny grisette, with her bobbed hair, in "The Parisian Tigress." No costume, it seems, is too intricate or dangerous for her to explore. She reminds me of a little girl who takes advantage of a rainy day to explore the trunks in the attic, and who goes trailing downstairs in her mother's Spanish lace shawl and her mother's wedding gown, with a long ostrich feather shakily anchored to her hair ribbon. And when I go to a new Viola Dana picture I always find myself exclaiming, "I wonder what that youngster will have on this time!"

Well, this time it's the very chick regalia which she wears in her new picture, "*Some* Bride." And unless we're much mistaken, the audience is going to say "*Some* Viola," too. According to the story, she dons the feathers when she goes to a fancy-dress barn dance—but elsewhere in the picture she molts—if we may be excused for borrowing the phrase—and appears in a bathing suit. And no matter what she wears she looks like such a pocket edition that it's hard to realize that she's really an actress with a long stage history behind her. I think it was that long stage career that has made her not just a winsome young girl, but a skilled farceur, a clever little emotional actress, and a competent player of all kinds of rôles.

Perhaps you saw her when she traveled across the country playing "The Poor Little Rich Girl." That's about her best-known rôle, but even when she played it she was an old-timer on the stage—she began when she was five, you see, as a toe dancer. A little later she did *Little Hendrick* in "Rip Van Winkle," playing with Thomas Jefferson for three seasons. And she doesn't look much older now than she did then.

I wish I'd seen her in the Edison Company's production, "Molly, the Drummer Boy." It was her first picture, and led to a contract with Edison. And now she has a long line of Metro successes to her credit, yet she's still little enough to fit into a clothes basket comfortably, and young enough to wear "Blue Jean's" overalls or "*Some* Bride's" chicken feathers with mischievous delight.

What a curious scrapbook she'll have some day if she keeps the pictures of all the rôles she's played! I'd like to see it.

Little enough to fit into a clothes basket.

PRISCILLA DEAN

looks like the original "Take-it-from-me" girl, but really she's just welcoming you to the magazine with an expression we'd describe by the title of her last release—"Pretty Smooth."

VIRGINIA PEARSON

is sighing for more worlds to conquer, now that she has her own company and has shown in "The Bishop's Emeralds" and "Impossible Kate" what she can do when she supervises her own productions.

ANNE DONAHUE

BILLIE BURKE

has just done "The Blooming Angel," and we'd like to know how the screen can show how blooming an angel is when it doesn't adequately portray the most blooming thing about her—her red hair.

WINIFRED WESTOVER

is a golden-haired native daughter of California, whose most cherished possession is complete mastery of the Australian crawl stroke, the glory of good swimmers. Incidentally, Winifred has been appearing in pictures with William Russell.

OLIVE THOMAS

worked so fast that she got way ahead of her pictures' release dates, and had to indulge in a vacation till "Upstairs and Down" and "The Spite Bride" appeared on local screens and sent her back to the sputter of the Klieg lights.

EVELYN GOSNELL

spent the winter "Up in Mabel's Room" on the New York stage, and is now welcomed to pictures in James Montgomery Flagg's servant-problem comedy, "Welcome, Little Stranger," in which she has the leading feminine rôle.

ABBE

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

is now showing how far a little candle—or a little star—can throw its beams when it has an Emerson-Loos picture like "The Temperamental Wife," her most recent release, as a sort of reflector, so to speak.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSON

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

wants the parrot to answer the question, "Love or Fame?" but he, being a photographer's accessory, knows that's not a question, but the title of her first starring vehicle, and so refuses to commit himself.

He had fallen in love on the first day, and—

in his impetuous manner, he had proposed on the third.

The Pagan God

A tale of the mystic Orient

By Achmed Abdullah

BRUCE WINTHROP had never forgotten the ambassador's last words, low, sibilant, tense:

"Anything is justifiable; anything, my boy!"

"Yes, sir."

"Remember. The fate of all the whites out there"—pointing a finger through the window, stabbing the whirling Peking dust and resting it on an imaginary spot far west, in Outer Mongolia—"depends on you. The American government is helpless. We have no proof; we can't ask the Chinese authorities to interfere. But, proof or no proof, we *know* that the bloodiest revolution in the whole of Asia's bloodstained history is brewing out yonder. So—remember—anything is justifiable."

"Yes, sir."

"When can you start?"

"This minute."

"Good! And if you return——"

"I shall return, sir. I know China; I speak the language like a native, you know——"

"God bless you, my boy!"

He had gone straight to the capital of Outer Mongolia, attached—by the ambassador's special request—as clerk to the consul there, Daniel Winthrop, a rough, honest man, long on patriotism and short on the subtleties of underground diplomacy, and Winthrop knew that the man would never be able to be of assistance to him, even if he had been allowed to confide in him, which he was not. What hurt him was that he could not be frank and open with Tanner's daughter, Beryl, with whose violet eyes and swirl of russet hair he had fallen in love on the first day and to whom—in his impetuous, facile manner—he had proposed on the third. Nor had he taken No for an answer.

She was speaking of it now as she walked by his side through the odorous, entangled garden that screened the consulate from the dust and reek of the Mongolian streets.

"You took me by storm, Bruce, dear, and——"

"Yes, honey?"

"You love me, don't you?"

"You bet!" enthusiastically.

"Then—why don't you——"

"What?"

"Oh, you're always out in the streets and the bazaars, and I have seen you twice with that—what's her name?—Tai——"

"Mustn't be jealous."

"I am!"

"There's no reason, darling."

"I hate her! She's a sly, half-caste Cleopatra!"

And, without realizing it, Beryl had hit the nail on the head. For Tai, half Chinese and half French, wielded a mysterious power throughout Outer Mongolia among mandarins and merchants and peasants. As a matter of fact, it was her brain and personality which was the driving wheel of the great conspiracy which, if successful, would overthrow the present Chinese government and establish one more to her liking.

A Cleopatra indeed—young, lithe, golden-skinned, sloe-eyed, cherry-lipped—and it was Wah Kung, son of the Manchu duke, Cheng, who played her Antony.

Nor a very willing Antony, either.

For, just about the time when Beryl was having her little lovers' quarrel with Bruce, Kung, facing Tai in her scarlet-and-gold apartment, was blaming the latter for her intimacy with the young American.

Tai smiled a slow smile.

"Kung," she said, "the red-haired devil knows much. He is a trained diplomat, a trained soldier. We—we of the 'Tong of Freedom' need him—and his great knowledge——"

"But—you play with him; you——"

"I must. We need him. No"—as Kung tried to take her in his arms—"our love must wait until the revolution is accomplished; then you and I shall sit side by side on the Manchus' golden throne! Meanwhile, we need the red-haired devil!

"We need you," she said half an hour later to Winthrop, who had come to her in answer to a hurried note.

"Who is—we?"

Bruce Winthrop was alert, sharp. Here seemed to be the key to the first locked chamber in the underground labyrinth that led to his goal.

She smiled.

"Oh, we"—she said it with a low voice—"patriots. No, no; don't be afraid. It's nothing against you—against the white man. It is—oh"—she thought quickly—"the Tartar robbers out to the west. We must train our young men in the use of modern weapons. Come, my friend," and she offered him an honorable and highly paid position in a town of the interior.

She watched him closely, anxiously. For, drunk with the clanking dream of power, she was a woman—and she had come to love the American passionately. Her offer was less motivated by what she had said to Kung than by her desire to get him away from Beryl.

"Will you come—with me—to Chautung?" she repeated.

"Yes."

But that night at dinner, when he told the consul that he was going to leave the American service to work for the Chinese, he was nearly sorry that he had done it.

Tanner just grumbled.

"Stop at nothing," his orders read—and that meant seeming to yield to Tai's insidious appeal.

Stealing that night to the underground chamber, Tai let him read the fatal list hidden in the jade god.

"You—a white man—to work for those yellow Chinamen—— Well, please yourself."

But, dinner over, in the garden Beryl, who had not said a word before, turned on him.

"Bruce," she asked, "will you swear to me that you are not going with Tai?"

And when he had been silent, unable to reply, she had jumped to her own conclusions and had given him back his ring without a word.

Heavy-hearted, he had gone on his way. But there was his duty—to America, the West, the white race—shining like a Holy Grail—and—even his love, his great love that clutched at his heart, his soul—the one overpowering factor in his life—— Why—"it'll have to take a back seat," he thought rather bitterly.

Nor, arrived at the Chautung palace, not so very far from the capital, did he become more reconciled to his fate. For, during the first few months, his mission was not crowned with success. On all sides, turn where he might, he was baffled by the bland, blank wall of polite, elusive Chinese reticence, even in the case of a young Chinaman, Wong, who had attached himself to Bruce in Outer Mongolia in a nondescript capacity, half friend, half pupil, half servant, and for whom somehow the American had conceived a genuine liking—whom even, alone among all the coiling secretive thousands, he trusted to a certain degree.

Only at night did he seem to be on the threshold of the grim secret he was after. For there was Tai—facing him, the pearl-tipped opium pipe between the long, slim fingers, playing with him, using the lure of her beauty in her efforts to win his love. And Bruce—— Why—"anything is justifiable!"—he remembered the ambassador's words, and so, night after night, he sat by her side in her apartment, listening to her whispered words, giving low, soft replies.

Always she seemed on the verge of revealing vast secrets, but pretended doubt and fear, and put it off again and again. For she wished to be sure of him first—until one day it was her own passion, her own throbbing, overpowering longing and desires, which forced her hand.

On that day Beryl Tanner, entertaining a party of American visitors who had come to the Mongolian capital with letters of introduction, had gone with them for a drive in the surrounding country, and had finally come to the little town of Chautung, where they pulled up in front of the bazaars that clustered and serried about the pink-and-white palace to look at some curios.

They bargained for a while, laughing and joking, the Chinese crowd looking on good-naturedly enough, when suddenly a tall, lean, yellow-robed Buddhist priest pointed a finger of derision and spoke low, hissing words.

"The foreigners!" he said. "The sons of dogs! The spawn of unthinkable begetting! Come here—to the land of the black-haired race—to rob us—to enslave us—hai, hai, hai!"

And at once the crowd receded, then charged forward in a threatening phalanx. Stones were thrown; there

were cries of "Kill them! Kill the red-haired devils!" when Bruce Winthrop and Wong happened to pass. Even then the crowd did not cease its attacks until Wong stepped straight into their midst, spoke a few quick words, and made a strange gesture with the thumb and third finger of his left hand.

"Back, cattle; back!" he commanded.

Three times he repeated the gesture, and the crowd, with awed murmurs of "The Sign of the Tong, the Tong of Freedom!" dispersed, while Bruce, seeing that an elderly American woman among the tourists was on the point of fainting with fright and excitement, offered them the hospitality of the palace.

He would die—yes—but he would die fighting!

He spoke to Beryl.

"Hello——" He was silent.

For he was embarrassed, ill at ease; he did not know what to say to her nor how to say it.

"I—oh—Beryl——" he stammered, and was silent again.

But Beryl had softened toward him in the unexpected joy of meeting him under such circumstances, and, though she saw him here, a lonely white amid the Mongol mob, dressed like a native, evidently friends with them, yet her heart convinced her against her reason that perhaps she had been mistaken, that he was not guilty of dishonor. And, passing with him into a great room, its walls of ebony inlaid with nacre and jade, while Wong, winking an understanding eye at his master, was showing the visitors about the gardens, she had just given him her hand, had answered the silent, aching question in his eyes with a "Yes, dear, I am still fond of you!" when Tai happened to see them through a slit in the dragon-embroidered curtains, and it was then that her passion and desire forced her hand.

Quickly she dropped her outer garments, and a moment later she strolled leisurely into the presence of Bruce and Beryl, looked at the latter, pretended surprise and confusion, and fled from the room.

Her woman's ruse was thoroughly effective, for Beryl placed the natural construction upon it. She believed—how could she disbelieve?—that Tai was Bruce Winthrop's mistress, and so she left him with a few low contemptuous words.

He shut his lips hard. He could not explain to her. There was his duty—his mission. He would have to suffer in silence—while she went out of his life forever.

That night, as if to atone, Tai promised to reveal to him "wonderful secrets, but you must prove your sincerity, my lord. You must join—us first."

"And who is 'us?'"

And then her low reply:

"The Tongs of Freedom! Do you promise?"

"Yes," he replied steadily, and that night, amid weird surroundings, a crowd of mysterious, white-robed, black-masked figures filling the huge underground chamber where the ceremony was being held, coiling, honey-sweet incense rising to the painted ceiling in great bulbous whirls, the tom-toms beating and the reed pipes shrieking, he was initiated and formally declared an "Honorable Companion of the Tong of Freedom."

A great, broad-shouldered, masked Manchu put him through the initiation; finally, the initiation over, dropping his black face mask. It was Kung, the son of the Manchu duke, the leader of the conspiracy. He hated and suspected the American, and only Tai's authority prevented him from open hostility, perhaps murder.

At the end of the ceremony a tall, hatchet-faced Kansuh brave opened a wall cabinet provided with an intricate lock, and, amid a heavy, awed pall of silence, produced therefrom a gold case incrusted with emeralds and pearls.

"The Jade Buddha!" Tai whispered to Bruce. "The innermost secret of our lodge!"

Bruce looked at it where, free of its precious case, it lay on the Kansuh brave's flat palm—a perfect piece of clear-green Yunan jade, three inches high, carved exquisitely in the shape of the Lord Gautama Buddha on the Lotus Flower, and, so he was informed by Tai, containing in its hollow interior the "List of Death"—the signatures of high officials pledged

Continued on page 88

"The Pagan God"

Written from the picture produced by the Jesse B. Hampton Company, which was based on a story by F. McGrew Willis, and played by the following cast:

Bruce Winthrop..... .....H. B. Warner
Tai..... ..... Carmen Phillips
Wah Kung.....Ed Piel
Wong.....Jack Abbe
Henry Addison.....Carl Stockdale
Beryl Addison.....Marguerite De La Motte

Taylor and His Taxi

Taking outside pictures in the heart of New York City has peculiar difficulties—so Taylor Holmes discovered when he came East to work.

By Charles Gatchell

THE crowd had gathered quickly, as crowds do in large cities. In the short space of time which it took me to cross Washington Square it had grown from a small group to a small-sized mob. At my first glance in the direction of the gathering I thought I saw a movie camera, and quickened my steps, but by the time I reached the scene of interest the camera had vanished. A few boys were madly chasing an automobile which was just rounding the corner, disappearing from view. A traffic policeman was announcing that "the show was over," and was trying to clear the sidewalk.

"It was Taylor Holmes! I seen him as plain as day, and just as natural——" The rest of the words, which were uttered by a shrill, excited feminine voice, were lost by the movement of the crowd; but I had heard enough to give me an idea, since I knew something of the ways of picture folk. I decided to wait at least a few minutes and see what would happen.

It was not a long wait. Crowds disperse as quickly as they gather—in the cities—and in a few minutes, the corner of the square having resumed its normal composure, I was rewarded by seeing the same automobile swing around the corner, slow down, and stop almost in front of me. The door opened, and a camera man and a director tumbled out.

"All right, Taylor!" called the director. "We'll try it again. Looking around to locate Holmes, I followed the director's eye, and recognized the face beneath the chauffeur's cap. Taylor was the driver of the car! A moment later he sprang down from his seat, walked away a few steps, and at the signal for the camera to start he suddenly sprinted back, did a running broad jump over the spare tires, landing in the driver's seat, threw in the clutch, and the car shot forward.

I recognized the face beneath the driver's cap.

"I guess we beat 'em to it that time! Want a ride uptown?" he inquired as he drew up again, after turning around at the Washington Arch.

I hopped up beside him by way of reply. It was a regular taxicab, meter and all, and as we started off it occurred to me that never before had I experienced a feeling of keen pleasure at watching the indicator which registers the fare. Instead of feeling my heart lose a beat every time it clicked, as one usually does, I found myself unable to keep my eyes off from it for the sheer pleasure of watching the fare mounting higher and higher.

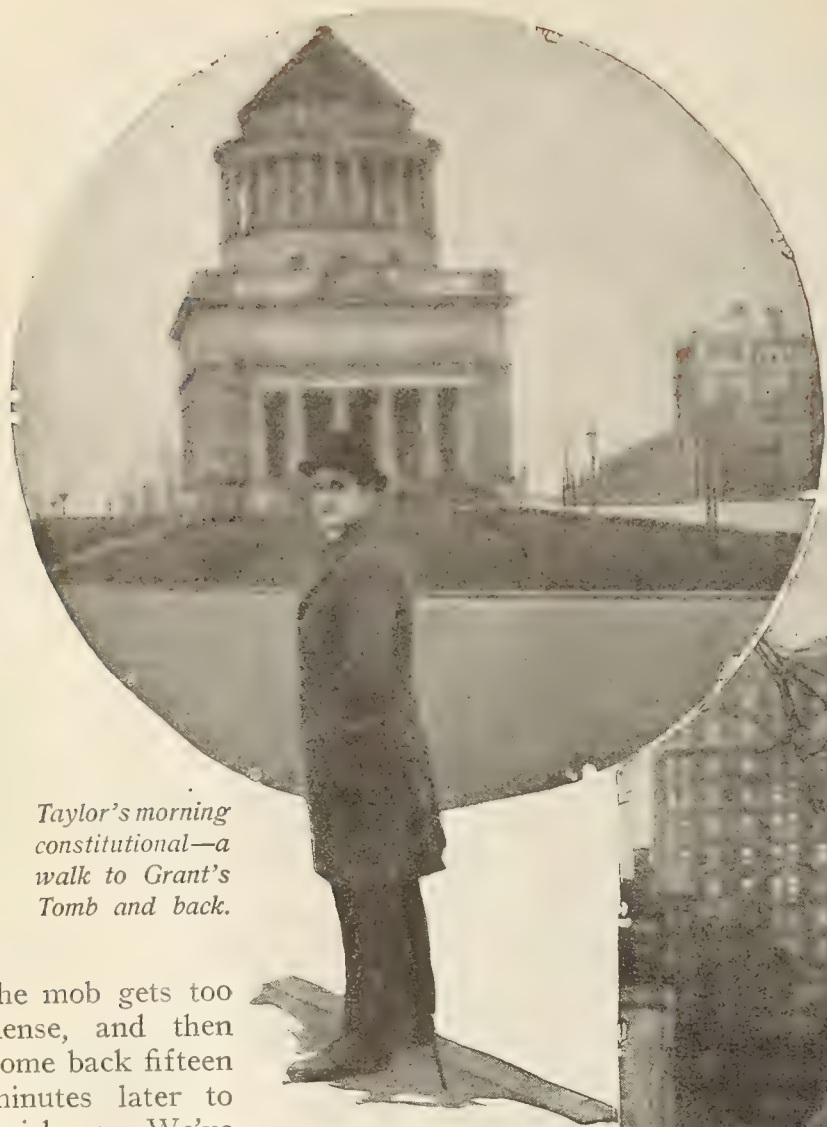
"Nerve-racking business this, taking pictures in New York," Taylor said as we headed up Fifth Avenue. "It's a good thing I'm a bug on driving cars."

"That's reassuring," I remarked, looking up for the first time from the indicator. "A good deal different from working on the coast, isn't it?"

"I should think it is! Out there every one's used to cameras. They're pretty well trained, too. They know enough to keep back a bit. But you saw how quickly that mob gathered?"

I nodded and grinned. So did Taylor.

"Well, in this series of comedies I'm making we're working in a lot of well-known New York locations—Carnegie Hall, the library; all that sort of thing. And it's almost impossible. People don't realize how they interfere with us. We thought we had a good shot the other day, and when we came to run off the film, there, on the wind shield, was the reflection of the mob around the car. The camera picks up things like that which the eye doesn't seem to catch. We had to take the whole thing over. And half of the time we have to pull the trick you saw us do this morning—pack up and leave our location when



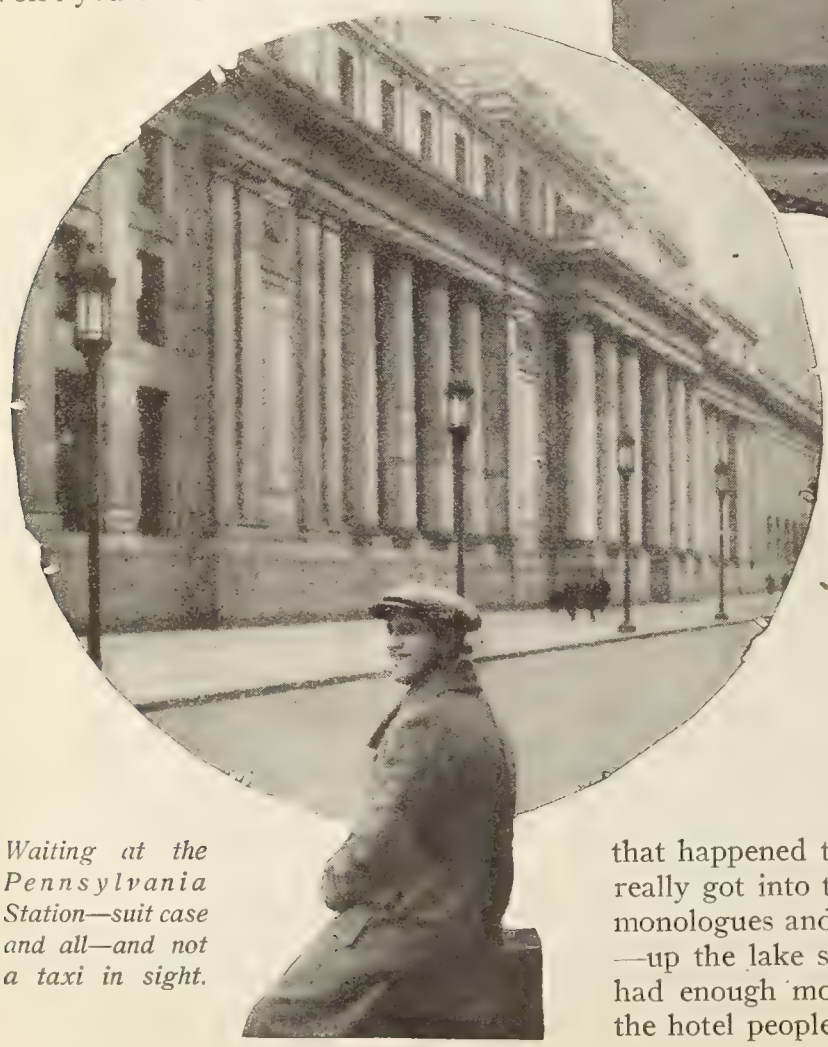
Taylor's morning constitutional—a walk to Grant's Tomb and back.

the mob gets too dense, and then come back fifteen minutes later to finish up. We've left a location and come back as many as six times just for that reason. By the way, I'm stopping at the club for luncheon. Won't you come in?"

We had drawn up in front of the Lambs Club, and a few minutes later we were seated in a secluded corner of the quiet grill, where the tables and chairs and the beams across the dark, high ceiling are huge and massive like those in the old English prints of "After the Hunt."

The Lambs Club is always an interesting place. A little way from us sat Burton Holmes, of travelogue fame. At the farther end of the same long table was Edgar Selwyn. Not far from him sat a quiet-looking youngster, whom Taylor pointed out to me as William Harrigan, leader of the relief to Whittlesey's so-called "lost battalion."

The fact that any one should take this to be Taylor's New York residence strikes him as amusing. It's the mansion built by Charles M. Schwab.



Waiting at the Pennsylvania Station—suit case and all—and not a taxi in sight.

"It's great to be back working in New York," Holmes began as the waiter set before us the chops and steaming baked potatoes. "I like the coast, but——"

"You're not a New Yorker," I interrupted.

"No; I was brought up in Chicago—mostly. I— —"

"Then you probably know my old home, Benton Harbor, right across the lake, in Michigan——"

"Know it? Say! Let me tell you something that happened to me there. I was just a youngster. This is how I really got into the show business. I'd discovered a knack for giving monologues and I arranged one summer with a hotel at South Haven —up the lake shore from your town—to entertain in their lobby. I had enough money to get there, and no more. When I turned up the hotel people looked me over and changed their minds.

"Well, I didn't want to send home for money, so I said to myself, 'You came here to give a show. It's up to you to give it.' So I rounded up some of the guests, explained how I'd been turned down, and asked if they would care to patronize me under my own management. They liked the idea, and after I performed and passed the hat I found that I'd taken in ten dollars and a half.

"Well, I thought I'd try another resort town, and I lit out for Benton Harbor. The first thing I ran onto there at the hotel were some members of a little traveling stock company. They were

Taylor, posing as Caruso, about to head for the stage entrance of the Metropolitan Opera House, which is directly behind him.

O. Henry used Madison Square as the background for several of his romances, so why shouldn't it be used for the same purpose by a motion-picture star?

rehearsing 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' I applied for a job and got it. That was my first engagement. We started out doing week stands in Michigan, and at the end of the thirteenth week the manager skipped. But by that time I knew that I was an actor—or on the road to be one—and I'd saved enough money to get to New York with—on scalpers' tickets." Taylor's smile became almost a grin, and I think I smiled too. There's something infectious about a smile like Taylor's—the same as Fairbanks' or Owen Moore's.

"And then?" I inquired.

"Well, then it wasn't long before I was playing in 'The Grand Army Man' with Warfield. Funny thing—I played a very serious part in that. But I got a lighter bit in 'The Music Master,' and from then on they kept me in comedy rôles. I was in 'The Midnight Sons' with Lew Field, 'The Commuters'—oh, a whole string of plays before I landed in the movies."

Being a modest man, Taylor didn't mention that he won his spurs on the legitimate stage in "Bunker Bean," in which he was featured. But I had occasion to recall it, for I remembered the play.

"Yes," he said with another smile, "and then I tried pictures. 'Efficiency Edgar's

Passing the Public Library on an afternoon stroll down Fifth Avenue.

Continued on page 101

Tiptoeing Into the Movies

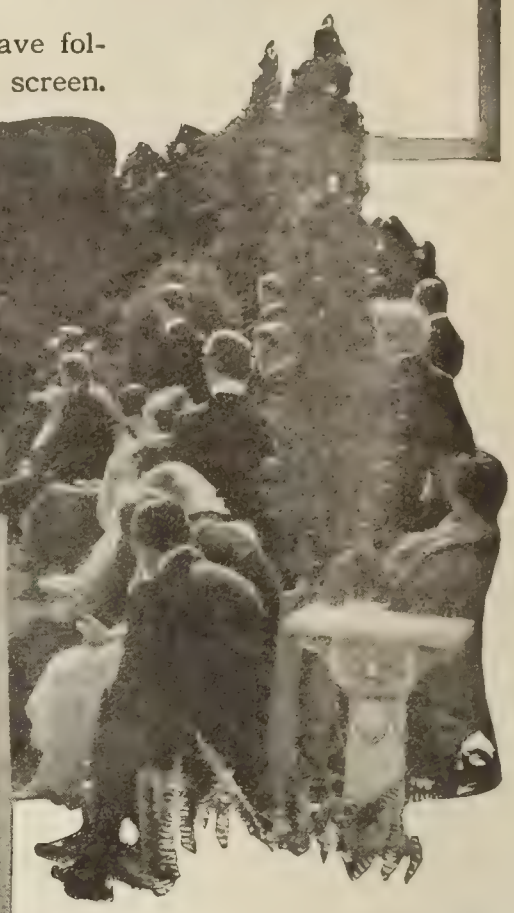
By Thomas Shepherd

Many a dancer's nimble feet have followed the path from stage to screen.

Little Lena Baskette, a toe dancer, is under a five-year contract with Universal, and recently appeared in "The Weaker Vessel," with Mary MacLaren.

THE orchestra leader poises his baton. A crash from the tympany. A figure leaps into the spotlight, standing for an instant upon one arched foot. Her short skirts stand out like the inverted calyx of a flower, one silken leg bent like a stamen upon which a bee alights. Then, on the wood-windy thread of a pizzicato, the girl drifts, smiling, across the stage, still upon the tips of her down-curved feet. Her legs shimmer and beat like the wings of a mounting butterfly; her white arms droop above her head. She seems to catch up, not only all the light, but all the breathing and movement in the great house.

Or, to the pulse of an "Orientale," accented by the dominant thud on vellum, she treads in geometrical attitude, henna-footed,



Carol Dempster danced with Ruth St. Denis before D. W. Griffith gave her a part in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Interpretive dancing took Margaret Loomis to the stage and then into pictures with Hayakawa, and with Vivian Martin in "You Can't Just Wait."

"The Woman God Forgot" and some of Alice Brady's pictures took Theodore Kosloff, of the Russian ballet, into the glare of the Kliegs.

her eyes heavy with the languor and mystery of the East, posing angularly at last before her idol to pray for what may never be. Perhaps a bit of white foam on a wave of dissonance, in a costume as briefly bizarre as the potpourri of sounds to which she dances, she immortalizes the ragtime muse, the spirit of "jazz."

And whether she be toe dancer, expert in more interpretive work, or "jazz shaker," she is likely to walk straight out of the stage door into the movies. It's quite easy to understand why, of course, for the successful dancer is well drilled in the art of pantomime. She knows that every wag of a slim shoulder, every lift of a kohl-stained eyelid must do its share in expressing an emotion or mood. To depend only on her face for the expression of a mood would be almost an impossibility for her. And when she exchanges the spotlight for the Cooper-Hewitts she's quite at home.

Mae Murray danced in the Follies before her screen career began; "The Delicious Little Devil" recently made her a dancer in pictures.

Copyright, Ira L. Hill.

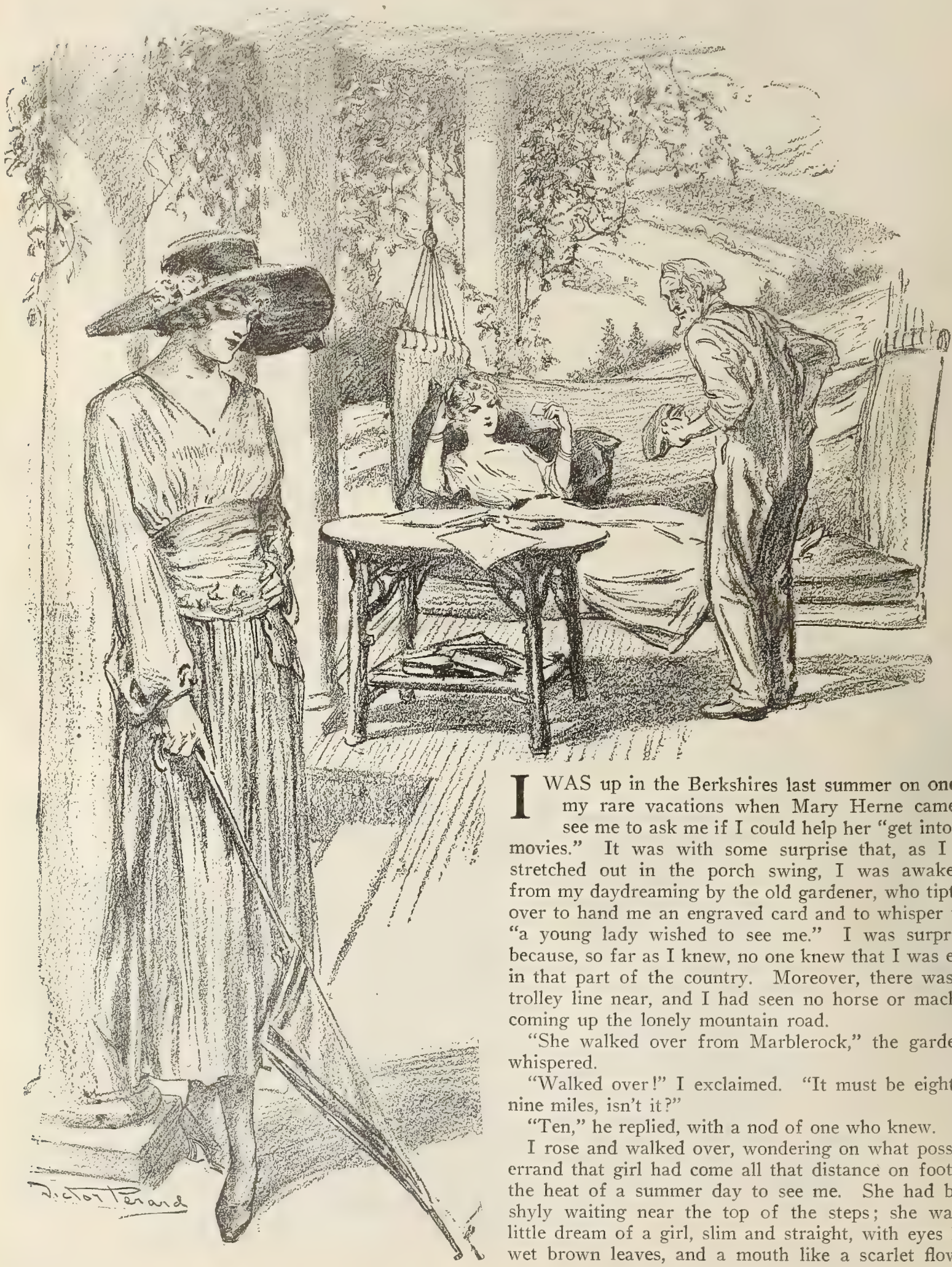
With her famous husband, Maurice, Florence Walton starred in "The Quest of Light."

The Princess Della Patra is said to hail from Egypt, and is now in Vitagraph productions.

Constance Binney danced in "Oh Lady, Lady," a musical comedy, before Tourneur put her in the cast of "Sporting Life."

"Can't You Help Me Get Into the Movies?"

That appeal constantly rings in the ears of every screen star; and this reply, written by a successful actress, is intended for the thousands of girls who are constantly asking it in vain.



I WAS up in the Berkshires last summer on one of my rare vacations when Mary Herne came to see me to ask me if I could help her "get into the movies." It was with some surprise that, as I lay stretched out in the porch swing, I was awakened from my daydreaming by the old gardener, who tiptoed over to hand me an engraved card and to whisper that "a young lady wished to see me." I was surprised because, so far as I knew, no one knew that I was even in that part of the country. Moreover, there was no trolley line near, and I had seen no horse or machine coming up the lonely mountain road.

"She walked over from Marblerock," the gardener whispered.

"Walked over!" I exclaimed. "It must be eight or nine miles, isn't it?"

"Ten," he replied, with a nod of one who knew.

I rose and walked over, wondering on what possible errand that girl had come all that distance on foot, in the heat of a summer day to see me. She had been shyly waiting near the top of the steps; she was a little dream of a girl, slim and straight, with eyes like wet brown leaves, and a mouth like a scarlet flower.

She was young and adorably embarrassed, and when she tried to speak the high color came flaming over her face like a sunrise.

"The postmaster told me you were here for two weeks," she explained. "And I—I just felt I must see you. I thought perhaps you would help me; people say I look like you——"

She paused abruptly, evidently feeling that she had said a very daring thing. And I felt my heart warming to her in the vain way of a woman who has been flattered. It was the first bit of real flattery I had had in a long time. A picture actress gets to taking her looks a bit impersonally; they are her stock in trade, that is all. When complimentary things are said to me or come in letters I feel a little as I imagine a successful architect does when somebody praises a new building he has designed. The compliments don't seem exactly personal. This one did.

Probably if Mary Herne had written me a letter to ask the question I should have answered it as I and my secretary answer dozens each week. And then I should have forgotten it. But the prettiness of her, the sweetness—most of all, the eagerness that glowed in her eyes and made her light-footed over a ten-mile pilgrimage—somehow Mary Herne has made all the girls who have ever written to me seem suddenly real and vivid. And I wish that I could help them.

"The girls who merely know me on the screen do not realize that I am only playing the romance which I cannot live, the kind of romance which they, in their quiet, everyday lives, have the possibility of actually realizing, though they cannot act it."

That is the message of this article, which should meet with a response on the part of every girl who ever held a secret longing to become a screen star.

I cannot "get them into the movies." I suppose I could help Mary or some other Mary the first tiny little step. I could see that she met some director; perhaps I could get her a place as "extra girl" in some one of my own plays which happened to need an "extra girl" of her type. But in order for her to make this first trifling advance she would have to be living in New York or Los Angeles. Directors are busy people; an introduction at any but the most auspicious time would be worse than useless; I'm often in a play in which not a woman "extra" is used. So for a girl to come to New York to wait for one of these opportunities would be a tiresome, expensive venture.

That is all that I could possibly do. The rest would be absolutely "up to Mary." And her chance of going any further would be one in a thousand.

You see, there are so many Marys. That is the trouble. Seeing this particular Mary unexpectedly, away from all the background of the motion-picture world, meeting her face to face, alone, I can understand perfectly why all of her friends tell her that she "ought to go into the movies." She is the prettiest girl in Marblerock by far. Perhaps she is prettier than any girl in the next village, too. But of the thousands and thousands of miles in the United States this covers only fifteen miles. Probably twenty miles away from Marblerock there is another girl as pretty in another way as Mary is in hers. Probably all her friends tell her that she ought to "go into the movies." She and Mary have never seen each other; each reigns supreme in her own realm.

Now if there is a startlingly pretty girl for every twenty miles in this country—well, Mary can figure out for herself what her chances are when practically every one of these prettiest girls is secretly thinking of the same thing. Mary has no particular advantages which would give her supremacy over any of these other girls. She is not a trained actress; she has no already established reputation of any kind which would make her of interest to the public; she has no money. She is one of a tremendous group of pretty girls; that is all.

Her chance of ever being able to earn a livelihood in the motion-picture game is small; it requires a good deal of "extra" work to total an income large and steady enough to be even reasonably safe. And her chance of going any higher, of becoming a leading lady or a star is—well, one in a thousand is a conservative estimate. Any one in the profession will corroborate this.

I tried to explain this all to Mary. I know she was disappointed. But somehow I cannot feel so very sorry for her. Right now she has so many things that I have had to give up.

For one thing, I envy Mary her home. I know just the kind of a home she has. There is a porch with a hammock. And Mary has time to lie in the hammock on hot afternoons and read a new magazine. If her next-door neighbor brings her sewing over, they make lemonade. There is a kitchen where they make candy sometimes, and a living room where the neighborhood young people can take up the rugs and dance. It is the kind of a home where married brothers and sisters come back for Thanksgiving, where there is always a Christmas tree.

Oh, I know all about Mary's home because I used to have one like it. I have an apartment now, expensively furnished, for use whenever I'm in New York. My mother tried to live with me, but the city frightened her and made her lonely. So I have a companion housekeeper. I keep plenty of servants; everything is always in exquisite order. But somehow it isn't home. I never have the feeling any more that I used to when I cut across our vacant lot back of the library at twilight and saw the light from the sitting-room window shining through the trees. Mother would be in the kitchen, sister setting the table, dad reading the evening paper. Dinner would be in its almost-ready, fragrant, appetizing stage. The dining-room carpet was worn, the chairs were shabby, brother's schoolbooks were always littered over the table. But there was something there, a strange, warm, all-of-us-together feeling that my expensive apartment has never had. I have artistic electric fixtures; we had kerosene lamps at home, but I can half close my eyes and see the soft yellow light shining on father's shabby smoking jacket and mother's graying hair—just a glimpse of that old, familiar sitting room—and I see my electric lights swimming in a thick, lonely blur.

Then, too, I envy Mary her leisure, the time she has to read and take long country walks, the days she and her chum rush through the housework and catch a morning trolley into the city to hunt bargains and go to a tea room for lunch and then to a matinée. She

can sleep all the afternoon when she is going to a dance at night—and all the massage and hairdressing in the world can never offset that as a beauty measure.

I work all day, every day except Sunday, and sometimes even then. When I get home at five o'clock or eight, as the work of the day happens to dictate, I am tired, not the pleasant tired that makes one want merely a change of occupation, but a dead, irritable, nerve-fagged tired. I want my dinner and I want to go to bed. That is all. The play I wanted to see, the friends I intended asking in, the dance to which I was invited, the new book I wished to read—nothing appeals except rest.

I love to do all the things that any girl does—to dance, and skate, and ride, and swim, and shop, and gossip, and go to matinées. I have a maid who does my shopping for me far more expertly than I could do it, but I never have the fun of hunting bargains, and every real daughter of Eve knows what a loss that is.

I can half close my eyes and see the soft yellow light shining on father's shabby smoking jacket and mother's graying hair, and I see my electric lights swimming in a thick, lonely blur!

I dance and swim and skate well, so I do one of them very often in my pictures. I imagine that many girls who see me do these things in picture after picture unconsciously assume that they form a large part of my life. After dancing ten minutes for the camera, the music—if there is any—stops and we go on working on another part of the film. That little part of the picture is bright with pretty dresses and gay with every sign of merrymaking. So is the swimming and the skating and the love-making in rose arbors. That is all the playgoer sees of an actress, and sometimes, without stopping to reason, she feels that sort of thing is an actress' life. Of course, when she pauses to think, she knows that it is all for the camera. The pretty dresses are hurried out of for the next scene, the love-making is done with the wrong man, the rose arbor is twisted tissue paper. It is *just a picture* of bits of real life, the life the playgoer has. The actress herself does not have it. She must give up much of her own life to make the pictures. I imagine—in fact, I'm sure—that many girls who merely know me on the screen unconsciously assume that the same thrill of romance which my pictures kindle in their breasts is a real part of my life. They do not realize that I am only playing the romance which I cannot live, the kind of romance which they, in their quiet, everyday lives, have the possibility of actually realizing, though they cannot act it.

It is, by the way, the romantic part of the pictures that brings me to the part of Mary's life that I most envy. Mary is wearing a sparkling diamond on the significant left-hand finger. So am I. For a long time I felt that was another part of life from which I was cut off. Men who enjoyed paying court to an actress, but would never dream of marrying her, fortune hunters who knew that I was rich, vain, worthless admirers who liked to be seen with me because I was well known—these are only a few of the kinds that have made me rather hard and cynical. Then the right man came along and wanted me for myself, not my fame or my money, and I shuffled off the cynicism like a worn-out glove. But now I have another worry. I am afraid sometimes that I have not enough to give him.

The tag ends of my time, the frayed edges of my strength—is it fair to bring a husband only these? My work is harder than a stage woman's, there is no period of rehearsing followed by the more mechanical repeating of a learned result. Every day is a new undertaking, and there is the continual nerve strain, the friction of getting a new thing started. Then, too, working under the lights has an actual, physical effect upon one. There is something about the glare that is exhausting. Mary will have all her freshness, her bloom, her eagerness for her husband; I shall have a tired body and frazzled nerves for mine.

Children can come to Mary and mean all that their coming should. I am mad about babies, from the time

Continued on page 101

Another Step Forward

The new theatrical year begins on September 1st. It is then that the producers of motion pictures, regular shows, and grand opera bring into being the ideas they have been developing while most of us have been trying to forget the heat and the theater at the beach, in the mountains, at Luna Park, or—to become personal—in the Y. M. C. A. pool and in the bathtub in our Harlem apartment.

This fall several of the biggest producing organizations are going to adopt a new plan of selling their pictures. They are going in for the "open-booking" plan. The wide adoption of this plan should make for a vast improvement in the pictures that are shown.

The phrase, "open booking," means nothing to you now perhaps. But it will before Thanksgiving comes around; or, perhaps, if the Observer's descriptive ability holds out, you may grasp what it is going to mean before you finish this page.

In the past you have perhaps gone to the manager of a theater and said in so many words: "That show was punk!" Good for you!

And perhaps the manager replied: "I know it. But I didn't know anything about the picture. I had to buy it without seeing it. I take just what the company sends me."

To no small degree he was right. In the past the theater manager has bought his shows in wholesale lots, contracting for an entire year's product. He picked the companies he could depend upon, rather than picking individual picures. And even the most capable, most conscientious producers sometimes turned out bad ones.

The new open-booking plan will change this, at least for most of the theaters in the larger cities. Instead of buying "sight unseen," theater managers who are within reach of the exchanges through which the films are distributed will be able to see the new pictures weeks in advance of the showing dates. In other words, they will be able to shop for their pictures, just as you shop for your groceries. And you know how much better you fare when you go to market and shop for your groceries than you do if you merely telephone your orders to your grocer and take whatever he sends you.

This means to you—even if the manager is unable to go out and buy for you the best pictures—that the entire standard of moving pictures will be raised. The producer won't release a poor picture, for he knows that the majority of theater managers will look before they buy and that there's no chance to "get by" with a bad one.

In the past pictures have been sold before they were out of the studios. The public suffered, for the producer collected from the theater and the theater collected from you. You collected from nobody. There was no one between you and the studio to judge for you whether a picture was worth while. Now there's an automatic check.

Here's Where You Come In

Even the best plans can be abused. There is a way to wreck the finest of ships. These better pictures are going to cost the theaters more money. The most prosperous season the moving-picture theaters ever have known is right over the horizon, and the theaters can afford to pay more money.

It is up to you to see that your theater shows consistently good pictures.

A good many theater owners will slip in these bad pictures now and then if you're not careful.

Don't let it happen more than once. The theater manager who buys on this "open-booking" plan—unless he is far away from a city where there is an exchange—now has no alibi. The better pictures are being made. He can get them for you. He is not forced to show anything he doesn't know about.

The little fellows say the big fellows are crazy, arguing that the public won't support these consistently good pictures. They say you have to sell a cheap picture now and then at high prices in order to break even on the expensive pictures. They say the public won't increase its patronage of costly pictures enough to make them worth while. They say that a picture that costs twenty thousand dollars to make will do a gross business of five times that, but that one that costs two hundred thousand dollars will do a gross of only two or three times that. Therefore, they say, it's more profitable to make ten twenty-thousand-dollar pictures than one two-hundred-thousand-dollar picture. Show 'em!

We Apologize

The Observer has been given a dose of rough language from an admirer of D. W. Griffith. It is asserted that we are "knocking the man who has made the motion picture what it is to-day."

We believe there does not live a greater admirer of D. W. Griffith than The Observer, and many times we have written high praise of him.

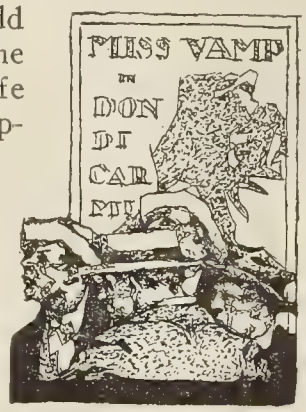
The trouble was started by an observation that we believed that Mr. Griffith did not himself believe

statements by his press agent to the effect that he had been hampered in his art by being forced to produce pictures with happy endings. We predicted that Mr. Griffith never would end a picture showing Robert Harron and Lillian Gish dead.

And along comes Mr. Griffith with "Broken Blossoms," which is the greatest tragedy of the screen. And it's "selling out" at two and three dollars a seat! And everybody in it dies horrible deaths!

No wonder our correspondent becomes irritated and points to us as a prophet as false as the man who writes the weather predictions for the patent-medicine almanac.

We were irritated ourselves. Surely Mr. Griffith did not know how we felt about it or he would never have ended "Broken Blossoms" as he did. Perhaps even now he has read our editorial that stirred up all the fuss and has hurried to his studio to add a happy ending showing the Chink and the Girl and the Prize Fighter brought back to life and wandering down a country road to happiness. And perhaps not!



"Mr. Griffith has made the motion picture what it is to-day," our critic writes. And we agree with him. Mr. Griffith has done this by producing pictures, you will remember if you think back, that have happy endings.

"Broken Blossoms" is too somber to achieve the great popularity of "The Birth of a Nation," though "Broken Blossoms" is a much finer work of art than "The Birth of a Nation."

And, after all, the greatest genius in moving pictures is the man who brings wholesome amusement to the greatest number. Mr. Griffith knows that, and we believe, having had his diversion in "Broken Blossoms," he'll keep right on producing the happy endings that have made him just what our correspondent says he is.

We're Quite Discouraged

Ofttimes our heart is heavy when we find that our efforts for better pictures aren't revolutionizing things as rapidly as we wish.

One of our pet aversions is the "double bill," in which a theater shows two ordinary feature pictures instead of one good one.

Does the public want quantity? Some of the theater managers say so. One New York manager points to a theater that was an utter failure when he ran one expensive picture to a performance. This theater was a success from the moment he began "double bills." Instead of paying two hundred dollars a day for one first-class picture he now pays about seventy-five dollars each for two ordinary ones.

He saves money on his show. And the crowds are larger.

He says the majority of the people want a lot, whether it is good or bad. The other persons, who demand good entertainment, he says, come to his theater saying: "Well, one of the pictures ought to be good."

He does not get much high-class patronage. The theater is not in a very good section of the city.

Our only hope is that in time these people will be educated so as to demand good pictures, that they will pass the stage in which merely people moving interests them. And that in time even they will go to the theater that goes in for quality rather than quantity.

We Don't Know

A Canadian girl writes, asking why Maxine Elliott, Forbes-Robertson, Lina Cavalieri, Jane Cowl, and Nat Goodwin failed on the screen. We hate to admit it, but we don't know—exactly. Here is what we think on the subject:

It is difficult to be a "sure-fire" producer. In every big man's mind is a striving for better things in his profession, and the only ones who progress are those who will take a chance.

There is no way of foretelling success in pictures, any more than there is with plays. Producers in both fields are always taking chances.

Triangle took a chance with Douglas Fairbanks and also with Willie Collier.

Mack Sennett took a chance with Charlie Chaplin and also with Raymond Hitchcock.

Jesse L. Lasky took a chance with Geraldine Farrar and also with Cavalieri.

Goldwyn took a chance with Madge Kennedy and also with Jane Cowl.

The first named in each instance succeeded. The last named failed.

D. W. Griffith once thought Dorothy Gish would be another Mary Pickford, and made some sweet young-girl things with her for the old Triangle Company. She failed.

After three years she "found" herself in "Hearts of the World." She was a great comedienne. Now she's a success.

It's a question of "getting over." Some actors can do it only by what they say. Others—they're the screen successes—by what they do. In either case they must reach out and awaken something within us.

Our guess as to the actors and actresses asked about by our Canadian correspondent is that they failed because they looked as if they were the kind that wouldn't bother to read any letters we might write them—if you get what we mean.

The Next Step

Producers of motion pictures are giving nearly every sort of coöperation to exhibitors. They furnish advertising material of all sorts—lithographs, newspaper advertisements, publicity matter, slides and photographs to display in the lobby.

Some producers send men to the theaters to teach better projection, to instruct the managers in ways to make the spectators more comfortable.

And, also, music cues are furnished.

These music cues tell the leader of the orchestra just what music he should play for each scene in the picture. But, alas! few of the theater managers seem to be in position to take advantage of this service. Many of them for their music have to depend either on a mechanical player of some sort or on a pianist and a trip drummer, who, being unable to read music at sight, have a repertoire that is limited to a few stock tunes, which they grind out over and over until sometimes one wishes they would stop altogether.

That music is of the utmost importance in the presentation of a picture has been fully demonstrated in the picture palaces of the cities. If the producers can find some way to help the smaller theater manager to improve his music, as they help him in other ways, they will have taken another big stride.

Just Marionettes

Like all creative artists who venture away from the beaten tracks, D. W. Griffith is impelled and guided by a big force—a force which he himself, perhaps, does not understand.

By Louise Williams

INCENSE floated out from the stage, while the notes of a balalaika orchestra threaded a plaintive melody back and forth through the fabric that was being woven in the mind of the audience. Far back in a corner of one of the upper boxes sat D. W. Griffith, hat drawn down over his eyes, chin sunk deep in his overcoat collar, watching unobtrusively to see how New York would take "Broken Blossoms," the result of his last straying from the beaten paths of picture making, and the first picture of his repertoire series.

"I wonder," thought I as I watched him, "whether you really knew, when you began this picture, what you were going to achieve—or whether you're a marionette?"

For the big, creative geniuses, you know, are often like marionettes, obeying the guiding hands of invisible puppeteers, which pull the strings that make them perform. Ibsen, for example, said that his great allegory, "Peer Gynt," was written in response to a mighty impulse, and that not until the work had been completed for several months did he understand and appreciate

Griffith, like those who work with him, is but a puppet, guided and controlled by great ideas.

Richard Barthelmess as the calm, impersonal Cheng Huan.

Griffith's big ideas force him to break all traditions.

what he had done.

That Griffith was, after this manner, a marionette," mysteriously impelled, I learned to my intense satisfaction a few mornings later, when he invited a small group to attend a special showing of the new picture. The party was composed of Nevinson, the official British war artist, who was in the States for two weeks, and who had illustrated Burke's "Limehouse Nights," an art critic, a musician and dramatic critic, and myself.

"We didn't have any idea that this picture would take hold in the way it has," Griffith remarked with the most unassuming frankness as we stood, discussing the picture, after the showing was over. "It was originally intended to be just a regular picture, so far as presentation was concerned. But something impelled me—the story, in the first place. I believed in it. Personally, I think that Thomas Burke is about the only writer doing anything original nowadays, and his 'Chink and the Child,' from which we made this picture, has a big message, which ought to do much toward internationalizing human sympathy. Of course, we broke all the rules when we did this story; it has a yellow man for a hero, instead of a white one; it's tragedy throughout; there are no quick, snappy bits; the story moves very slowly. But I believe that it shows convincingly that we're wrong when we labor under the delusions that Americans are superior to those they call 'foreigners.' No nation can do that—just as no nation can afford to think that it represents all the beauty and heroism and ideals in the world."

As he talked on I began to see how the strings that moved him have been pulled in other cases. Take "The Birth of a Nation," for instance; the idea of making an enormous, spectacular production held him there. "Intolerance" was the most vivid sort of pageantry, with a besetting sin of all nations linking the ages together. "Hearts of the World" was inspired by the idea of making a war picture on the battlefields. "True Heart

Susie" dares to be commonplace, despite the fact that to see dramatic possibilities in everyday life is a difficult thing for most of us.

Yet Griffith does not look like the sort of man whose life is swayed by big ideas, or, perhaps, not like we'd expect such a man to look. He is as little of a poseur as any hardware merchant. Genuinely interested in making motion pictures that will more nearly approach the highest standards than those which we now have, he is ever ready to accept suggestions, perfectly straightforward in acknowledging his own shortcomings, and quite willing to laugh at himself. Rather English in appearance, and very friendly in manner, he seemed to me to be just the material that something tremendous worked with—just a marionette.

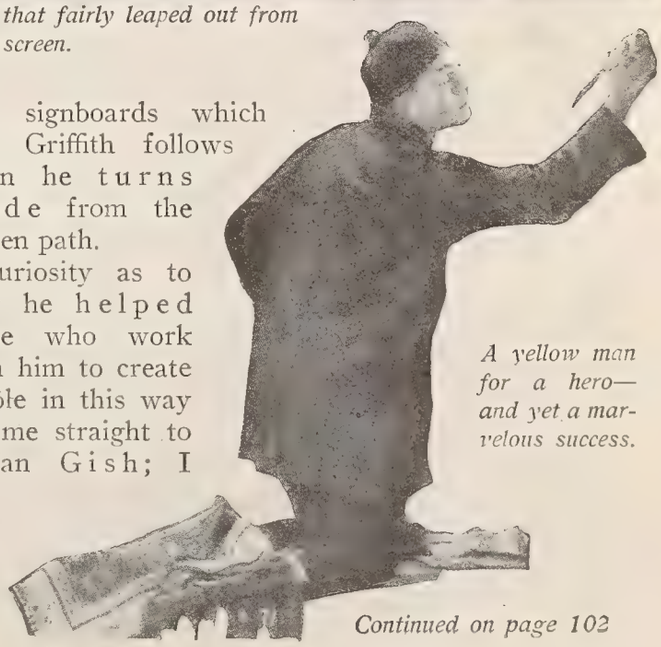
"I don't know exactly what to say," he remonstrated when asked how he succeeded in teaching an actor to "put over" a character as vividly as those in "Broken Blossoms" are portrayed. "Of course I know Chinamen and have lived among them; I tried to put what I know of them into that picture.

"But you must remember that the camera can't lie; it seems to bore through superficial features and pull the character to the surface. So an actor must have in him some of the essentials of the character he's portraying, and my part in helping an actor to play a rôle is just to give him the *idea* of it. Then he works out the part as he sees it, and I talk it over with him and help him to get his idea expressed—to crystallize it, you might say. Of course we build up a picture—this was especially true of 'Broken Blossoms'—not word by word, but emotion by emotion. And an actor must have faith in his ability to build up a rôle in this way, and in his director's ability to help him, if we're going to make really good pictures."

The great, tearing fear that fairly leaped out from the screen.

He said nothing of the faith which it takes to produce a picture that fairly tempts Fate in its defiance of the usual standards or to put through a brand-new idea, such as that of the repertoire theater for motion pictures. "Broken Blossoms" last May began Mr. Griffith's repertoire season at the Cohan Theater in New York; followed by the Babylonian episode from "Intolerance," it includes "The Mother of the Law," a drama of simple home life, which might be classed with "True Heart Susie," and revivals of some other former Griffith successes. That was the program at this writing. It marks a new departure in motion pictures, though only after the season is over can one say whether it will be a successful one or not, but those who read as they run declare that its existence is just another of the signboards which Mr. Griffith follows when he turns aside from the beaten path.

Curiosity as to how he helped those who work with him to create a rôle in this way led me straight to Lillian Gish; I



A yellow man for a hero—and yet a marvelous success.

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"Make it buckwheat cakes for me," said Gene, showing his feet of clay.

The Hardships of a Hero

Do you want to be a friend of Eugene O'Brien's? Blow the star dust away and you'll find that he's "just a regular fellow," and would like to know you better.

By Susie Sexton

TEN pairs of feminine—and feline—eyes followed us across the room. Their glances were all a deep sea green, for I was with Eugene O'Brien.

Now think a minute and you'll remember some of the charming bits from various pictures he's done with Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Clark, and other dainty feminine stars. You know the kind of scene where the table is all cluttered up with marvelous silver and china and food. Well, when Eugene—oh, yes, I've known him a long time!—asked me to have luncheon with him recently I couldn't help feeling that I should wear a trailing black evening gown and carry an ostrich-feather fan, even though one doesn't do those things on Broadway at noon of a summer's day. However, I had the consolation of knowing that my modiste had made me a linen suit exactly like one of Elsie Ferguson's, and that every one of those watching women would hear my new hat shrieking "Paris!" at her, even though mine host probably thought I got it at a basement bargain sale for two ninety-eight and trimmed it myself. Moreover, Eugene appeared in a most businesslike business suit. And from the very start it was apparent that the hero of "The Perfect Lover" did not intend to pose on a pedestal, so to speak. For, after painstakingly selecting for me a series of dishes that began with iced consommé and ended with peach mousse, he order for himself—buckwheat cakes!

"With plenty of sirup," he added as the waiter scurried away, and he leaned back in his chair and faced my saucer-like eyes and amazed stare.

"Well?" he asked with the sideways grin that helps answer the men's question of why the women like Eugene O'Brien.

"Why do you deliberately show me your feet of clay when I am about to interview you for publication?" I asked. "Not that you've been exactly an idol, of course, and not that I ought not to know you better, but——"

"Oh, lady, lady! Do you mind if I confide in you?" he asked rather mournfully, turning his back on the interested spectators at the next table. "The time has arrived when the truth has got to come out, and I'd like to tell it to you if you don't mind."

"I'm all attention," I replied hopefully. Perhaps he was going to tell me the story of a blighted romance; I'd often wondered why he isn't married, and wanted to ask him the reason.

"It's just this: I'd rather die than be a hero in private life. Do you expect a screen villain to wash the paint off his face and go out and execute little odd jobs in plain and fancy murdering? Do you demand that the comedian slide through existence on a cake of soap? Certainly not. Then why should the hero get it both ways? Why should he be doomed to a perfectly

groomed, silk-shirted existence off the screen as well as on? Why should I be condemned to a patent-leather existence?"

I was glad the buckwheat cakes arrived just then, because such ardor is dangerous on a hot day. And, besides, I wanted to tell my side of the story.

"Honestly, would you want me to say in print that you're eating hot cakes at an alarming rate, instead of toying with paté de foie gras, and that you'd rather ride horseback over the Hollywood hills than go to the most elaborate sort of party here in New York, and that you're just like the average man one sees riding in the park or giving up his seat in the street car? Do you want your pedestal knocked right out from under you?"

"I was deluged with mail about that azure couch cover!"

"I've never been on one, and that's just what I want you to say," he retorted, reaching for the sirup pitcher. "It's the public that's tried to make me a hero outside working hours—and I do wish they'd let me be just a friend instead. Why, when the comedy husband lays down a barrage of flatirons and household furniture at every approach of his wife, the audience doesn't expect him to make his

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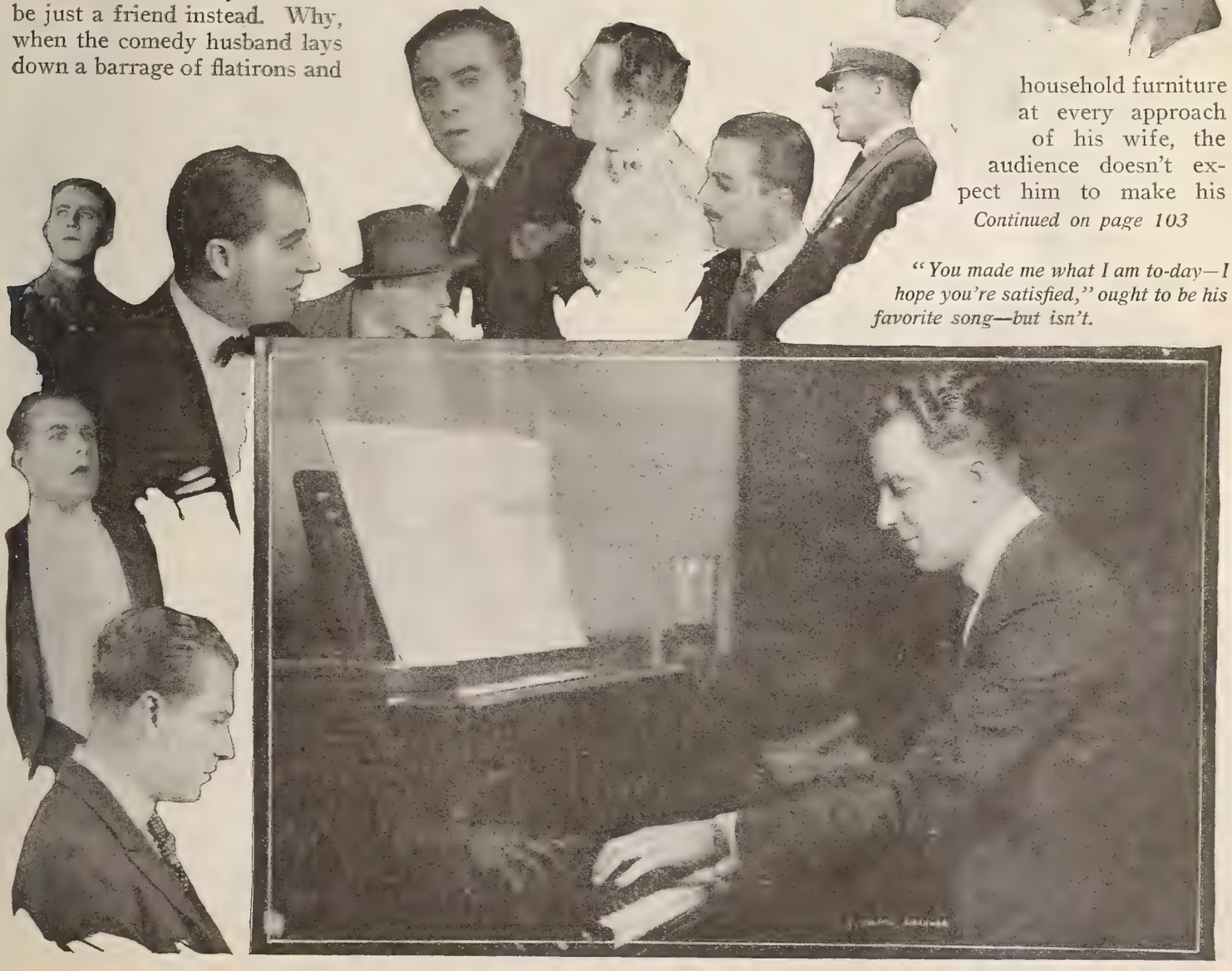


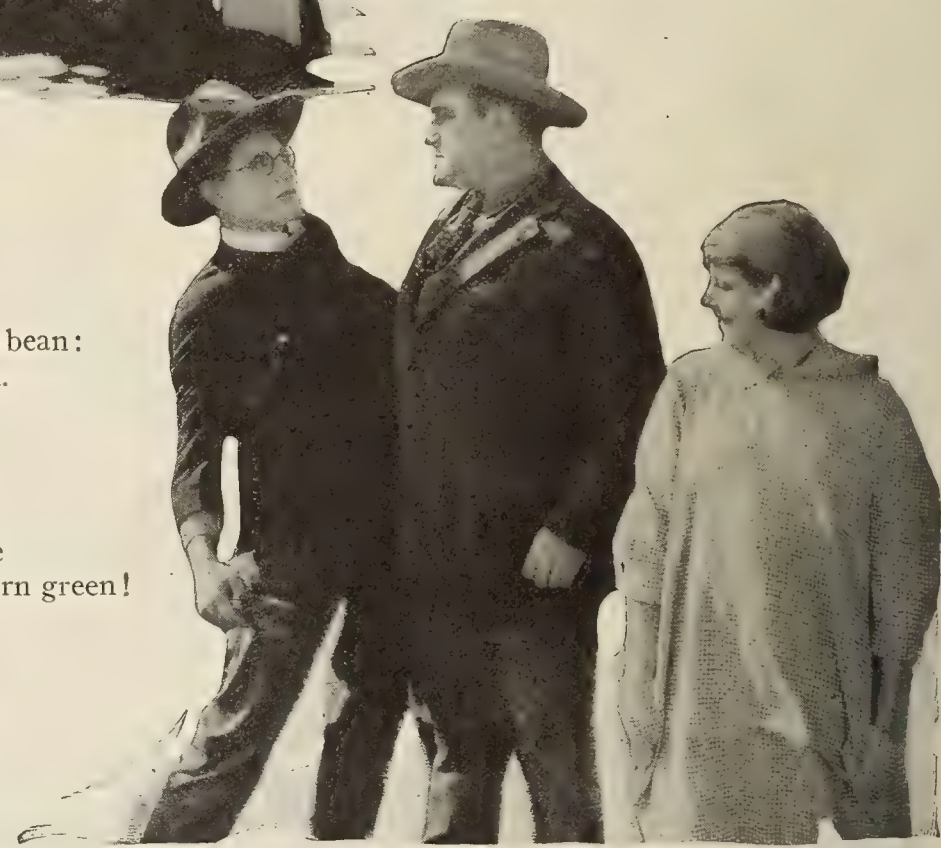
"You made me what I am to-day—I hope you're satisfied," ought to be his favorite song—but isn't.

"One-thing-

Reviewed in verse
From Metro's pic-
Upon the screen,

By C. L.

The circus queen
Comes on the scene,
The rube is tender-hearted;
Dan Cupid calls,
The rube he falls;
We're off! The play is started.
Oh, what a boob!
Oh, what a rube!
A most astounding,
Bounding boob!



He's *Strad-i-var-i-us O'Day*
And he is sure a daisy;
And when the circus moves away
He follows it—the crazy—
With just one thought within his bean:
He means to win that circus queen.
The circus boss can't shake this slob,
Nor drown him in the river;
And so he gives the simp a job
To curry down his flivver.
The way he polished that machine
Would make Hank Ford himself turn green!

We film *Gorilla Lawson* next,
The strong man of this show;
And he is very, very vexed
With *Rube O'Day,* you know;
For, since *Rube* loves *Marie,* b-r-rrr!
The strong man, too, is strong for her.

He hits the *Rube* and knocks him flat,
The Kid spits out a tooth to say:
"I'll clean you up some time for that,
I'm *One-thing-at-a-time O'Day!*
I'm like one Wilson, you will find,
I've what he calls a one-track mind;
I'll clean this car before I fight;
I'll clean you next, and clean you right;
Each job I take's a 'special study,'
I learn one trick, then do it, Buddie!"

at-a-time O'Day"

for Picture-Play
ture, played so well
with Bert Lytell

Edson

The *Rube* has coin as well as brains,
And he employs one *Roughneck Bill,*
A pugilist with whom he trains,
And learns to slug, and slug to kill.
"And when I've learned to be a killer,
I mean to *mix* with you, *Goriller!"*
Gorilla sneered and swore on oath
One hand of his could lick 'em both.
"Sure, now; but after a while—ah, nay!"
Said *One-thing-at-a-time O'Day.*

This booblike plan
Unnerved their man;
They smiled to note
It got his goat;
The big day came
The *Rube* was game;
The Samson guy
Was feeling shy;
"I don't feel right,
So let's not fight."
He drops the mitts
And off he flits.

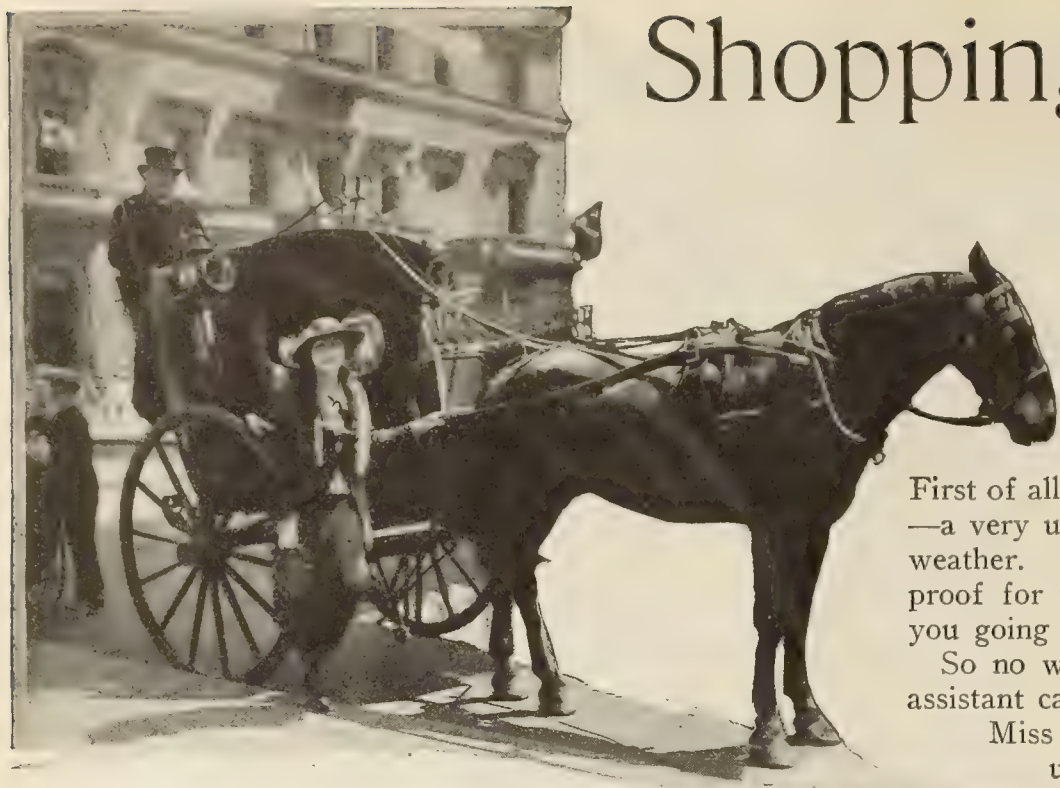
He passed the cashier on his way
And promptly knocked the fellow cold;
And, grabbing up the circus pay,
Made off with silver, bills, and gold.
He hopped a near-by devil car,
He hit it fast and traveled far;
But *One-thing-at-a-time O'Day*
Was following after right away.
And, darn his hide, he overtook
And slugged and licked that cowardly crook!

And so *Marie,* the circus queen,
She loved and wed that country gawk,
And babies came upon the scene—
A pair of twins—and made folks talk;
"Explain this case," he heard folks say,
"You, *One-thing-at-a-time O'Day!"*

Shopping, Ho! In a

Along Fifth Avenue with Dorothy crowded, too. But there's room for

By Jean



The flagship of the fleet—with the admiral just coming ashore.

TO begin with, Dorothy started out that morning right foot foremost, and that gave us good luck. For one thing, the sea-going hack was the greatest piece of fortune, and we never should have had it if it hadn't threatened rain.

You see, it's no easy matter getting a star of the first constellation to go shopping for publication, especially when she has just arrived in the city from the West and has only one precious week to sight-see and do a thousand and one things in before starting on her first Eastern film. If you think that she can take her parasol and go "down street" to buy a piece of elastic and a couple of yards of cheesecloth you are wrong. Shopping in New York is far more complicated than that. First of all, the star must be in the mood to shop—a very uncertain thing—and so, too, must the weather. Because there must be photographic proof for the story, and how in the world are you going to get pictures if it rains?

So no wonder that the camera man and the assistant camera man and the writer person and Miss Dalton's maid in her spick-and-span uniform, who always accompanies her on one of these expeditions all sat around in the lobby of the hotel, glooming and worrying about the weather. But that was before Dorothy joined us, all smiles and soft, shimmering satin suit embroidered in wonderful gold dragons and things.

Fifth Avenue was gay with flags—but no gayer than Dorothy.

She did her trying on by proxy. Dorothy settled back comfortably.

"Cheer up!" she greeted us, stepping right silk-stockinged foot foremost out of the elevator, and there was a twinkle in those large gray eyes of hers which made every one brighten up. "It isn't going to rain, and even if it does the car can take us and we'll get shopping interiors anyway." But the car couldn't, it turned out, because it was still held up in the freight yard. So Dorothy thought of the next best thing to do—that's a talent of hers, it seems—which turned out to be the best possible thing in the end.

"Let's take one of those hacks outside the door," she suggested. "You know that a visit to Gotham isn't

Sea-going Hack

Dalton, and pretty one more—so hop in!

Francis

complete without taking a ride in a sea-going hack, and I've always wanted to ride in one, but somehow I never have. You don't think I'd take a chance on the photographing qualities of an ordinary taxi-cab, when I can have this picturesque old thing that looks as if Noah must have built it in the ark."

Everybody heaved a huge sigh of relief, and the fleet set sail—it took three sea-going hacks to dispose of the whole party—swaying along toward the Avenue like a funeral procession of flighty old ships, while Dorothy reveled in the novelty of her equipage and began planning a personally conducted shopping tour.

"First we'll go and look at some gowns. Isn't this perfectly *wild?*" as the hack swayed like a tipsy ostrich, jerked us back against the cushions, and then came to a dead stop in the long line of automobiles and green buses that streamed up Fifth Avenue. "I suppose that they'll want to sell me a costume dress that dates back to the Civil War, when they see me coming." Dorothy laughed merrily, the sort of a laugh that makes the best of any situation and that makes everybody else want to join in.

"And I must get some gowns—just plain, modern evening dresses for my next picture," she went on seriously. "Really, it takes at least ten or twelve new costumes for each rôle I play, and it is such a problem getting something new and unusual, as well as stunning, that by the time I'm ready to get a dress for personal use I'm glad simply to wear something that I've used in a film.

We dropped in at the smart florist's shop that débutantes' bouquets come from.

She couldn't resist slipping into this flimsy negligee herself.

"Of course, it goes almost without saying that I never wear a gown in two different pictures. Lots of women—you folks on the outside would be surprised how many—go to the movies mainly to see the clothes that the actress wears, and I've always figured out that we owe it to them to have brand-new and attractive gowns.

"Only once," Miss Dalton smiled remi-

The butterfly gown seemed to add three inches to her height.

niscently, so that all that barrage of dimples appeared suddenly and distractingly, "I had a letter from a girl in Dallas begging me to repeat an evening dress that I had worn in about sixty feet of film. She told me that she was a dressmaker and that she modeled some of her creations after the things she saw on the screen, but that she hadn't seen this gown long enough in that brief flash to be able to copy it, and would I mind very much wearing it some time again. Somehow the request appealed to me, and so I'm going to use it again for a little longer in another picture."

And then what Miss Dalton didn't add, but her maid told me later in the expedition that very same gown had been packed up and expressed to the energetic little Southern dressmaker a day or two before. That's rather characteristic of Dorothy, I've come to find out—to do nice things and not to say much about them. Though, perhaps, she's a little afraid that if the news got around people would write to her for everything she had, and there wouldn't be anything left to contribute to the Red Cross sales, because that's where her things go when she can't use them any more.

Suddenly the hack lurched more dizzily than before; Miss Dalton and I were hurled at each other unceremoniously, and we came to a standstill before one of the impressive brownstone houses of West Fifty-seventh Street. A beribboned maid opened the door into what looked for all the world like an artist's studio. There were tiger skins on a brightly painted floor, a writing table supplied with quill pens, and an oddly artistic lamp and deep chairs that harmonized with the striking color scheme of violet and yellow. But not a sign of a hat, a dress, or a bit of lingerie to be seen. Where in the world do they keep them, I thought? Department stores, with their garments hanging in full sight in orderly rows, had evidently grown a bit old-fashioned in the swiftly moving, faddish, and ever-changing metropolis.

We dropped in at another shop for Dorothy to try on a moleskin wrap she had ordered.

"Hello, Cecile," said Miss Dalton as a commanding figure in a black velvet, smocklike garment appeared, "I've come to do some shopping—for publication," Dorothy laughed, "and you know what that means. So, if you'll show me some things, perhaps I'll try on something, and we'll take some pictures." Indeed Cecile would; anything in the shop was at Miss Dalton's service. And here were some sketches of the gowns that Miss Dalton had ordered last week, while she would go and see that all was ready for the invasion of the camera.

And then they began to arrive from a rear room—armfuls of lovely, riotously colored things that beggared description, slithy silks and magnificent, brocaded wraps, tailored suits and sports clothes, and foamy crêpe-de-chine and lace negligees which the assistants bore tenderly in on the top of the pile and then flung carelessly on the lounge, where they looked like some delicate summer dessert. In three minutes the studio had been transformed into a veritable gownerie. Every one of us women went into ecstasies, and Dorthy's little maid was so entranced that she could hardly get out the looking-glass and powder and things that she had brought along so that not a curl or a dimple should be out of place for the picture.

And all this time the camera men, feeling pretty much like fish out of water, I suppose, trying desperately not to see or hear anything, began shifting the painted furniture around and setting up their tripod, with now and then a suggestion from Miss Dalton, whose eyes were everywhere, about the "composition" of this or that arrangement. Dorothy Dalton is a rather versatile young woman, I should say.

"Here, Cecile, you must try this on," and Dorothy took a wrap from the maid's arm, throwing it around the other's shoulders and seating herself at the writing table. "Shoot, camera!" she commanded, smiling one of her superbly irresistible smiles. It was almost as good as watching a movie being taken. Then Miss Dalton found something entitled a *robe d'interieur* which was so fascinating that the company adjourned to the rear of the studio, where Cecile has fixed up the most adorable stage set of an ivory-enameled boudoir that a feminine heart could desire, and here Dorothy slipped into it.

While she was trying on that the maid happened to produce by far the loveliest gown that it has ever been my fortune to see, a long, slender thing with a sort of butterfly pattern in beads and spangles on the front of the tunic. And unless I'm very much mistaken, it went back to Miss Dalton's hotel that very morning, and is already playing an important part in one of her productions.

Dorothy had always seemed to me decidedly above the average in build from her pictures until I met her this morning. She's really a small girl, not much more

Continued on page 104

"Under the Greenwood Tree"

By John Addison Elliott

ONE of the delightful things about Chaplin is his infinite variety. Not that he takes any chances by trying to be versatile. He never lets us forget that it is "Charlie"—that pathetic, whimsical, comic little character. But think over his recent pictures. Did ever a producer get more variety in the character of three productions for a single star than he has done in "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "Sunnyside?"

"Sunnyside," his latest, might be called a "comedy pastoral," a twentieth-century "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Charlie, like *Bottom,* the tinker, plays with the wood nymphs in the meadows—meadows, by the way, which, with the dancing nymphs, come the nearest to forming a Corot setting of anything the screen has shown of late.

Chaplin—Shakespeare—Corot! To think that such a combination should be suggested! Is it any wonder that Chaplin has been called a real artist? Let those who scoff at Chaplin go and see "Sunnyside" and become converted.

This pastoral bit from "Sunnyside" is the vision in which Charlie, stunned and knocked unconscious, fancies himself dancing with the nymphs "under the Greenwood tree." Needless to say, he has a rude awakening.

Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

Overdoses.

Once upon a time a Keystone comedian slapped another K c in the face with a luscious and loose custard pie. 'Twas funny, and the whole world rocked with glee.

Then all the comedians in all the world began to throw pies at each other, and the world stopped laughing and began to growl.

Through the personalities of Hart and Fairbanks, Western comedies and dramas brought to us real, red-blooded enjoyment, depicting, as they did, superb horsemanship, nifty shooting, and an occasional and necessary killing. The whole world thrilled.

And then, along came Pathé with "Go Get 'Em Garringer!" All the shootings that were ever shot—all the riding that was ever rid—all the mortalities of a Battle Of The Marne—were jammed into the picture.

Mr. Producer—listen:

Just because we are passionately fond of porterhouse steak is no reason why you should drive a herd of cattle into our dining room for us to feed upon!

—o—

Why Stay Awake?

A new hilarity factory advertises its product as "Poppy Comedies."

Let's see—if we remember correctly—the poppy, or *papaver somniferum,* as our botany tutor called it—enters largely into the making of opium.

And opium, our laundryman informs us, is "muchee" soporiferous.

All of which is a valuable tip to those of our readers who are troubled with insomnia.

—o—

The Cruel Films!

—"Metro casts Joseph Kilgour and Augustus Phillips in "The Lion's Den."

—o—

Answer To Correspondent:

I've Gottem, Junctionville, N. D.—By "location" is meant when a company goes down in a valley to film scenes. When they go up on a mountain to shoot the picture, it is called "hication." Your other questions are too easy for me. I pick out only the hard ones.

—o—

It has been remarked that Universal has shown greater improvement than any other film-producing concern.

Can it be because Universal had m r f i than any other f-p concern?

—o—

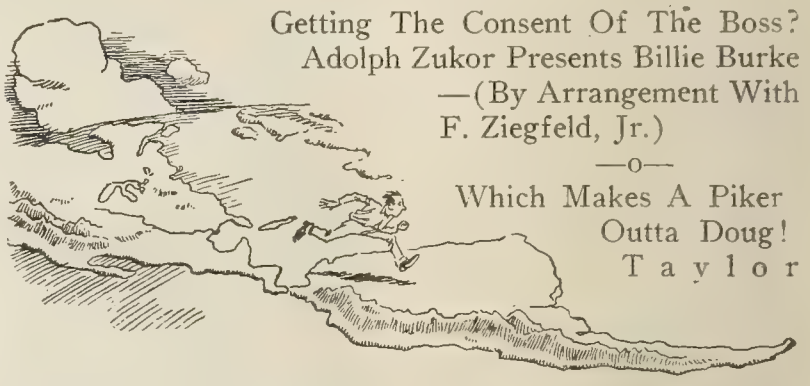
Oh, My Dears! What Are We Coming To?

We have heard of buying into and breaking into Society, but in "Hearts Asleep" Bess Barriscale pulled a new one.

She scrubbed her way in!

Whereat the shade of Ward McAllister howled like a banshee!

—o—



Getting The Consent Of The Boss? Adolph Zukor Presents Billie Burke —(By Arrangement With F. Ziegfeld, Jr.)

—o—

Which Makes A Piker Outta Doug! Taylor

Holmes, in "A Regular Fellow," according to his publicity pusher, "ran all the way to South America," etc.

—o—

That "And Back" Bothers Us.

Of Triangle's "Toton," starring Olive Thomas, we are told: "it is a round-trip ticket from happiness to poverty and back."

Sounds to us like walking around a hoop.

Where do you end up?

—o—

But That Was Before We Were Wealthy.

Edna Goodrich received twelve letters a week when she was on the stage. Now, she says, since she is in the films, she gets three hundred a week.

This is not a world's record, however.

We once received five letters in one day from the same person.

He was a tailor.

We finally paid him.

—o—

A Word That Fits.

A Fox publicist says of "The Love Auction:" "Disillusionment, infidelity, intrigue—what a superb basis

any one of these would make for a thrilling motion picture!"

Superb is not the word, old top!

We prefer that good old Danish word, "Helva," which means "absurd" or "ridiculous," or something like that.

—o—

Cupid's Busy Day.

Kid Cupid is one willing little worker, but it is doubtful if he ever put in such a choreful day as he does in "The Rescuing Angel."

Shirley Mason, the heroine of the picture, refuses one proposal, accepts another, elopes, marries, and applies for divorce—all in twenty-four hours!

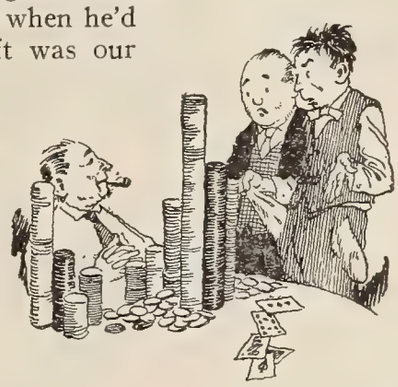
—o—

Danger!

Charlie Ray claims he doesn't understand poker.

Look out, fellows, he's getting ready to trim you!

Once upon a time we sat in a game with a guy who talked that way, and when he'd finished with us all we had left was our name and address.



It was:

"Oh, What A Night!" (Christie)

"Playing The Game" (Paramount)

"As The Sun Went Down" (Metro)

"On The Quiet" (Paramount)

"The Bluffer" (World)

"Four Of A Kind" (Christie)

"A Pair Of Sixes" (Essanay)

"That's Good!" (Metro)

"Well, I'll Be ——d!" (Vita)

"Hear 'Em Rave!" (Rolin)

"Home!" (Jewel)

—o—

Also, Think Of The Lunch To Carry!

The Kentucky mountaineer is the real picture fan. Often he walks and rides a mule, making a journey

that means a day coming and a day going—to see a movie!

But think of the car fare he saves!

—o—

Plain Words From Beauty's Lips.

One of the six million reasons why we are willing to serve as a doormat for Mary Pickford: Sez Mary—

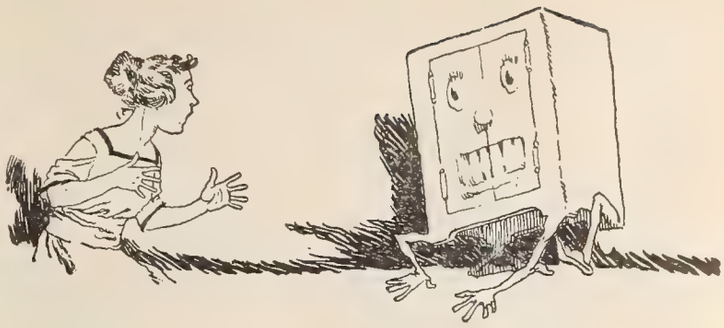
"I don't want to be pointed out as a movie actress. I want to be just a person!"

And Priscilla Dean brought us to our feet cheering when she uttered this:

"The sweet young nothings of the screen make me weary. Just being pretty and appealing strikes me as a slim excuse for using up five reels of good film. Give me the girl that does something!"

By Golly! There are two regular girls! We don't as a rule believe in bigamy, but if——

We surely would!



Terrifying!

As a goose-pimple producer we shiveringly shove you this adlet of Priscilla Dean's "A Silk-Lined Burglar:"

"The safe was only ten feet away—the only sound the thudding of her frightened heart!"

Ever have a safe *come a-sneaking up on you in the dark?* Br-r-r!

—o—

Exposed Places.

The Southern Califilmia sun is so strong that the players, while lunching on location, are obliged to wear gloves.

If they became sunburned they would photo dark and kibosh the picture.

Now, we suppose, some inquisitive fan, after digesting this bit of information, will want to know if Bill Parsons retains his lid while eating!

—o—

When May We Expect It, Ruth?

Ruth Roland offers a prize, an oil painting of herself, for the best name for her new bungalow.

Well, let's see; if it's a squatty sort of a bungalow, 'tis already named. If it's a tall bungalow, why not "Bunghi?"

Or, if it is a large bungalow, why not moniker it, "Big Bung?"

But, perhaps, 'tis a little bungalow. If so, let's call it "Bungie."

Shows you what a guy will do to get an oil painting!

—o—

Arrah, Go On!

Sure, her smile would an icicle warm, and
Well, I guess you have noticed her form, and
The wink of her eye
Makes you hunger and sigh
For a "close-up" with Miss Mabel Normand!

—o—

Brazil Does Not Produce ALL Of The Nuts!

A Kansas preacher owns the only film theater in his town, and also runs the projection machine therein.

When he discovers a scene in a picture that does not meet with his approval, he places his hand over the lens until the objectionable part has passed!

—o—

Tom Was First!

The film critic of the

Continued on page 104

Better Times

"When business picks up again, jess you lemme know," Aunt Viny had said to Nancy.

By Mary Denham Monroe

A tale of what happened in the old-fashioned hotel when Nancy, eighteen-year-old daughter of shiftless Ezra Scroggs, decided not to wait for her ship to come in, but to swim out to meet it.

IT was a dingy, rambling old country hotel, a thing of cracked washbasins, of torn window shades hanging askew, of smudged, vacant registry leaves, and an empty cash till, a moldering, moth-eaten, musty monument to the life failure of Ezra Scroggs. There had been a time when Eureka Springs had been a popular health resort and the Lakeview its most successful hotel; there had been an automobile then to meet the trains, the cook had cooked, and the bell hops had hopped. But that had all been when Ezra's capable, ambitious wife had been alive and keeping a thrifty, steady hand on the wheel. After her death things had gradually run down. For a long time the hotel made a pretense of still doing business, but finally, when the last guest departed, disgusted at the shiftlessness of the proprietor, Ezra had to break the sad news to Aunt Viny, the cook, that there would be no more money for wages, and so, after cooking a last pan of her famous biscuits and a batch of her celebrated waffles—two things which had kept more than one guest staying at the hotel for a long time after the deterioration had begun—she packed up and left.

"When business picks up ag'in jess you lemme know," she said to Nancy, for Aunt Viny was a determined optimist.

Nancy was eighteen now, but still enough of a little girl to dream sometimes. She had never been away from Eureka Springs, so she seldom dreamed about the outside world; even a dream must have just a tiny toe space of knowledge before it goes flying. For Nancy this tiny toe space, this rock bottom for romance, was the memory of the time when there had been many people laughing and talking in the big dining room, the time when the Lakeview had been a real hotel.

Nancy was a sociable little person, and when she began cooking the meals for herself and her father she built air castles—gay, profitable air castles filled with rich health seekers. For every one of Nancy's air castles was a hotel.

"Step right into the dining room, please," she would invite of her imagination. "Mr. Hoskins, will you take the table by the window? Come right in, everybody; there's room enough for all!"

Then Nancy would turn from all these shadowy boarders, these guests who might have been, and see her father standing alone in the doorway. Nancy was so used to her father that she did not see him as he really was, shabby, lazy, irresponsible, worthless. But even to Nancy's familiar eyes there was something lacking in the solitary figure. At the very best, there were not enough of him.

"Why don't we have some guests in the Lakeview, daddy?" she asked wistfully one hot spring day.

"Democrats in power," her father explained laconically.

"But—but, daddy, you said a while ago it was because the Republicans were in power," she said timidly. "And you said that after we made up our minds about the war things would be more settled, and then, after we made up our minds and were in the war, you said when peace came everything would be all right."

"Better Times"

Narrated from the picture produced by the Brentwood Film Corporation, and played by the following cast:

Nancy Scroggs.....Za Su Pitts
Peter.....David Butler
Ezra Scroggs.....Jack McDonald

Original story by King Vid r.

"Nobody comes to Eureka Springs any more," her father said, shifting uneasily.

"Oh, daddy, some people do!" Nancy insisted. "Only they all go to the Majestic Hotel."

Long after her father had shuffled back to the dusty "office" and taken his chewing tobacco out of the cash register Nancy sat staring vacantly at the calendar on the wall. Its top leaf was three months old—there had never been any good reason for changing—and absently Nancy walked over and tore off the old leaves. Each page bore a catch phrase of optimism, some cleverly worded bit of encouragement or advice. Idly Nancy read the sentence on the day's page.

"Don't wait for something to turn up; get out and turn it up!" the calendar advised.

The familiar phrase caught Nancy's eye. "For something to turn up!" Ever since Nancy could remember her father, these words had been on his lips. He had always been waiting, Micawberlike, for the weather to change and for the wind to blow his fortune to him.

For a long time Nancy stared thoughtfully at the calendar. She raised the page and looked at the next day's advice.

"Don't wait for your ship to come in; swim out to meet it!"

Nancy was not blaming her father as she sat there; she was thinking of herself. She had been dreaming of hostelries in Spain, hotels in the air; she had done nothing to make her dreams come true. If it was her father's heritage that made Nancy dream, there was some of Nancy's mother in her, too. It was this mother's dower of force and vigor that made Nancy suddenly clap her hands together and set to washing the dinner dishes with much energy and splashing of soapsuds. Nancy was through with idle dreaming.

The old automobile still stood in the buggy shed, a shaky, rickety old relic of days when machinists had been none too wise. The crank was gone; a careful search of the shed failed to reveal it. But this new Nancy was not to be daunted. "Don't wait for your ship to come in; swim out to meet it!" The afternoon train would pull into Eureka Springs and leave a few health seekers on the station platform. Nancy was going to meet the train.

The crank off the clothes wringer started the wheezy old engine. It coughed asthmatically once or twice, lurched forward on a front wheel, and then settled into a slow, steady, noisy chugging. The delighted Nancy climbed in.

It was a funny-looking machine—not odd or strange, just funny. There was no long, low engine in front; the driver's seat was perched directly over the front wheels. It looked as out of date as a lady's hat that used to perch on the very peak of a high pompadour. But it went!

And Nancy with it. When the train jerked in and shook off a few health seekers Nancy's "bus" was there right beside the stage from the Majestic.

"This way for the Lakeview," Nancy called lustily.

She ran forward and snatched up baggage, but she was always forced to set it down again. After one glance at the Lakeview "automobile," every single health seeker declined to take a chance on it.

"No," one middle-aged spinster declared to Nancy, "it don't look safe."

And among all the twelve travelers deposited at Eureka Springs there was not one single person with any sporting blood. They all climbed into the horse-drawn stage from the Majestic and drove away in dignity and style. Nancy looked sadly after them, then back at her perilous-looking "hack." Her first attempt to "turn up" something had been a failure.

That is, it would have been a failure if a certain coal-black porter had not failed to warn Mr. Peter van Sant that the train was nearing Eureka Springs. Mr. Van Sant was shaving when the train slowed up, and he went on peacefully shaving during the short stop in Eureka Springs. He was, in fact, still dazedly going through the motions of shaving when a conscience-smitten porter shoved him and his hat and his baggage off from the rear platform.

With the lather thick on his face he looked like Santa Claus, if the

Nancy had driven back at such break-neck speed that she rammed into the hitching post in front of the hotel.

She stood for a moment, looking out wistfully.

old saint can be imagined as being furious at a porter. But neither the soapsuds whiskers nor the angry face underneath daunted intrepid Nancy.

"This way to the Lakeview! Take your grip, sir. This way, sir."

And before the amazed traveler had time to wipe off the lather he found himself and his baggage hustled into the antiquated vehicle.

"On your left," Nancy rattled away, "you will see the town hall and the famous springs."

But fast and loud as Nancy rattled, the automobile rattled faster and a good deal louder. The single passenger was divided between amused admiration for the quaint little driver and the eternal vigilance which it required to keep his seat at all during the hazardous trip. But Mr. Peter van Sant was a good sport. When they reached the Lakeview he did not turn back the register to see what name was entered last, but affixed his own dashing signature to the immaculate white page which Nancy spread before him.

The fresh, new ambition which had sprung to life in Nancy when she had read the calendar the hot afternoon before woke her bright and early the next morning. While the hotel's only guest slept peacefully Nancy was bumping and rattling across the hills in her automobile. And when she came back, still before breakfast time, she brought with her the best breakfast maker in seven counties.

"Sho, honey, Ah'll come and cook for de young gempman," Aunt Viny had told Nancy, delighted at the opportunity to return to the Lakeview. And Nancy, all excited, had driven back at such breakneck speed that she rammed into the hitching post in front of the hotel.

At eight o'clock the breakfast bell rang and the hotel's one guest appeared. A crisp little morning bouquet bloomed at his place, a gay, fresh little Nancy in a crisp white apron stood waiting to serve his breakfast.

And the breakfast! It was the kind one sees in street-car ads and on billboards, the kind that looks much too good to be true, the kind a hungry man dreams of and the young husband tells his wife his mother used to make. There was bacon, thin and crisp as new ten-dollar bills, biscuits delicately browned and as light and fluffy as whipped cream. There was cereal with yellow country cream, and waffles that—well, the mind of man that devised the English language has created no simile worthy of Aunt Viny's waffles.

The hungry Peter looked at the breakfast and then up at the eager little maid who was serving. Ah, the fat, black Cupid in the kitchen! The old, old way to a man's heart was being traveled again.

Suddenly the grin of tickled anticipation faded from Peter's face; disappointment spread like clouds over his friendly, boyish face.

"Gee, I—I can't eat this breakfast!" he told Nancy. "I'm here at Eureka Springs for indigestion!"

"Oh!" said Nancy. And all the quick vision of bright hopes vanished, all the disappointment in her little world was in the one tiny word. She paused a moment, dazed, staring unbelievingly at the tray. Aunt Viny was her ace and Peter had trumped it.

"It isn't what you eat that hurts you," she said as she turned toward the kitchen; "it's the fears you swallow with your food."

Nancy firmly believed this bit of philosophy, so her voice was sincere, and, more still, it was unutterably wistful. Perhaps it was the disappointment in her tone, perhaps it was the more mundane appeal of Aunt Viny's breakfast tray. Whatever the cause, Peter weakened.

"Here," he called, "don't take it away; I'm going to take a chance on it."

And Peter's "chance" was no cautious, limited affair. He ate every fluffy biscuit, every crusty brown waffle, the very last crisp slice of bacon.

"Now," he asked Nancy, "where is this famous Eureka Springs water that is going to make a Samson out of me?"

Nancy gave him instructions, but still he loitered.

"You—you wouldn't have time to walk down with me?" he asked timidly at last.

"I—I guess I would," she admitted.

That was the beginning. Day after day they sauntered to the famous springs; day after day they loitered on the wooden "stoop" of the Lakeview Hotel. Day after day Peter ate Aunt Viny's cooking, marvelous breakfasts, dinners, cozy suppers. Nothing seemed to hurt him, either.

"I'll tell you a medicine that's better than the Eureka Springs water," Nancy told him mischievously one day. "That's to bury a stick two miles out of town and walk out twice a day to see if it's still there."

Peter regarded her thoughtfully for several minutes.

"By Jove, Nancy," he told her, "I believe you're right!"

They had already reached the Peter and Nancy stage.

And because Peter talked to Nancy about himself she talked to him a little about herself and her castle in the air, a castle all bell hops and porcelain bathrooms, an air castle which took "guests" for two dollars a day.

"We'll do it, Nancy!" said Peter.

The first thing the new enterprise had was a first-class publicity man. His name was Peter.

"Say," he commiseratingly told the Majestic's guests, "it's a darn shame you have to put up with the cooking at your place. You just ought to taste one of the dinners at the Lakeview. And breakfasts——"

Or:

"Yes, the Lakeview is pretty lucky to have its cook. And nothing she makes hurts you, either. That's the wonderful part."

Oh, he was diplomatic about it! Nothing obvious; just a seed here and there. But the seeds fell in fertile soil, and one after another bore fruit. In fact, the whole crop was harvested at once.

Nancy's lazy old father was sitting in the hotel office one morning when he glanced up to see the entire Majestic Hotel arriving in a body. All his life, old Scroggs had been waiting for something to "turn up." And now that it had "turned" with a bang he was helpless.

"'M sorry," he mumbled, "but we're not prepared to handle a crowd. Sorry."

The disappointed would-be guests of the Lakeview were turning to leave when Nancy and Peter came in. Not prepared to handle a crowd, indeed! With the accumulated dreams of eighteen years to draw on and Aunt Viny in the kitchen to do the cooking Nancy would have undertaken to provision the allied army.

"Sign right here," she said, pushing the register toward the newcomers.

And as she turned she saw Peter, in the dingy old cap of the last Lakeview bell hop, waiting to take the baggage upstairs.

It was the greatest lark in the world. Dusty old rooms were cleaned and aired; refrigerators and

Continued on page 86

Every afternoon Ezra Scroggs, after spending a few peaceful hours on the post-office steps, visiting with his cronies, came back with the hotel mail.

Giving the Camera

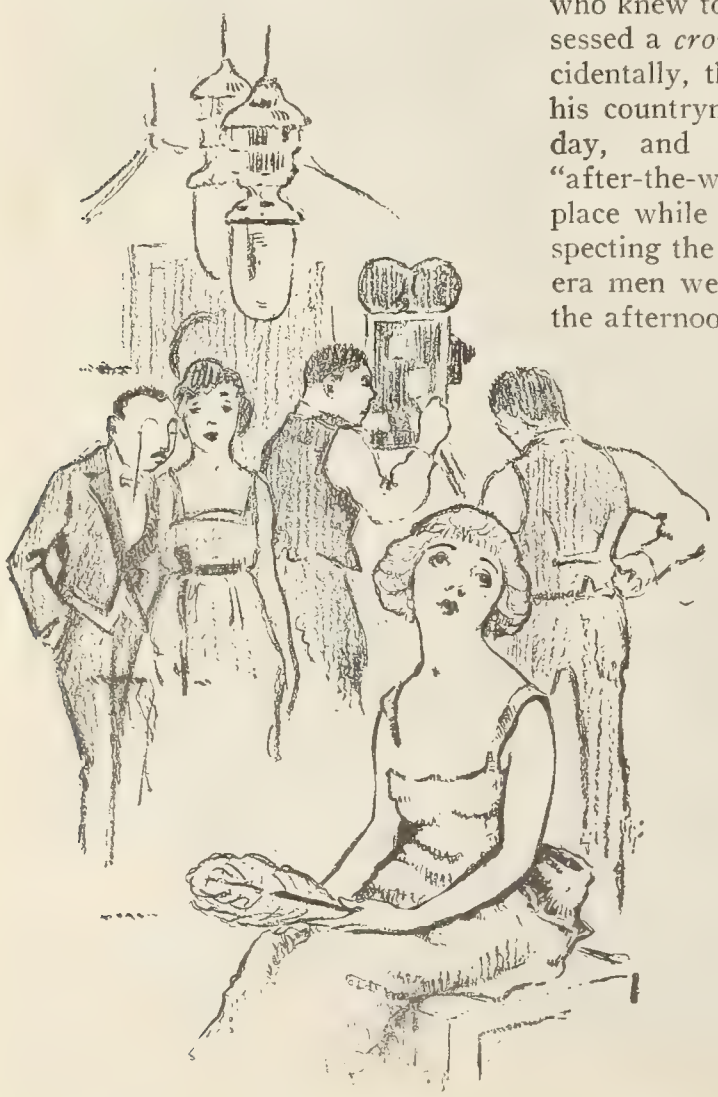
A. W. Sperry, just released from the navy, Studio in Fort Lee, collecting impres-

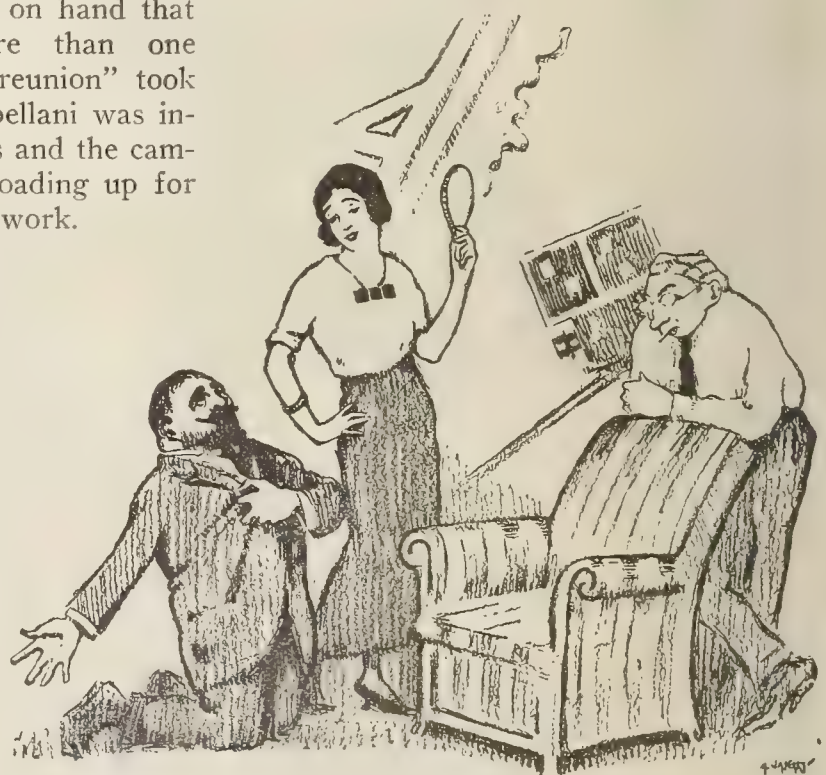
"How can I ever hold out till lunchtime?" sighs Imogene, who had to skip breakfast that morning on account of oversleeping. (How these late parties *do* conflict with working!) If this were only a cabaret scene and she could get a place near the camera she might get some real food; but ballroom stuff is so awfully fashionable—you're lucky if you get a glass of warm ginger ale.

They told Goldilocks, back in the home town, that she "looked just like Mary Pickford." So here she is, doing extra bits, waiting and hoping. And we hope that Capellani will notice this sketch, hunt her out, and give her that star part she's longing for. "When I'm a star I'll sleep till noon and dance every evening," Goldilocks confided to us, and we hadn't the heart to tell her that then she'd have even less time for frivolity than she has now.

Just a bit of "atmosphere," this Frenchman, and he had a slight limp. But some one who knew told us that he possessed a *croix de guerre.* Incidentally, there were lots of his countrymen on hand that day, and more than one "after-the-war reunion" took place while Capellani was inspecting the sets and the camera men were loading up for the afternoon's work.

Dolores Cassinelli paused a moment to pose for this sketch—which shows you how lovely the "Italian Cameo" looks, even when she's wondering where her maid put her new pump buckles. Somebody had told us that she was to take a cross-country trip this September, which was to include personal appearances at theaters along the way, but she shook her head so sadly when we mentioned it to her. "I don't even get time to rest between pictures, much less to go visiting like that," she told us regretfully.





"On my bended knees I ask you to forgive!" cries Capellani, as he pounces down on the floor to show Dolores how it should be done. The camera man, highly bored meanwhile, is figuring out how big a dent in his week's pay the Pansy Club's costume ball is going to make that night.

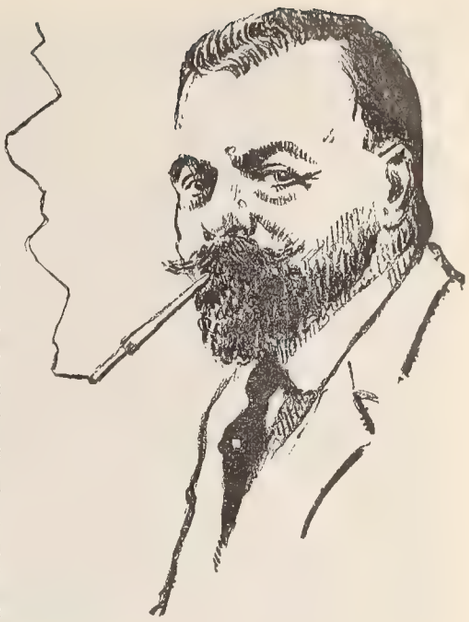
An Afternoon Off

spent part of a day at the Capellani
sions and jotting them down in crayon.

"Whaddo you think?" said Creighton Hale. "There she was, just an extra, and she comes up to the studio with a maid and in a limousine. Just doing it for the fun of it." But after spending three hours watching scenes taken and retaken, and then perhaps taken all over again, we wondered just where the fun came in. However, probably it's awfully jolly to tell about such experiences as that when one gets back to the Ritz in the evening.

Some of the wild rumors you hear about the stars doubtless originate in just such a spot as this. You can take the most harmless little fact "out on location" in the lunch room, and an hour later somebody will return it to you so distorted that you think it must be made up for a character rôle.

Behold Capellani himself, with a twinkle of satisfaction in his eye for having at last become the head of a company of his own. "I've been trying out my new idea of getting the cast together a day early, so that they can get all their visiting done before we begin work," he explained to us in an undertone. "It worked beautifully, but don't tell anybody or the children would appear a day late next time." He always refers to his cast as "the children." No wonder they love him!



It's such a care, seeing that one's make-up is just as it should be. And when one's eyelashes are heavy with mascaro, and one's lips are rouged till they feel almost stiff, and the thermometer registers over a hundred under the Kileg lights—well, there are things pleasanter even than being under the movies under such conditions.

And here's June Caprice, thoroughly enjoying the fluffy-ruffly rôle that was made just for her. Even the combined efforts of the sun and the sputtering Cooper-Hewitts couldn't fade June's smile, because her mother had just arrived from Boston for a visit, and June's plans for her entertainment ranged all the way from trips to Bronx Park to see the animals to excursions to Coney Island to see the crowd. June is one of those typical New Yorkers who's never seen either one.

Shake Hands With Teddywhack

Sometimes I really felt sorry for Peg.

WHAT kind of a dog am I? Well, my owner says I'm a "Heinz"—fifty-seven varieties, you know. And my name—Teddywhack—is as nondescript as my family tree.

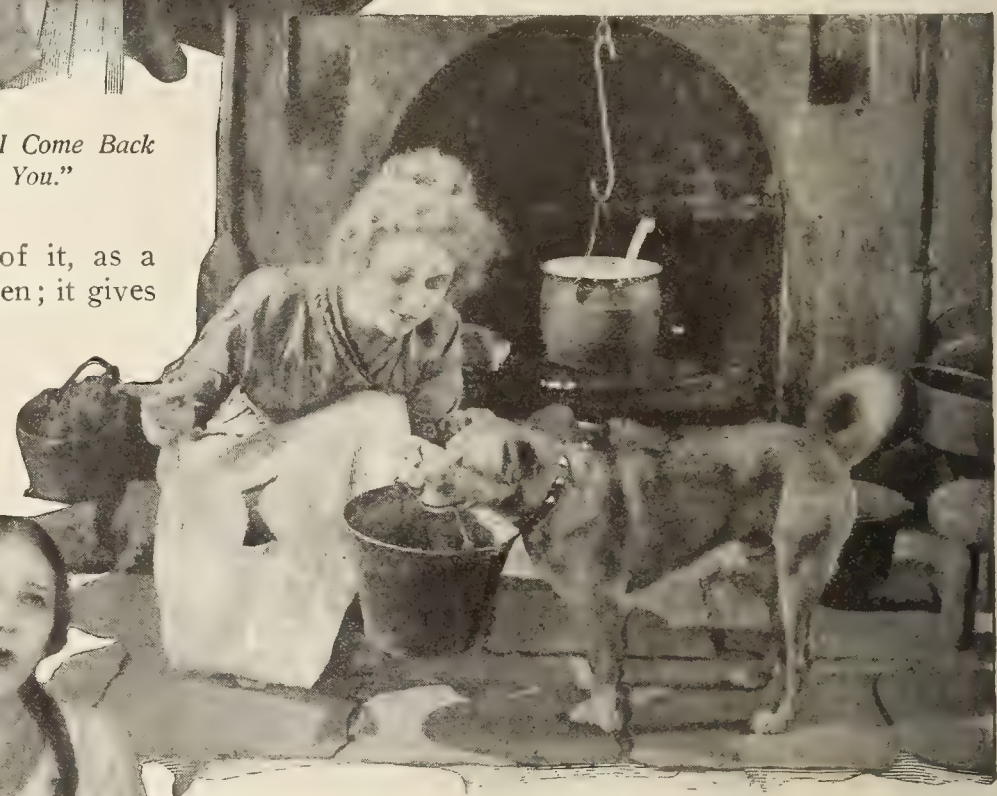
How did I get into pictures? Well, like Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark and a lot of other stars, I came from the stage. Used to be in vaudeville; had several years of it, as a matter of fact. Then I turned to the screen; it gives you so much more chance for a quiet home life, you know. I've done several pictures for Paramount; was in Cecil De Mille's "Till I Come Back to You," and with Vivian Martin in "Mirandy Smiles."

I liked playing *Michael* in "Peg o' My Heart." It's a nice rôle, and I'm awfully fond of Wanda Hawley. She's the kind of person who really likes dogs, and she understands me perfectly; has a nice little habit of feeding me all the nicest bits of her luncheon when we're at the studio. She and I had great times in "Peg." She was crazy about playing the funny little Irish girl, and you've no idea how sorry I used to be for her sometimes when her work was especially realistic.

In "Till I Come Back to You."

They wrote a funny stunt for me in that picture—showed me having visions of my own Irish sweetheart, and finally we met again and embraced each other. The joke of it was that the rôle of the sweetheart was played by my own son. I'm afraid he'll never succeed in pictures, though; he's apt to look into the camera, and he gets in the players' way when he's not working if you don't watch him carefully.

Oh, yes; I'm really an old dog! Nine last winter. Take a look at my gold teeth and you'll realize that I've had my share of hard experiences—in the dentist's chair at least. Sure, I've led a regular dog's life; been run over by an auto, got poisoned twice, and—and had my share of fights, of course.



Playing with Wanda is a pretty soft job, I'll say.

Sure—I sang in "Mirandy Smiles."

I'm not allowed in theaters, but I usually see my scenes when they're run off in the projection room. If you'd like to—— Oh, you've got to go now? Well, I'm glad to have met you—and do let me know what you think of me as *Michael,* won't you?

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases.

By Henry Dunn Cabot

NOT long ago I encountered an unusually interesting group of motion-picture folk, consisting of a director, an author, a star of considerable reputation, and a camera man whose manipulation of the lens has earned him a fine name and a salary of two hundred dollars a week. They were all worth while listening to, and they were all talking shop.

I gave one ear to the author and the star, the other to the director and the camera man. Thus the various remarks met midway in their journey through my head and met with a clash. Moreover, those remarks were traveling with such velocity that none of them have escaped me yet. The gist of it all was that each party, the camera man excepted, claimed that to him and his brothers in art should be given the credit for the good pictures which are produced. The camera man stood by the director, but even he admitted that sometimes fine lighting and camera placement put a weak story in a position where it took on strength through its beauty.

The director finally turned to me and asked me my opinion. But I knew him personally, as well as all the others, and I didn't want to start another war right on the heels of the one finished by giving a too definite reply.

Now, however, in the seclusion of my study, I am going to state my beliefs on the question and to try to give to them weight and authority by a careful consideration of some of the pictures I have seen during the last month.

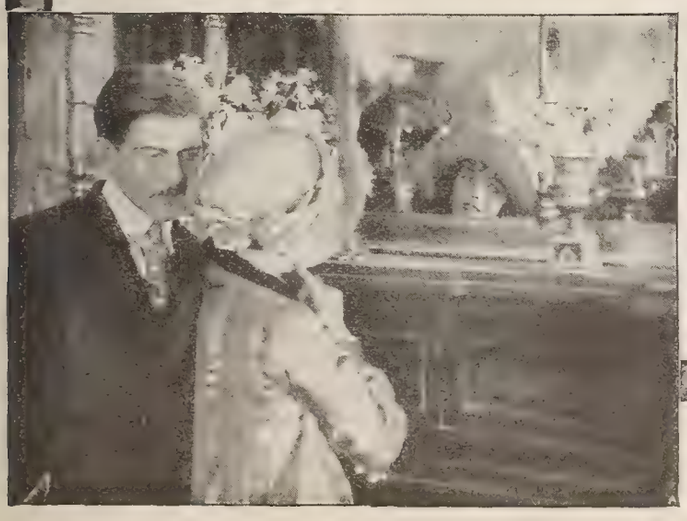
Neither the director, nor the author, nor the star—no, not even the camera man—is responsible for the well-made picture.

The thing that is responsible for a good picture is the thing that won the war, namely—coöperation.

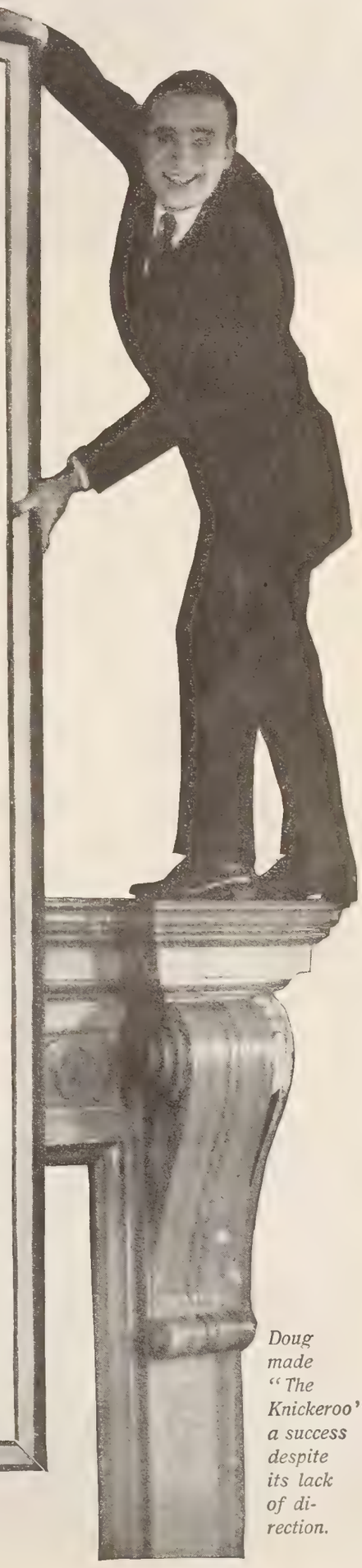
There will be cries of "What about Griffith, De Mille, Tourneur? What about Anthony Kelly, E. Lloyd Sheldon, Eve Unsell, Marion Fairfax, Tom Geraghty, William De Mille? What of Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Ray, and the Talmadge sisters?" But I maintain that not one of these artists could turn out an artistically good product without the sincere coöperation of the artists from the other branches of the profession.

This may sound like stating an obvious truth, but the question as to who "makes" a picture is always in the air. If it is good the director, the author, and the star each claim the credit. If it be poor the director, the author, and the star each try to shift the blame to the other. And they never think of coöperation or the lack of it.

A few weeks ago D. W. Griffith, with his "Broken Blossoms," brought thousands of new adherents to the screen at about the same time he gave us "True Heart Susie," "a plain story of a plain girl," but so plain that if it bore any other name than Griffith's it would utterly fail to attract attention. In "Broken Blossoms" Griffith had a life-



"True Heart Susie" is lacking in its story.



Doug made "The Knickeroo" a success despite its lack of direction.

Dorothy certainly disturbs Dick Barthelmess in "I'll Get Him Yet."

like foundation in Thomas Burke's "The Chink and the Child," a foundation that was likewise his inspiration. In "True Heart Susie" he had no foundation save a short-length story of callow love in a small town, and no inspiration but small-town atmosphere. In his classic he created a great painting; in his other offering a mere sketch, the lines of which fail to attract the notice because of their faintness.

It is true that the performances of Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and Clarine Seymour go quite a way in making "True Heart Susie" enjoyable at times. But neither the director nor the players were given the background of a Burke work for inspiration and material assistance. This might be used to argue that the author is the principal figure in the production of a picture. But let us pass to another work of the month and see if this is so.

Here is an adaptation, made in England, of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windemere's Fan," a picture bearing the Triangle Company's trade-mark in this country. Those who admire Oscar Wilde on the printed page will set up a bellow like a pasture full of bulls when they hear that any of his work has been picturized. The screen can never catch his clever epigrams and witticisms, will be their argument. Which is true. But they forget that in "Lady Windemere's Fan" Wilde contrived a marvelously interesting and dramatic plot. It is the story of a woman who erred and repented and who returned to her native heath in order to prevent her daughter from erring. This she does without ever revealing her identity. Even this bare outline of the material in "Lady Windemere's Fan" suggests strength and any number of possible situations. So the Wilde literati are wrong. The screen Wilde would be another man, granted, but one to be reckoned with.

Alice Brady plays the star rôle in "Redhead."

And with this foundation of a fine piece of drama, the British producers have turned out a very poor picture. This is said without wishing to violate anything in the League of Nations covenant. But skilled treatment simply was lacking. There is nothing about the picture faintly suggesting continuity. That two hundred-dollar-a-week camera man could have made a vastly better picture with some of his artistic shots alone. None of the big situations of the play were stressed, accentuated, so that their fullest possibilities might be realized. And as for the players, they simply ran wild. Sincerity was theirs, but not skilled repression or shading.

Here, then, is an instance where one of the best picture plots obtainable was spoiled by poor direction and poor acting. This certainly indicates that the author is not altogether responsible for the final results. Griffith made a better picture with no story in his "True Heart Susie" than the British director did with one of the most forcible and penetrating plots to be procured. Now let us examine Douglas Fairbanks' last Artcraft picture, "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo." Here there is little plot, little direction, but quite a bit of the Fairbanks heroics, the Fairbanks easy comedy, and the Fairbanks stunts. The result is that "The Knickeroo"—an abbreviation with just as much meaning as the full title—while not the best of the smiling, swirling, dashing, romantic, fearless, fighting hero's pictures, is still in a fine position to provide ample entertainment to his admirers. Here the star has triumphed over inadequate plot and insufficient direction.

Jean Paige outshines the star in "Too Many Crooks."

The three cases are unalike.

With a good story "True Heart Susie" would have been much better.

With good direction and acting "Lady Windemere's Fan" would have been splendid.

With more plot and more direction "The Knickeroo" would have been tremendously improved.

There wasn't enough coöperation in any of these cases.

That true spirit of coöperation, the harmonious work-

ing together, is evidenced in a good many of the month's productions. Charles Ray's "The Busher," "Dorothy Gish's "I'll Get Him Yet," Alice Brady's "Redhead," Mary MacLaren's "The Weaker Vessel," Sessue Hayakawa's "His Debt," and Gladys Leslie's (?) "Too Many Crooks" are among those nice, smooth-running offerings which fail to reveal any shortcomings from one party or another.

"The Busher," I am inclined to think, is the best of Mr. Ray's contributions to the Paramount program. And that is saying much. The entire story is handled with the finest skill, not only by the actors, but also by the others associated in the picture's production. It is worth while remarking that Professor Earle Schnell of the University of California wrote the story and Jerome Storm directed; worth while inasmuch as these two, working with the star, have given the finest demonstration of what real coöperation means.

Dorothy Gish is intriguing, as they say nowadays. She is an entirely new screen personality. She is the foremost comedienne in pictures. Lillian, her sister, was recently in New York, and confided some secrets

"The Coming of the Law" shows Tom Mix as a supposed tenderfoot.

about Dorothy to me. Back in those imperishable Biograph days Dorothy had the idea that she was destined for a tragic career on the screen—that is, I mean, a tearful career as a tragedienne. Well, the good Griffith dammed the floods in "Hearts of the World," and since then Dorothy has been always the Little Disturber to me. She certainly disturbs poor Dick Barthelmess in "I'll Get Him Yet." It was Harry Carr who provided the story and Elmer Clifton who directed. Another combination of three that meets with praise.

"Redhead," by Henry Payson Dowst, is one of those stories of a good woman of Broadway—a species which, strange as it may seem, exists despite all the press agenting to the contrary. Alice Brady, who really hasn't a red head, plays the title rôle, but as no color process was used to develop the film that doesn't matter.

Miss Brady and her leading man, Conrad Nagel, are delightfully human in every situation. You can't catch them acting once, which, paradoxically, means that they are acting splendidly all the while. If you like to be introduced to your screen people and if you like to know them intimately, in the morning with touseled hair, and across the dinner table, "Redhead" is the picture for you.

Hayakawa lives up to his reputation in "His Debt."

How enjoyable the human pictures really are! Much more so than the blood-and-thunder melodrama, more enjoyable even than the most enjoyable farce. The three just mentioned above were human first, whatever else they were afterward. And here is another, "The Weaker Vessel," a Universal offering which presents Mary MacLaren as the star, with Thurston Hall almost stealing her honors by his performance opposite. The picture is in way a satirical thrust on that popular conception that women constitute "the weaker sex." Will the mere male object to it? Well, hardly! He won't dare to voice such an objection to a feminine auditor, even if he entertains one, and if he does entertain one he's a fool.

Mary MacLaren gives a distinctly appealing characterization of the girl who fled her home town, an unkissed bride, to take up a career in New York. Thurston Hall's interpretation of the actor known as *J. "Booze" Hunter,* instead of *J. Booth Hunter,* is one of the finest drawings that the screen has seen this year.

Of course stars are stars, and each must be given his or her due regard, but it is rather peculiar to see Gladys Leslie's name given as the star of Vitagraph's "Too Many Crooks" when it is only too obvious that Jean Paige has the stellar rôle and the producers have awarded her the stellar things to do. Not that Miss Paige is not at all worthy of the position and the responsibilities. She takes the rôle of the young woman who gives a house party to a collection of yeggmen

"One of the Finest" shows Tom Moore as a traffic policeman.

and one baby vamp—Miss Leslie—in order that she may study character for her play, and she takes it ever so sincerely and effectively. But Miss Leslie—with all due credit to her smart characterization of the b. v.—is quite lost.

Of course no mention of crooks would be complete without Priscilla Dean. Sometimes I am inclined to attempt to convince myself that Miss Dean really was graduated from the ranks of the light-fingered sororiety, so recurrent is she as a beautiful crook whose efforts against law and order attract so much sympathy. Be that as it may, "Pretty Smooth," her latest, has Bayard Veiller's name on it as author. He will be recalled as the man responsible for those two great stage successes "Within the Law" and "The Thirteenth Chair," and "Pretty Smooth" has the suspense and mystery of each of his earlier masterpieces. Every character in the play, with one exception, is a crook. The exception is a detective.

Arnold Daly once said that Sessue Hayakawa was the best performer on the screen. No one arose to dispute him, and so Mr. Hayakawa has a name to live up to. And he lives up to it well in "His Debt," a story of a Jap's love and revenge, emotions that involve two lovers he meets.

"The Coming of the Law" shows Tom Mix as a supposed tenderfoot crashing into the wild and woolly West and subjugating it. "One of the Finest" shows Tom Moore as a traffic policeman crashing into society and winning its loveliest bud. Mr. Mix's picture is done in his usually rapid style, to the accompaniment of stunts and thrillers galore. Mr. Moore's is done quietly, effectively, but would be a better piece of entertainment if done with greater speed and with more plot than the obvious three-cornered love affair with the villain always trying to blacken the hero's reputation.

Cosmo Hamilton has another in "One Week of Life," a Goldwyn picture, with Pauline Frederick as the star. Mr. Hamilton is peculiar. With his right hand he dashes off articles saying how the picture producers maltreat his works, while his left hand is occupied at the same time in the process of reaching out and making safe a check from the selfsame producers he is damning. I could write much about Mr. Hamilton and others like him.

"One Week of Life" is interesting, but artificial melodrama.

"Almost Married" has a Swiss mountain setting.

"Love's Prisoner" finds Olive Thomas wandering around for many reels.

In "Beauty Proof" Harry Morey represents one of the North West Mounted Police.

Leaving Mr. Hamilton's opinion of pictures out of the matter entirely, "One Week of Life" is an interesting, but quite artificial society melodrama in which a young woman undertakes to pose as a drunken man's wife, believing that she is so performing a charitable duty to this wife. The story, of course, calls for a dual rôle, and this Miss Frederick plays with her usual emotional effectiveness. But the whole scheme of "One Week of Life" is so frankly forced, and was forced merely to give Mr. Hamilton an opportunity to write in some flashing dialogue, that there is little accumulative dramatic interest in the finished picture.

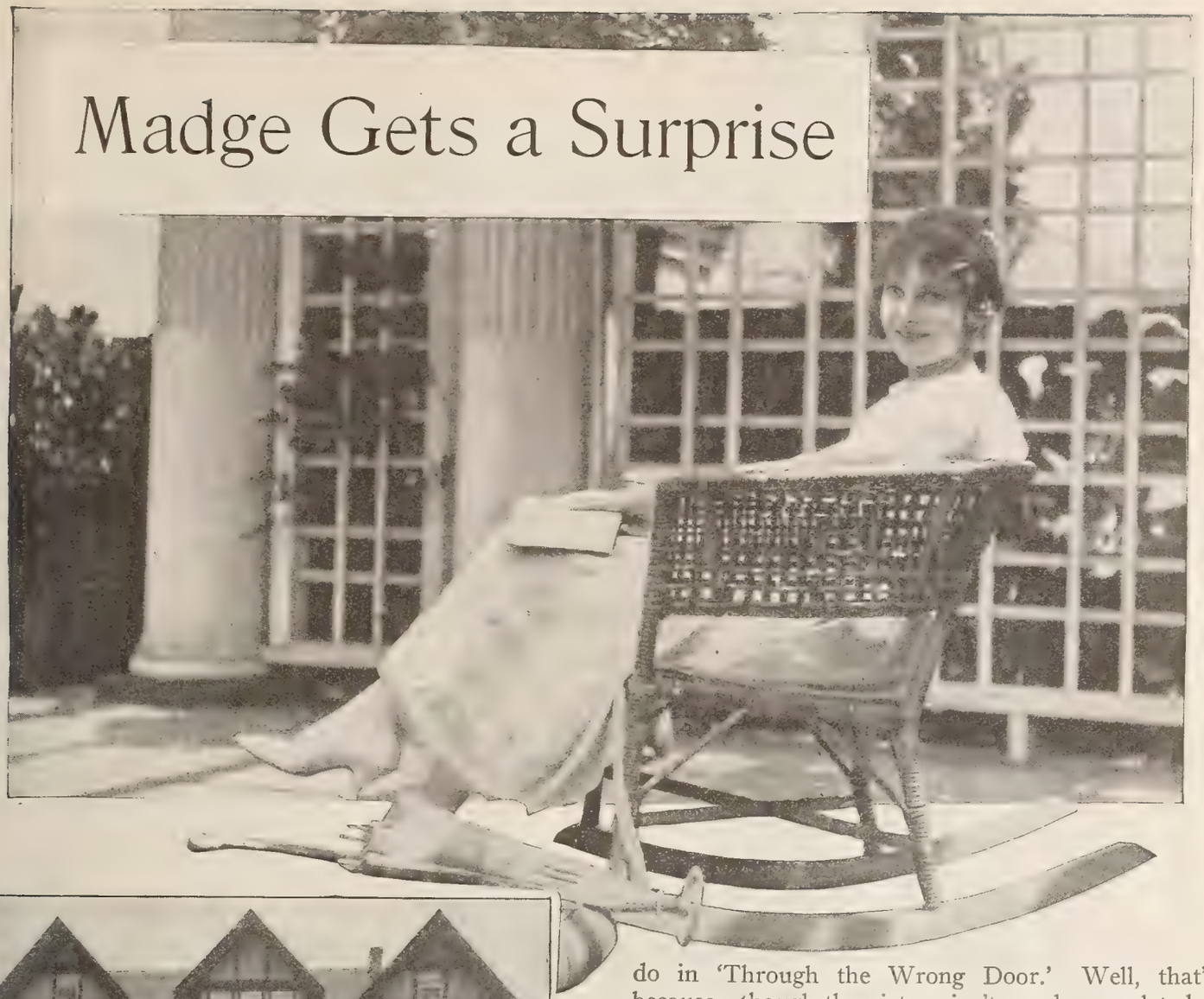
To the remaining pictures viewed recently small space can be given. The best I have seen are "The Sleeping Lion," with Monroe Salisbury, and "Riders of Vengeance," with Harry Carey, both Universal numbers.

May Allison's "Almost Married" has a good farcical situation, for which the mountains of California act as a Swiss setting. The action develops slowly, however.

"Love's Prisoner" shows us Olive Thomas wandering about aimlessly for many reels. I like Miss Thomas, but not "Love's Prisoner."

"Beauty Proof" is an old-fashioned thriller with Harry Morey as one of the fearless North West Mounted Police. It has a villain who kicks his prostrate enemies, who relentlessly pursues "the girl," and who plays many dirty tricks on the hero.

Madge Gets a Surprise



MADGE KENNEDY sat on the porch of her pretty home on the outskirts of Los Angeles—where she lives with her mother while she's making pictures in the West—when the telephone rang. The Goldwyn Studio wanted to talk with her, the maid reported.

"Oh, dear," thought Madge, "that probably means that something's wrong with scenes we took to-day and they want some retakes right away. Well, never mind."

She picked up the receiver.

"I just wanted to tell you, Miss Kennedy," a cheery voice said, "that we've run off to-day's shots and they're *great!* And I've been saving a little surprise for you. Maybe it's seemed as though you've had a lot to do in 'Through the Wrong Door.' Well, that's because—though the picture isn't nearly completed—we've planned to finish all of your scenes first, and the last ones were taken to-day. You're excused for the rest of the summer. Have a good time! Good-by."

"Oh-h-h-h-h—Mumsie!" cried Madge, as she came running out to break the news. "I'm all through for the summer! Hurry and order tickets for New York. We'll leave to-morrow!"

And so they did.

The House Behind the Rosebush

Hidden from sight in an out-of-the-way corner in Hollywood, is the tiny bungalow where we're about to visit Peggy Hyland.

By Gordon Gassaway

Like everything else, the kitchen is tiny.

TWO blocks up, one to the left and three to the right, and it's just behind a rosebush." Thus spake the drug-store clerk on whose mercy I had thrown myself, and, clutching in my hand the recipe for finding Peggy Hyland's bungalette, which she had sent me and which I had been unable to interpret, I stumbled forth to follow the knowing clerk's directions.

And then, when Peggy's little house suddenly bobbed up from behind a rosebush, I was almost afraid to ring the bell for fear it would vanish into thin air, like the Cheshire cat. But the tiny tinkle of the bell was answered by a maid, who, though diminutive, seemed real enough, and presently I was standing in the little reception room, eyes expectantly fixed on the deep-green curtain that concealed the stairs.

There was a hop, skip, and a jump somewhere above, and I suddenly discovered that my eyes had been fixed at a point about two feet too high. For when she appeared the top of her shiny hair came away below my vision. She certainly *was* little.

"Isn't this rather early for you on a day off?" I ventured by way of greeting.

"Oh, indeed not! Do you smoke? Help yourself to one over there. No, I'm up every morning at seven—working or not. It's ten o'clock now, isn't it?"

The way she said it made the hour seem very late and lazy. In her presence I suddenly felt as though I had been very lazy all my life.

The miniature Britisher in her pocket-edition garden.

She perched on the edge of one of those you-oughta-lie-down-but-dassen't things, and I glanced around rather helplessly. Somehow everything in the little house seemed so small that I felt rather like a bull in a china shop. But she waved her hand toward a big, substantial he-chair over on the other side of the hearth, and I sank into it gratefully. A sturdy British fire was burning, and because of the cloud darkness outside the leaping flames cast flecks of glowing copper over the red of the Peggy coiffure. Yes, her hair is red. It would be curly, I think, if she would let it. But there was nothing dangly or peignory or fluffily messy about this businesslike little person before me.

"Well," I began, "how did you happen to do it?"

"Go into the moving pictures—awful fun, aren't they?—I suppose you mean?" I nodded, wielding a British cigarette. Its kind, I learned from the box, had been smoked by kings.

"I 'yessed' my way into pictures," she said, "and I've gone about 'yessing' myself into all sorts of things ever since. Things like 'stunts' that really ought to have doubles, you know.

"But really it was a silly old London paper that got me started. After the war began we were quite a little up against it, if you know what I mean, on account of business being so tied up, and I had to become the wage earner for the family. I was the 'how-to-do-it' girl on this London daily.

"They made me sweep and wash dishes and climb stairs and scrub floors; all sorts of silly things to show how to keep your health by indoor work. Then a motion-picture company saw the photographs in the paper and offered me a position. I said 'yes.'

"Prob'ly thought I'd be handy to have around the studio in case the janitor quit!"

She arose to poke violently at the fire. Jackpots, British by birth and breeding, entered and took up a hostile position on that sort-of-lie-down thing. Lucky dog! She went back and cuddled beside him.

"Now," she continued, her smiling blue eyes still on the stirred-up flames, "whenever my director says, 'Can you do this—or that—Miss Hyland?' I just say 'yes' before I know it. Isn't it terrible to be such a 'yessy' sort of a person?"

There's one big question she hasn't said "yes" to yet; but I'll bet there are a lot of young gentlemen who wish she would!

"First thing, when I went into pictures—that was four years ago—they gave me one of those stone ale bottles and told me to wave it over my head in a very unladylike sort of way. But I was playing the part of a naughty little actress, so I suppose that part of it was all right.

"At that time I was oh, quite poor, you know, and had on my one and only best dress trimmed with silver lace. Well, I said 'yes,' I'd wave the bottle over my head, and I did. And—it was half full of liquid shoe blacking! Some stage hand had been careless. I lost my dress with a 'yes.'"

Peggy looked around her little California drawing room.

Continued on page 102

Letters sometimes take her back to the "right little, tight little isle."

She swings on the gate alone so far—for there's one "yes" she's never said.

Not even the sight of a distant cat can lure Jackpots away.

Photo by Goseff

Sydney Chaplin financed "Sassy Jane."

"She sat right down on the floor and cut it out then," he told me, "and then we took it to one of the department stores in Los Angeles. The manager ordered a dozen, and they sold so fast that after that the Sassy Jane was a whirlwind success, and the little originator got to China when she wanted to."

But the "Sassy Jane" is just one of his business interests. He is backing an aëroplane-passenger service, too—has over four hundred planes, and has purchased exclusive landing privileges in a number of California towns. But even more interesting to the general public is the fact that he is now making comedies for Paramount—not pure slapstick stuff, but comedies with a straight plot, though that isn't to interfere with their containing "a laugh every minute," according to Chaplin. He's going to direct them and act in them as well, and when I asked him if they would be as funny as his brother's he looked most determined, though his only reply was a modest "I hope so."

J. E. Williamson is to make some more submarine

Josephine Hill followed Lila Lee's path from the Edwards revues to the movies—and is now in Universal pictures.

Screen Gossip

Bits of news about screen folk.

By The Bystander

SAY "Sassy Jane" to Sydney Chaplin some time and see him smile. No, Jane isn't a girl—she's a dress—and she's made some thousands of dollars for Charlie's brother, Syd. It started with a girl, however—a girl who had only five dollars and wanted to get to her uncle in Shanghai, and came to Mr. Chaplin to see if he wouldn't help her to put a house dress on the market; she said she knew how to make one that was much better than anything then being sold.

pictures, and has bought an island in the West Indies for use as a production base.

"It's a long romance that has no turning," and the one involving George Larkin and Olive Kirby—yes, the girl who used to play wild West rôles in Kalem pictures—is taking a new twist right now.

They began their romance by dancing together at Eastern hotels professionally. Then Larkin went West to make pictures, and Olive followed him, their marriage taking place almost as soon as she stepped off the train. And now he's deserting the serial field to make shorter pictures, and she's giving their romance a new setting by appearing in them with him.

Olive Kirby is now leading lady for George Larkin in pictures as well as at home.

And George seems to like it.

The season's biggest surprise, I should say, was Pearl White's sudden decision to quit serials and to become a Fox star. Her first feature picture was scheduled for a September release. Here are some other recent changes: Mary Miles Minter is to be starred by a new company called the Realart. Alan Dwan has started his own producing company. Mildred Harris Chaplin is to be starred by the Louis B. Mayer Company, which produces the Anita Stewart pictures, and Jane and Katherine Lee are to have a company of their own.

First we learned that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was building a big new studio at Long Island City, New York. Then along came the Fox Film Corporation and laid the corner stone of its big new building, which will occupy an entire city block at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City, and will cost about two million five hundred thousand dollars. It is to be ready for occupancy in October, and will have twelve projection rooms, rest rooms, a gymnasium, restaurant, and dressing rooms for a thousand people. Universal announces that it will build a ten-story office building and theater on Broadway in the near future, and Famous Players-Lasky is completing arrangements for the London headquarters of their new foreign branch, called British Producers, Ltd., which will make pictures in England and on the Continent, with some of Paramount's American stars and a number of English actors.

All the moons are honeymoons this summer for so many of the screen folk that we'll just get the new names of the June brides well straightened out and committed to memory when the October flock comes along. Alice Brady was one of the first of these, of course, her marriage to James Crane, the son of Doctor Frank Crane, taking place not long before Conrad Nagle, her leading man in the stage play, "Forever

Here's a situation that Houdini couldn't escape from—though many of the situations in Paramount's "The Grim Game" are apparently much more difficult.

After," and in several pictures, married Miss Ruth Emily Helms, of Chicago. And still another interesting change of name occurred when Anita Loos and John Emerson were married on June 15th at Norma Talmadge's home at Bayside, Long Island.

Beverly Bayne Bushman gives a little birthday party on the ninth of each month for her infant son, Richard, who was born last June. And similar birthday parties celebrate the existence of Mae Marsh's daughter, Mary Marsh Armes, whose first bow to old Mother Earth was made near New York City on Friday, June 13th.

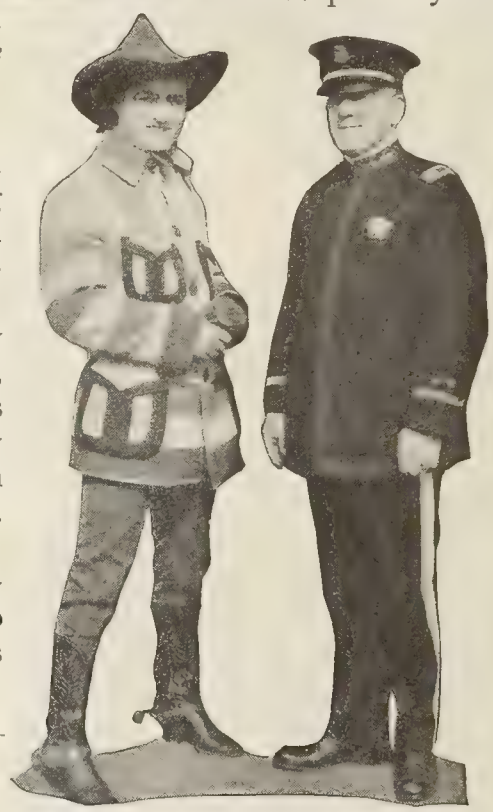
Well, it's comedy again for Alice Lake. After deserting the slapstick drama for some more serious Metro offerings, she has polished up the laugh-making tricks that she learned while playing with Fatty Arbuckle, and has promised to appear in Christie comedies.

Louise Glaum has reformed her rôles before coming back to the screen; she will play not the vampirette, but the good little girl, she says, in J. Parker Reid Productions.

May Allison is tired of leading a double life as picture star and turkey nurse, and has sold her turkey ranch in southern California, including the entire stock of seven hundred recently purchased baby birds.

Bebe Daniels will be seen shortly in Cecil De Mille's production of "The Admirable Crichton." Quite a change from doing comedies with Harold Lloyd!

Tom Mix says he got a regular coffee jag the last time he was in San Francisco. You've probably heard of Coffee Dan's—one of the most famous restaurants in the world, owned by San Francisco's chief of police. Well, Tom is a friend of the chief's, and swears that he drank gallons and gallons of coffee, both to cement the friendship and because he liked it. Coffee Dan's is open the clock round, so there was no time limit, and Tom says that when he and the chief went out in front of the City Hall to have this picture taken it was decidedly café au lait—or perhaps late would be better.



Tom Mix says this man nearly finished him with coffee.

Florence Reed is making pictures at the studio which was especially erected at her summer home at Otasaga Lake, Maine.

When Harry Carey got out on location he could sleep peacefully—but his heavy man was still nervous over Harry's cook's battles, and rose with the dawn—ostensibly to shave.

If Harry Carey asks you to a house party at his ranch take my advice and have another engagement. Not that he isn't to be trusted; it's his cook who's the source of all danger, and it takes either a very brave man or one who's dieting to visit the Carey home in the San Francisquito Cañon.

You've heard of the Tong wars that break out in our various Chinatowns about every so often, of course. Well, Harry's cook got mixed up in one, had a price of five hundred dollars put on his head by the forces of the opposition, and broke the news to Harry most cheerfully.

"Maybe you catchem bullet in back some night,"

he suggested one morning as he brought in the cereal for breakfast.

Now, Harry's a brave fighter, but he has scruples. He wants to route his own journey to the next world. So he left that afternoon for Arizona; said he had to film a round-up, and asked everybody he knows, including his flock of Universal cow-punchers, to spend a few weeks with him when he went back. They say the Tong war is smoldering now, but may break out again at any time, so the guests are all provided with canned goods, and any one who can cook is invited to hang his hat in the Carey hall for as long as he cares to stay. Meanwhile the cook goes peacefully on, mixing bread with a revolver nattily tucked under his apron, and serving soup with an ominous-looking knife up his sleeve.

Stewart Edward White publicly congratulated the cast of the picture made from his novel, "The Westerners," and at the same time congratulated himself on the way the tale was handled.

Things are in a dreadful state out in Hollywood; everybody's going up in the air. And Cecil De Mille is responsible for it; he formed the Mercury Aviation Company a while ago, with four Curtiss planes which he purchased from the Canadian government as his vehicles, and now for a dollar a mile you can go almost anywhere. The regular routes are between Los Angeles and Fresno, Los Angeles and Bakersfield, and Bakersfield and Fresno, though of course one can take little local trips to Pasadena, Long Beach, and Venice.

Cecil De Mille piloted Jeanie MacPherson through the clouds recently.

They say De Mille had to form this company in self-defense. You see, he had a plane of his own, which he let for passenger service when he didn't want it. But the machine was so popular that it was always in demand, and as a result the first regular passenger air route in America was formed.

Lillian Gish was telling me about Mr. De Mille's machine a while ago. "Dorothy and I are crazy to go up," she said regretfully, "but mother won't let us go without her; she says she'd feel safer about us if she went along. And on days when flying conditions are good we never seem able to get together, so I guess we'll have to stay on dry land for some time yet."

However, Jeanie MacPherson, the scenario writer, went up and got a lot of ideas among the clouds a while ago, so perhaps Mrs. Gish will relent and let her offspring try it some day soon.

Nazimova recently signed a contract to appear in Metro pictures for two years more.

Governor Smith, of New York State, has gone into the movies; has a speaking part, too. In Leah Baird's socialism picture there's a place where the sheriff telephones the governor of the State and says: "Hello, Mr. Governor, what can we do about the Reds using their own symbols and flags in parades?" And the governor has to reply: "I am just about to sign a bill forbidding the display of red flags."

Now, when it came time to shoot that scene somebody in the Harry Raver organization, which is making the picture, had a brilliant idea, and proposed that Governor Smith be persuaded to take part. So a phone was rigged up, and New York's chief executive delivered his lines in a loud, clear voice—which unfortunately couldn't be registered by the camera—and then posed for a close-up of himself signing the bill.

Enid Bennett is a "little sister" to the Boy Scouts of Los Angeles—and they recommend that Scout families in other cities be similarly enlarged.

Snapped With

Snapshots of screen folk, taken when nobody but the bathing girls was looking.

Here's a contract that hasn't been made public before; it's Baby Marie Osborne's agreement to act as director and camera man for "Br'er Rabbit." She writes the scenarios herself, too; one really can't get good ones otherwise.

Resist this invitation to "Come on over!" if you're superstitious and afraid of the number thirteen; personally, we'd walk under ladders, put on our left shoe first, or cross the path of a dozen black cats for the sake of joining this bevy of Mack Sennett beauties in double-quick time.

Be warned, all ye who want to vote but not to tell your age; Marie Walcamp and Director J. P. McGowan are finding out how many candles to put on Marie's horse's birthday cake, and they say McGowan has offered to serve in like capacity when registration day comes around again.

Mary Pickford is of Persian descent, according to Fritzi Brunette; she refers to the kitten in her arms, of course. Fritzi's engaged in restraining the affectionate overtures of Pat, who's a gay dog, and prefers Mary to the rest of the menagerie, which consists of thirty-one canaries, a parrot, some dozen kittens, and innumerable rabbits.

out Warning

It isn't often that a mere author breaks into these pages. But behold Pat Dowling, scribe of Hollywood, who, like Daniel, braved the lion's den at the Christy studios, for purposes of publicity. His pretty protector is Patricia Palmer.

The girls say the water's fine—on the stage, that is—for since they've been making personal appearances all across the country with "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" they aren't even on speaking terms with Father Neptune. Anybody having a regular ocean in his back yard will please apply.

Priscilla can make a Cupid's bow in record-breaking time, even on location, if left to her own devices. But with all the rest of the cast standing around and commenting on her technique with a lip stick, and the director urging her to hurry, and all that sort of thing, life was far too hectic for her. So she gathered up her make-up and retired to the seclusion of the roadside.

This isn't horse play at all, according to Doug. He says his steed is the most expensive one in the world, and has rather an uneven gait, but a good disposition. Doug's thinking of trying to get him into the movies, so perhaps you'll see Bill Hart riding him in a Wild West scene before long.

Sweet Enough to Eat

DO you remember the song about "What are little girls made of?" Well, in Marion Davies' case of course, the answer *may* be the usual one of "sugar and spice and everything nice," but we'd suggest as a better one apple-green taffeta and peach-colored organdie, with a mushroom hat and a cherry-blossom parasol.

Monroe's Day Off

By Selma Howe

IT was a gold-and-blue day, and Monroe Salisbury, prepared to loaf, and, clad in the whitest white clothes on the Pacific coast, settled himself on the front porch with a book he'd been saving up for six weeks.

But in about ten minutes Boots came along very gay over having chased a cat across two fields and through a small stream. Ejaculating "Hullo!" in Airedalese, he landed in Salisbury's lap, and started the ball of interruptions rolling.

Wrathfully Salisbury dumped him to the floor and went indoors to change to clean white clothes again. But he had not settled down once more than the foreman of his ranch appeared to report that they couldn't get any water in the house, and the laundress was having hysterics in the pantry. Then the cook strolled out to resign her job; it was too hot to work. The dog catcher dropped in to see if Boots had a license. There was a long-distance phone call, which, after Monroe had held the wire half an hour, proved to be for a Mr. Monroe down the road a piece.

And then a summons came from the studio: "Sorry, but we're going to need you to-day after all," and Salisbury gave a whoop of glee.

"Peace at last!" he shouted as he ran for his cap. "Nobody'll dare interrupt me there!"

Please Page Flora McFlimsey!

She was the lady, you know, "who had nothing to wear;" she'd be interested, we're sure, in some of the smart costumes seen on the screen.

This frock of Constance Talmadge's sounds enough fashion notes to make a whole musical scale—for it's of gray chiffon over rose and blue silk, and as trimming has tiny knots of pastel-shaded flowers.

Help! Help! Priscilla Dean's going automobiling—and when she wears this new suede motor coat of hers she looks at it instead of the road. So, whether you're in the car or on the street, you're out of luck. Of course, it has a fur collar, but nobody minds a little extra warmth if it's becoming.

"Make it hearts," says May Allison when she's wearing this rose-trimmed hat at an afternoon bridge party—and every susceptible person who sees May under its fashionably curved brim immediately adds a heart to her score.

"Just a simple little cloth costume," says Irene Castle Tremain, but if there's anything simple about that intricate—and fashionable—surplice bodice, we fail to see it. Perhaps just the walking stick is simple! Certainly the shoe buckles and hat aren't.

In the alphabet of Gloria Swanson's wardrobe, "C" stands for chinchilla, and "G" for georgette and gray. Put the three together and they spell one of the stunningest evening wraps it's been our lot to encounter. (Who'd urge spelling reform after seeing this!)

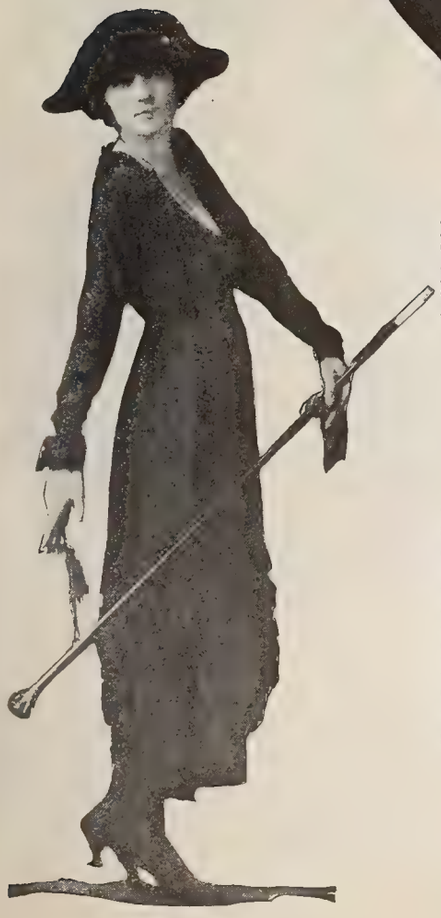
Here's a demure little evening frock whose long overskirt is very fashionable, and whose hip drapery is very new—but it tied itself to Mildred Harris Chaplin's affections by the knot of silver ribbon on the right shoulder.

This train's time-table is the gait at which Elsie Ferguson walks—it's engaged in a struggle to catch up to the lady's slipper buckles, which boast a touch of the orange-brocaded white fabric of which the gown is made.

Whether your skirt is short as Mildred's or long as Elsie's—make it narrow!

There'll be no need of summer breezes if you walk in the light of these stars and carry a feather fan.

Once their mother told them apart by putting pink pinafores on Norma and blue ones on Constance. Now Norma wears white satin with pearl trimming and a gold lace petticoat, and Constance chooses orchid-colored taffeta over silver lace.



If you're on the autumn-bride schedule, here's a charming frock to make your post-honeymoon calls in. Its trimming of bands of cut cloth is one of Fashion's newest exclamation points, and the Napoleon hat is sure to be becoming.

Even on sunny days one sometimes needs a small hat—and if yours is of braided white satin with a chenille tassel dangling in the back, you'll share with Enid Bennett the satisfaction of saying the very last word in millinery.

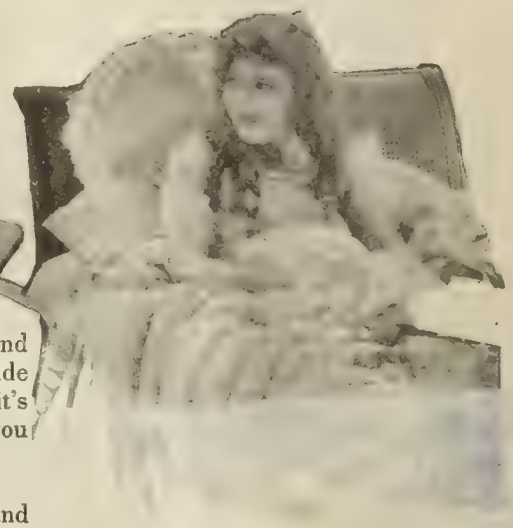
"Oh, How I Hate to Get

The next time you groan over having to
nine a. m., just think of all these movie

Get an alibi like Billie Burke's if you want to stay in bed and snooze all morning. She acquired a pair of pajamas that came straight from China, and then explained that on the other side of the world it's night when it's morning here—quite simple, you see!

Shirley Mason is both clothed and in her right mind at this early hour —but it's all the dog's fault. He rushed around and chewed her slippers till in sheer desperation she got up to stop him, and now he's receiving the blue ribbon for an act of valor.

The pink rosebuds on Gloria Swanson's negligee match those on the head of her bed. Even a De Mille production couldn't furnish a more becoming background, so she's considering staying in this one.



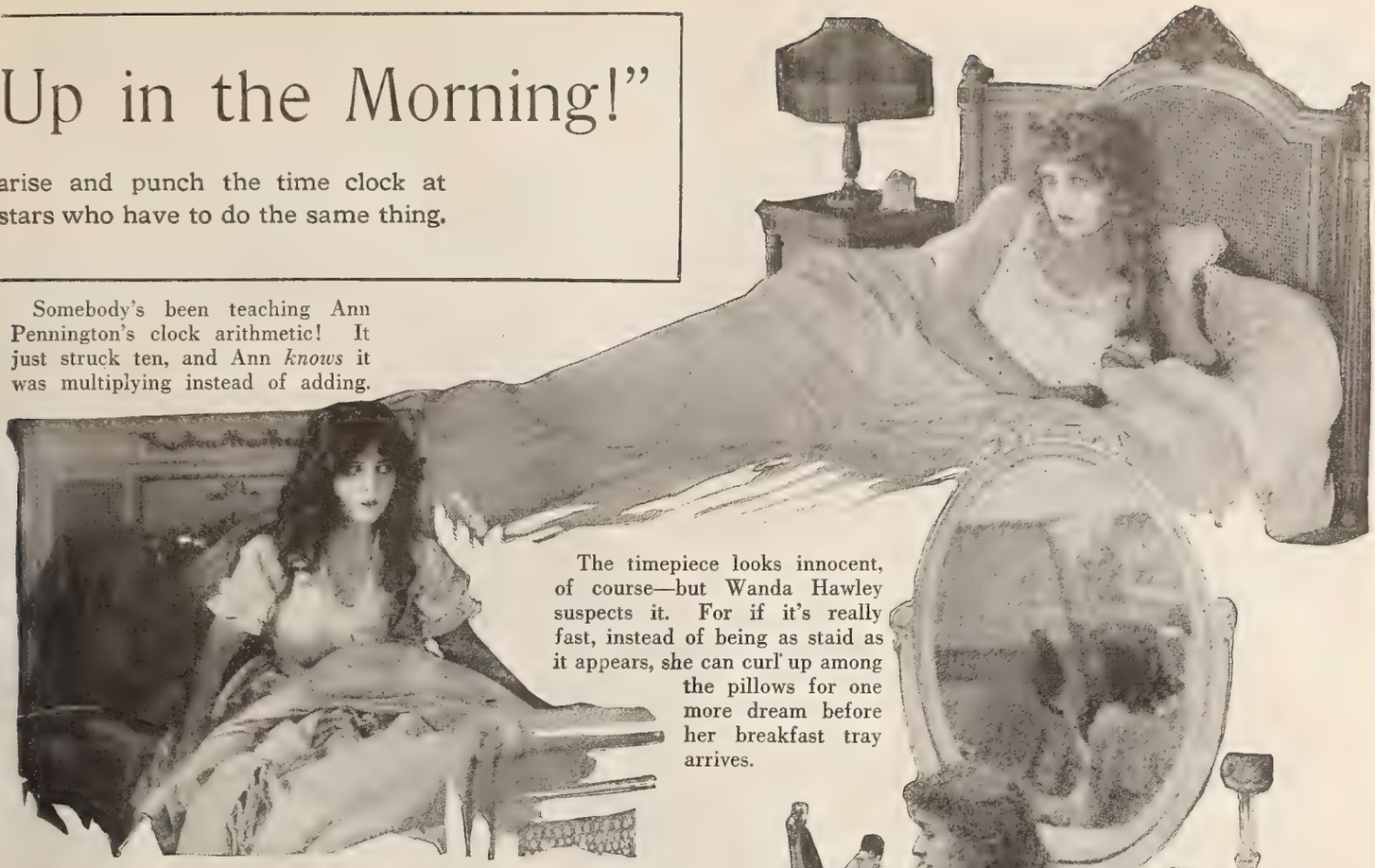
Little Mary's all ready to arise, because she simply can't sleep with that quilt over her. You see, it's stitched in a regular merry-go-round design, and Mary can't help feeling that somehow that phrase has a personal application.

Too late now! Dorothy Gish has just remembered that it's unlucky to get up over the foot of the bed, and her bad luck's already begun—it's eight o'clock this minute, and she has to be at the studio, all made up, by nine.

Up in the Morning!"

arise and punch the time clock at stars who have to do the same thing.

Somebody's been teaching Ann Pennington's clock arithmetic! It just struck ten, and Ann *knows* it was multiplying instead of adding.



The timepiece looks innocent, of course—but Wanda Hawley suspects it. For if it's really fast, instead of being as staid as it appears, she can curl up among the pillows for one more dream before her breakfast tray arrives.

How maddening it is to be quite resigned to being up, and then remember, as Kitty Gordon has just done, that she doesn't have to report at the studio to-day!

The technique of eating breakfast in bed is too much for Vivian Martin. By the time she has donned this negligee, and then rushed back to bed again, she might just as well have gone down to the dining room.

If this is the day she goes to the milliner's, Enid Bennett still has an hour to spare for an extra nap. If it's the morning she looks over scenarios with her director, she's an hour late. Heads or "tales"? Let's hope it's heads, for her sake.

In the Land of the "Long Night"

The frozen wastes north of latitude 55 are Nell Shipman's favorite location.

STRAIGHT up to Calgary, in western Canada, and then over the stormy pass to Lesser Slave Lake, which is on the very edge of the land of the "long night," that was the route Nell Shipman followed in quest of just the country for just the picture she'd been wanting for years to do. Of course, "Wapi the Walrus" doesn't sound exactly like Nell, but this first one of the James Oliver Curwood stories probably will be renamed before it's released, and Nell is happy enough over it not to mind if she'd had to play the rôle of the walrus herself.

"It was absolutely wild up there," Nell told me the other day. "We were just about where the aurora borealis country begins, you know. Our food came to us by dog team twice a week; usually we ate fish and moose meat. And once, when I was hungry enough to gnaw the woodwork almost two big boxes arrived, and when we had enthusiastically ripped them open we found—soap!

"But I enjoyed it up there. Everything's real in this picture, you know—Indians, trappers, members of the Royal Mounted Police—even though it has been disbanded—Eskimo dogs, and even a whaler, built especially for the story.

"Sometimes I hated being there, of course—when a runner came in with news that my father was dead, and when my brother, who'd been fighting in France, sent me word that he was in a New York hospital, wounded. But now—well, I don't mind saying I'm wild to get back!"

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

Concerning Serials

Good stories for serials are in demand, and for them good prices are paid. But the plots must have novelty, and the old atmosphere is *not* wanted. By the old stuff I mean:

Masked mysteries.

Mysterious secret societies.

The well-known map torn into five equal parts.

The detective with the laboratory and scientific instruments.

Avoid particularly the well-known character who runs through fifteen thousand feet of film wearing a hood or mask of some sort. He has been overdone. Also the serial in Western environment is becoming passé. These are usually filmed because of the small cost for interior settings, as the ranch house or cabin is about all that is needed in that line.

Universal, Vitagraph, and Pathé are the leaders in the serial game, and they are all willing to consider stories of unusual character.

Universal recently issued the following editorial statement enumerating what they consider the essentials for a serial.

1. Plots which depend on sex situations are taboo.
2. Love interest is imperative.
3. While a story must have romantic value, sensational action must predominate.
4. There must be a logical reason for every perilous situation and a logical method of overcoming danger.
5. There can be no situations based on race, creed, politics, or religion.
6. The scenic locale plays an important part in the script value. The story should be laid in the United States.
7. No price is too great to pay to produce an intense situation, but the situation, in turn, must justify the cost.
8. There is a tendency among serial writers to have most of the action take place out of doors. This is not practicable, as the sun does not shine all the time even in southern California, and consequently an equal division of interior and exterior scenes is desirable.
9. Touches of comedy are absolutely necessary for relief from the tense melodrama.
10. There must be mystery running through the story, and each episode must leave the audience in suspense.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

Why Is It?

Why is it that many women writers are more difficult to deal with than those of the sterner sex? A well-known scenario editor of many years' experience recently made these observations: That when a story is received which is unduly suggestive it is usually the work of a woman. That women are more suspicious of having their ideas stolen than men are. That many more women than men write long personal letters to editors, complaining when their scripts are not returned promptly or acknowledged immediately. And, on the other hand, this editor finds that most of the best screen stories of love and hate originate in the brains of women. This is interesting. Who will explain it? Won't some woman writer please undertake to do so?

Writing for One Star

This is a very recent instance of poor marketing judgment: An author of ability wrote a story which he thought would please Fairbanks. He put in all the Fairbanks stunts, mannerism, et cetera, and, as frequently happens even in the best-regulated movie circles, the Fairbanks readers did not like the yarn. The author thought he had a good plot. He did. I know, because I read it. However, what did he do? Did he rewrite it, taking out the Fairbanks characteristics and atmosphere and shape it up for almost any able-bodied masculine star? He did not! He just sent it on the rounds, Fairbanks atmosphere and all, and then wanted to know why the deuce the editors did not recognize a good plot! I told him that many of the editors no doubt saw the plot, but were somewhat prejudiced by the knowledge that this particular script had been turned down at the Fairbanks Studio. How did they know this? Because the Fairbanks flavor was strong upon it, and when the tale was passed to the star he came back with something like this: "There is a story there, I guess, but I don't want to do stories that have been peddled elsewhere and turned down." Temperament? Maybe. But human nature, too. Do you like to market and make selections of groceries or clothing the other fellow rejected? Not if you know it! The thing to do is not to let the buyer know the goods has been rejected.

We'd Say "Stick to It"

Gertrude Brown writes that she has made a study of screen writing for two years. She says that the letters from different editors inclosed with rejected plays were most encouraging, and asks whether we would consider this sufficient reason to continue her efforts.

Yes, indeed; we should, so long as she enjoys it and is not devoting time to writing which necessity or duty says should be devoted to other pursuits. If an editor takes the trouble to write an encouraging letter you may be sure that he has seen possibilities in the writer's work.

A Somewhat Different Case

The writer of this letter, which, oddly enough, arrived in the same mail with the one referred to above, has a problem which, though similar in one respect, is quite different in another:

As a constant reader of your "Hints to Scenario Writers," I wish to ask you for a frank answer to this question: Do you think that a person, after two years of fruitless endeavor in the field of scenario writing, should give it up, although still looking forward to the time when a check shall be his reward? When answering this, if possible, please give an example, to show that it is either right or wrong to continue writing when disappointment stares one in the face for two years. The party in question still struggles on, sending manuscripts, receiving rejections galore, oftentimes incurring the displeasure of friends, and many times being the subject of ridicule for keeping at a thing that has not even turned a penny.

I will look anxiously for your reply in PICTURE-PLAY, and I can assure you it will be of inestimable value to one who has strived for two years without any encouragement.

I wonder whether any one could answer this question in a way that would thoroughly satisfy our correspondent? I doubt it, for he would be a foolhardy person who would attempt to decide on only the strength of the data given in this letter whether our friend should continue his efforts or abandon them.

I could give examples—plenty of them—of writers who had tried and failed for even more than two years, and who finally had succeeded. But what possible bearing would that have in our friend's case? Absolutely none. For I could point to as many more who had tried for two years and even longer, and who had remained failures.. There is nothing more pathetic than to see a person striving vainly to succeed at a profession for which he or she lacks that mysterious spark, the peculiar individual fitness for the work. But there is no way of telling in whom this spark will suddenly burst into a flame of accomplishment or how long the process will take. One of the greatest teachers of drawing in New York City said to me once, in looking over the work of one of his classes: "It's discouraging to look at this work. I know that on the general law of averages a number of these pupils are doomed to failure. I wish there were some way to tell which ones were destined not to arrive, so that I could induce them to stop and save themselves years of heartbreaking and unsuccessful effort. But with all my experience *I do not dare to discourage the most unpromising pupil I have.* For I have seen so many cases in which the most promising students became the worst failures, and so many cases in which the most unpromising ones, after years of struggle, suddenly came to the top that I know there is no way of foretelling success or failure." That is true in all the arts. It is true of writing of any kind. And so I can only advise our friend to use his own best judgment, for he must solve the problem for himself. The experiences of others cannot be taken as guideposts for him.

Only Magazine Stories

One producing company is said to inform writers of original screen plots that they will consider only stories that have appeared in print in magazines or as novels. "Go and get your plot published as a magazine story and we will buy it," they are reported as telling writers of good originals. "We want the prestige of the magazine to support our screen play," is the alleged assertion. If this is true, and it appears to be, it is dense ignorance from where I sit. A good plot is a good plot whether it has been published in a magazine or not. Personally, I am inclined to think that this adapting magazine-stories custom ha[illegible] been overdone on the screen. We are [illegible]ost led to believe tha[illegible] if certain publica[illegible] sufficient reason [illegible] whether the stor[illegible] not. In my opinion a good original plot is worth more to any audience than a doubtful magazine story. After all, the play's the thing!

From An Old Friend

Years ago, when I was writing movie lore for the trade journals, I heard regularly from Matt Mereness, of Schoharie, New York. Then he quit writing. It is a pleasure to receive the following epistle:

It is just like meeting an old friend after a long absence to find you again. I don't suppose you remember me, but about ten years ago I did some screen writing, and corresponded with you. I guess I read about a mile of your stuff. I have gotten far from the movie game and at present am deputy postmaster here. I believe that I had my opportunity at the scenario-writing game and threw it over my shoulder. I was writing and selling plots years ago, and the old Kalem Company bought eight in a very short time. I had several letters from Phil Lang, the Kalem editor, that were helpful. He gave me mighty good advice and tried to help me along, and you know how seldom it is that an editor pays any attention to a green writer. He must have seen some real goods in my stories, however, and here is where I got the "big head."

I remember that I had been writing several stories which were just poor, crude things, and that I sent them to Kalem. Mr. Lang took the trouble to write me a letter about them. He told me to take more time, and gave me some other good advice, but I couldn't see it. I wrote to him, intimating that I knew as much about the game as he did and that Kalem could go hang. Well, Mr. Lang probably realized that his kindly interest was all for nothing, and I sailed around from one concern to another for a time, and then quit, discouraged. I probably never will write again, but I often think of the opportunity which I had and which I let slip by. I believe that my experiences may be useful to others."

Poor Phil Lang! He has gone over yonder. And yet he lives in the hearts and minds of a small army of ambitious writers who in those halcyon days were striving for recognition. Many succeeded, materially aided by Mr. Lang's interest and advice. Many, though having promise, emulated Mr. Mereness' example to their own detriment.

Continued on page 84

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Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.70 a month, or only $27.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34-inch top with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped K. D. We ship K. D. so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 lbs. Money back if not pleased. **Order by No. B5566A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.70 monthly. Price $27.90. No discount for cash.**

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Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

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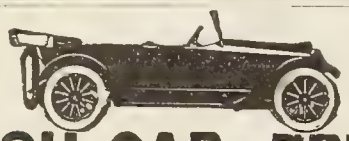

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Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

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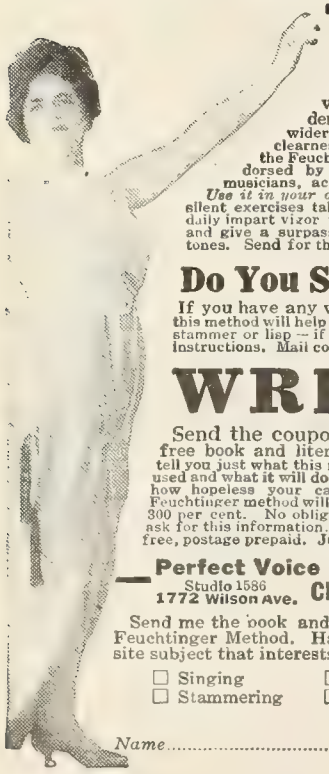

Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an amazing clearness. This is done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. *Use it in your own home.* Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vizor to the vocal organs and give a surpassing quality to the tones. Send for the facts and proofs.

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Name.....

Address.....

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 82

Talking It Over

Discussing a movie plot is good practice, providing those you talk it over with have the courage to criticize. Generally the ambitious one finishes a plot and reads it aloud to an admiring circle. "Fine!" "Better than most of 'em I see in the movies." "Send it out right away; you ought to get a thousand dollars for that story!" These and other flattering opinions puff up the writer, and when the story is returned he or she is perfectly certain that discrimination has been practiced. Maybe the admiring circle is prejudiced; maybe they are not entirely capable of passing on the merits of the story. Just the same, it pays to read a movie plot aloud to unbiased friends—to "try it out," as it were. Honest criticism is always valuable. One movie concern insists that all scenarios be read aloud and criticized by a staff before being put in final production. Sometimes the stories are torn asunder in consequence. Good always results from these discussions, for collective intelligence can improve anything.

It Is Advantageous

"Is it very advantageous to have stories typewritten? When naming the stories how can you tell if there is any other story by the same title you select? How much should I expect for a good story? If the first offer seems small to me should I try another company —or should I accept the first offer for the sake of getting a start?"

The above questions, coming from a beginner, are answered here, for they should prove interesting to other newcomers. It is not only "advantageous" to have stories typewritten, but it is absolutely essential. Do business in a businesslike way. Were you a reader of manuscripts, reading hundreds every month, would you not show partiality to the typewritten manuscripts? You would. When naming your stories do not worry as to whether your story carries the same title as another. It is very difficult to select a highly original and exclusive title. Concentrate all your worry on your plot, for the chances are ten to one that your main title will be changed by the producing company anyway, since the choosing of the best possible title is of the greatest importance. Names of film dramas have been known to carry them to commercial success when all other details were against the productions. "Playthings of Passion" is a good example of a main title with sex appeal; "Pollyana" cashes in because of its fame as a book and as a stage drama; "The Light of Western Stars" is a good example of the value of a book title in connection with Westerns; "The Flame of the Yukon" is a highly original title of the Northwest, et cetera. The price one should receive for a good story depends on the value of the story. Everything depends on the business. If the idea only is bought it will not bring so much. If business and idea both appeal the story is worth more. If you have never sold a motion-picture plot and receive a fair offer take it by all means. Do not haggle or bargain. You may be opening a market with some certain company that will enable you to command higher prices a little later on.

Some "Pent-up" Thoughts

A. D. Covin, of Palestine, Texas, believes that Miss Margaret Ade hit the nail on the head in her recent article appearing in this department. Mr. Covin writes:

I just have to let out some of my pent-up thoughts. Though not a distinguished writer, I have written enough to know there is no royal road to fame unless you first learn the elementary technic of plot building, and, after you think you have mastered it, you run into blind corners that you cannot get out of sometimes. I wonder on rising each morn how many would-be writers are receiving their rejection slips. The quicker one learns that one must learn to construct a logical plot with new twist to old ideas or new ideas, and also learn the rules of submitting to a producing company, the quicker he can write with any hope of success. No matter where you get you "dope" on how to write photo plays, don't think you can get information one day and sell your stories the next day, for it cannot be done by any amateur. I have been dabbling in scripts for four years, and I still work eight hours a day at other work to make my daily bread.

There is a lot of good common sense in the above letter. And, best of all, here is a writer content to follow another occupation until he does succeed. He is wise.

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Send no money—your mere request brings it to your home —more than a year to pay if you keep it. Records Free.

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Think of it! Entertainment every night in your own home for less money than it would cost to take the family to one show a month! Make your family happy with this wonderful gift—the gift that grows in value with the years. All the latest song hits from the best musical comedies of the big cities—the popular jazz bands—the famous orchestras—grand and comic operas—dance music—the world's greatest singers, violinists and pianists—any kind of entertainment you like whenever you feel in the mood to hear it. From the faintest strains of a whispering violin to the [illegible] of a sextette of voices—all are interpreted [illegible] And the cost is so small—the terms are so [illegible] —that you will never miss the money.

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Here is the chance of a life-time —the best investment for pleasure any family can make. The SWEET-TONE Phonograph illustrated here is the equal in every respect of phonographs that cost at least $100 to $125 at a store. But for the next 30 days you can buy a splendid SWEET-TONE Phonograph at the special introductory price of only $78—$50 less than you would have to pay for equal quality elsewhere. Never before has a high-grade phonograph like this been offered at so low a price.

No Deposit Necessary—Not a Penny to Pay Unless Satisfied

We are ready to back up every claim we make for the SWEET-TONE Phonograph by putting it into your home on approval for 10 days' free demonstration, with records included FREE. You don't have to risk a single penny—don't have to send a solitary cent in advance. Fill out the coupon below—very simple. The phonograph will be sent at once.

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Equipped with a Tone-Arm which enables you, with just a slight twist, to play any record, either Vertical or Lateral cut. Not a single attachment has to be added. The tone modifier at the side controls the tone so that it diminishes and expands the volume like the human voice.

DESCRIPTION

Piano mahogany-finished cabinet, 44½ inches high, 18 inches wide, 20 inches deep, with casters. The motor has a double spring cast-iron frame, brass bearings, and is smooth winding and quiet running. It plays three full 10-inch records without rewinding. The turn-table is 12-inch special broad-flanged hub; fibre back escutcheon, one-piece tapering crank, speed tabulator and all accessories. Lower compartments hold a quantity of 10 and 12-inch records.

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Send no money. Fill out and mail the coupon below. Your phonograph will be shipped immediately with six double-disc 10-inch records included **free of charge.** If after 10 days you decide not to keep the machine, just let us know—we will take it back and you won't owe us a penny.

On the other hand, if you decide to keep the phonograph, you can take 13 months to pay this special, introductory price. **Only $6 a month!** Year-round entertainment and enjoyment that your family will never tire of — for so small a sum. And you will have a handsome, high-grade phonograph that you will always be proud of—one that will last a life-time.

Save $50 or More

Our method of selling direct to you from the factory saves the dealer's profit—saves YOU at least $50. But this special offer will be held open for only 30 days—after that the price goes up. Mail the coupon TODAY—NOW—so we can reserve one of these wonderful phonographs for you.

MERELY MAIL THIS COUPON. SEND NO MONEY.

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Please send me full description of your SWEET-TONE Phonograph, and your 10 days' free trial offer without obligating me in any way. This coupon entitles me to the special introductory price of $78 with 13 months to pay, if satisfied after the trial.

Name .....

Address .....

L·W·SWEET & CO. INC. THE HOUSE OF QUALITY 2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

Continued from page 57

pantries, long empty, were filled, old tablecloths were mended, shades rehung. The first week's board bought washbowls without cracks, had the long-unused piano tuned. Nancy's dream was coming true.

And Peter was kept so busy helping make it true that he forgot all about having come to Eureka Springs for his health. Walking, outdoor exercise, a new, keen interest in life were giving him a digestion and a vigorous body that Eureka Springs water would never have brought.

It seemed to Nancy, one night late in the summer, as she stood in the doorway watching a whole hotel full of guests dancing—*their* hotel, *their* guests dancing to the music of *their* piano—that she was the happiest girl in the world. Success had come; more than that, it was success that she had earned, the sweetest kind of all. The music was playing a waltz, and Peter was waiting to dance it with her, Peter with his friendly, boyish face, his ready helpfulness, his jolly laugh—Peter, Peter. The happiest girl in the world!

There was a little commotion in the entrance; a telegram had come for Peter. He tore open the yellow envelope, read it hastily.

"I've got to leave right away, Nancy," he told her. "I'm sorry, but —I'll write."

The rickety automobile was ordered; there was hurried packing, quick, brief farewells, and, before Nancy could realize what had happened, Peter was gone.

After the brief interruption the piano began again, the dancers whirled on gayly—with Peter gone! Nancy stood for a moment looking out wistfully; then she slipped upstairs and stood alone in the room that had been his. In the bureau drawer that stood open was one sock. Nancy picked it up tenderly. Then her eye caught the yellow telegram. Unconsciously her eyes followed the printed words.

Rose has announced your engagement. Congratulations. MATT.

Faintly from below came the swinging strains of another waltz. With hurt, bewildered eyes Nancy looked about the cheaply furnished room that had been Peter's. Below, like giddy, whirling symbols of her success, they danced, the guests of the hotel, the dream hotel that she had made come true. She had her success, the success she had thought would make her the happiest girl in the world. But the distant music sounded cheap and jangling, the lights were too bright. Through a hot, blurring mist she saw the old sock; she drew it tenderly between her fingers. It was all she had left of Peter. The happiest girl in the world!

Despite the telegram, she couldn't help hoping—hoping against hope—and for several weeks she looked up questioningly at her father every afternoon when, after spending a few peaceful hours on the post-office steps, visiting with his cronies, he came back with the hotel mail. But the mail pouch, when dumped out on the desk, never delivered up the letter which she couldn't help hoping would come. For old Scroggs, too, had chanced upon the telegram which Peter had left behind, and when the letters from Peter *did* come he carefully destroyed them before reaching home.

Within a few weeks a crash came that made Nancy forget for the time her yearning for Peter. Old Scroggs, inveigled into a crooked poker game, lost every cent he had, and, in a desperate attempt to make up his losses, lost the hotel itself. The next morning, while Nancy was looking in alarm at the empty hotel safe, thinking of burglars, some village boys came in bearing her father's hat and coat, which they had found on the shore of the lake. His body was recovered that day.

It was a very different Nancy that the same month, a year later, saw. Though the law had recovered for her part of what her father had been swindled out of, it seemed hardly the thing for Nancy to go on managing a hotel, especially now that she had, in addition, her father's insurance money. She had been persuaded to go to a finishing school.

She was lounging in the big reception room with a group of the girls one spring afternoon when the talk drifted onto celebrities which the different girls—nearly all of whom were daughters of the rich—chanced to know.

Nancy felt uncomfortably out of the conversation. She was only obeying a natural instinct when, at the mention of Jack Donaldson, the famous American League pitcher, a few moments later, she remarked casually: "Oh, he and I are old friends."

The remark, for some reason, caused more interest than the reference to any other celebrity. Her imagination working in grand style, Nancy answered question after question about the great man. She was in a heaven of delight until one of the girls suddenly cried:

"Why, his team is going to play here next week! We'll all go, and you shall introduce us!"

It was too late for regrets. The party was planned. In fear and trembling Nancy took her seat in the grand stand, wondering how on earth she would get out of the fix she had gotten herself into.

The great pitcher took his place in the box. Nancy looked at him, and to her surprise there was something about him that did look familiar. What it was she couldn't be sure, but——

The game ended. The players were coming toward the grand stand —straight toward the box where the girls were sitting. The girls looked at Nancy expectantly. Suddenly Nancy, forgetting her fright, forgetting everything, cried: "Peter!" And the next moment the famous pitcher had jumped over the railing and had gathered her into his arms.

For a moment he held her; then suddenly she drew away.

"What about—about your engagement?" she asked.

Pressed for an explanation, she told him about the telegram. With a boyish laugh he wrote out the telegram from her dictation, every word of which had been seared on her memory. Then he added a few words to it and handed it to her. Her face broke into a wreath of smiles. This is what she read:

Ed Rose has announced your engagement with the Cubs. Congratulations. MATT.

"Of course you understand that 'Jack Donaldson' is only a professional name," he explained with a grin.

Slowly, for the first time in a long while, the dreaming look came back into Nancy's eyes as she smiled at him in return. She was building castles in Spain again, just one castle this time, no gay, profitable hotel in the air, but a tiny, cozy castle just big enough for two.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Recently a friend traveling in the Orient wrote us telling of his surprise at seeing a well-dressed Chinaman on the street wearing Boston Garters *outside his trousers.*

Though Bostons are worn in every country in the world, probably nowhere else on a public thoroughfare could he have *seen* them in use. And even in the Orient this picturesque way of wearing them is unusual.

Travelers know that the Boston Garter is worn the world over. Men everywhere appreciate the comfort and long wear given by the Boston—superior service which is the result of our policy of

Quality First

GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MAKERS OF

Velvet Grip Hose Supporters

for Women, Misses and Children.

Continued from page 30

to support the revolution at the proper moment. He was also given a brief glance at the list, and recognized its vital importance to the success of his mission, but was not allowed to read it.

But he did read it—that same night.

For, the ceremony over, the opium fumes from her chiseled ivory pipe rising and diffusing their acrid sweetness through the room, Tai had finally made him her great offer.

"My lord," she had said, "my heart is yours—and the strength of my mind—the softness of my body. Side by side with you, the revolution accomplished, I want to rule China from the Manchus' golden throne."

For a moment Bruce was stunned. But his one dominant thought was that he must get his hands upon, or at least see, the list of the conspirators. So he pretended a doubt that the revolution would succeed.

"You speak of the conspirators," he said. "Why, my dear Tai, I do not want to doubt your word, but could you——"

She swallowed the bait.

"I'll show you the list, my lord!" she cried, and she did that night, and Bruce Winthrop, hastily reading it after she had taken the Jade Buddha from the wall cabinet, became convinced that every powerful name in China was there, practically a guarantee for the success of the proposed revolution.

But they had been watched by the suspicious eyes of Kung, who had shadowed them ever since the ceremony of initiation, and, half an hour later, while Tai was whispering to Bruce of her love and of the glory that would be theirs when together they would rule the teeming, yellow millions of China, the door of the apartment flew open.

Armed guards entered, preceded by Kung.

"Arrest them!" he cried. "They are traitors! They have stolen the Jade Buddha!"

He smiled grimly. For, safe in his embroidered waist shawl, he had tucked away the Jade Buddha, where, a few minutes earlier, he had put it after taking it from the wall cabinet, to throw suspicions on Tai and Bruce.

All the evidence was against them. Still, Tai at least was too powerful a figure in the inner circles to be killed out of hand, and so Kung gave her a harsh choice.

"Your white lover will die in any case," he said with a gliding smile. "But you—if you will admit that he stole the Buddha and if you will be mine—I will save you, little lotus bud."

After a short, sharp struggle that tore her very heart she yielded. She accused Bruce—said that she had only gone with him to the wall cabinet to secure evidence against him—and Bruce, understanding, smiled his forgiveness at her. A moment later he jumped forward. He would die, yes; but he would die fighting! Right and left, right and left, like flails went his fists; down went the armed guards like ninepins, and so away, down the corridor, to the outer door, which he found guarded by a member of the Tong, armed with a businesslike American revolver.

In despair he was about to charge the guard, to risk the revolver shots, when the Chinaman suddenly lowered the weapon—and smiled.

"Why—Wong!" exclaimed Bruce.

"Yes——" grinned the other, and then:

"Hit me, master! Hit me hard! So that the others won't suspect."

Out flew his fist. Wong dropped like a log, and Bruce was out of the palace like a whirlwind, down the street, into a clustered mass of huts and hovels, where it did not take much persuading from him to change his embroidered robes for a beggar's dirty, drab rags.

It was late that night that Kung set out to replace the stolen Buddha. But, on his way, he was set upon by armed Tartar robbers. He defended himself bravely, but the odds were against him; he was knocked down, robbed, and, an hour later, he faced Tai, bruised, disheveled, but determined.

He told her what had happened to him.

"They have taken the Jade Buddha," he wound up. "We must get it back. The life of every man on that list is at stake."

"Yes," said Tai. "But how?"

"Those Tartars will pawn the Jade Buddha the first chance they get, most likely in the capital of Outer Mongolia. It's the nearest town, and there are no pawnshops in this little place—nor jewelry shops. Come!"

He had guessed right. But he arrived too late at the capital. For, having made the round of the bazaars, he was finally told by a merchant in the Street of the Leaning Plum Tree that, indeed, he had purchased such a Jade Buddha, but that this very morning he had sold it to a woman—"a white woman, a red-haired devil!"

"Do you know her?"

"Yes. She is the daughter of the American consul."

"Good!" Here Kung made the sign of the Tong, and the other shivered and kotowed. "You will do what you are told!"

It was late that afternoon that Bruce Winthrop, heavy-hearted, in despair, for he had failed in his mission and he had lost his love, walked through the bazaars, still dressed in his beggar's rags, when, passing a small jewelry shop hidden away amid hovels and huts he heard his name cried out in agony by a voice he recognized:

"Bruce—Bruce!"

He turned, looked, acted at an instant.

For, through the fly-specked windows of the shop, he saw a scene which caused his heart to beat almost to the breaking point—Beryl in the hands of Kung and Tai, another Chinaman—presumably the shopkeeper—looking on, her hands tied behind her back, a rope around her neck.

For Beryl, in answer to a note sent by the merchant that he would like to see her in regard to the Jade Buddha because he wanted to buy it back from her, had gone to the bazaar, suspecting nothing, had told the shopkeeper she was sorry, but she had given the Buddha to a friend of her father's, a collector who happened to visit them. The latter had examined the Buddha in his room, and had come out of it shortly afterward in a state of great excitement. He had said that he must set out for Peking at once—that he had discovered something vital——

"He said something about a list," Beryl had gossiped on guilelessly, "and he left town at once with a large, heavily armed escort, and——"

"By Buddha and by Buddha!" had come a low hiss from the back of the room, and Kung and Tai had jumped out and had pounced upon her.

"Bruce!" she had cried in the agony of her heart, not knowing that

Concluded on page 97

"What Do You Know?"

Never mind how *strong* you are. The boss is looking for *brains*, not *brawn*.

It's a fine thing to be healthy and hard as nails, but when the boss wants a man for a big job, the kind that pays real money, it's what you *know* that counts.

Right now employers everywhere are looking for men with special training—men who can do some one thing well. How about *you?* Are you ready for one of these positions? Have you an expert knowledge of any kind of work? If you haven't special training, *get it now!*

You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

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Hundreds of thousands have proved it. The designer of the Packard "Twin Six" and hundreds of other Engineers climbed to success through I. C. S. help. The builder of the great Equitable Building, and hundreds of Architects and Contractors won their way to the top through I. C. S. spare-time study. Many of this country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers prepared for their present positions in spare hours under I. C. S. instruction.

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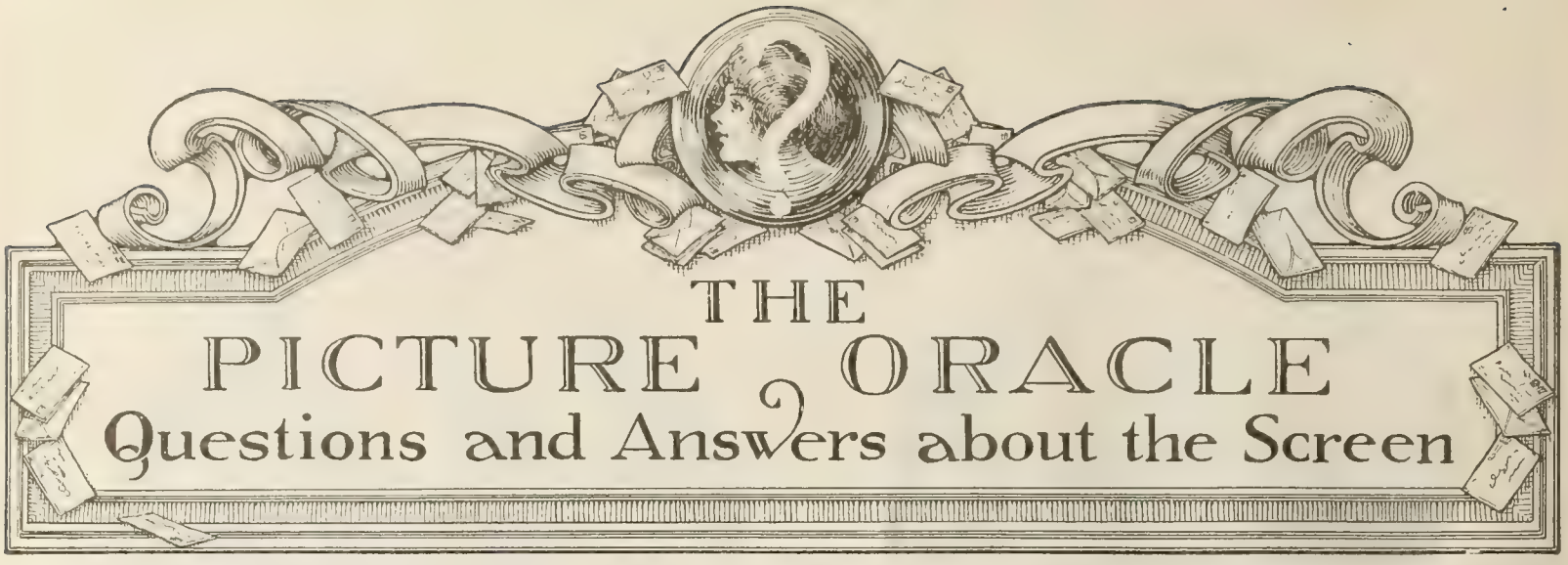

WELL, well, well! Here we are again, in a brand-new jacket and everything. My, but it seems strange. I feel as though I'd moved into a new house—a bigger and better one, of course. But I'm the same old Oracle, you'll find. Only—dear me, suz! I don't know how I'm going to keep up with all the letters I've been getting of late. You'd be surprised at the number. Not that I want you to stop writing—not a bit. The more the merrier. Only if you don't see your answer as soon as you expected to, please don't think I'm overlooking you. And now for my mail, and the first letter I find is from

BROWN EYES.—And what do you think, Brown Eyes? You have the honor of leading off The Oracle's list of replies in the very first number of our magazine in its new size. I'm sure I hardly need add that you're very welcome to our circle. There's always a big "Welcome" sign on our door mat for all of our new readers. Of course, it must make you feel a bit disappointed that you aren't old enough. Fourteen is rather a tender age to begin as a Red Cross nurse. Why all the enthusiasm, now that the peace treaty has been signed? Or don't you know it yet? So you are an April Fool's child? It's just life. When you are young you want to be older, and when you get to be older, you wish that you had your youth back again. You should make the best of those fourteen years while you have them. They don't linger very long, you know.

HELEN LOUISE W.—Helen Walcott isn't in pictures at the present time. She is back on the legitimate stage. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. Mary Miles Minter arrived on this earth at Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1902. Constance Talmadge came two years earlier, choosing Brooklyn, New York, as her birthplace. You bet you can come again.

STAR BRIGHT.—It's very funny that the one you took such a fancy to should be the daughter of your uncle, isn't it? Yes, Theda Bara has a sister and a brother. You will find the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Marguerite Clark is in California at the present time, making features for the Paramount program. Her latest picture is called "Girls." Madge Kennedy is a native daughter, which is a sister of a native son, meaning, in other words, "Born in California."

TRUE BLUE.—Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, in 1898. Her husband was John Collins and died of pneumonia last October, 1918. The part in Theda Bara's picture, "When a Woman Sins," that you ask about was played by Albert Roscoe. He has played several pictures with Theda Bara. No, I guess there is no danger of the screen's losing Bert Lytell, now. Herbert Rawlinson played with Geraldine Farrar in "The Turn of the Wheel," a Goldwyn production, made at Fort Lee, New Jersey. So you think that Charlie Chaplin was great in "Shoulder Arms," do you? Well, how did you like "Sunnyside?" Yes, the first gold star in the Universal Service flag was for "Larry" Peyton. Theda Bara in "The Siren Song" and "The Light." Ella Hall played in "The Heart of Rachel" with Bessie Barriscale. What's the matter—didn't you recognize her?

THE ORACLE will answer any questions of general interest concerning the movies which would not require unusually long replies. Those wishing personal replies must inclose a stamped envelope, with return address. Letters should be addressed to: The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct application at a studio. Do not send inquiries concerning scenario writing to The Oracle, but to William Lord Wright, at the same address. Addresses of players asked for will be found at the end of this department.

MARGUERITE B.—Please don't call me old. "We're just as old as we feel," and I feel awful young to-day. Yes, the part *Bobby* in "Tinsel" you asked about was played by Ralph Graves.

L. D.—Great heavens! Why don't you start an art gallery? I just bet you that you have more pictures of Douglas Fairbanks than he has of himself. Ninety-three! Have you been collecting them all your life and how old are you? And fifty pictures of Mary Miles Minter? Such enthusiasm deserves credit, so here you are: She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, that's where people generally begin, April 1, 1902; educated by private tutors; stage career, child actress supporting Nat Goodwin, Robert Hilliard, Mrs. Fiske, Bertha Kalich, William Farnum, and for four years appeared in the title rôle in the "Littlest Rebel" with "Dusty" Farnum. Her screen career started with Frohman in "The Fairy and the Waif;" then with Metro in "Barbara Freitschie;" then last, but not least, with American. I've heard it said of late that she's going with Paramount, but I don't know that this is true yet. Mary is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, has curly golden hair, and blue eyes. She rides, swims, motors, and golfs, and is quite musical. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in May, 1883. He was educated in Denver high school, Jarvis Military Academy, School of Mines at Golden, Colorado. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds; hair dark; eyes blue; complexion medium; all-around athlete. Previous career on the stage, "Richelieu" with Frederick Warde, also "The Duke's Jester," et cetera. Screen career with Triangle, "The Lamb," "Manhattan Madness," et cetera. With Artcraft, "In Again Out Again," "Wild and Woolly," "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo," et cetera.

MOVIE-STRUCK.—And you aren't the only one that is, either. Miss Bara's natural life is a great deal like ours. Her portrayals on the screen indicate nothing of her real disposition. Grace Cunard starred in the Argosy Film Company's production called "After the War." It was released in January.

MISS REBA K.—Were you sending your regards to my whole family or just me, and what makes you think I have one? Sometimes I feel very much alone. However, thanks just the same.

HELLO JACK.—Write to the editor about that; he will be able to tell you.

THOMAS W.—Your question is so vague! Did you mean any one of those companies you mentioned, or that they had played with all of them? I don't understand. Come again! I don't think any of the players you mentioned are at present

Continued on page 92

Yes!-hair can be removed without injury to the skin or complexion

Explaining a New Method That Makes the "Unavoidable" Growth of Hair Unpardonable!

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Continued from page 90

on the screen. No, they are not producing pictures any more. Pleasure is all mine.

C. D. S.—That is to your advantage. You should like red. Constance Talmadge was born in 1900. Ruth Roland was born in 1893, Doris Kenyon in 1897. Wallace Reid first saw the light of day in 1892; Antonio Moreno in 1888. Creighton Hale was born in Ireland. That's the right name. For information concerning scenarios, or the writing of them, write to William Lord Wright, care of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and he will be glad to help you.

K. M. D.—Eugene O'Brien must have changed his mind about going back on the stage, for he has signed a lengthy contract with the Selznick Picture Corporation. Stuart Holmes played the part of the friend in "Ghosts of Yesterday." So you still prefer Charles Ray, do you? Have you any particular reason for calling him your friend? Yes, he was very good in "The Son of His Father." Too bad your missed it. Monroe Salisbury played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl." Edward Langford is in the service. You are certainly a faithful follower. Write again.

WILLIAM T. Z.—Margaret Shelby has dark hair and blue eyes. She lives in Santa Barbara, California, with her sister, Mary Miles Minter, and her mother, Mrs. Shelby, but the whole family has been spending its time in the East of late.

FRED W. B.—William S. Hart hasn't as yet written a book on his life, but he could no doubt write a very interesting one. For instance, he might tell about the time he and Bill Farnum were working with the same show, and drawing down the huge sum of twenty-five dollars a week—some weeks. He was born in Newburgh, New York, but grew up with the country out West, his folks taking him there shortly after his arrival in New burgh.

HALSEY B.—Scan the list of addresses at the end of The Oracle for the ones you want.

BUNCHIE.—My, what a lot of questions for one little girl! I'm sorry, but the whole Oracle space is not sufficient to answer your questions. If you will just compromise, and come at me a little easier, spreading them over several months, or send a personal letter with express prepaid for your return answer, I'll do my best.

AN ORACLE ADMIRER.—Thanks terribly for all those nice things you have to say about us, especially the ones about The Oracle. You are quite right about the names. John and Ethel Barrymore are brother and sister. Lionel Barrymore is a brother of both of them. Some talented family, too. Sidney Drew was their uncle.

MISS AILEEN V.—You are quite right about Rosemary Theby. She used to be with Vitagraph several years ago, and was one of the original well-known company. Later she left that company, and with Harry Meyers went to the Lubin plant, and made both dramas and comedies. Universal then grabbed the talented pair for some light comedies, and then Pathé. Rosemary longed to get back into the more serious drama, so left at the completion of her contract, and has been doing features ever since. Yep, mighty fine little girl is she.

CHARLES CHAPLINE.—Look at the end of The Oracle for his address. Nobody seems to know the poor little fellow at all. A few days ago he received a letter addressed to Charles Chaplin, U. S. A.

ALICE G.—Harold Lockwood was married when he died, but not to May Allison. He left a little boy ten years old. May Allison has not been shot by Cupid's matrimonial dart—or hadn't been when these lines were written.

E. SEARLE.—Both Jewel Carmen and Mollie King were born in 1898. Dorothy Dalton arrived six years before them, and June Caprice a year later. We must have our puzzles, so figure it out for yourself. It's the easiest one of the month. Wallace Reid arrived in the same year with Dorothy. PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is published in New York City, but you can buy copies of it all over the world. So you hope that I will come to England some day for my own sake. Don't you think they are treating me fair enough over here? Really, I don't think I could ever find the time even to move over there if I wanted to. I'll still be with you every month on the news stands, so cheer up.

L. C. G.—You're entirely welcome. I know you find the Market Booklet very valuable from time to time.

MAIDEN IN CANADA.—Mary Pickford is just a wee bit over five feet. Marguerite Clark is the little lady of the screen, just touching the beam at four feet nine inches. Mary started in at Biograph in the early days when they paid five bucks a day when you worked—and, of course, after a few screen appearances Mary worked pretty nearly every day. When she didn't, brother Jack did, and in this way between them they kept the Pickford family digging into the Biograph treasury. Mary wore a wig in "Madame Butterfly" and in "Little Pal," but her hair is naturally blond, and always has been. She has blue eyes. Lottie and Jack are both younger than Mary. Yes, Charles Ray is married. You can find his address by looking through the addresses at the end of The Oracle. I feel pretty certain that he would send you one of his pictures.

CHINK.—So Billie Burke is your favorite, but you are mad at her because you sent her two-bits for one of her photographs, and have never received one? I am sure that Billie never received your letter, because she is very punctual about sending out her photos, and I am sure that if you write to her and tell her about it you will receive one of the prized autographed likenesses of the star. That's her right name. Her eyes are light blue. Marguerite Clark is that lady's honest-to-goodness name, or was before she was married last winter. Both her hair and eyes are dark brown. Anita Stewart was ushered into this world in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. Of course, Anita is not responsible for that, so don't hold it against her. Her eyes are brown, and her hair what you would term golden brown. Roy Stewart is not related to her. She is married to Rudolph Cameron, who used to play opposite her at Vitagraph. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Her eyes are blue and her hair is strictly blond. Mae Marsh is not Spanish even if she was born in Madrid; you see, it was in New Mexico and not Spain. Harold Lockwood died on October 19th. Pauline Curley is the young lady who played opposite Douglas in "Bound in Morocco." Of course, you can write again. Just as soon as you like.

ALMA E. W.—Thanks for your nice letter. Glad to hear that you think so highly of the Market Booklet.

SEMINARY GIRL.—Betty Compson has passed up screen comedies for the more serious end of the business. Jay Belasco and Harry Edwards are the young men who played opposite her in her comedies for the Christie Company. Cullen Landis played opposite Kathleen Clifford in "Who is Number One?" Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. Ann Pennington has left the screen flat for the time being, and is back on the stage once more. She may return to make some more pictures for Paramount later. Mary Thurman left Sennett comedies some time ago, and has been working in Paramount and Goldwyn pictures. Mary's some girl, too. Alice Lake played opposite Roscoe Arbuckle; Flora Finch has been helping to make "Oh, Boy" with the company Albert Capellani organized. Don't you ever get caught taking "French leave?" I'm glad you did run out of questions, for it will give you something to think about for your next letter. Grace Cunard looks just the same off the screen as she does on. She is now away on location working on a new serial. They just won't let her get away from them.

GRACE M.—Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the year 1890. Theodosia Goodman was her given name, but the courts have given her screen name to her for her private use as well, and she is now Theda Bara for good—Good! She has not been lured into the squared ring of matrimony. She is five feet six inches tall, and balances one hundred and thirty-five pounds on any good scale. Her eyes and hair are dark brown. She was on the stage before she did her first motion picture, "A Fool There Was," for the Fox Company, and has been with that concern ever since. There are rumors that she will start her own company as soon as her contract with Fox is completed. She doesn't look any different off the screen than she does on. Charlie Ray is all that you think him to be, and more. It's too bad he can't be a brother or son to everybody.

EDITH MONNOT.—Don't call me the editor. It makes us both mad. Which one has the right to be I will leave for your own decision. We are not even related. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. She is now working on a brand-new serial by Robert W. Chambers, having completed "The

Continued on page 94

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS IS the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest-paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really CAN and simply HAVEN'T FOUND IT OUT? Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can TELL a story. Why can't 'most anybody WRITE a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses, as most people think. DON'T YOU BELIEVE THE CREATOR GAVE YOU A STORY-WRITING FACULTY JUST AS HE DID THE GREATEST WRITER? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they REALLY LEARN TO WRITE from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T?

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"Mr. Irving has so simplified story and photoplay writing that anyone with ordinary intelligence ought to master it quickly. I am having no trouble in selling my stories and plays now."—*B. M. James, Dallas, Texas.*

"Received the book. I could give myself a shaking, if possible, for not sending long ago. Why everything is so plain a blind person could see."—*Rosa Beard, Nelsonville, O.*

"I have already sold a synopsis—written according to Mr. Irving's instructions—for $500.00, and some short sketches for smaller sums."—*David Clark, Portland, Ore.*

"Your book opened my eyes to great possibilities. I received my first check to-day—$175.00."—*H. Barlow, Louisville, Ky.*

"It is the most complete and practical book ever written on the subject of writing."—*Harry Schults, Kitchener, Ont.*

"The book is all, and more, than you claim it to be."—*W. T. Watson, Whitehall, N. Y.*

"I am delighted with the book beyond the power of words to express."—*Laura Davis, Wenatchee, Wash.*

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A Story That Will Interest Every Ambitious Man or Woman With Photoplay Ideas

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For a long time I had struggled hard to gain recognition as a writer of photoplays. I put into this work all the energy and enthusiasm I could command. I wrote and submitted many plots to producing companies, but always they came back to me with that inevitable rejection slip. Was I discouraged? Well—wouldn't you be?

As a matter of fact, I was on the verge of abandoning all hope of ever winning recognition when I read about the work of the Advisory Bureau of the Palmer Photoplay Institute. And then—when I learned that this Advisory Bureau was headed by Frederick Palmer, the well-known photoplay author, I immediately became interested. For I was sure that the man who wrote 52 produced scenarios in 9 months could help me solve my problems.

After that—it did not take me long to decide. I made up my mind to take immediate advantage of their remarkable offer. For their money-back Guarantee was so fair that I didn't see how I could possibly lose anything by accepting their proposition and making another try at it.

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How did I come to know all this? Through the interesting booklet the Institute sent me—and which they will gladly send you, too. It gave me new inspiration and was the turning point in my career. They call it "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing"—and rightly! For, it tells about the most remarkable institution for the development of photoplay writing that the motion-picture industry has ever known—the only exclusive scenario organization that has ever received the enthusiastic indorsement and support of the leading producers, directors, and stars.

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And—don't forget this! It is said on good authority that 20,000 new photoplays are normally produced each year in America. There is a real famine in new plots and producers are crying frantically for material. Never before was the demand for new ideas so urgent. Never was there a greater opportunity for trained photoplay writers. $100 to $1000 is being paid for acceptable stories, and prices are advancing because the supply is so meager.

Therefore, if you have any creative imagination at all—if you have any good ideas for photoplays with a new "twist" or "angle" to them—I urge you to send today for "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." They will be glad to send you this booklet, I'm sure; and without cost or obligation. I can promise that it will reveal to you the famine in photoplays—the top prices producers are willing to pay for the right material—and how eager they are for Palmer-trained writers.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 92

Lightning Raider." "The Perils of Pauline" was her first appearance in the serial line, with Crane Wilbur as her leading man, and Paul Panzer as the heavy. It was not the first serial ever made. Kathlyn Williams and Tom Santschi had the leading rôles in "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the first motion-picture serial. Pearl has auburn hair and blue eyes, but wears a blond wig in her serials. Kathleen Clifford has light-brown hair and brown eyes. All motion-picture stars do not use a yellow make-up to photograph white. It depends on the skin. You can take two people, and put the same make-up on them, and they will photograph entirely differently. It takes study to find out which kind of make-up will show best on your face. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in Kansas in 1887. He started his theatrical career by singing illustrated songs in a motion-picture theater, and later toured the world with his own show. He was one of the early Keystoners on Mack Sennett's lot. Carmel Meyers is the young lady's correct name. She is the daughter of Rabbi Meyers, of Los Angeles. No, she hasn't struck twenty yet.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES

The following addresses are the ones asked for in the letters to which The Oracle has replied in this issue. If you wish to write to any one connected with the screen, whose address you are unable to find here, send your letter in care of either the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Avenue, Los Angeles, California, or of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, same city, and it will be forwarded.

Anita Stewart at the Lois Weber Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

H. B. Warner, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Lois Wilson at the Willis & Inglis Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Hale Hamilton, Alla Nazimova, and Naomi Childers at the Metro Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Vivian Martin, Niles Welch, and Harrison Ford at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, William Conklin, Doris Lee, Douglas MacLean, and Dorothy Dalton at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Lloyd Hamilton at the Lehrman Studios, Culver City, California.

Monroe Salisbury, Priscilla Dean, Dorothy Phillips, Thurston Hall, Eddie Polo, Grace Cunard, Elmo Lincoln, Mary MacLean, Eddie Lyons, Lee Moran, and Rupert Julian at the Universal Film Company, Universal City, California.

Albert Ray, William Farnum, George Walsh, Peggy Hyland, Evelyn Nesbit, and Theda Bara at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Chester Conklin, Slim Summerville, Bobby Dunn, Jack Cooper, and Ethel Teare at Sunshine Comedies, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Antonio Moreno, Carol Holloway, William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Montgomery and Rock, Larry Semon, and Bessie Love at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

William S. Hart at the W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Geraldine Farrar, Tom Moore, Will Rogers, Owen Moore, Madge Kennedy, John Bowers, Milton Sills, and Mabel Normand at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wallace Reid, Tom Forman, Ethel Clayton, Lila Lee, Marjorie Daw, Bryant Washburn, Wanda Hawley, James Cruze, Marguerite Snow, Dorothy Davenport, Sylvia Ashton, Jack Holt, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatten, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

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Read those two last words again, and think—think *hard.* What will YOUR children be? If YOU are weak and sickly; poisoned by constipation, green with biliousness, tortured by indigestion, wracked by nervous headaches, with vitality barely sufficient to carry you through your daily work—*what kind of children can you beget?*

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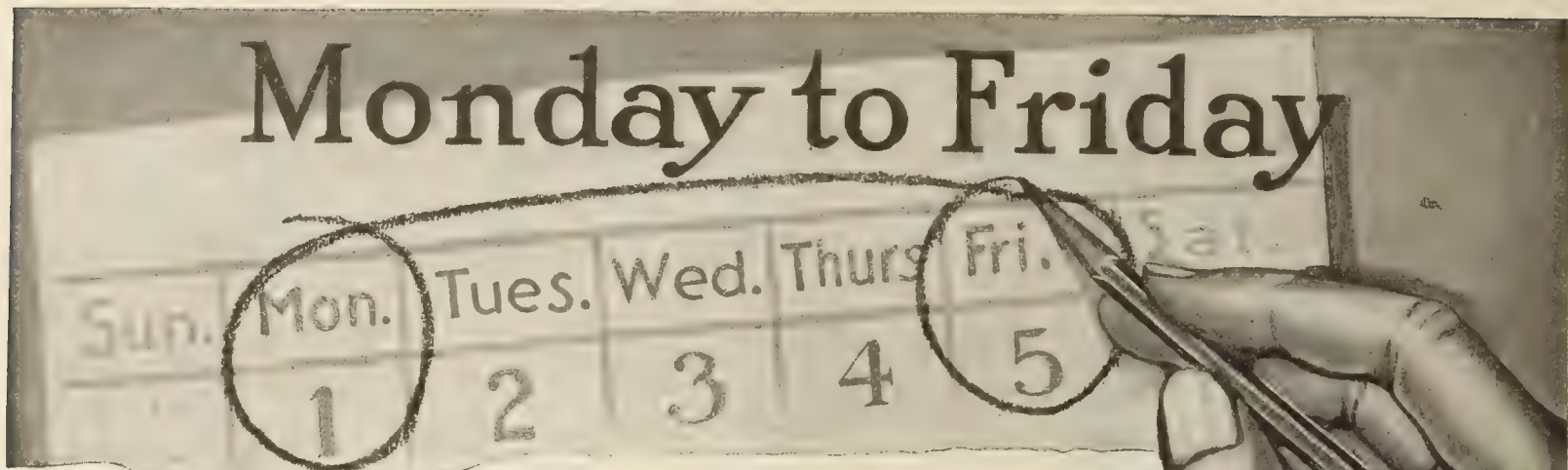

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The Pagan God

Continued from page 88

he was even within twenty miles of the place. "Bruce——" And here was Bruce, crashing through the window.

Kung saw, turned, and at once a shrill whistle pealed from his lips, and from all the nooks and corners of the bazaar, recognizing the signal, members of the tong came running and pressing into the shop.

But Bruce whipped out the automatic he had taken from Wong. He faced the crowd, covering them, gun in hand.

"Get back!" he said. "The first man who——" He smiled and drew a bead on the leader. You can guess the rest.

At the first commotion Kung had jumped aside, and out into the next room, while Tai, despair and love and hatred wrangling in her heart, was looking on, stony-eyed. She had a revolver concealed in the loose sleeve of her embroidered robe. She raised it——

Bruce! she thought. The man whom she loved, who had spurned her! If she could not have him, at least her rival shouldn't either.

Womanlike!

But womanlike, too, a moment later, when suddenly she saw the curtain directly in back of Bruce moving and opening slightly and issuing therefrom Kung's yellow fist, pointing an automatic at Bruce's back.

Yes—womanlike! For she, who loved him, might want to injure him—love is so close to hate—but let any one else try it——

Quickly she shifted her gun, fired. Bruce whirled and leaped aside at the unexpected shot, and the dead body of Kung crashed through the curtains and fell at his feet.

Tai stood very silent. Then she pointed at the door.

"Go!" she said in an icy voice to the brothers of the Tong. "Go to your homes! The revolution has failed—failed through the strength and weakness of a woman's love!"

And suddenly she turned the gun to her breast and fired, and, like sheep without a leader, the brothers of the Tong filed out, crying the news through the bazaars, while Bruce turned to Beryl.

"I——" he stammered; "I can explain—now——"

She smiled gently, just a little sadly.

"You needn't, dear," she replied.

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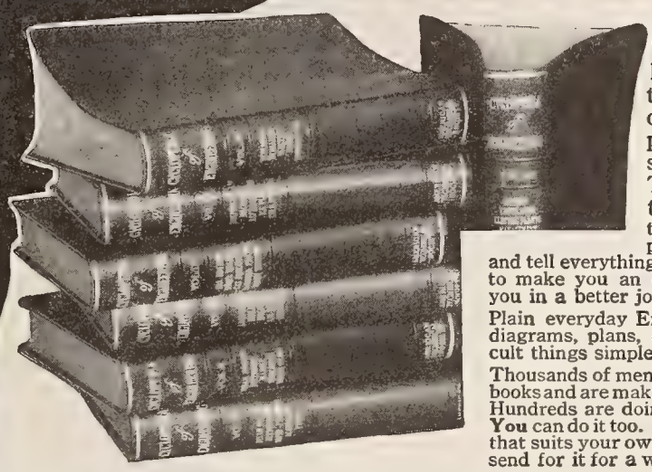

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First have a set idea and then tell the story in simple language as if you were telling it to a good friend. Read over a few of the popular songs—study the words and manner in which they are written—look around for new ideas and songs. The public is always on the lookout for something new. Publishers desire songs of two verses and a chorus, so do not make your poem too long. Remember the chorus is the title expanded, and it must contain the "punch;" a good chorus is worth more than a hundred verses. Literary talent is **not** required.

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Are Screen Characters Immoral?

Continued from page 16

contact with the complexities of modern civilization, and the situations thus evolved are bound to be either comic or pathetic. It is due to the fine balance between these two factors that Ray's screen character has become so lovable. His quiet, bucolic life does not lend itself to the tremendous violences that Doug encounters, but nevertheless one has a decided feeling of latent power in the boy that is delightfully satisfying. Beneath his innocence lies a repressed potentiality that is artistically triumphant, and we know that, though the character may *seem* boob, it will be equal to the great test when it comes.

Nor is there great opportunity in a small town for such romantic heroics as Bill Hart enjoys; yet there is something boyishly gripping in the amorous victory of an unsophisticated man over worldly charm and wisdom. I respectfully invite the folks quoted in the first paragraph to witness Ray's screen symbol and then tell if it is not a fine and splendid example to set before the young.

When it comes to married rôles, however, difficulties arise in selecting symbols. The complexities of domestic situations are so varied that one cannot standardize a wife, as one may a lover. And though it may call for greater art to play many dissimilar rôles, yet the artist who does them suffers the disadvantage that he cannot evolve a film character that will be constant throughout all his work and be loved for itself. Nevertheless I respectfully ask the deplorers to witness the character interpretation of the screen's greatest artists. Let your drama clubs study the work of Nazimova, Henry Walthall, and Pauline Frederick. But why try to explain consummate art to outraged virtue? These goodly people will not learn that art has nothing to do with morals. Velásquez was never greater than when he painted human monsters, and Milton and Doré reached the heights when they sought their subjects in the depths of hell.

But even in these married rôles, that are often too strong for the weak tummy of little Madeline, we find radiant personalities persistently evoking our admiration. Perhaps the one who comes nearest to mak-

One Man in America can Teach You Motion Picture Writing *Correctly*

By FORD I. BEEBE

(*Special writer* "MOTION PICTURE NEWS," *Scenario Editor two years Helen Holmes Serial Co., three years with Universal, etc.*)

THERE is a constant and tremendous demand for good motion picture stories. *Right now,* the studios cannot get enough good stories to fit their stars with suitable roles. And not alone this but *stories are getting scarcer all the time.* Books and magazine stories have failed to make good on the screen—staff writers are written out. But the film companies *must* have stories. And they want and must have these from "outside" writers—*from the thousands of people outside the studios who have ideas and the genuine ability to write them if only they knew how to put them into proper shape.* Foreseeing this demand there has been a flood of so-called "schools," "systems" and "plans" attempting to teach them motion picture writing.

William Worthington, President of the Haworth Film Corporation and sole director of Sessue Hayakawa; famous director of features for Universal, Goldwyn, etc., says:

The direct, detailed method of writing teaches the outside writer to prepare his stories exactly as the director wants them. And he puts them in the right way.

W. Worthington

I have spent years in the different motion picture studios. These years convinced me that not one writer in a thousand could teach others this new art of writing for the movies. I doubted that the heads of these various institutions could themselves do what they are trying to teach others to do. I did not believe that they were themselves *successful writers of feature stories.* I did not believe, in fact, that they themselves could actually write and sell *their own stories.* So I investigated.

And out of the amazingly long list I found *one man.* A man who is known to hundreds of thousands of film fans as the author of innumerable successful photoplays. I found that this man—F. McGREW WILLIS—has actually written over two hundred produced film stories. That he has written *feature* stories for more than TWENTY OF THE BIGGEST STARS IN FILMDOM. That he has worked for Ince, Fox, Pathe, Universal, etc. That he wrote Nat Goodwin's big starring role in pictures. That he prepared the original synopsis for filming Les Miserables. That he is the author of the first pictures made in this country and sent to France to be hand colored. That the motion picture trade papers speak of him as a man who has an absolutely thorough knowledge of photoplay writing. That he has repeatedly been chosen to write the first stories to inaugurate new brands of films. That June, 1919, has seen still another new brand, bringing back to the screen H. B. Warner in two of this man's original stories.

So I interviewed him personally. And I found this: He has the fairest proposition of its kind ever conceived. He is helping unknown writers achieve recognition. He is showing writers outside the studios, for the first time in the history of the motion picture industry, *the inside way of writing*—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. He has the personal endorsement of the directors themselves, who want their stories written only in this way *and in no other.* He has made this method so plain and simple that it can be learned in *one evening's study.* And in addition to all this he is giving his pupils

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to aid them in finding a market for their stories. He is acting as a personal representative of these writers at the studios and with the directors. For he knows that unless writers have this personal agent they cannot hope to succeed. And he *positively will not accept any fee or commission on any sale whatever.*

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In the interest of better motion pictures I feel it my duty to give him every aid I can. So if you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to get in touch with him. *Do not remit any money.* Just ask him to send you his FREE BOOK, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." See for yourself his wonderful offer. But do this at once. *Immediately.* Address

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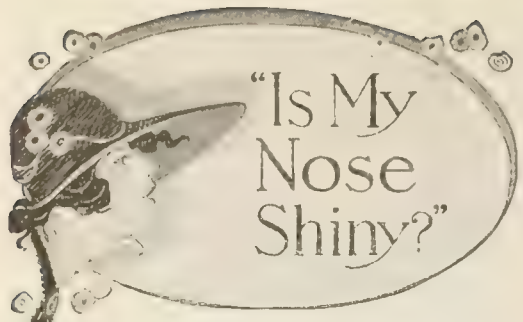

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Are Screen Characters Immoral?

Continued from page 99

ing lovable the young wife by sheer force of beautiful personality is Elsie Ferguson. Here we have beauty, brains, and exquisite refinement dominating her most unpromising characters. Had I more space I could catalogue a whole battery of scren characters who are doing wonders to provide the present generation with ideals far ahead of those upon which the deplorers were brought up. While in the "good old days" only the cultured few were permitted to see the best in art, now even the lowliest prowling terriat can enjoy the superb art of a Nazimova.

But how about Theda Bara? I knew you would ask that. Well, how about her? It is true that Theda enjoys depicting sweet sin, but remember this: Theda never makes sin attractive, and the sinner either reforms or gets it in the beads. The musical comedy, the follies shows, and the revues, on the other hand, make sin and light living most alluring. In its last analysis, Theda's art is hopelessly moral.

Also remember this. A great many ladies—married ones mostly, who have missed romance or drawn matrimonial prunes—would dearly love to sin a little bit themselves, only they don't dare dast, and so they go to see Theda and enjoy their sinning vicariously. There is no telling how much virtue has been thus conserved by our vampires.

And Chaplin! Vulgar little Charlie Chaplin! What about him? Well, isn't life itself vulgar? Certainly no one has so classically satirized its vulgarity as has this Harlequin of the films. It is admittedly vulgar to kick the kaiser in the pants. Such social lapses are frowned upon in the best royalist circles, but isn't it funny? If the collapse of dignity is not humorous to the ultranice, then the ultranice are not well, that's all. Nevertheless, I would urge upon these perturbed parents to inquire why their little angel-faced offspring so dearly love Charlot.

And the truth is, Chaplin is the greatest artist that the screen has produced, proclaimed so even by his compatriots. Have not Sarah Bernhardt, Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Fisk, Rostand, and Yvette Guilbert acknowledged him the master pantomimist of the age? No second-rater ever became a world's champion, and when such a champion arises the intelligent thing to do is to seek the reasons for his greatness rather than deplore his Olympian achievement.

If the deplorers see only slapstick and vulgarity in Chaplin, how can they stand Shakespeare, for he was even gross at times? What the superficial critic does not see is that Chaplin understands the human heart with a sensitiveness such as only genius attains. Neither do they see what the greatest dramatic figures of the age have detected—his amazing dramatic values. And being professional deplorers, therefore lacking in a fine sense of humor, they cannot see his subtlest comedy which transcends all local boundaries and makes him the symbol of fun the world over.

When the world's foremost statesman, on the eve of the greatest event in history takes time before he sails from affairs of state to request a preview of "Shoulder Arms," it suggests that President Wilson's taste is deplorable or that the deplorers are possibly missing something too fine for their perception. I suggest as a subject for the next meeting of the drama club that the members discuss the question: Why do presidents and plumbers desert their work for a Chaplin film? Or, better still: Why do the people of Tibet laugh at Charlie? There is real profundity in that question.

"My dear," said my wife when I had read her this defense of our screen heroes, "your own sense of humor is in extreme jeopardy, for here you are deploring the deplorers." And there is always something in what my wife says.

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"Can't You Help Me Get Into the Movies?"

Continued from page 38

they clutch at your finger with their tiny hands and blow bubbles with their toothless little mouths, right on through every dear dirty stage of creeping and walking and climbing. To me a baby all smelling of talcum powder, with a warm, soft fat little neck, a baby of my own, would be the one divine extravagance. I can have a limousine or a sable coat or any of a dozen things that Mary cannot afford, but when it comes to the deep fundamental things of life, the things every woman wants, it is Mary who is the plutocrat, I the scrimper. I cannot afford to have a baby.

I am making too much money, far more than the man who will be my husband. I dare not throw away the chance to provide for present luxury, for old age, for the safety and comfort of any who may come later. If I should drop out of my work for two or three years now I would come back to find myself practically forgotten. And I would be further handicapped by being older. Youth and beauty comprise my stock in trade and I must realize on them now. I appreciate that in this way I have an opportunity such as few girls have, and I feel that I must make the most of it.

So I am working as hard as I can and saving as much as the extravagant way in which I have to live allows, dreaming of the time when I can have what Mary can have right now. If all goes well I shall have a great deal of money then, but I shall have paid for it with my youth, the glowing, eager youth that Mary can spend like a prodigal for her own happiness, can lavish on her husband and her children when they come. I have sold mine—I cannot do as I like with it. As my part of my bargain with the public I shall have the money, a little fame perhaps. Perhaps the children will come later, the happiness with my husband. But I am gambling with the most precious things in life. If I lose them I shall rue my bargain as long as I live. Even if I win I shall not have had them when I was young. I shall have lost something out of my youth that Mary will have had.

I hope this does not sound as if I were whining. I realize that I am very fortunate in having the opportunity I have had. I like the money I am making, I find my work interesting, at times fascinating, and I am vain enough to like being pointed out in a crowd, feminine enough to love the sable coats. But I am feminine enough to want the other things, too. I imagine Mary and I are a little like the two horses that stand, one on each side of the fench, each bending his head to eat the grass on the other side. The other horse's grass looks greener. Perhaps I see the happiness in Mary's life through the rose-colored glasses of longing, just as she sees the happiness in mine. There may be a little glamor in both of our eyes. But I do wish I could make Mary see how green the grass on her side looks to me.

Taylor and His Taxi

Continued from page 33

Courtship' was my first one, for Essanay. 'Ruggles of Red Gap,' of course, was one of my biggest successes with them. For Triangle I began with 'It's a Bear' and 'A Regular Fellow.' The next one, by the way, is being taken for the most part up at my hotel, the Algonquin. It's called 'Upside Down'—the picture, not the hotel. Now you know all about me. Hello there, Tom——"

Taylor turned to speak to a passing friend. For a moment they held a conference.

"Excuse me," he apologized. "I had to consult him about our next entertainment for the wounded soldiers. We give them every week—the men are brought here, given a show, and taken back to the hospitals. I don't know of anything the actors enjoy doing more than that."

He stopped and looked at his watch.

"The honest taxi driver has got to get busy and earn some more money," he said, smiling again, as we rose to go. "By the way, this picture is called 'Taxi.' You see, I'm a taxi chauffeur in nearly all of it, and I've got a lot of driving to do."

We reached the sidewalk, and Taylor climbed into his seat.

"If you see another crowd come on over!" he called out as he started off. "I'll probably be in it."

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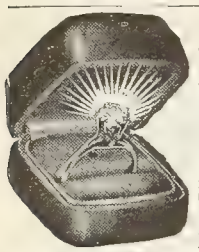

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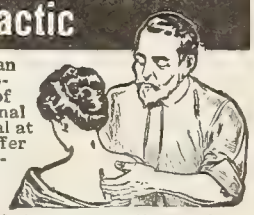

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Just Marionettes

Continued from page 43

wanted to see if she, too, caught the big ideas that govern her director.

"Why, I don't know; 'Broken Blossoms' was such an easy picture to do," she said in answer to my question, after we'd visited a bit. "Mr. Griffith always talks over a character with you, of course, and then when you are making the scene he stands by and sort of fills it in; tells you what's going on. For instance, in that scene where I was locked in the closet and my father was trying to break down the door and kill me—it wouldn't have done for me to remember that Mr. Crisp, who played the part of my father, had finished his scenes and gone fishing, would it?" She stopped to laugh a moment, and I wished the screen could show how blue her eyes are and how yellow her hair is. "So Mr. Griffith stood there by the camera, and said: 'He's going to kill you; he'll surely break down the door; now he's got an ax, and he'll break in and you can't escape—and he'll kill you with that whip he's beaten you with——' Not exactly those words, of course, but things like that that would fill in the mental picture for me."

And looking at that slim, pretty girl, with her childish mouth that shows a hint of the roguishness that makes her sister Dorothy such a charming comedienne, I wondered more than ever how she had been able to portray *Lucy's* dull little mind and the great, tearing fear that fairly leaped out from the screen and caught the audience in its grasp.

"You see," she went on after a moment's thought, "it's getting the idea of a part that helps most—if you have that well in your head it moves everything you do. I knew *Lucy* so well after reading Burke's story that it didn't seem as if I myself did anything at all. Mr. Griffith gave me the main ideas for my work, and then—well, I just went ahead."

So apparently his idea had been pulling the strings that moved Lillian Gish as well. And Richard Barthelmess, who plays the Chinaman, quite frankly admitted that something—he didn't exactly know what—had governed his playing of *Cheng Huan.*

"I didn't really know whether I was being Chinese or just being different," he told me with a worried look in his brown eyes. "You see, somebody else had been rehearsing that part, and then one day Mr. Griffith said he'd like to see me do it, so I did, and he cast me for it. But I'd just been doing light-comedy rôles with Dorothy Gish, you know, and of course this was so different that—but then Mr. Griffith emphasizes character a lot, you know, more than anything else. And he gave me the idea of that rôle so clearly that it wasn't at all hard to do."

There you are again. Mr. Griffith gave him the idea, and it was the idea behind the work of Griffith himself that made the picture. So that last little talk seemed to complete the circle of marionettes—with the big conception of new things for the screen, which always, in one form or another, sways Griffith as the power that sets them all in motion.

The House Behind the Rosebush

Continued from page 67

"Barny, isn't it?" she asked. I thought not, and said so.

"I've been in America three years now, but I can't get over missing my little house in London. I like Chippendale and Sheraton and Adam vases, and you haven't much of that here."

And then I realized that there was something this birdlike little person with the creamy pink-and-white complexion needed for a setting. It was Adam vases, Sheraton, and Chippendale.

"But how did you happen to come to America?" I asked just as I was leaving. "I thought English people were awfully devoted to Britain's soil—and Adam vases."

"Well, a company in America—it was the Famous Players—cabled me 'Did I want to come across?' Running true to form, I up and cabled back 'yes,' and here I am."

Then she "yessed" her way into the Fox tepee, and there is this little British miss, almost a Hyland lassie, up at seven a. m., in her little California bungalette behind the rosebush, "yessing" her way right straight toward—well, I wonder. He'll be a lucky rascal, anyway—like Jackpots, the British muffin hound!

The Hardships of a Hero

Continued from page 45

evenings at home more diverting by torturing or beating his better half. Yet if an exacting and misled director insists that an actor's hair curl over his ears and puts him into a Lord Fauntleroy collar everybody who witnesses his misery on the screen thinks that's the way he likes to look. My, but I'm hungry! Where's that waiter?

"It's the interviewer who often places a fellow at a disadvantage," he went on when another order of buckwheat cakes was on its way. "It seems to me that they fairly delight in helping along the public's hallucinations about the private life of the chap who plays hero rôles. Take me, for example; I was a helpless victim once, thanks to a young woman who wrote for the magazines and a friend of mine who's an interior decorator. You see, when I came to New York I got him to decorate a little apartment for me; I told him just to make it comfortable and as practical as possible, and when it was done it seemed all right—looked serviceable and as if everything in it would stand hard wear.

"But, unluckily for me, he'd bought a blue couch cover. 'It's a good shade and won't show cigarette ashes,' he told me, and I never gave it another thought. And then along came the interviewer, who had an eye for details, and when that couch cover went through the mill of her typewriter it came out a delicate azure!

"Well, when her story appeared in print I was simply deluged with mail from people who thought I must be the same sort of goody-goody, conceited thing she'd pictured me. The azure couch cover had given them their cue. She'd also endowed me with an English accent, and, Heaven knows, though being on the stage so long has taught me to try to speak correctly, I certainly never intended to make it an affectation, and couldn't have anything but a touch of Irish brogue if I did have an accent, anyway."

As we went from the restaurant again I summoned up my courage and dragged forth that long-concealed question of mine, which I'd been wanting to ask ever since the days when I used to sit beside the camera and watch him playing leads with Norma Talmadge.

"Why haven't you ever married?" I asked hesitatingly. "Here you've got four leading women in your first starring venture—Mary Boland and Marguerite Cortot and Lucille Lee Stewart and Martha Mansfield, and Mr. Selznick has dashed out and had you insured for a million dollars, and yet you walk around unmarried and apparently with no intention of asking somebody to be your best man. Why is it?"

"No woman would ever have me," he promptly declared, thereby proving his Irish ancestry.

And right then and there was precipitated what you couldn't exactly call a quarrel, though it certainly was a most vehement discussion.

"I certainly am no such target for feminine admiration as you seem to think," he declared at last almost wrathfully. "Your thinking so just proves what I've been saying about audiences believing a leading man is a hero twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. Why, my most ardent admirer is a man, and here he comes now."

And I was introduced to George Washington Henry Brown, aged four, who made his début in pictures in "Come Out of the Kitchen," and who acquired his admiration for Gene at the same time. He was hustling along the street at a frightful rate for him, trying his best to keep up with the stalwart O'Brien.

"What's the matter, George? Income tax leave you strapped?" asked Gene, pausing a moment. George looked unutterable things, while the Southern mammy with him burst into voluble and detailed explanations of George's financial difficulties. It seems that he was walking Broadway in search of a job.

"Well, here——" and a bill changed hands. "Buy him something zippy in the way of shoe leather. So long, George!"

Now, I've been watching his work since the days when he was on the stage with Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Illington, and other well-known actresses, and I know that that little incident is perfectly characteristic of him. His generosity was quite as sincere as his desire to be known as "just a regular fellow." So if you want to make it friendship, Gene O'Brien will give you his hand on it gladly.

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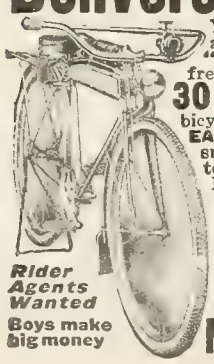

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TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. **SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new Catalog.

Rider Agents Wanted
Boys make big money

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. M101. **CHICAGO**

Fade-Outs

Continued from page 53.

Chicago *Tribune* gravely informs us that Tom Mix is prone to purloin the stuff of Bill Hart and Doug.

Yaas, he does! Same as Napoleon stole his military strategy from Pershing and Foch!

—o—

Did It Ever Occur To You?

"The good that men do lives after them." Though Sidney Drew has passed on, the famous Drew Comedies will live forever and continue to diminish the amount of grist that buzzes through the divorce mill.

Married fans will vouch for this assertion.

When Archibald and Hortense, alone in the flat, start an argument that, nursed along, would rush 'em to Reno, they recall the screen experiences of "Polly" and "Henry," and the stuff is off! The debate breaks up in giggles and the war is over.

—o—

Paul's Car Done A Disappearing Act!

The thieves who stole Paul Scardon's auto three times in five weeks were obviously friends of ours.

They did it just to give us a chance to pull the pun in the caption.

Yes, we know the aforesaid caption is ungrammatical—but, as Brian Boru remarked to Ananias: "what's a little grammar between friends?"

—o—

Tee, Hee!

Oh, girls! Did you see those photos of Wally Reid's nether limbs on page seventy-two of May PICTURE-PLAY?

For goodness' sake, Genevieve—what ARE you giggling about?

—o—

Queer Ideas Of Education!

"Rights for the Billy West comedies have been sold to The Educational Film Corporation of Milwaukee, for northern Wisconsin, etc."—Tradepaper paragraph.

—o—

Padded!

The words that are saddest,
I'll say, with the pote
Are "it might have been,"
They sure get your gote!
But the saddest of things
In pictures, I wot
Is a five-reel film drama
Without a real plot!

—o—

Come To Honolulu, Pete!

Ol' Peter Milne, reviewing a Semon-Vitagraph comedy, fervidly remarks:

"Lucille Zintheo is about the best looking comedienne that we have seen in short subjects."

They're wearing 'em higher in Hawaii!

—o—

How About It?

William Lord Wright says: "If you see something you do not understand, ask some one——"

All right, Bill, we'll ask you!

Why, in "The Lure Of The Circus" (Universal), when one of the players is struck by the villain's car, it is a Chandler. The close-up shows him pinned under a Packard, which, as it resumes it's way, becomes a Cadillac????

Shopping, Ho! In a Sea-going Hack

Continued from page 50

than five feet three, but in this gown she seemed to take on an additional three or four inches.

It was long past noon, and the sun was out again by the time that Miss Dalton had got back into her street clothes, all ready to start sauntering down the Avenue.

The flower shops seemed to have blossomed out after the rain, and into one of these Miss Dalton turned to order some flowers for her room at the hotel. Then we dropped in for just a moment at another shop, where Dorothy wanted to try on a beautiful moleskin wrap she had ordered, a garment as soft as chiffon velvet and a wonderful thing for motoring on cool summer nights, and after that our shopping at last was ended.

"Come on," said Dorothy, "we're going into the Gilded Cage and have a bite to eat. You must all of you be starved."

"And you?"

"Why, I'll have a glass of distilled water, thanks," laughed Dorothy, "at seventy-five cents, including the tip. Just the same I do love New York."

The Most Thrilling Motion Picture Ever Made

Sounds extravagant, doesn't it? But that's what the thrill-hardened Pathe film committee said after seeing

ANNE LUTHER
and
CHARLES HUTCHISON

in the new fifteen episode serial, dynamic in it's action and high-voltage situations

THE GREAT GAMBLE

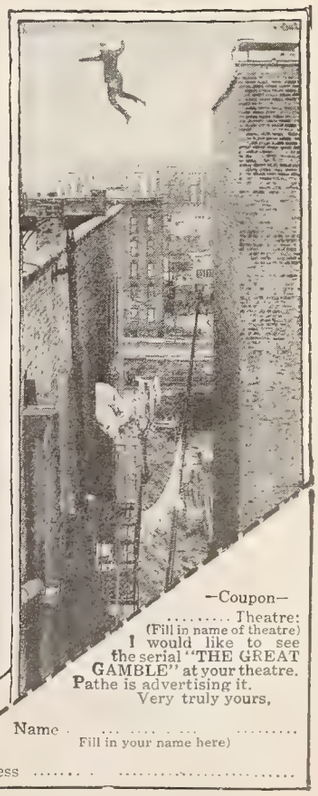
MR. HUTCHISON does "stunts" that do not seem humanly possible. He takes his life into his hands time and again. He jumps from heights well over a hundred feet; he scales the side of a tall building without the assistance of a rope or anything else; he leaps from one of its high windows into a clothes-line; he is carried over a boiling waterfall; he does a hundred such death-daring deeds.

In this thrilling serial you'll find love, mystery and suspense. You will find it holds your interest every minute. You'll be anxious to see every episode!

Fill in the coupon attached and mail it to your favorite theatre or else leave it at the box-office. Ask the manager when he will show the serial. The first episode will be released in August.

Produced by Western Photoplays Inc.
Written and directed by J. A. Golden

PATHE
Distributors



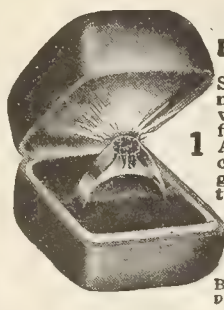
—Coupon—

..... Theatre:
(Fill in name of theatre)
I would like to see the serial "THE GREAT GAMBLE" at your theatre. Pathe is advertising it.
Very truly yours,

Name .....
(Fill in your name here)

Address .....

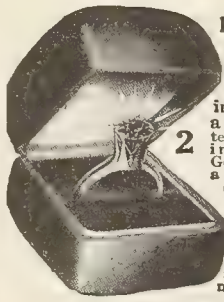
Compare It With a Diamond



Flat Belcher Ring Solid gold mounting, with wide flat band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine TifniteGem. Price $12.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3 per month.

To quickly introduce into every locality our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful gems are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which ring you prefer. We'll send it at once. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you can pay for it in such small easy payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if, for any reason at all, you do not wish to keep it, return it at our expense.



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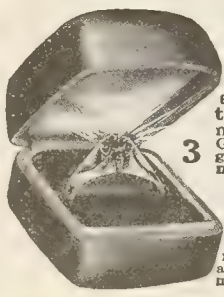
Remarkable New Discovery

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money, no obligation to you in any way! You run no risk. The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here for 10 days' wear free. Be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement as explained.

How to Order Rings To get the right size ring, cut a strip of heavy paper so that the ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around the second joint of finger on which you want to wear the ring. Be careful that the measuring paper fits snugly without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper to us with order coupon.



Tooth Belcher Ring Solid gold six-prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3 per month.

Mail This Coupon

Send now and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Wear it for 10 days on trial. Every one set in latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money.

The Tifnite Gem Company
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22 East Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

Mail This Coupon

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
22 East Congress St., Dept. 454, Chicago, Ill.

Send me Ring No.....on 10 days' approval.
(In ordering ring, be sure to enclose size as described above.)

If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 upon arrival; and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

Name .....

Address .....

AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

OCT. 1919 ~ 20 CENTS

IRENE CASTLE

FROM PHOTO © IRA L. HILL

Your Skin~

Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

Lettuce Cream for cleansing the skin. It cleans more thoroughly than soap and water and without irritation, **60c.**

Tissue Cream for a rough, dry skin. It builds up the skin and gives it the extra nourishment which it needs, **60c and $1.20.**

Astringent Cream for an oily skin. It restrains the too abundant secretion of oil. **60c and $1.20.**

Whitening Cream for a sallow skin. Gives your skin that "pink and white" roseleaf quality, **60c and $1.20.**

Acne Cream for blemishes and blackheads. This disagreeable condition may be overcome in a short while if you are faithful to the use of this cream, **60c and $1.20.**

Motor Cream for skin protection. Neither wind nor weather can harm your skin if you fortify it with Motor Cream first, **60c and $1.20.**

Foundation Cream before using powder. It makes the powder go on so much more smoothly and stay longer, **75c.**

May become several shades darker in a day

Whitening Cream is the special one of the "seven" to restore its fairness.

All skins have a tendency to become darker every year. Many tender skins after exposure to the sun and air actually become several shades darker in one day. This condition when not corrected leads to a permanent loss of complexion beauty. Your skin can grow sallow, faded and dingy before you realize what is happening.

Correct this condition in time. But don't use harsh bleaching preparations that ruin the quality of your skin. Use the cream that has been especially prepared for the sallow skin.

Whitening Cream—one of the seven Marinello Creams—is so compounded that it penetrates to the deeper layers of the skin in which the coloring matter is located and there gently and effectively does its work of removing sallowness and restoring the rosy glow of youth to the complexion.

Over two million women have benefited from Whitening Cream and endorsed it as the best preparation to make the skin delicately fair and fresh looking.

The best way to use Whitening Cream

After carefully cleansing your face and neck each night with Lettuce Cream, rub in the Whitening Cream until every bit has been absorbed into the deeper layers of your skin. In the daytime it is well to protect your skin with Marinello Powder, first rubbing in a little Foundation Cream to make the powder "stay on" longer and to double its value as a protecting agent. Within a few days from the time you begin this treatment you will notice a marked improvement in your skin—it will be several shades lighter, fresher, fairer, lovelier. To use three creams in the right way is no more expensive than to use one cream for three purposes, and oh! how much more pleasing is the result.

Why there are seven Marinello Creams

The idea behind the seven Marinello Creams is the very sensible one of specialization—one cream for one purpose. For instance, in the case of dry skin and oily skin, Marinello skin specialists discovered that the cream which gave beauty to one was ruinous to the other. Therefore they perfected a different cream not only for each of these conditions, but also for every other kind of skin, as well. Now if your skin is too oily, if it is too dry, if it is disfigured with blackheads, if it is sallow, you can get a Marinello Cream that will overcome its defects and restore its charm and loveliness.

To get an idea of how beautiful your skin can be with the right treatment, send fifteen cents for the Traveler's Trial Package. This includes miniature packages of the cream you select from the chart, Nardy's Face Powder, Nardy's Toilet Water, Rouge Vanitab, Rose Leaf Jelly and booklet on care of your skin.

MARINELLO COMPANY
Dept. PP-1, Mallers Bldg.
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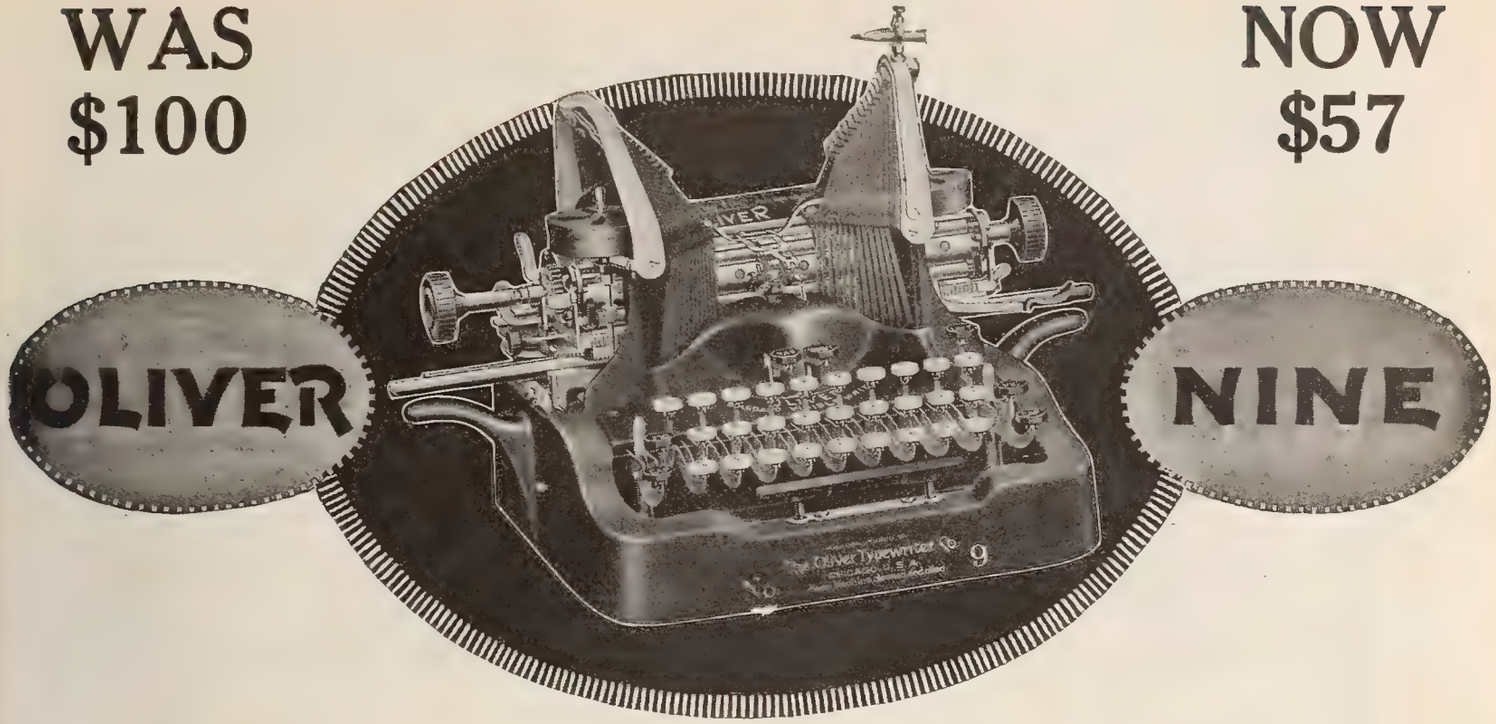
Now sold by Drug stores Department stores and 3500 Beauty Shops

MARINELLO

"A Beauty Aid for Every Need"

WAS $100

NOW $57



A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying

How to Save $43

THE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has the usual keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the arrangement of letters on the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people aright. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same universal arrangement of letters as on all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new $57 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a guarantee that the $57 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at $100. Not a change has been made. It is a new machine. The latest product of our factory.

How We Both Save

The entire saving of $43 comes from our new sales methods.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
National City Bank of New York
Cluett, Peabody & Co.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Company
Otis Elevator Company
Diamond Match Company
Fore River Ship Building Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railway

Over 700,000 Olivers have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this, our latest and best model.

Free Trial

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of $3 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges. What could be fairer, simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for free trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the $43 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, $72.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.

1257 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago (92.02)

Mail Today—Don't Delay

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1257 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is .....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....**State**.....

Occupation or Business.....

CLR 136248
AUG 30 1919

Vol. XI MONTHLY No. 2

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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IN your ordinary daily round of activity you feel as though you were in something like a cage. It is the special virtue of Paramount-Artcraft Pictures that they *free* you from this cage.

The adventurous heart of mankind everywhere presses against the bars of monotony for larger flights into the blue.

Can any Corporation anywhere set before itself a grander and more sublimely *serviceable* ideal than this repeated liberation of humanity's heart?

When the show is over—the last touch of Paramount-Artcraft magic vanished—you stroll away richly content. A fitting end for a perfect day.

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These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Paramount-Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to August 24th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "THE TEST OF HONOR"
Billie Burke *in* "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark *in* "GIRLS"
Ethel Clayton *in* "THE SPORTING CHANCE"
Dorothy Gish *in* "NOBODY HOME"
Lila Lee *in* "COCK O' THE WALK"
"FIRES OF FAITH" *starring* Catherine Calvert and Eugene O'Brien
Vivian Martin *in* "LOUISIANA"
Shirley Mason *in* "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
Wallace Reid *in* "THE LOVE BURGLAR"
Bryant Washburn *in* "LOVE INSURANCE"

Thomas H. Ince-Paramount

Enid Bennett *in* "THE VIRTUOUS THIEF"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Charles Ray *in* "BILL HENRY"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

Maurice Tourneur's Production "SPORTING LIFE"
"The Silver King," *starring* William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production
"The Firing Line," *starring* Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
"The Career of Katherine Bush" *starring* Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" *starring* Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER"
"The Dark Star" A Cosmopolitan Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "THE SOCIETY EXILE"
D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
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IS there anything in life more appealing than boyhood—the boyhood of patched breeches and a tattered straw hat—of bare feet, stone bruised—and shoulders sunburned from too much loitering around the swimming hole?

If there is, we wish we'd known about it, and we would have chosen it to begin this issue of PICTURE PLAY—if it were being reflected among the new films—instead of the story, "When a Feller Needs a Friend." But we're sure you'll agree that the story we chose, which was written from the first two of the Briggs' comedies, could hardly be improved on for real, downright interest.

You probably are familiar with the famous boyhood cartoons which made Briggs famous, and which formed the basis of those new two-reel comedies that Paramount is just beginning to release. C. L. Edson, who prepared the story for us, has done a very human piece of work, for he was once just such a barefoot boy as "Skinny." He's going to do another story about "Skinny" for our next number.

Every one in the world likes to get a peep behind the scenes—to see and learn just how things are done. And all picture fans are interested in reading vivid impressions caught during the making of pictures, particularly when they are as vivid as those caught by Emma-Lindsay Squier while she was working as an extra at the Goldwyn Studios. You'll find her story on page 17. It's called "Mud—Mud—Mud!"

We're printing another "behind-the-scenes" story, written by a former director, Edward Ferguson—a brother, by the way, of Elsie Ferguson. It's a very amusing one. He calls it "The Frame-Up." And, speaking of Miss Ferguson, you'll be able to go on a personally conducted tour through the Famous Players Eastern studio with her before you've lain this number aside.

Keeping in mind our promise of novelty and variety, we are planning to present to you, next month, an article about music in connection with pictures. This is one of the most important subjects related to the screen, for music can do much to make or mar a picture. It is a subject on which every fan should be informed, for there is need of great improvement in many of the theaters in this respect, and all improvements are always finally brought about by the demands of the public.

We've another brand-new feature coming next month which we call "A Page from a Movie Fan's Scrap Book." If you're keeping a scrap book of your screen favorites, this may give you some ideas.

You probably are aware that there's a famous movie menagerie at Universal City, in California. Emma-Lindsay Squier thought it would be interesting to interview some of the four-footed actors, for a change. You'll find the account of what they told her—and they said some very amusing things—in the next number.

And, of course, there will be interviews with and stories about several of the stars. One of these is Mary Miles Minter, who has just passed a turning point in her unusual career. From now on she is to be guided by Adolph Zukor, the astute head of Paramount, and she has some interesting things to say about her new venture.

Then we're to have chats with Lewis Sargent—who's to play "Huck Finn." Also one with—— But why tell everything beforehand? We'd better leave a *few* surprises for the time when the next number appears.

Compare It With a Diamond

1 Flat Belcher Ring Solid gold mounting, with wide flat band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine TifniteGem. Price $12.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3 per month.

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Remarkable New Discovery

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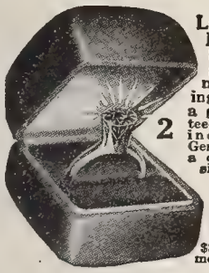

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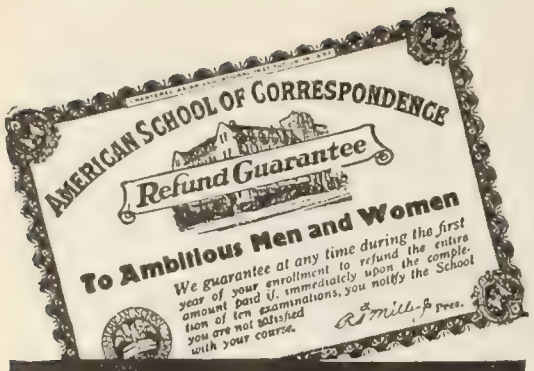

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Secret of Woman's Success

How You Can Have a Winning Personality

TO WOMEN:

I know there are many, so many, among you who are struggling through life with veritable mill stones around your necks. I mean you women of all ages, married and single. You are tied by bonds of misunderstanding. You are eclipsed by the charming personalities of those who hold the secrets of attraction.

How often you communed with yourself, dear reader, in the privacy of your own little room? How often have you passed into dreamland wondering why it was that women, seemingly possessed of far less natural beauty than you, should dominate all the love, devotion and interest of people you know. You have wanted to know why success literally followed such women around, actually thrusting upon them all the desirable things that can come into a woman's life.

everybody so admires.

Overcome Your Imperfections

To you who are timid, and to you who are uncouth—and to the woman who has personal and domestic troubles, to the girl who doesn't seem to get along in either social or business life, to the woman whose every minute of life seems a continuous struggle against the coldness of the world, and to *all* women, I offer the secrets I have gathered and compiled in a comprehensive course of study that should prove of untold value.

Oh, girls, when will you wake up? When will you decide to come from behind your screen of misunderstanding and lack of knowledge? When will you decide to use the key to the success you crave, the secrets I am ready to tell you?

Compel Admiration

How you envy such success, and how you long for the ability to compel the admiration that others enjoy!

"Ah, me," you sigh wistfully, "why wasn't I born with the powers of attraction possessed by Helen—or Jane," or some other you know. "Why am I denied every wish of my heart?" "Oh, why, oh, why must it be?"

And then you resign yourself to what you think is the inevitable, you throw up your hands like a drowning person, not even attempting to grasp at the least straw so that you might save yourself from a drab, gray life of nonentity. And just because you don't know, because you don't understand that it is possible for you also to have a winning personality, one that will attract to you happiness and love as a magnet attracts a needle of steel.

Charming Personality

Yes, dear Friend, it is true. You can have a charming personality if you wish without any great trouble or expense, without plastering yourself with cosmetics, without making a human encyclopedia of yourself, without tedious study on so-called accomplishments, or without dressing like the Queen of Sheba.

While it is true that some are born with a natural endowment of fascination, just as some are born with a genius for painting or playing the piano, yet, as anybody can learn those arts so any one can learn the art of making herself charmingly appealing to all with whom she comes in contact.

Secrets of French Women

You ask how I know these things. I will tell you. For years I lived in Paris. You probably know of me through the magazines, how on the Rue du Foubourg St. Honoré I studied the ways to women's success until I had uncovered the wonderful secrets of the French women, until they showed me from the innermost recesses of their hearts and minds the true knowledge of their alluring charm.

There were others who came and went in the panorama of my Parisian life—women from many countries and many climes, the *blasé* woman of the world, scintillating and brilliant—the sweet, devoted little wife from the vineyards, softly magnetic and alluring. And a multitude of other types. From many, oh so many, I gradually drew the secrets of personality.

Why Women Fail

Then, too, I was able to watch others. At first I wondered why Mme. Gerard, brilliant, learned and beautiful could not hold the love of her husband. It was a mystery to me why Miss Walker, the English girl, lovely of face and form, bewitchingly gowned, was usually an abject, forlorn wall flower at every dance she attended. And then the truth came to me, the inevitable, enduring truth that these women should have known.

And, dear reader, that truth is wonderful as a whole and yet it is but a galaxy of peculiarly valuable private knowledge.

Fascinating French Girls

Juliette Fara

Thousands of our brave American boys have taken unto themselves French wives and settled in France. *Voila!* I exclaim in the language of dear France. There you are! Indeed, I am not surprised—for what women these French girls are! No wonder they have been able to attract the finest men on earth, knowing as they do the secrets of a winsome personality. They have, as you should have and can have, the powers of fascination for which they are known, loved and respected the wide world over.

As I have told you, I delved deeply to fathom these priceless secrets of personal attraction and back to my beloved America I came, resolved that I would do everything I could to impart to you the things I myself was privileged to learn, resolved that I would bend every effort to make American girls with their natural grace and beauty even more charming than their sisters of La Belle France.

I Have Something to Tell You!

And so I address you who know that there is a something you lack, something that you do not know. To the shy, retiring and easily embarrassed girl, I say: "Let me whisper in your ear, let me tell how you can be discreetly and charmingly audacious, fairly radiating the influence of an adorably winsome manner." And to you who are perhaps over vivacious, you whose temperament lends itself to a volubility and conspicuousness which is misunderstood. Let me show you how to tone your manners with grace and charm, transforming yourself into one who combines your natural ways with the sweetness, grace and charm

Your Age Makes No Difference

And you of more advanced age. Have you, too, hung the black crepe on your ambitions? Are you content to live with but a memory of past happiness? No! A thousand times, no! You are rich in experience, wealthy in the understanding that will bring love and success at your feet if you but know how to use it.

Do you know that there is a wondrous joy in being able to make others happy? The rewards of those who dedicate themselves to charming others are vast indeed. I would not give up this work of helping womankind for all the riches in the world. Even as I, Juliette Fara, have achieved my success, so shall you achieve yours! I know and I will tell.

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"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

By C. L. Edson

OH, the old swimmin' hole! In the long lazy days
When the humdrum of school made so many runaways,
How pleasant was the journey down the old, dusty lane,
Where the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plain;
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
There was lots o' fun on hand at the old swimmin' hole.
But the lost joy is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll,
Like the rain that used to dapple up the old swimmin' hole.

"SKINNY" MALLEY awoke from a dream in which a sour-faced old ogress had taken a hoe and had drained the little pond in which a pollywog had been sporting in the cool shadows.

That pollywog was Skinny, and when the water went out of the pond it left him stranded and flapping for life on the fast-drying bottom of the pond. In his struggle for breath, Skinny pounded the sheets and threw off the bedcovers, and when he found it was only a dream and that he was a boy, on his back in bed, and not a pollywog, he felt a bit foolish.

"I know what made me dream that," he said to himself as he rubbed the slumber out of his eyes. "It's that darned old swimmin'-hole business. That giantess what drained the pond was old L. D., darn her hide! Us kids'll have to get even with that cross-eyed old maid, the old killjoy! First she queers the swimmin' hole because she can't bear to let the fellers have any real sport, and now she's plannin' to worm her way into the school. Jiminy crickets, if that old hatchet face ever gets to be our teacher—gee!"

Narrated from the first two of a series of two-reel comedies based on Claire Briggs' famous cartoons produced by the Briggs Pictures, Inc., and released by Paramount.

Skinny wrinkled his freckled nose and began trying to think up some scheme by which "the fellers" could prevent old Ella Dee Sniffen—"L. D.," as they called her—from breaking up their school in the same way in which she had put the swimming "on the bum."

"Oh, Skin-nay! C'm'on over!" The voice came faintly to the bedroom, and at the same time the heavenly odor of griddle cakes came, tickling his awakened nostrils. The voice that called was that of his chum, "Buck." But the call of the griddle cakes was stronger. "Yum-yum," said Skinny as he slid into his clothes, and, disregarding the washstand, with its water, soap, and comb, he swarmed downstairs and took his place at the table.

"It's a purty time o' day for you to be gettin' up," remarked his mother. "You're just like your father; you never would get up if I didn't bait you outa bed with the smell o' pancakes."

"Oh, ma," said Skinny, blarneying his mother with compliments, "you make the *bestest* pancakes!"

"Well, never mind your soft soap, young man. If

you'd use it on your neck an' ears oftener, and not so much on me, you'd be a better-lookin' specimen. I'll warrant you haven't touched water this morning. No—why, you haven't! Before you eat another bite you go and give that face of yours a good scrubbing. Now don't forget your neck and ears. And say; do you know what a comb is for? Your hair looks like rats had made nests in it."

"Oh, Skin-nay! Y'up yet?" The voice of the chum again. Skinny finished his breakfast with a couple of ostrich gulps and started for the door while his mother's back was turned. But she wheeled and caught him by the arm. "Hold on, young man. What did I say about washin' yourself?" She gently flung him toward the kitchen sink. The lad drew some water in the basin, dipped his fingers in it, gave his face a "lick and a dab," ran his fingers through his hair, and called it a clean-up. Clapping his cap on, he started again for the door. But his mother tackled him again and led him by the ear back to the kitchen sink. It was worse than a cleaning that he got this time; it was a slaughter. She bored into his ears like a well digger; she scrubbed his neck like a plumber wiping a joint; she got more soap in his eye than a barber could cram lather in a giant's mouth, and when she combed his mane she went over his head like a hay tedder.

"Wait a minute," Skinny answered. "I got somethin' to talk about."

"I'll make you fit to be seen," his mother declared. "You've been running around here like a wild Indian long enough. New neighbors are moving in next door and they're high-toned people; I don't want them to get the opinion from seein' you that we're a lot of Hottentots ourselves."

"Oh, ma, let me go!" pleaded Skinny. "Buck's been waitin' for me half an hour."

"All right; there you are. But Buck can wait; you're with him all the time. Go in the parlor and meet Amos Glassen; he has come to call on you."

"He ain't after me; he's after sis. I hate that prune."

But his mother shoved him toward the parlor. So Skinny went into the "best room," where young Amos was looking over the family portrait album with Skinny's sister, Mary. Amos was a year or two older than Skinny and was badly smitten with a case of calf love. He had a job as soda squirt in the drug store, but as he worked late every night he was able occasionally to pay an early morning call.

When Skinny eased into the parlor he gave Amos a freezing stare, and then remarked in bloodcurdling tones:

"Amos, you chicken-livered lummux, I'm after you, d'ye know that? I'm after you; the gang's after you!"

"W-wh-what have I done?" stammered Amos.

"You caused the swimmin' hole to be closed down."

"Didn't do no such thing."

"Don't contradict me or I'll give you a bust on the nose."

"I—I—didn't have nothin' to do with closin' down the swimmin' hole. The board of health done it."

"Yes; but who's the board of health? A lot of your relations! You was the cause of it all; you told that

long-nosed old-maid cousin of yours where the swimmin' hole was, and she claimed she could see the boys with opry glasses, an' it shocked her modesty, so she got an ordinance passed makin' us wear bathin' trunks."

"Well, that's all right, ain't it?"

"Yes; the gang didn't kick about that, although it ain't a real swimmin' hole when you got to wear bathin' suits. Then you had to go and get the hives or the seven-year itch or somethin'. You et so much candy and ice-cream sody that's what give you the itch, my pa says, but old L. D., with her opry glasses, blamed it on the swimmin' hole. She said she could see millions of germs in it, so your relatives on the board of health closed up the swimmin'. That's only one of the hundreds of things I know about you. You're a cowardly calf and you're crooked. You're cousin L. D.'s crooked. Your Uncle Deacon Sniffen is crooked. Your pa's crooked; I seen him cheat my pa at checkers twice. If I catch him again I'm goin' to say so, even if he is an elder in the church and the boss of this town. And to show you I mean business I'm going to make you say 'Uncle.'"

Skinny threw himself on the cowering Amos, and, catching his wrist in a firm grip, he suddenly twisted it terribly. Amos flopped to the floor and squealed in agony.

"Say yer prayers!" commanded Skinny through set teeth. "I'm your uncle, ain't I? Say 'Uncle,' you son of a gun; say 'Uncle'!"

When the weeping Amos had "said his prayers," Skinny released his hold and bounded out of doors to look for his faithful comrade, Marvin Buckhalter, otherwise "Buck," who, he thought, would be waiting.

The Malley yard was one of those ample, old-fashioned yards that are as big as a city park. The square frame house was set well back on the broad lawn, and two grand old pine trees towered there among the lesser trees and gave the place the air of a real woodland. The picket fence had stood there for many years, and the grass and weeds grew up about it and the woodbine trailed among the pickets. Skinny picked up his little dog and hugged him to his breast while he scanned the horizon, looking for Buck and waiting for him to call again his invitation to "c'm'on over."

Skinny surrendered at the first sigh.

But Buck was not in his accustomed haunts. Skinny turned and looked back at his own house. His father and mother showed their faces in the window. They were watching something with great interest. The lad followed the direction of their gaze. They were sizing up the new neighbors who were moving in. "New neighbors. Oh, joy!" thought Skinny. "I wonder if they've got any boys? If they have I'll bet there'll have to be some fights. Maybe there'll be a pitcher among 'em. We need a good left-handed pitcher."

Buck and all the fellows were lined up about the van, inspecting the household goods as they were unloaded. Buck looked up and saw his chum. "C'm'on Skinny," he cried; "run like anything!"

"You come over here," replied Skinny. "I've got som'thin' to tell you."

Buck and one of the other boys reluctantly detached themselves from the crowd of kids watching the moving and came to Skinny in front of his own house.

"C'm'on, Skinny," said Buck, laying a hand on his arm.

"Wait a minute," Skinny answered. "I got somethin' to talk about. I've started somethin'. I just punched the face of Amos Glassen. I told him what fer before I smashed him. That'll mean trouble fer the gang when school starts this fall."

"Trouble nothing!" declared Buck. "Who's afraid of that sissy? He wouldn't fight nobody."

"It ain't fightin' we've got to be afraid of," Skinny explained. "It's the dirty work his relatives'll do. I bawled out the whole bunch of 'em."

"That's right; his uncle's on the school board," admitted Buck. "What do you suppose he'll do?"

"I know what he's plannin' to do. I overheard him talkin' to that cross-eyed niece of his. Yessir; the old deacon is schemin' to get our teacher out and get old L. D. into her place."

"Jiminy crickets! That old cat! Say, fellers! That old woman put the swimmin' hole on the bum and had the marshal chase us for playing baseball on a Sunday. If she gets to be teacher—— Gee, I'd leave home before I'd go to school to that old battle-ax!"

"We've got to get the kids all lined up," Skinny warned, "'cause if we don't watch out they're goin' to do it, and we'll wake up to find old L. D. at the teacher's desk. These new neighbors' boys—we want to get them lined up with our gang. Who are these people, anyway?"

"Name's Cullen; he's the county judge."

"Goodie!" cried Skinny. "He'll have more influence than all of Amos' relatives. We must be sure and get his boys in our gang, and then they'll be against old L. D. for school-teacher."

But there were no boys in the new neighor's family. Only a girl. But what a girl she was! Skinny looked into her bashful eyes; he gazed at her curling lips, her head of flaxen hair. And Skinny's heart collapsed within him; he surrendered at the first sigh.

Love! It is a marvelous thing. And it had come for the first time to Skinny. Now he knew how Amos felt when he was making sheep's eyes at Skinny's sister. Amos was the all-round puppy lover of the town. "He'll be after *her* as soon as he sees her," thought Skinny, "but I'll beat him."

Skinny went home and robbed his bank; flew to the drug store which kept the only first-class bonbons in town, and invested ten cents. The hated Amos was the clerk that had to serve the bonbons to the lad who had so recently given his wrist a twist that he still remembered. Skinny tried to keep one eye on *her* yard and the other on the scales when Amos weighed out the candy, but she came out into her yard and sat

down under a tree, and poor Skinny watched her so undividedly that he didn't know whether Amos gave him short weight or not.

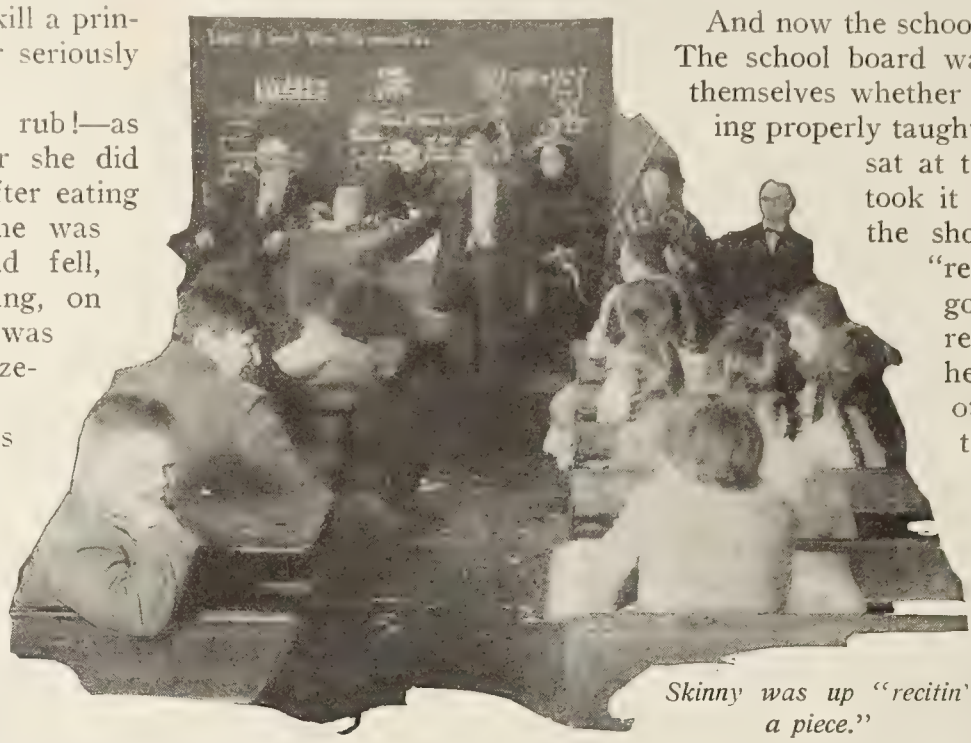
Things were moving fast in Skinny's romance. Within an hour after he met her he had fed her his whole fortune in bonbons. Granted, that fortune was only ten cents, which wouldn't buy enough sweets to kill a princess or even make her seriously ill.

Ah, there's the rub!—as Shakespeare says—for she did fall ill, seriously ill after eating the first bonbon. She was taken with pain, and fell, screaming and writhing, on the lawn. Skinny was paralyzed with amazement.

The little girl's screams brought her mother.

"Poisoned!"

The mother picked up the girl and ran for the doctor. Skinny was panic-stricken; he realized that Amos had tried another of his vile tricks; the whole family was crooked. He should have known that Amos would poison the candy to get even.



Skinny was up "recitin' a piece."

"If she dies," Skinny solemnly vowed, "I'm gonna dedicate my life to revenge on that villain. I'll foller him to the ends of the earth. Amos Glassen, you think you have outwitted me. But I'm on your track."

But Amos indeed had outwitted him. It was April-fool candy that the crafty and cruel soda squirt had palmed off on Skinny. So the girl was not poisoned, as the doctor soon discovered. She merely had a mouthful of chocolate caramel that was filled with pepper, soft soap, and alkali. "But she might just as well be dead," Skinny mused, "as far as I'm concerned. For I'm everlastingly done for. She thinks I done it on purpose, and her folks thinks I done it."

And Skinny's pa thought he "done it." So his pa selected a barrel stave, and, pointing to the woodshed, he said: "March in there, young man. I'm going to tan your dog's hide until you'll think a swarm o' bumblebees has lit on you. I never thought that a boy of mine would do a dirty trick like that to a nice little girl."

So Skinny took his beating. There was no use trying to explain; not a soul would have believed him. Even Buck and "the fellers" thought him guilty. Skinny had learned that a friend in need is a friend indeed, and that the very time when "a feller needs a friend" is the very time when he hasn't got a friend in the world.

The rest of the vacation was a sad one for Skinny; the girl wouldn't look at him. When by chance he caught her eye she always pouted out her mouth scornfully and looked the other way. Skinny was hopelessly out of the running.

And then came school. And the plot to oust the good teacher and put in the terrible old Ella Dee. If that enemy of boy life should get into the school that would indeed be the end of the world. If only he could warn Her of Deacon Sniffin's plot, and what an ignorant, intolerant, and altogether terrible creature old Ella Dee Sniffin was, then she could warn her father, the judge. But, alas, she wouldn't let Skinny speak to her.

And now the school "exhibition" was on. The school board was present to see for themselves whether the scholars were being properly taught. Old Deacon Sniffin sat at the head of them and took it upon himself to boss the show. Skinny was up "recitin' a piece," and he got so mad he couldn't remember his lines. All he knew was that another trick was about to be put over on him and the rest of the school, and that he was powerless to prevent it.

"That's no good," growled the deacon when Skinny failed in his recitation. "If the hull class is like that they need a new teacher. We're payin' good money for a teacher to learn 'em somethin'. I contend that she ain't learned 'em nothin'. Miss Jones, leave the room. I'll call in my niece, Ella, and she'll examine the scholards and see if we don't need a radical change all round."

At this point Skinny resolved on something desperate. He started writing a note to Her. He would lay bare the thing that was eating at his heart like a canker worm. Meanwhile the smirking, hatchet-faced old L. D. had come in and taken charge of the room. The hearts of the scholars sunk; they were terrorized; they were in despair. All but Her. The new girl did not know what a whining, scheming killjoy the prospective teacher was. So when Ella Dee rapidly wrote out a long problem on the blackboard and screeched: "Give the answer right away!" the class was hoodooed from the start. Skinny kept his head by sheer will power and worked out an answer.

"Sixty-four," he shouted.

"Wrong," said the deacon, and he pointed to several other boys. They all had the same answer, but if it was wrong there was no use giving it again. So they began guessing. "Twenty-three!" Eighteen!" "One hundred and forty-four."

"You're all different, and you're all wrong," declared the deacon triumphantly. "It proves what I said; they don't know nothin'. They need a new teacher." Then he turned deferentially to his niece and said:

"Tell 'em the right answer, Ella."

"The right answer is fifty," declared Ella Dee.

"No, teacher," came a sweet young voice; "you're wrong and Wilbur Malley is right. The answer is sixty-four; I've worked it backward and forward and it proves. I can bring up my slate and show you."

Continued on page 102

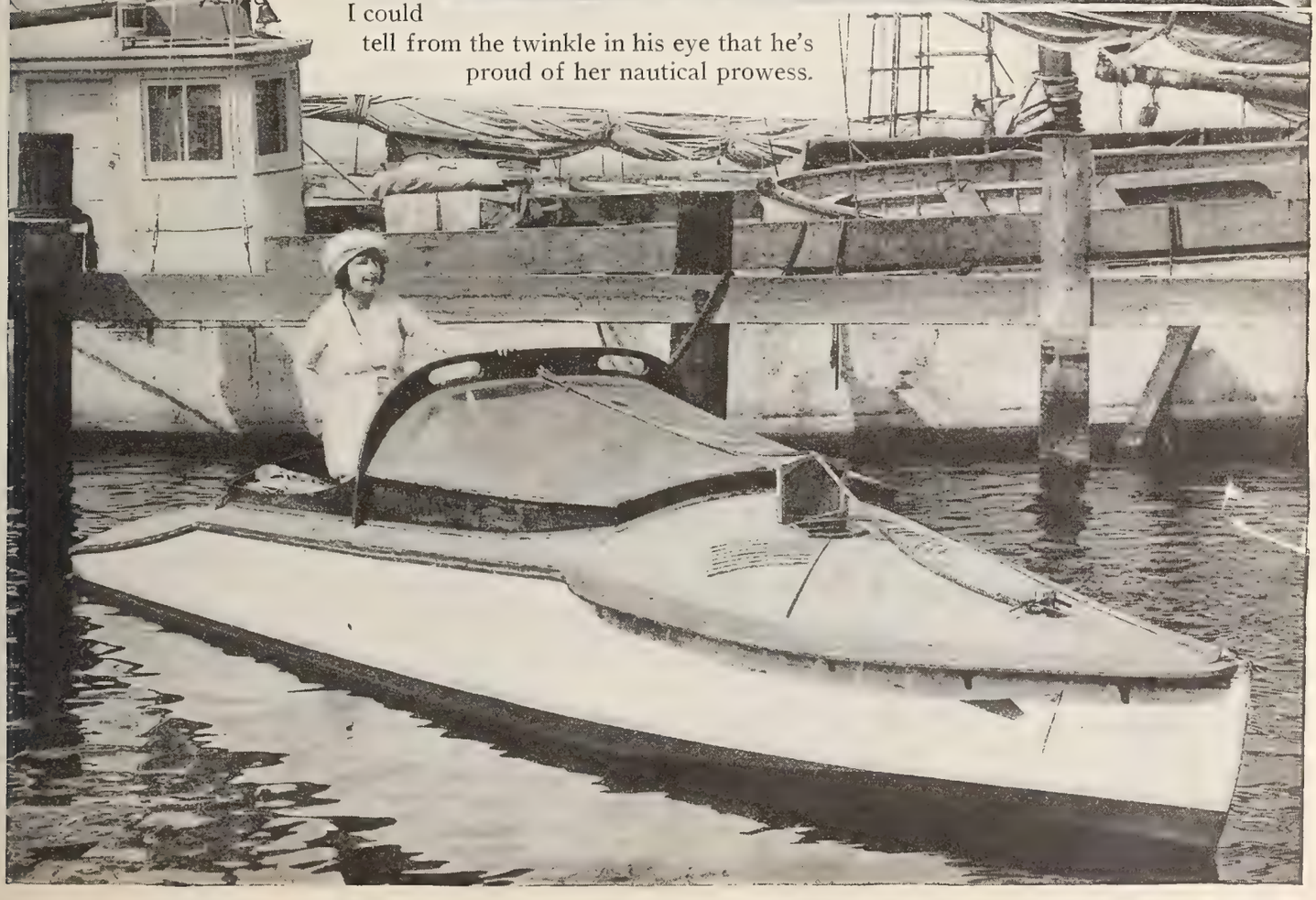
Meet Captain Dorothy

By Lee Reiner

ALL the old sea dogs around the harbors near Los Angeles, and especially at Long Beach, where she keeps her boat, know Dorothy Phillips, and hey're proud of her, too. In his inmost heart every last one of them is convinced that it was he who taught her to run her speedy little motor boat—no matter how insignificant is the detail on which he gave her advice.

"They all give me pointers," said Dorothy as she inspected her engine and prepared to dash out into the Pacific. "And even though I know what they're trying to teach me as well as they do I always listen hard and pretend I learned it from them." And then she went scooting out of the harbor, with her husband and me cheering her on from the dock, and the old salts giving us all sorts of information about what a good sailor she is.

"I'll back 'em up on that all right," declared Holubar as we sat down to await her return. "She's so nautical that the front porch is now known as 'the fo'c's'le,' and the other day when I asked her what had become of a scenario we'd been reading and she told me I'd find it 'amidships,' it took me ten minutes to figure out that that meant the library. Her salt-water vocabulary is quite beyond a mere landlubber's comprehension." But, despite his protestations, I could tell from the twinkle in his eye that he's proud of her nautical prowess.



Mud—Mud—Mud!

Knee-deep, and the rain beating in torrents; that was the setting which two girls found they would have to work in when they took jobs as extras. And this is a full account of their experiences.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES F. JAEGER

WHAT'S that noise?" demanded Ethel from the East, clutching me wildly by the arm.

I didn't dare admit that I didn't know and that it made my heart leap as much as it did hers, so I just looked up and down the little Alaskan street, with its two rows of flimsy houses, and said vaguely: "What noise?"

"That awful booming whir; it sounds exactly like the beating of vultures' wings." Her teeth chattered as she indulged in this flight of fancy. "It's—— Oh, look at the rain!"

For suddenly, not two feet away from us, heavy, pounding rain began to pour down—the kind of rain that hits the ground so hard that it splashes up again and slaps you in the face. And all the time that ghastly sound kept up. Somehow it sounded familiar to me, yet I couldn't place it. However, with the lights casting a queer blue glow over everything, and that rain coming out of a perfectly clear sky, even a hen's cackling would have sounded weird and scary.

"Fine" somebody shouted just then, and the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun. So did the noise. I took a long breath, straightened my sou'wester, and stole a sidelong glance at Ethel from the East. Almost engulfed in the collar of her big rubber coat, she peered over it and gave me just one long glance, and I remembered a little conversation we'd had earlier in the evening.

"Want to work in a Beach picture?" I had nonchalantly inquired. "*Bathing scenes* at this time of night? I should say *not!*" she replied.

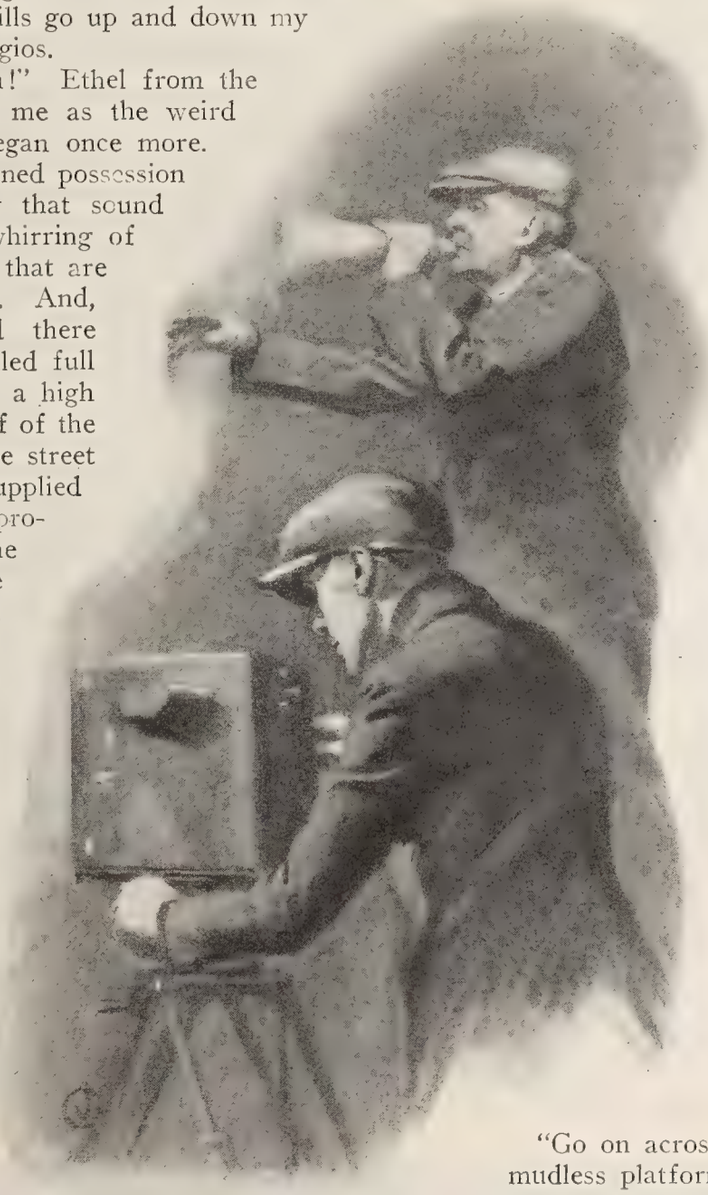
I heard one scream, saw her arms go up in a wild endeavor to save herself, and then—Thud! Something lunged against me, almost knocking the breath out of my body.

"No, I said Beach—not beach; Alaskan atmosphere, you know; a story by Rex Beach. Probably it'll be dance-hall stuff—heaps of fun." Thus glowingly did I lure her on. "You'd better come." How I wished now that I hadn't been so urgent. But, murmuring something about the folly of trying to get Alaskan atmosphere on a California beach in the middle of the night—it was then eight o'clock—Ethel had donned hat and coat and started with me for Culver City and the Goldwyn Studio, and now it was too late to indulge a premonition that I'd been overenthusiastic.

For, when we left the moonlit California night, with its scent of orange blossoms behind us, it was not to don dance-hall costumes, but slickers and sou'westers and rubber boots that were knee-high. Looking down at our costumes as the rain ceased, I glanced from them to the sea of mud that filled the little street, and my heart skipped a beat. Somehow there was an ominous significance about that combination.

That mud was about knee-deep, and it was the squashy, slathery kind of mud, like too-thick soup or too-thin fudge, that slushes up and down in your shoe and bubbles and seethes every time you take a step in it. It would have been a porcine heaven for a tribe of pigs, or a Nirvana for a swarm of alligators. It was the orneriest-looking mud that I've ever glimpsed, and the thought that we might have to do more than look at it made little chills go up and down my spine in quavering arpeggios.

"Oh, there it is again!" Ethel from the East huddled closer to me as the weird "Bo-o-om, bo-o-oom" began once more. But by this time I'd gained possession of my wits, and knew that sound for what it was—the whirring of the aëroplane propellers that are part of a rain machine. And, sure enough, overhead there were six long pipes, drilled full of holes, and laid from a high platform over to the roof of the saloon set just across the street from us. Water was supplied by a long hose, and the propellers, mounted on the platform from which the pipes were laid, supplied the wind that drove the rain in great sheets into that sea of mud, churning it into a seething mass. The Klieg lights, placed behind the saloon, illumined the scene with a spooky, flickering light which gave a dismal effect to the whole street. And, standing just out of range of that cataract of water, Ethel from the East and I surveyed the rain machine with interest well mixed with apprehension—much the way one looks at a dentists' tools.



I began trying to recall what I'd been told about this picture that was in the making, "The Girl from Outside," and I remembered that a big feature was a spectacular fight in the mud between the bad men of a town, who were trying to rob the safe in the heroine's hotel, and her champions. I began to wonder what they do to an extra who renigs—and what my chances were of escaping—when Reginald Barker, the director, shouted "All right!" the trials of the rain machine ceased, and he climbed up on the camera platform and devoted his attention to us.

"There are the principals, up on the platform with him," I explained to Ethel from the East, who is an animated question mark. "That's Clara Horton, who plays *June,* the heroine, and Walter MacNamara—he's the *Mud Lark,* somebody said——" I was sorry I'd mentioned that; the fact that such a rôle was needed didn't make our future any brighter. I hurried on. "And there's Hal Cooley—yes, the leading man—evidently he isn't going to be in this; he's got on regular California clothes. Oh, don't you envy him!"

Ethel from the East intimated that she'd never envied anybody so much before in all her life, and then turned her attention to the groups of burly fishermen and miners, carrying picks and shovels, who stood all about us, while Barker gave them instructions.

"And now here's what you do." He fixed Ethel and me with his eyes. "You're miners' wives, living at the hotel, and you cross the street and walk past the saloon as if you were on your way home. Just walk along rather fast——"

Rather fast, through that sea of mud! Wildly I looked down the long, narrow street, with its crude frame buildings and its cook tent at the end, with a real stove going full blast. How I longed to scoot down there and sit beside it! But everybody was looking at us, and Barker was shouting "Ready!" So I shuddered to the edge of the teetery sidewalk, shut my eyes, clutched Ethel's arm, and, like a victim walking the plank, stepped off into that slimy, slinky sea of mud.

I sank almost to my knees at the first step, and when I dragged my foot up it came from miles underground with a horrible, sucking sound.

"Go on across!" called the director from his mudless platform. "Put a little speed into it."

Continued on page 80

When She Comes Back To Us

BLUE eyes, golden curls, and a sunny smile—that used to be what we especially remembered about Mildred Harris, when she made pictures like "The Price of a Good Time" and "Home" for Universal, under Lois Weber's direction. Then for a while, during the year in which she retired from the screen, we thought of her as the girl who married Charlie Chaplin, and wondered if she'd make any more pictures. And now we think of her quite differently—as a star in Louis B. Mayer productions, as a woman whose grief over the loss of her baby son has taught her to feel the deep emotions which she portrays in pictures, and as an actress whose ability should make her career an interesting one.

ALICE BRADY

wouldn't get into a rut for worlds. So, having changed her name not long ago, she signed the new one—ending in Crane—to a contract with the Realart Film Corporation, as soon as Select's claim on her services had expired.

LOU-TELLEGEN,

though Geraldine Farrar is his wife, can't join the "Only Their Husbands" club. Playing with Sarah Bernhardt and starring in "Blind Youth" won him laurels on the stage, and he's winning others in "The Golden Song," a Farrar picture.

CHARLES RAY

has been receiving more praise of late for his work on the screen than any other male star, according to our friend, The Observer. For that reason we print his photograph and mention, in passing, that two of his pictures scheduled for fall release are "The Egg Crate Wallop" and "Whispering Jim."

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

recently finished "The Right to Happiness," and began another picture before the scenario department had time to find a suitable title for it. Having one's husband and director the same man does tend toward efficiency, doesn't it!

DOROTHY GREEN

is starring in World pictures—which is significant to those who know that three years ago, a disgusted extra, she left the World Studio vowing that she'd come back some day as a star—and that now she's done it.

ANNE LUTHER

was really surprised to find herself alive when the last episode of "The Great Gamble" was filmed—and now she's catching her breath and trying to decide what she'll do next. Serials make plain life seem so stupid!

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

has a past that includes a California girlhood, and stage dancing as a profession. Her present embraces leading rôles with H. B. Warner and William Desmond, and her future looks as bright as the aureole of her hair.

BEBE DANIELS

has leaped from Harold Lloyd comedies into the very midst of the big De Mille production, "The Admirable Crichton," in which she appears as the king's favorite in a Babylonian court scene, wearing costumes that are—well, Babylonian.

"Sure-Fire Stuff"

That is the name given by the directors to situations which they know will produce laughter or tears. This article reviews some of these recipes for producing emotions "to order."

By Peter Milne

ONE of the first things that a young housewife-to-be is taught in the domestic-science courses—so I am told—is that we taste some foods and smell others; that it is a combination of a certain article of food with certain seasonings which produces the delicious sensation upon the combined organs of taste and smell. Thus, if I understand this principle correctly, a mess of cooked cheese presents a dish of but, to say the least, mild satisfaction to the epicure, whereas properly seasoned with the secret condiments known to the chef, it becomes a Welsh rabbit, enchantingly appetizing and toothsome. Beefsteak is not tempting without salt to the majority of folk, and it is flat when one has a cold. But with salt, a dash of chutney or pickle, and with the nose functioning properly, so that the fumes may be inhaled as well as the substance devoured, beefsteak is an alluring *pièce de resistance* to any meal, and one which restaurateurs sell at prices greatly in excess of its real value because of its allurements.

The middle-aged man who loves his young ward and who gracefully and tearfully recedes from her presence when he believes her to be in love with a man of her own age. This was used effectively in "The Test of Honor," with John Barrymore.

There is a similar principle involved in the making of motion pictures. The situation, for example, of the miserable wife humbling herself before the vampire and imploring her to release her husband produces not the slightest effect on the emotions when stated as a cold, bare proposition. But given a certain amount of plot development, characterization, contrast, et cetera, this situation is one which creates a big appeal and which is absolutely sure to set the lacteal ducts to working. It has been used in hundreds of pictures. It will be used hundreds of times more.

And the producers, from long experience and observation, know this. They know it about the wife and the vampire, and they know it about a few score of other situations, all of which are card catalogued and indexed in their minds as "sure-fire stuff"—some intended to draw tears, others to make the muscles tense and the breath come fast, and still others to produce convulsive laughter.

Now you might not always recognize these old situations on the screen because of the clever seasoning on the part of the continuity writer and the director, just as the skillful chef can disguise a really plebeian cut of beef and make it appear to be something quite new and rare. But the trained eye recognizes them, and doubtless you will, too, if we lay bare, in outline, a list of them, such as I have compiled with the assistance of some successful directors. Let us, therefore, first look into the dramatic and melodramatic field and enumerate some of the "old reliables." Each one will doubtless suggest a half dozen plays you have seen at least.

1. The situation in which the ex-robber, on the eve of his complete reformation, is forced to turn one last trick against the law to save his sweetheart's mother by an operation. Used extensively in the "crook" photo play.

2. The middle-aged man who loves his young ward and who gracefully and tearfully recedes from her presence when he believes her to be in love with a man of her own age. He is overjoyed when the girl throws her arms around his neck and insists that he marry her.

3. The woman who, betrayed by one man, vows vengeance on all males, only to find herself in love with a contemplated victim, with the result that a clash between vow and love ensues, the latter always conquering.

Charles Ray, in a variation of situation No. 4.

Geraldine Farrar in the well-known Alaska setting.

4. The road-house scene wherein the villain locks the door and attacks the girl. This is punctuated by flashes of the hero dashing to the rescue. The road house often becomes any other locality, such as the abandoned château in war pictures. Griffith loves this situation.

5. The honest young officeholder fighting crooked politics. Favored by all producing companies when no other scenario is procurable.

6. The innocent man on trial for murder, refusing to exonerate himself because such a course will besmirch a woman's name. This situation is usually supplemented by the woman's own confession because of her love for the man.

Bill Hart, as the man falsely accused and jailed.

7. The scene in which the wife or sweetheart encounters the man with the vampire's arms about his neck. She always arrives just as the man is struggling to free himself and misinterprets the situation.

8. The innocent girl, penniless, turning to the streets that she may live. The first man she accosts almost invariably proves the hero, who is amazed and philanthropical.

9. The actress or cabaret girl who married a big-hearted Westerner, becomes bored by the monotony of her new existence, contemplates elopement with the villain, and is saved at the last moment by discovering the true worth and bigness of her husband.

10. The poor mother leaving her baby on the door-step of a mansion. In later years the mother invariably hovers in the offing, watching her child, now grown, get entangled in an affair similar to that which caused her own downfall. By relating her own story she saves the child from tragedy.

11. The dual-rôle mix-up. This is caused by the girl seeing the man she supposes to be her fiancé in a compromising position and blaming her fiancé. The characters reversed, the man is shocked at seeing the girl he loves a painted cabaret dancer.

12. The woman with a past or, innocent, though having a past that her husband would suspect. Her endeavors to protect herself from the villain create the intense effect. Highly favored by Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, Dorothy Dalton, and dozens of others.

13. The man who discovers the murdered body and who is accused of committing the crime. A woman is often the center of the same situation.

14. The honest Westerner whose trip East accomplishes a plunge in Wall Street that saves his benefactor, a strong-arm treatment that saves his benefactor's son, and an honest wooing that completely wins the at first shallow daughter of the benefactor. William S. Hart, Dustin and William Farnum have favored this.

15. The Alaskan story. The central situation in this is usually the scene in which two miners play a game of cards for "The Girl" in the dance hall.

16. The embarrassment undergone by a farmer's son in a sophisticated college or city crowd. Also used for

The comedian staggering about when hit on the head.

The performing of a hazardous feat with apparent equanimity.

If a pie is good for a laugh, a dishpan full of dough is even better.

comedy. This heads Charles Ray's bag of tricks.

17. The man falsely accused and jailed. He is released to begin a long pursuit of his enemy, and eventually has the satisfaction of killing him just as he is about to maltreat the heroine. William Farnum's favorite.

18. The beautiful woman who marries for money, only to discover that love is not obtainable after this fashion. Reminiscent of Elsie Ferguson, Virginia Pearson, Bessie Barriscale, and all emotional actresses.

19. The man who marries a woman purely for her convenience. The woman grows to love her husband, and finally awakens his love. Norma Talmadge moved in the center of this situation recently. Marie Doro was fond of it.

20. The sorrowful situation in which the young man, cast out by his family because he married beneath him, appeals to them for aid to no avail. The little child usually accomplishes the reunion.

Here, including the situation mentioned in the preamble, are twenty-one stock picture moments. To read them over as they are set down on paper produces no emotional response in the reader. They are not artistically treated here; they lack that "seasoning" which, combined with them, produces the desired dramatic effect. But bolstered with the art of the scenario writer, the director, and the players of the picture into which they are incorporated they become highly intense. These situations alone have formed the basis of hundreds of successful productions.

Now for the comedy effects. Some of these naturally are the same as the dramatic effects, with the difference that a totally opposite seasoning is given them. The heroine persecuted by the long-mustached villain, with Ben Turpin coming to the rescue with a mallet, is laughable. It all depends on the embellishments provided by the director. There is, to be sure, a very short distance between laughter and tears. They are as near together as night and day. But in my second list I shall endeavor to refrain from becoming repetitious and shall try to devote myself to some of the exclusive stock-in-trade situations of the comedy producer.

1. The spectacle of one comedian staggering about, dazed after a blow on his head.

2. The tenderfoot in the West, either being made the point of the native's crude jokes or else turning the tables on them. Used extensively in both slapstick and polite comedy.

3. The comedian who appears perfectly calm in a situation which embarrasses all others. Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd like this.

4. The wild chase, during which automobiles skid on wet pavements and crash through break-away houses. Mack Sennett and Henry Lehrman favor this in the majority of their pictures.

5. In which the wife teaches the husband a lesson in unselfishness by complying with the rules laid down by said husband. The Drew comedies usually had this as the central situation, sometimes with the places of the husband and wife reversed.

6. The jealous wife who thinks that every move of her husband's violates the matrimonial vow. Al Christie loves this one.

Continued on page 103

What a Leading Man Thinks About

A débutante wants to know—and Percy Marmont does his best to answer her question.

By Charles Henry Steele

It's his blond hair that set some of us thinking—about where we'd seen him before.

OVER the teacups in a painter's skylight studio in New York a débutante was chatting with a magazine writer.

"For the life of me," confessed the writer," "I can't fathom what people want to read about these days. War stuff is stale. We're bored to death with reconstruction talk. And Heaven forbid that I ever write about the Bolsheviki."

Under his present contract Alice Joyce is frequently on his mind—according to the scenarios.

"Then," responded the débutante with sweet finality, "you ought to try the movies."

"But *what?*"

"I want to find out what a leading man thinks about while the camera's turning. We don't hear half enough about the menfolks."

"Well, there's Charlie and Doug and Fatty Arbuckle——"

"Oh, dear, no! I mean men like—well, like a chap I saw the other day in 'Vengeance' with Alice Joyce; he's rather tall and so blond his hair looks almost white. I looked him up on the program and his name is Percy Marmont. I'm curious to know something about him. Why not take him, for instance?"

So I took Percy Marmont.

"What do you think about?" I asked him the next evening, when I'd hunted him out at his hotel and found him topping off his dinner with some deep-dish apple pie.

"About what?"

He was the jester in "Twelfth Night" at the Shakespeare Tercentary.

"Just about," I explained. "A young person who reads the magazines wants to know what a leading man thinks about, and she decided to take you, for instance."

"She might better take me for

Our data's incomplete—we don't know what he thinks about in scenes like this.

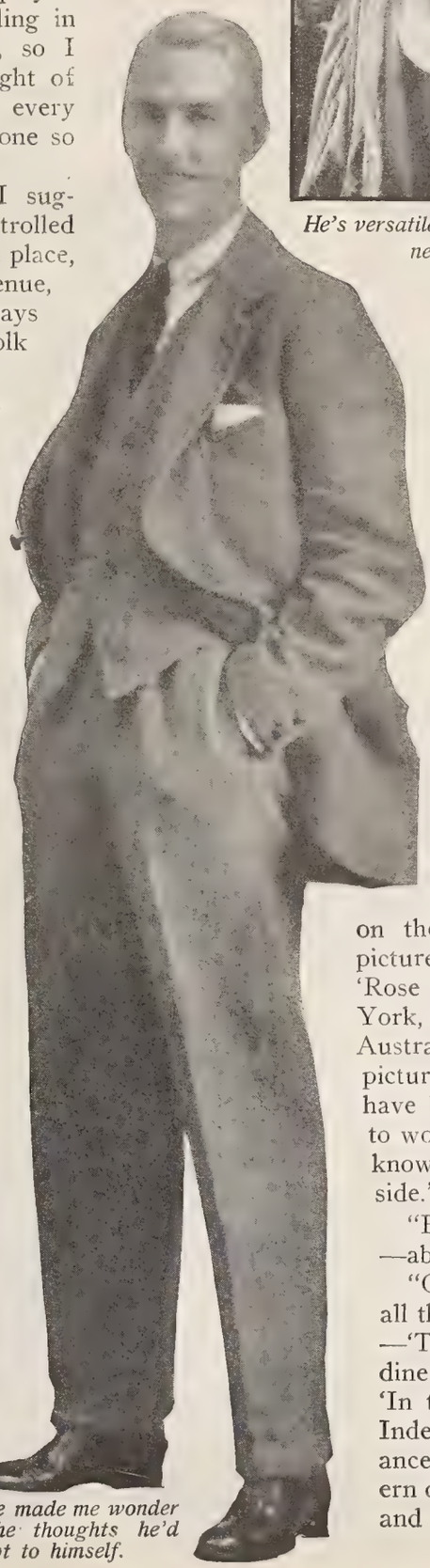
an accident," he replied. "I *am* one in motion pictures, you know, and that answers your question, too, for I've thought of it more than once when I was doing a big scene—that it's just a case of happenstance that I'm doing pictures at all.

"You see, I'd started on the stage in England when I was eighteen in 'White Heather.'" As I was joining him in eating apple pie at this stage of the game I didn't ask him how he'd enjoyed playing a star part in that first production; a friend of his had told me about it. "Then I toured the British Isles and the colonies, playing every sort of rôle from Shakespeare to star parts in musical comedy. I was out in South Africa when I did my first bit in pictures; a motion-picture director wanted somebody to play a saddlebag missionary and do some riding in the African wilds, and I ride a bit, so I jumped at the chance. And the thought of that début of mine comes back to me every little while as I work; pictures have gone so far since then."

"You've traveled a bit yourself," I suggested as we finished our dessert and strolled into the lobby of the hotel. It's a quiet place, convenient to Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but unusually homelike, and you can always see well-known stage and screen folk there.

"Oh, yes—both in distance and in work," he answered, settling down in a deep chair in the corner I'd selected. "That first picture paved the way to a second, made in Australia some time later. It was called 'The Monk and the Woman,' and I regret to state that the monk neither shaved his head nor wore a skullcap to hide his hair, as custom demanded, because the theatrical manager who put on the picture was sure my blond hair would screen well. And just the other day in the studio, when work was held up for some hours so that the director could have a small detail accurately taken care of, I thought of the time when I played that monk, and wondered just how long it would take a good director nowadays to blot that hair of mine out of sight if historical accuracy demanded it."

"The Monk and the Woman" was done in Australia.



His smile made me wonder about the thoughts he'd kept to himself.

He's versatile—but doing a picture with Farrar is his nearest approach to grand opera.

"Don't play any more monks then, please," I urged. "Before I knew your name, when I saw you in 'The Lie' with Elsie Ferguson, and in 'Three Men and a Girl' with Marguerite Clark, I remembered you by your hair almost as well as by your face. The minute you come on the screen I can spot you by that light hair of yours, and if you wore a wig or covered it up with a monk's cowl I'd lose one of my landmarks."

"There's no danger," he laughed. "People seem to be doing nothing but modern pictures nowadays. I was thinking just the other day—all right, put it on your list"—he laughed as I began writing on my cuff—"I was thinking of how many more costume parts, comparatively speaking, have come my way on the stage than on the screen. You see, I really began picture work in Elsie Ferguson's picture, 'Rose of the World.' I was here in New York, on my way back to England from Australia, when I was offered a part in that picture, so I canceled my passage, and never have booked it again. And now that I'm to work with Vitagraph right along I don't know when I'll ever get back to the other side."

"But you were talking—thinking, rather—about costume plays," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes. Well, it seems funny that all the pictures I've done are modern ones—'The Turn of the Wheel,' with Geraldine Farrar, and Alice Brady's pictures, 'In the Hollow of Her Hand' and 'The Indestructible Wife,' and then 'Vengeance,' with Alice Joyce—they're all modern ones. Yet costume plays are effective, and I believe people like to see them.

Continued on page 84

Arithmetic à la Gloria

Subtract the bottom of your skirt in front and add it to the back if you want a fashionable train.

Whether it's fringe plus satin, or fruit plus lace, the sum is a smart frock—and Gloria Swanson does many such sums.

In De Mille's production, "Male or Female," Gloria wears "rags, tags and silken gowns," and she prefers the latter, when they're specially designed.

Put down one—foot—and carry one, to achieve utter nonchalance like this.

But all these smart frocks are zeros unless the wearer has Gloria's beauty.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

We Got 'Em

Our appeal for expressions as to the greatest actress and greatest actor on the screen stirred up the multitude, and the returns are still coming in. These letters are a revelation, an inspiration, and a sure sign that the motion-picture fans really appreciate the genuine artists—those who are doing something besides claptrap stuff and sure-fire hokum.

Three or four years ago an appeal for such expressions would have brought—did, in fact—a hundred different candidates for the title of greatest artist. We remember such an attempt to get an expression of opinion, and among the offerings from fans there were nearly fifty "stars" whose only claim to histrionic fame was ability to ride a horse, to wear a bathing suit well, or to shake curls and weep glycerin tears.

In those days the "movies" were far much more nearly confined in their appeal to the type of mind that thought the greatest actress was the one who had the deepest dimples, and the greatest actor was the one whose clothes were the loudest.

Now the motion picture is for the same people who go to see David Warfield and Maude Adams and Laurette Taylor and Al Jolson.

What reaction do we get now? Intelligent criticism as to acting and production. A great number of tributes to Charles Ray. In fact, he wins, by the reports from our readers, the title of the best actor in pictures. High praise of Nazimova. Some doubt as to Mary Pickford's artistry—a slight feeling that it is her natural charm rather than her acting ability that makes her wonderful. A statement from Canada, signed by ten girls, declaring that Marguerite Clark is the greatest of all. A declaration, also from Canada, that Pauline Frederick is queen of the screen actresses, but that she is going to lose her throne if she doesn't stop letting Willard Mack write her stories.

Not one correspondent mentions John Barrymore—probably for the reason that he has made only one picture, "The Test of Honor," that has given him a chance to be the John Barrymore of his stage productions, "Justice" and "The Jest."

Great praise comes for Griffith and for De Mille.

Take Heart, Producers

As we remember it, three or four years ago—perhaps it was longer—Theda Bara, Pearl White, Broncho Billy, and Ford Sterling were generally considered about the greatest artists on the screen by the average movie fan.

Those were the nickelodeon days.

Now, with hundred-thousand-dollar productions coming two or three times a week, the thinking public has taken to the moving picture. To-day a producer can put genuine art into his picture and know that the theater patrons won't complain because the villain didn't wear boots and a silk hat and carry a riding whip.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

One of the most interesting letters comes from a vaudeville actress who does not want her name used. "I do not seek self-advertisement," she writes. That alone stamps her as an unusual actress. She has interesting things to say about several persons, including the now famous Wesley Barry. Here's her letter:

In the past week I have seen five interesting screen plays: Charles Ray in "Greased Lightning," Ethel Clayton in "Pettigrew's Girl," "Daddy Long-Legs" and "The Unpardonable Sin," both under Marshal Neilan's directions, and Cecil De Mille's "For Better, For Worse."

These plays have indicated to me that successful authors, directors, and actors of the screen to-day are striving for the human touch, the putting across of the main theme by contrasting thoughts, frailties, and emotions of—just people—"even as you and I." Perhaps this is the shadow of the great and only Griffith influencing the world of film; if so, to him is due my eternal gratitude.

Charles Ray, in my poor opinion, is the most natural performer on the screen to-day. No ranting, raving, or heroics, he is just "Folks," and the ability to be "Folks" seems to me to be sheer genius.

In "Pettigrew's Girl," the ice-cream soda was glorified, and, in contrast to the usual lobster supper which—in pictures—seems specially created for the chorus girl, it is certainly a human touch. Now, if some one will only put the clubhouse sandwich and the chop-suey supper after the show on the screen map and teach the star while singing her number—always a hit—to act just the merest trifle like a professional singer and dancer, then will the screen chorus girl become a human being. But I have never seen this yet.

In the other three plays, the convincing touch lay for me in the acting of the freckled-faced one, Wesley Barry, I believe is his name. De Mille gave him a few brief scenes—but they register strongly. Gloria Swanson is too theatrical; charming, but not natural.

But it is Marshal Neilan who emphasizes this human touch in two distinctly different pictures. This same Wesley Barry is his chief instrument. Of course, in the Mary Pickford picture the youngster had to be kept more or less in the background, but in the "Unpardonable Sin," in the jargon of the theater, he "hogs the show"—literally runs away with the picture.

I doubt that a more homely youngster has ever appeared in pictures; he probably was first selected as a type, but surely some credit must be given the child himself. He is a natural comedian, his appearance alone is good for a laugh, yet he plays serious scenes with a convincing ability that is remark-

able in one so young. It is one thing to see a becurled and pampered screen child weep angry, hysterical tears so obviously produced by a maternal spanking all for "art's sake," and quite another to see a half-grown boy shed the grim, repressed, shamed tears so natural to boyhood. Perhaps, who knows, we may have a young Charles Ray in this lad?

Please, Mr. Author, Mr. Director, dear Actor of the Screen, give us more of the human touch. Sincerely yours,

JUST A FAN.

Nothing New

They say the "shimmy"—the shoulder-shaking dance—is new. It isn't, except as a dance. A number of our leading actors did it years ago. They didn't know they were dancing. They thought they were registering great sorrow. The screen has improved in more than one way.

You Ought to Have It

All persons interested in better motion pictures should get "A Garden of American Motion Pictures," a twenty-four-page booklet issued by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. It costs thirty-five cents.

This booklet lists nine hundred and seventy motion pictures selected for the family program, for young people, and for special entertainments.

It's mighty handy for clubs or educators who cooperate with moving-picture theaters in putting on special programs, and it's a handy guide for any one interested in pictures.

The Titleless Picture

A number of persons who have been under the impression that the motion picture was nothing but pantomime have been crying for the "ideal" picture, which, they say, is the picture without a title in it.

We always have treated these folks with silent contempt. We knew they were wrong, for to us well-written titles are half the joy of a good show. But we didn't know exactly how to tell them why they were wrong.

Now comes an expert and tells all of us.

A picture must have titles. The characters speak to each other, and if a title doesn't break the action now and then—even though the title isn't actually necessary to explain what is going on—the spectators become nervous and anxious and tense in expecting titles that they know should be there, but which never come.

This expert tells us that the only way a titleless picture could be a success would be to explain before the picture started that there were no titles in it. Then the spectators wouldn't be expecting them and they could sit still and not work themselves into the state of mind of a girl who lights the fuse of a firecracker that is slow in exploding.

The Story Is Here

The story is no longer on its way to prominence. It's here. Producers have learned that the play has got to be good. Next winter you're going to see the names of great authors and playwrights all over the fronts of the theaters.

A copy of a motion-picture trade paper before us shows that the producers of the finest—the most artistic productions—are going to rely almost entirely upon novels and plays that have been successful, depending very little upon original scripts for the screen.

Famous Players-Lasky has a most imposing list, including "Every Woman," "Peg o' My Heart," "The Witness for the Defense," "The Miracle Man," "It Pays to Advertise," "Huckleberry Finn," and a couple of score more.

Metro has "Fair and Warmer," "Shore Acres," "The Right of Way," "Lombardi, Ltd.," and others almost as well known.

Goldwyn will produce the works of Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, Basil King, LeRoy Scott, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gouveneur Morris, Rex Beach, and others.

W. W. Hodkinson promises great things from such writers as Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, and Winston Churchill.

Other companies are falling into line, and the market is fine for any play or story by a big author, for the big companies are willing to pay huge prices for their work.

Then, Perfection

Many persons who see a great advance coming in the motion-picture industry wonder when it will reach its limit. We can tell them.

When the average theater manager learns that some persons are so queer in the head that they want to know all about his entire program.

The day that the exhibitor decides it will be a good thing to put in front of his theater a list of everything on the bill, with a short description of his comedy, his news weekly, his scenic—on that day the heavens will burst forth in joyous song.

The trouble with most theater managers is that they book a star and buy some short stuff for fillers. They never realize that a fine scenic or a cartoon or an educational picture often is as interesting to a great many persons as the feature picture, and to some persons much more interesting. So they say nothing about the remainder of their bill.

We hunted all over New York for that wonderful short picture, "The Ghost of Slumber Mountain," showing the blood-sweating behemoths of the Holy Writ as they were in the stone age. And we couldn't find it until a friend told us it was just around the corner, and we rushed over to see it.

Not a line was in front of the theater telling that inside was this splendid little picture. There wasn't room. The whole front of the house was covered with posters about—well, we won't mention his name, but the fact that one of his pictures was the feature was the reason we hadn't gone there that week.

Advancing? You Bet!

The motion picture is indeed advancing. We have seen about ten pictures in the last three weeks, and at no time did our neighbors in the theater read the titles aloud.

However, we did hear about a man who kicked about the "Broken Blossoms" show. He thought it would have been better if they'd had a Chaplin or Arbuckle comedy on the same bill.

Romance—and Elsie Ferguson

An impression of one of the screen's most beautiful stars, seen in a Venetian setting.

By Charles Gatchell

WITH DRAWINGS BY KERR EBY

BUT don't you *ever* allow visitors? We're from the West; we're only to be in New York a few days, and we heard that Miss Ferguson——"

The words died away, and a look of hopeless disappointment slowly spread over the faces of both girls as the doorman at the entrance to the Famous Players' Studio shook his head.

"Sorry, miss," he said, "you've no idea how many people come asking every day. No one's allowed in except with special permission from the executive offices."

I couldn't help feeling sorry for them as they turned away, for I and my friend Eby were going in, not only with special permission, but upon special invitation from the executive offices. And our mission was to try to give an impression by word and line of what was going on within for the benefit of all those who, like the two girls from the West, are so eager to get a glimpse of the inside of a studio.

No two studios are exactly alike, and no studio is ever the same on two successive visits. In one as large as the Famous Players there usually are from three to six sets on the floor. But this time, on passing through the door, we were immediately confronted by a single meaningless mass of towering framework, the rear of one huge set, built so close to the walls that it left only a narrow corridor, along which we had to walk what seemed about the length of a city block. This one set extended the entire length of the building, which originally had been a fashionable Fifty-sixth Street riding academy. At last we reached the end of the passage, turned—and stepped into Venice.

But before taking in the wonderful panorama that stretched out before us we stopped, our attention caught and held by a sight even more alluring.

Seated in front of the set was Elsie Ferguson. She was leaning forward in her chair, watching the work that was going on—the last finishing touches preparatory for her next scene. Dressed in a white satin tea gown fashioned on Grecian lines and simply trimmed with pale-yellow bands, her wavy hair transformed by the brilliant lights into a mass of fine-spun gold, she presented a picture of exquisite loveliness.

Miss Ferguson was leaning forward in her chair, watching the work that was going on.

"Isn't it a perfectly *wonderful* set?" she asked with all the enthusiasm of a girl who was seeing a studio for the first time as she rose to greet us.

I think I would have preferred to listen to that rich, vibrant voice and to watch the changing light in her blue eyes than to inspect any conglomeration of plaster and paint ever devised by a master stage carpenter. But courtesy demanded otherwise, and I turned to take in the bit of Venice, which alone would have been worth a trip to the studio.

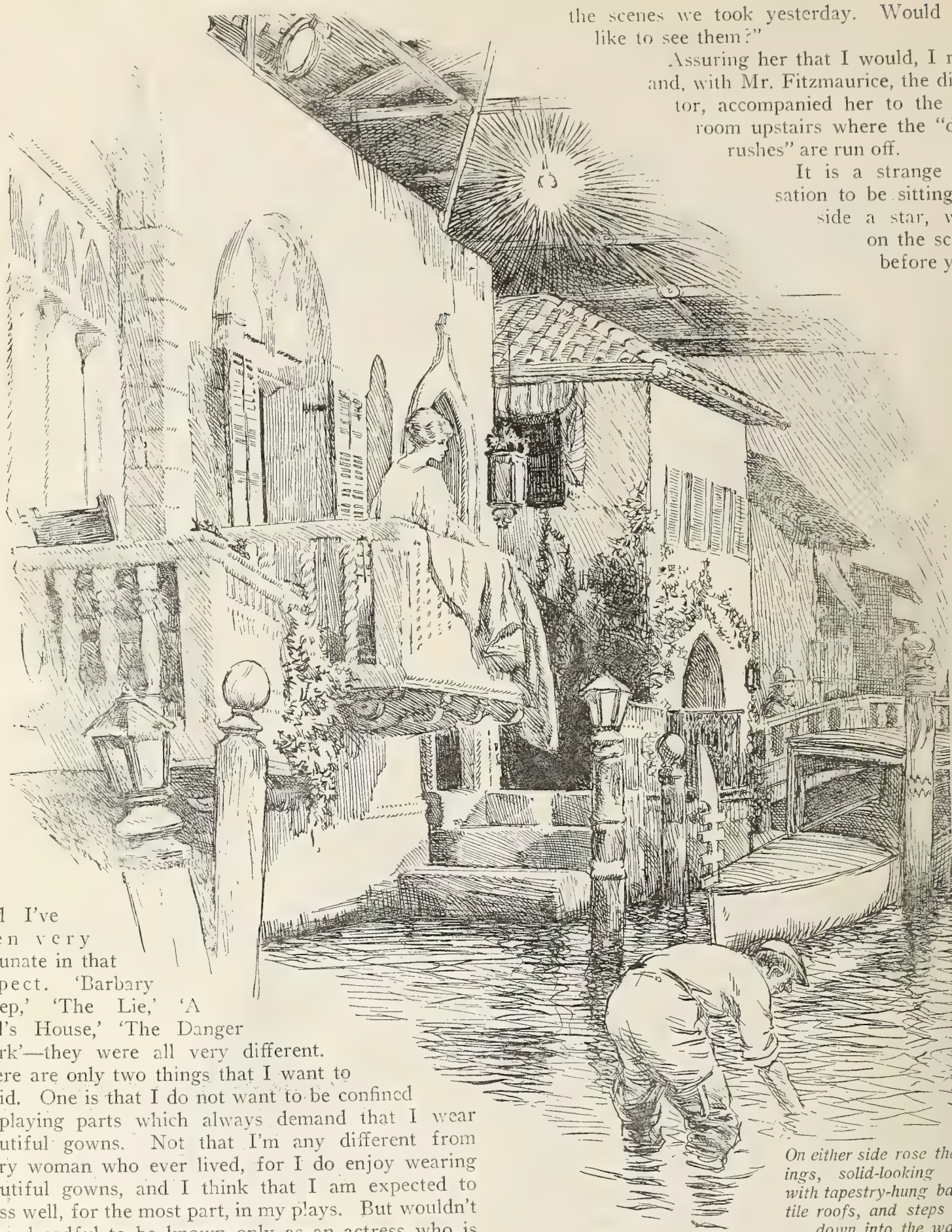
It was a representation of one of the famous waterways that line the city of canals. On either side rose the buildings, solid-looking affairs, with tapestry-hung balconies, tiled roofs, and stone steps leading down into the water. And it was real water. The entire section of the canal, which extended away beyond the little bridge into the dim background, had first been built as a water-tight tank, about three feet deep, before the buildings were erected. That morning, after the last dab of paint had been applied to the walls, and the last bit of foliage draped in its place, the water—thousands of gallons—had been poured in by means of a pipe the size of a fire hose. Just at this moment the stage hands, in hip boots, were wading about, fixing the lamp-posts in place, and trying out the gondolas. Gondolas, I observed, are somewhat akin to our canoes, if one may judge by their propensity for tipping unexpectedly.

"It is wonderful," I replied, after pausing long enough to take in all the details. "And the story?"

"Oh, it's a most romantic story!" exclaimed Miss Ferguson, her face lighting up eagerly. "It's packed with romance—packed and running over. They made it romantic at my own personal request. That's why they selected the lovely Venetian settings. You see, I've been playing of late in so many melodramas that I wanted something brimful of romance for a change. And I got it. I'm having a glorious time!"

"Romance, then, is what you're especially fond of?"

"Well, of course every one loves romance. But I'd hardly want to confine myself to any one type of play—or rôle. I think I'd say that I like a variety of parts,



On either side rose the buildings, solid-looking affairs, with tapestry-hung balconies, tile roofs, and steps leading down into the water.

and I've been very fortunate in that respect. 'Barbary Sheep,' 'The Lie,' 'A Doll's House,' 'The Danger Mark'—they were all very different. There are only two things that I want to avoid. One is that I do not want to be confined to playing parts which always demand that I wear beautiful gowns. Not that I'm any different from every woman who ever lived, for I do enjoy wearing beautiful gowns, and I think that I am expected to dress well, for the most part, in my plays. But wouldn't it be dreadful to be known only as an actress who is always so stunningly dressed?" She shook her head decisively. "No, that wouldn't be very satisfying."

"And your other aversion?"

"Is a frail, weak, characterless, clinging-vine type of rôle," she answered quickly. "That is the worst thing of all. I hope I shall never be called upon to represent *that* type. I don't care what the character is supposed to be—or to have been—if she only has some positive traits. This part is a very interesting one. I'm portraying an Englishwoman—an outcast from her own circle. In fact, it's called 'A Society Exile.' They're just going to run off in the projection room some of the scenes we took yesterday. Would you like to see them?"

Assuring her that I would, I rose, and, with Mr. Fitzmaurice, the director, accompanied her to the tiny room upstairs where the "daily rushes" are run off.

It is a strange sensation to be sitting beside a star, while on the screen before you a door opens, and the figure of the same person, even clad in the same identical gown, enters, looks at you, and bursts into a fit of weeping. That was what happened the moment after the projection machine began clicking. The setting was a boudoir in an Italian palace, and the scene was the one—if it is not cut out from the finished film—in which Miss Ferguson throws herself upon the four-poster bed, and, torn with emotion, twists and tears the baby clothes she is holding. I felt curiously embarrassed—as though I had no business to be witnessing this exhibition of grief—but Miss

Ferguson appeared quite unconcerned as she watched the picture critically.

"That spotlight shouldn't have shown on the floor," she remarked, turning to Mr. Fitzmaurice.

"This is the first take," he replied. "We'll use the second. It doesn't show in the other film."

The scene ended abruptly, and as suddenly began all over again. This was followed by several other scenes, none of which seemed to have any connection with each other, for the continuity of a story comes only with the final cutting and assembling of the film.

At last we were informed that the canal set was ready below. But it was not quite ready, for when we arrived downstairs Mr. Fitzmaurice discovered that the boys he had asked for had not been provided.

"I've got to have some boys dressed as men to parade across that bridge and give it the proper perspective—the feeling of distance," he exclaimed. "Send out and get a couple from off the street."

In a moment two breathless, eager-eyed youngsters were brought in, hastily dressed, and coached as to their part of the performance. Then Miss Ferguson stepped out onto the balcony. The electricians and camera men took their stations. The Italian musicians crawled carefully into the larger of the two gondolas, the gondolier carefully balanced himself on top of the tiny craft, steadying himself with his pole, the three stage hands who were to furnish the real motive power for the boat by means of a submerged rope to which it was attached ducked down in front of the tank, out of range of the camera, all ready to pull, and every one who was not actively engaged in taking the scene crowded around to get a good view.

"Lights!" exclaimed Mr.

That morning the water—thousands of gallons—had been poured in by means of a pipe the size of a fire hose.

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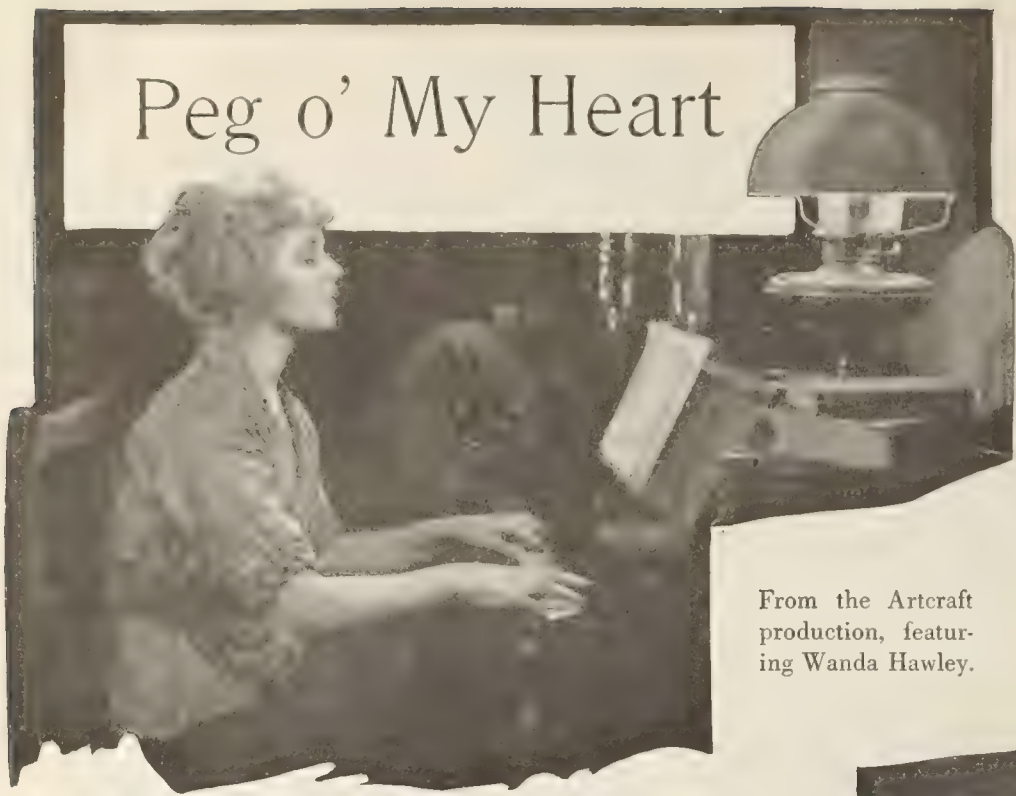
Peg o' My Heart



From the Artcraft production, featuring Wanda Hawley.

We've selected this time
For our regular monthly
Review done in rhyme.

By C. L. Edson

The lamplight gilds her Irish lips
And lights her flying finger tips,
Which sweep the old melodeon keys,
In marvelous, charming harmonies.
Peg o' My Heart, sweet simple maid,
For every tune your hands have played,
A deeper note shall wake some day—
Wild chords the Master Hand shall play,
In joy and laughter, grief and dole,
Upon the harp strings of your soul.

Half orphan is our Peggy,
  Brought up, like Pip, "by hand."
And schooled in life's philosophy
  While roaming through the land,
Companion to "her faythe r," kind—
A vagabond with a poet's mind.

And now in far-off London
  A wealthy kinsman dies,
And leaves this barefoot Irish lass
  His riches as a prize.
His money, station and estate
On little Irish Peggie wait;
But—she must be a lady,
  Be schooled in manners grand,
Must spend her life in England,
  And ne'er see Ireland.

So with her dog and satchel,
  She journeys far away,
Arriving at her aunt's house, where
  The will said she should stay.
Her cousins Al and Ethel there
Greet Peggie with a haughty stare,
But they have fall'n on evil days
And "need the money" Peggie pays.
So life holds little joy for Peg
  (You know what snobs are like)
They hurt her feelings every day
  They kick her pet dog, Mike;
But worst of all a rake named Brent
Pays court to Peg with bad intent.
One single friend Peg counted there,
A bright young lawyer named Adair.

So Peg stayed on
For "Jerry's" sake;
His kindness soothed
Her heart's dull ache.
He took her to
A masquerade
And long they danced,
And late they stayed.
When Peg crept home,
She overheard
A plot that left
Her deeply stirred.
The scoundrel Brent,
With cunning art,
Had won cold Ethel's
Haughty heart.
But Peg upset
The eloper's plan,
Exposing Brent,
The married man!

Then Peg, to shield
Her cousin's name
Faced Ethel's kin,
Bore Ethel's shame.
Took Ethel's place,
And all the blame!

"Return now to your peasant cot!"
The aunt said haughtily.
"A girl of breeding you are not,
And never can you be."

So this was how these "gentle folk"
Paid her to take their part!
Fine manners, then, were but a cloak
To shield a scheming heart.

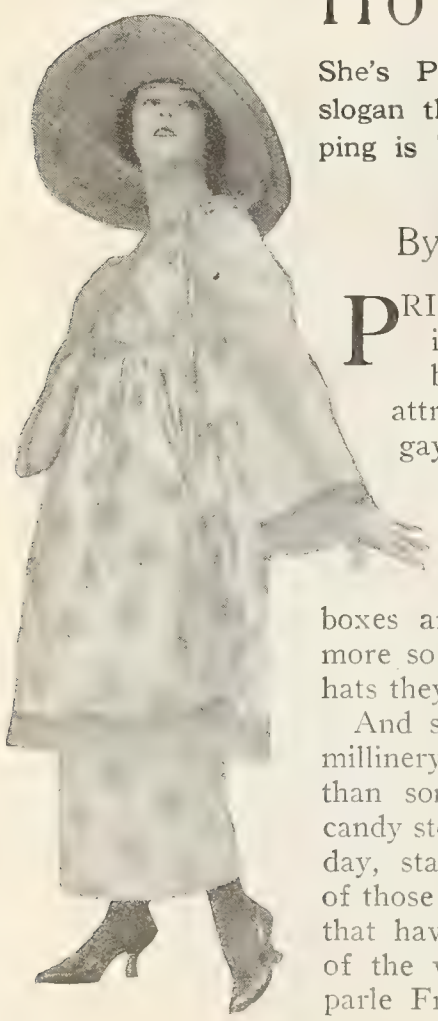
Sick of the sham, her faith quite gone,
Poor Peg set off across the lawn
To seek "her faythe" once again
And live among her countrymen.
But Jerry stood there, by the gate,
He stopped her—begged of her to wait:
"I love you, Peg, and shall alway;
The will, moreover, bids you stay.
In England all your fortune lies——"
She only turned away her eyes,
Held her chin high and walked away;
For after all she'd learned that day
With poisoned mind and heart turned cold,
She thought he wanted just her gold.

Peg went back to her humble cot;
Her wealth was forfeited—and forgot.
Soon the card of a stranger came;
"Sir Gerald Adair" was the graven name.
Peg came out, and she cried in glee,
"Jerry—you're Jerry!" for it was he.
"Peg, I *dare* you to doubt me more,
Now you know I'm rich as I know you're poor."
And Peg said, laughing, "It's only fair,
When a dare is offered, to *Take Adair!*"
(Fade-out showing the loving pair.)

The Mad Hatter of Hollywood

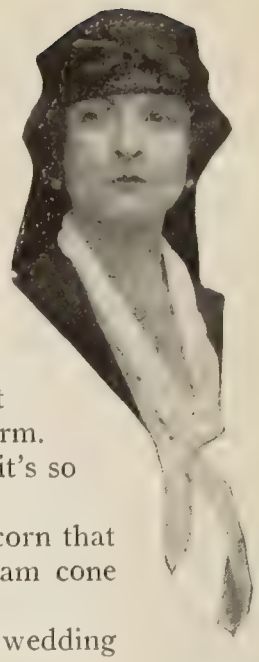
She's Priscilla Dean—and the slogan that governs her shopping is "Always room for one more—hat."

By Betty Browne



PRISCILLA insists that it isn't the hats; it's the boxes they come in that attract her. Covered with gay cretonne, with flowered wall paper, with grass cloth, or just painted with red-coated hunters riding to hounds, those boxes are irresistible. But no more so than is Priscilla in the hats they contain.

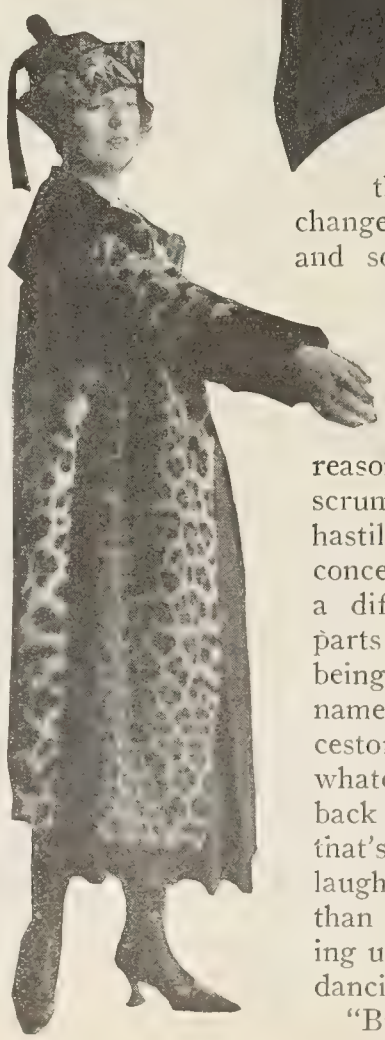
And she can no more pass a millinery shop without stopping than some girls can ignore a candy store. I met her the other day, standing in front of one of those tiny little French places that have a sign in the corner of the window saying, "Ici on parle Français," and "Se habla español." But Priscilla wasn't looking at the sign. Her brown eyes round as saucers and her face very childlike because of the Dutch bob style in which her black hair was done, she stood enraptured before the gorgeous creation in the window. It was all white tulle and little French flowers, and a long veil effect trailed down across the gray velvet background of the show window.



"Oh, Priscilla, do go in and try it on!" I urged, taking her by the arm. "It's exactly the thing for you. And it's so small that——"

She turned to me with such utter scorn that my enthusiasm wilted like an ice-cream cone on a hot asphalt pavement.

"Don't you know that that's a wedding veil?" she demanded, burning with indignation. "That's just exactly the awful thing about it. Those little flowers make it look like a hat, and it would be just terribly becoming, and I'm crazy about it; but it's a wedding veil!" And casting one long, regretful glance back over her shoulder, she led me sadly away.



"Well, anyway, you've got a much nicer name than any you could possibly change to if you did get married and so could wear that veil," I suggested, trying to cheer her up as we wended our way toward her home.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to get married for any reason except to wear that scrumptious thing," she declared hastily. "But as far as my name's concerned sometimes I wish I had a different one. Think of the parts I play, and then think of being called Priscilla! And I'm named Dean because I had an ancestor who was a clergyman or whatever they called them away back in the beginning; at least that's the story." She stopped to laugh, and looked more elflike than ever, with her mouth quirking up at one corner and her eyes dancing.

"But you have corking parts,"

I urged. "Why, in 'The Wild Cat of Paris' and 'Pretty Smooth' you had wonderful rôles, and when you were a boy in 'The Exquisite Thief'——"

"Exactly!" she interrupted me. "I have a nice Plymouth Rock name, and I play parts that would make even an Indian's hair stand on end. But that boy part made me feel just like an old lady; never before have I been moved to reminisce, but that took me straight back to the days when I was on the stage and played boy parts. I did it till I was fourteen, you know, and I used to long for rôles that would let me wear fluffy dresses and pretty hats—especially I did yearn for the hats. I wanted them even when I was just about four and was in 'Rip Van Winkle' with Joseph Jefferson. Remember it? But of course you do. Well, one day when we were rehearsing one of the other youngsters in the cast was bragging about a new hat she had, and I simply detested her for it. I was so enraged that the mere matter of saying my lines when I was on the stage didn't bother me at all; my mind was full of that hat. So I just stood there like a rock, despite everybody's urging. Finally Mr. Jefferson said to me in despair:

"'Priscilla, Priscilla, why won't you say your lines?'

"And I gloomily responded: 'I tan't; I lost my woice.'"

Now I've known Priscilla for eight of her twenty-three years—ever since she left the stage and began her picture-making career with Biograph and World. But I'd never heard that particular story before, and was still smiling at it when we reached the Dean home and Hollywood's maddest Mad Hatter caught me by the sleeve, marched me straight to her own domain, and began exhibiting hats.

"I'd wear the bandboxes if I could," she laughed, patting a big, gayly flowered one. "But since I can't I wear what comes inside 'em. Now, do say you think this one is cunning, please; I made it myself."

Well, I could be truthful and say that it was cunning and a good many other things besides, for it was a

Continued on page 100

On a Typical, Tropical Isle

Which was made to order by Cecil De Mille for his latest production, "Male and Female'

By Edna Foley

Behold Gloria, of the gorgeous gowns, as she appeared, a modern Diana, while acting the part of one of the shipwrecked refugees on the tropical isle.

THERE are monkeys swinging in the coconut trees, brilliant-colored parrots chatter among the palms, and down on the ground are signs of human habitation—the signs left by shipwrecked men unexpectedly rescued.

They are signs of something else, too—of Cecil De Mille's little habit of getting just what he wants for a picture, no matter how impossible the task seems. In this case it was Howard Higgins, his production supervisor, who made geography and transplanted the tropics—a small matter of taking one hundred growing cactus palms, two hundred lemon and orange trees, avocados, sago palms, banana trees, and fifty crates of tropical rushes, and similar accessories from Los Angeles to Santa Cruz Island, one hundred miles away, landing them in a pounding surf on a rocky coast, and then making them look and feel at home. Several hundred sago palms were brought from Florida, and persuaded to grow in their new home. And when the coconut trees drooped and shed their fruit *en voyage* the tireless Mr. Higgins sent to Rio de Janiero for green coconuts, and obligingly hung them where they'd look natural. Having this task thrust upon him didn't surprise him at all. He's been with De Mille for some time now, and knows that the redoubtable Cecil has to have things done right to the very last detail; no makeshift tropical island would do. So the real thing was created.

De Mille was the monarch of all he surveyed.

Here's the fleet of transports which conveyed the company.

The director-general on inspection.

It had to be within easy distance of Los Angeles, too. That's how he happened to select Santa Cruz, which, hundreds of years ago, was a Spanish prison island. An offender against the law was sent there with enough sheep, goats, and pigs to keep him alive. For a long time now it's been a desolate place,

inhabited only by a few wild goats and hogs; not exactly a promising spot to turn into a vision of beauty!

When it had been transformed De Mille's company for "Male and Female" joyously set sail, making the expedition a regular picnic trip. Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, Margaret Reardon, Thomas Meighan, and the rest of them prepared to be shipwrecked with pleasure. John Barrymore went along just by way of adding a bit of excitement to his restful summer. Captain Ian Hay Beith, who was acting as advisory board in the filming of this first picture to be made from one of Barrie's stories, also accompanied the expedition. Altogether there were forty people, and if their month as castaways wasn't an enjoyable one we've heard no reports to that effect.

Of course it was fun to go on this junketing trip—and even more fun because the story was such a corking one. It's made from Sir James M. Barrie's famous play, "The Admirable Crichton." And what a plot! Think of taking a nice, rather snobbish, and very wealthy family and shipwrecking them on a tropical island, where they are so utterly helpless that they accept with great joy the able leadership of their butler, who luckily is young and good looking and exactly the sort of man you wouldn't mind having boss you. He does it to perfection of course, and even teaches the castaways to build themselves a house and hunt their own food.

Prohibition had no terrors for these island dwellers. Behold Theodore Roberts, as a venerable Bacchus, crushing grapes in an improvised wine press.

The official clothes presser and assistant wardrobe keeper.

Filming the landing of the shipwrecked party.

All sorts of funny things happened while the picture was being made, of course—perhaps because everybody forgot that anything about such a delightful outing could be work. Going back to nature even for a picture sort of puts the rest of your life out of focus, you know. Gloria Swanson swears that if she'd had Barrie there she would have tried to persuade him to change the plot so that the people in the story never got rescued at all.

"Think of what fun it would be to stay here all the time!" she exclaimed enthusiastically—that from Gloria, who so adores lolling in the lap of luxury. And everybody else agreed with her.

Of course De Mille doesn't want to make any prophecies, but he doesn't mind saying that this will be one of the best productions he's ever made, and the castaways say it's the best one yet.

Lila Lee could have given pointers to Eve.

Billie, and the Follies

You've known her for a long time as Billie Burke, of the screen. Come and meet her as Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld.

By Louise Williams

THROUGH an arched doorway one caught a glimpse of the vivid blue of a tropical sky. Orange-gold sunlight crept across the room, touching gorgeously colored floor cushions and bringing out all the languorous calm of the Oriental afternoon. The favorites of the harem strolled languidly to and fro, while a first-night audience of critical New Yorkers applauded this most gorgeous scene of the 1919 "Follies."

"Isn't it—isn't it *wonderful?*" asked a gaspy little voice beside me with all the awed interest of a child. You'd never have suspected that Billie Burke was the wife of Flo Ziegfeld, the creator of this thirteenth edition of the "Follies," and that she had seen it grow from the very beginning to this most successful conclusion. You'd have thought she was a girl from a crossroads town, who didn't know that the "Follies" is an annual institution in New York, a sort of glorified vaudeville show with a chorus of Broadway's stunningest girls, funniest humorists, and no plot at all.

And you'd never in the world have supposed she was the girl I'd seen that very morning at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Fort Lee, clad in a very lovely and tremendously becoming wedding gown and obediently going over and over a little scene in "Sadie Love," in which an elder woman angrily told her that she was perfectly absurd and stalked out of the room. The sun was beating down on the glass roof, and when the lights were turned on it was inexpressibly hot in there, yet she worked as steadily and willingly as if the weather had been ideal. She'd been the very earnest, clever little actress then; now she was as naïve and unsophisticated and delighted as a girl who'd never been to the theater before.

"I do think Joseph Urban makes the most gorgeous stage sets I ever saw!" she confided to me as they lowered the curtain at the end of that scene. "Yet sometimes Flo finds fault with them, and Urban does his preliminary sketches over and over again, when the very first one he made was simply beautiful in my opinion. And sometimes Mr. Urban gets awfully mad at Flo," with a little chuckle. "Then he dashes off and does something that's just perfect, something as beautiful as this harem set, for instance." And she tipped her head and looked up at me with that ingenuous little smile of hers that seems to say: "Isn't the world a funny place—and aren't you and I funny, too?"

Now the opening night of the "Follies" is always one of the big theatrical events of early summer in New York.

Some of the beauties who make the Follies famous.

There were all sorts of celebrities there that evening—people like Ethel Barrymore and Laurette Taylor; they were two whom I chanced to recognize.

Some of the audience had paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a pair of seats, and said that this was the best "Follies" yet and well worth it. And the lovely Billie, who could have shone as a star in her own right by reason of her stage and screen successes, insisted on being present only in her official capacity as wife of the famous Flo. It was hard to get her to say anything about herself and her own plans—her husband, her small daughter, Patricia, and the "Follies" were all-absorbing topics of conversation—yet from the interest which the audience took in her I'm inclined to believe that not a few of its members felt that the winsome Billie, with her red-gold hair and blue, blue eyes, was a big feature of the evening's entertainment. The purely domestic tone of her conversation would doubtless have amazed the eager watchers, who, from the top of the second balcony to the end of the nearest box, were so intent on her during the intermissions.

"Speaking of losing one's temper," she chatted on, anent Urban and his stage sets and her husband's reception of them, "you should have seen Flo this morning. He was—well, he was literally swearing mad because the gardener had neglected the roses, which were covered with awful bugs. And he proceeded to say just what he thought, with profane trimmings on his remarks. Neither of us had noticed that Baby was right behind him, so you can imagine our surprise when all of a sudden a shrill little voice piped up: '——dose bugs—dis spoilin' everysing!'"

"And how's the infant daughter getting on otherwise?" I wanted to know.

Billie and her daughter Patricia, at their summer home.

"Oh, beautifully. Yes, she looks like me. I think her hair gets redder every day; it's just been cut, and it sticks out in two little goldy wisps over her ears, so that she looks like a baby faun. I do wish I could paint; I'd do a picture of her."

Then came the topic of Billie's going back to the stage this autumn, which I understood was her intention.

"It's a question of getting a good play," she said with a little sigh. "You've no idea what a task it is. All the light comedies seem to be farces that have beds as the center of the plots; I think they're dreadful. Yet, as somebody reminded me the other day when I objected to

The harem scene impresses even Broadway.

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"Handsome Harry"—a combination of Fairbanks, Broncho Billy, Hart, and Farnum.

The Frame-Up

Honest confession is good for the soul—particularly when it reveals the inside story of a sensational fight scene.

By Edward Ferguson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

THEY said afterward that it was one of the biggest fights in the history of the screen. Rival directors openly admitted that they didn't see how we pulled it off. Strong men who had considered movies effeminate went to see that release time and time again, and howled their heads off when the fight scene was shown. The newspapers sent their motion-picture editors to talk to the director, the star, and the men who won fame by the fight scene. Even the camera man was interviewed. Nobody said anything. As a matter of fact, I was the only one who could have told how that fight scene was staged—and nobody asked *me* for an explanation.

There were two principals in that fight—"Handsome Harry" and the "Brute." Harry stood five feet eleven, had the figure of an Adonis, and was a hundred-per-cent-plus movie hero. He really could act, photographed like a certified check for a million dollars, and looked so well in a dress suit that the management wanted him to wear one even in early morning scenes. But not for Handsome Harry; he yearned for Wild Western rôles, and was never happier than when the scenario gave him a chance to try a combination of Fairbanks, Broncho Billy, Hart, and Farnum. And, to tell the truth, he got away with it fairly well.

The Brute was a different sort of customer—two hundred pounds of brawn that stood six feet, the upper one of which consisted of a massive head.

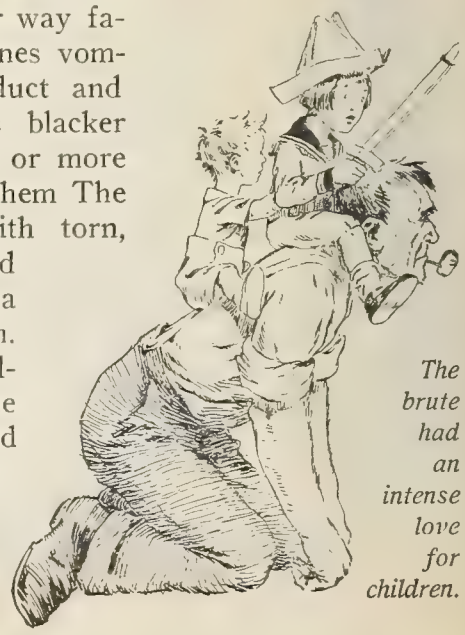
But Nature had the colliewobbles when she tackled his face, for she produced a countenance whose most prominent features were shaggy eyebrows, deep-set eyes, a massive nose and mouth, and a square, pugnacious chin. Ever see a cartoonist's idea of a thug or bank robber? That's what the Brute's mug looked like. He was always cast for heavies, and the more brutal the part the better he looked and played it. Yet his most distinguishing characteristics were an almost pathetic gentleness of character, a softness of speech, and an intense love of children. But for all his gentleness he was not a person whom any one would be likely to try to impose upon.

In the cast there was also a star, of course—an actress of fame gained in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage, who had been engaged especially for this picture, and who, clad in silk and summer furs, drove up in her car and honored us with her presence when necessary.

And then there was I. I nearly said "me." I was the person who had to get all the blame if things went wrong and who was robbed of the credit when things went right. I was the assistant director.

Now for the scenario. Briefly, the scene was laid in a period some fifty years ago, in an English coal-mining town. The story told of a brutal, drunken father, his daughter, who was a slate picker, and of a handsome, brave engineer; with, of course, all the incidentals—the girl's wretched home life, her poverty, her father's drunken brutality, the heartless grind at the mine, the misunderstanding, the London dandy, to whom all women were legitimate prey—and—the handsome engineer, who finally married the girl; but not until he had thoroughly beaten up her father.

When the picture was cast Handsome Harry was designated to play the male lead, and of course the Brute was picked to play the father. We got under way famously. The coal mines vomited their black product and the engine house its blacker smoke. The hundred or more breaker girls, among them The Girl, picked slate with torn, bleeding fingers, lorded over and bullied by a beast of a foreman. The foreman, his advances repulsed by the girl, roughly handled her, the engineer came in—as always in pictures—at the psychological moment



The brute had an intense love for children.

and knocked him down. Score one for Handsome Harry.

The Dandy, son of a director of the company, arrived from London, with spats, fancy vest, cane, and monocle. He likewise fancied The Girl. The Engineer realized his game, and through set teeth threw both a warning and a challenge into the Dandy's face. Score two for Handsome Harry.

Whereupon the Dandy picked another victim, and vanished from the plot.

The Brute came home drunk on pay-day night, took his daughter's wages, threw her into a corner, and was about to strike her. The Engineer stepped in at the door.

"Did you want to see me?" he blandly asked, fixing the Brute with his steely gaze. Result—no beating for The Girl—exit the Brute—tender gratitude—the dawn of love's young dream—and—score three for Handsome Harry.

But let's quit scoring before it gets monotonous.

The Brute swore dire vengeance and boasted of what he would do to the Engineer, whereupon the latter gave him ample opportunity, though nothing happened. Finally, the Brute, realizing that he might soon lose his daughter, and with her her earnings, via the marriage route, decided to stop it all, and sought out the Engineer to tell him where to get off.

Let us get off for a minute, too.

That was to be the big scene. The Brute was to find the hero at a pub, and, having fortified himself with generous drafts of fiery liquid courage, he was to tackle the Engineer. And then the fight.

We had a set constructed to represent a real old English tavern. There was a small bar with its inevitable barmaid, tables, and benches, and a stairway to a balcony that ran along one side of the room. It was a good set, and we all hoped that we could pull a good fight scene.

But that fight was a cause of worry and discussion for some days. The public is keen on man-to-man fights—witness the popularity of Hart and Farnum—and by the same token it is keen to detect a fight that is faked. It was not intended that this particular fight should look faky; a drunken Brute and a husky young Engineer would not be likely to exchange love taps or bombard each other with charlotte russe or fudge.

Yet it's no fun to get all beaten up, you know, even for the sake of a big scene. Everybody but the two principals wanted to have a regular fight staged. But the Brute and Handsome Harry weren't so wildly enthusiastic as we were.

So we cogitated.

"Do you s'pose they'll mix it up?" the director asked.

"Search me!" I replied, and it must be admitted that my remark was to the point.

"Look-a-here," he continued. "This scene will make or break the picture, and it's gotta be right. Visualize it. Barroom, crowd of half-drunken miners, smoky oil lamps, and a fight to a kill between two sworn enemies. If they didn't really fight it's reasonable to suppose that the miners would beat 'em both up."

Down they came, nine feet to the floor.

"Yep," I responded.

"Here's a case," the director continued, "where the bully of the town and the boss of the works are both fighting for their reputation, their jobs, and a girl. My heavens, man, they've *got* to fight!"

Being astute and a deep thinker, I saw the point, and solemnly answered: "Sure."

With this weighty subject on my mind I retired to a far corner of the prop room and settled down to reflect among the ruins of an ancient castle, a drawing-room set and a flock of wheelbarrows. And the fifth time I filled my pipe inspiration flapped her wings above my head, and I knew that fight was going to be a humdinger.

Our barroom scene was a night scene, so we didn't work that afternoon. And with malice aforethought I rode into town with the Brute. Of course we talked shop, and in the course of our talk I casually mentioned that Harry was planning to add to his laurels when we shot that scene. How? Simplicity itself. He intended to make a *real* scene of it and give the Brute a *real* beating. Of course the Brute was not expected to know this, therefore it was plausible to suppose that he would take the beating, be properly licked before he knew he was really in a fight, and Harry, the mighty hero, would be posing for a closeup over his fallen father-in-law-to-be.

The Brute listened attentively, and dryly thanked me for tipping him off.

Let's score one for me.

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Just See What Dorothy Is Responsible For!

By Grace Kingsley

IT'S spread so that it's fairly become a new cult—the cult of the Gishi. If one is a girl and doesn't "gish," one simply is not in it. One is as hopelessly out of date as a beaded dolman—if you know what *that* is!

Dorothy Gish, as *The Little Disturber* in "Hearts of the World," is responsible for the fad. Gishing has been spreading and spreading ever since, until now there's a little gisher in nearly every home.

All the girls are doing it. It's a combination of a new form of physical exercise and a social accomplishment—like dancing. So when you observe a cutie dancing about like a kitten on a hot griddle, expressing nothing except youth and pep, she isn't really troubled with any nervous disorder; she's merely gishing in her artless, girlish way.

If you go home and ask your sixteen-year-old daughter, who's joined the movement, how she's getting along in high school, she won't sit down and fold her hands in the meek, old-fashioned way. Not she! She'll hop up on a chair and sit down on the top of its back, and, while teetering so you feel every minute she's going to fall, she will tell you that she's "perfectly rotten in arithmetic, but"—here she will flit down and land with her knees under her chin on the sofa—"but she's all to the O. K. in English, and——" At this she'll dive from the sofa to the top of the piano, wave her arms vigorously, and announced that she's a regular chemistry hound if there ever was one.

Ah, when will peace and quiet be restored to our homes? Yet she's a cute little thing, the gisher. I don't know that I'd have her otherwise.

If you're a young man, and ask her if she will take ice cream with you, she doesn't say yes in a tender whisper, as we did in our day, dear middle-aged sisters. No, sir! She'll probably take the first position for the one-step; then, turning the upper part of her suddenly around so as to look at you over her shoulder, while her feet point the other way, she will acknowledge her willingness to be led to a nut sundae—the nuttier the better. Just what she does when asked to wed I don't know. Probably, if it happens outdoors, she takes a flying leap to a treetop, and, swinging from it, tells you she loves you better than anybody in the world except Charles Ray or Dick Barthelmess.

There are no particular rules for gishing, except that you never, never, on any account, stand still for a minute. It's quite indescribable on paper. All one can say is that it's perpetual motion with different combinations of arms and legs and head, and if you hitched the average gisher to a sewing machine or some other useful mechanical engine she would probably turn out thousands of dollars' worth of useful productions—shirts, for example—a day.

Gishing is done almost exclusively by cuties and flappers between sixteen and twenty. A gisher of thirty would not be allowed to live. Besides its exercise requires the elasticity and the prodigality of energy that belong only to youth. I'll say one thing for it, as Mark Twain says of chills—it's a dispensation of an all-wise Providence to provide exercise for the lazy. I'll bet there are gishers who wouldn't wash the dishes for a mint.

That is, not unless Dorothy did it!

"I Do," Said Anita

John Emerson said it, too, the day he and Miss Loos were married at the Talmadge home in Bayside, and here's an account of the wedding.

By Agnes Smith

THE bride and bridegroom were only four and a half hours late. Constance Talmadge said that that wasn't bad for Anita Loos, and it was positively prompt for John Emerson. Constance, who had been working all week on "The Temperamental Wife," wasn't going to let a mere thing like a wedding at her home spoil a nice, restful Sunday. So she curled up on a porch swing, dressed in a tea gown, with a cap over the "magic wavers" on her head, and positively refused to get dressed until the bride was seen really driving up the road.

But it was different with Norma. After a four weeks' vacation away from the studio she welcomed a little diversion like a wedding. She had been up and dressed since daybreak. She was staging the wedding. It was at her suggestion that the important ceremony of marriage between the girl who made the subtitle famous and one of the industry's best directors took place at the Talmadge home in Bayside, Long Island.

Norma superintended the arranging of the living room, where the ceremony took place. She taught the Chinese butler how to build the wedding bell of white flowers and doves that hung over the heads of the couple. She set the table for the wedding breakfast. Only the bridal couple were so late that it turned out to be a wedding supper. It was she also who tied the white ribbon upon the neck of Dinky, the smallest dog in captivity.

"Anita and John," she explained, "wanted to go to John's birthplace out in Ohio to get married. But I insisted on having it here. You see, Constance and Natalie have never been to a wedding."

"And I hope," said Constance, "that all this teaches me a lesson. When I get married—if I do get married at all—I won't have any one around except mother and the girls."

Meanwhile Natalie, the second spectator and the youngest of the three sisters, was wandering about the pleasant lawns which lead from the Talmadge home down to the waters of Long Island Sound. Like Constance, she had refused to get dressed until she heard that the car had gone to call for the justice of the peace. She wore a gingham dress and fur-topped boots, rescued from Norma's Russian picture, "The New Moon." Her official duty was to keep the neighbors' children from putting their fingers in the parrot cages and from breaking the toy balloons that were decorating the little summer pavilions that dotted the lawn. And, besides, she had guests down over the week-end. You know how it is around June, when the colleges are just letting out for the summer.

Norma was staging the wedding.

"Norma always wants her sisters to do everything she does," said Mrs. Talmadge; "that's why they are all on the screen. Natalie doesn't like it. I believe that she is the only girl in the world who doesn't care whether she is a moving-picture actress or not. The other day at the studio, after a hard day's work, she turned on Norma reproachfully and said: 'Oh, *why* did you turn me into an actress!'

"It was the same way when Norma started to take ballet lessons. Adolf Bolm came to the studio to supervise some of the Russian details of 'The New Moon.' Norma immediately became interested in dancing. She is what you might call susceptible to influences. If Jess Willard or Jack Dempsey were about she would try to get them to teach her to fight. So Norma arranged a ballet class, and all the girls had to join. They took lessons once a week. Norma could work all day at the studio, and then do the strenuous exercises all evening without getting the least bit tired. But poor little Anita was worn out. She couldn't see what touching the back of your head with your toes had to do with writing scenarios."

They were just like any bride and groom.

At that moment Norma came back from the telephone. At intervals during the day she had been calling up Anita Loos at Great Neck, Long Island, where Miss Loos has a very small pink stucco house, and reported that John had gone to New York to call for some of the guests and that Anita refused to leave until he came around to get her.

And so the Talmadges and a few of the early guests sat on the wide porch that overlooks the Sound, and discussed the wedding. Merceta Esmonde, herself a screen actress and wife of Harry Northrup, who is a terrible villain—on the screen—recalled the days when she used to act on the stage under John Emerson's direction when he was in charge of the Charles Frohman companies. And she spoke with feeling of the fact that John Emerson was still loyal to his old friends and had not let success interfere with his good sense.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as though you were writing his obituary, Merci," interrupted Constance. "In a minute you will be saying that Anita will always be loved and remembered by those who knew her."

"It is an ideal marriage," said Mrs. Talmadge; "they are both interested in the same things and they have worked together so long and successfully."

"Love is the best excuse in the world for marriage—career or no career," was Norma's verdict.

Constance, who had been telling her fortune in a tea cup, laughed sardonically, as Laura Jean Libbey used to say: "Then I shall never fall in love."

"Don't brag," warned Norma.

"I am not bragging. I see it in my fortune. I have made up my mind to be independent from now on. If politeness interferes with my independence, then good-by politeness! Whenever any one bores me I am simply going to turn to them and say, 'I am sorry, but you tire me,' and walk away."

"To hear her talk," said Captain David Kirkland, her director, "you might think that she had temperament. But she hasn't. In fact, the 'wife' in 'The Temperamental Wife,' was the only one in the cast who was not temperamental."

The elusive Natalie had come on the porch to get a piece of toast and jam. The words "love, marriage, and temperament" made her hang in the background. And when some one asked her about marriage she blushed, giggled, and fled.

But she came back later with the news that the bride had telephoned that she was just leaving the house. Whereupon Constance ran for her room, removing her hair from curlers as she went. Dinky, the dog, who had behaved very well during the day, shook the white ribbon from his hair and began barking like mad. Norma was so busy seeing that Justice Frederic Kernochan got to the house that she did not have time to tie it on again.

Anita Loos and John Emerson arrived a little before five o'clock—the wedding was to have taken place at one. With them was Frances Marion, scenario

The wedding party.

writer for Mary Pickford. The neighbors took Miss Marion for the bride. She wore a white net dress and an ermine scarf, while Miss Loos wore yellow organdie, a blue hat, and a blue sweater.

Constance, who had dressed in record time, urged Anita to remove the sweater, but Anita refused. She said that her large bunch of yellow roses would hide it. They did. In fact they almost concealed the bride. Constance herself wore gray crêpe de Chine, with a narrow sash of blue and pink ribbons and a wide hat with streamers of gray tulle. Norma was all in rose color, and Natalie's dress was pale yellow, while Mrs. Talmadge wore pink silk jersey cloth.

Just before the

Continued on page 80

Over the Years with Dusty

He reminisces a bit—proving that he was a sportsman even when he was in kilts.

By Helen Ogden

BILL and I were bound we'd have a regular boat—even when you're only eight you recognize true style in boats, you know—so we sat down beside that old punt and talked things over." Dustin Farnum laughed at the recollection, and I wondered whether the trim, racy motor boat that is his pride and joy at present made him any happier than that old punt had. "Well, we did the usual kid stunt—sneaked up to grandmother's guest room and borrowed the sheets off the bed for gib and sails, and then, at Bill's suggestion, made a steering wheel out of one of the wheels of my little wagon. That punt looked like a million dollars to us kids, and we quite seriously considered sailing from Bucksport, Maine, where we were spending the summer, to Boston in it."

In private life he's often "A Man in the Open."

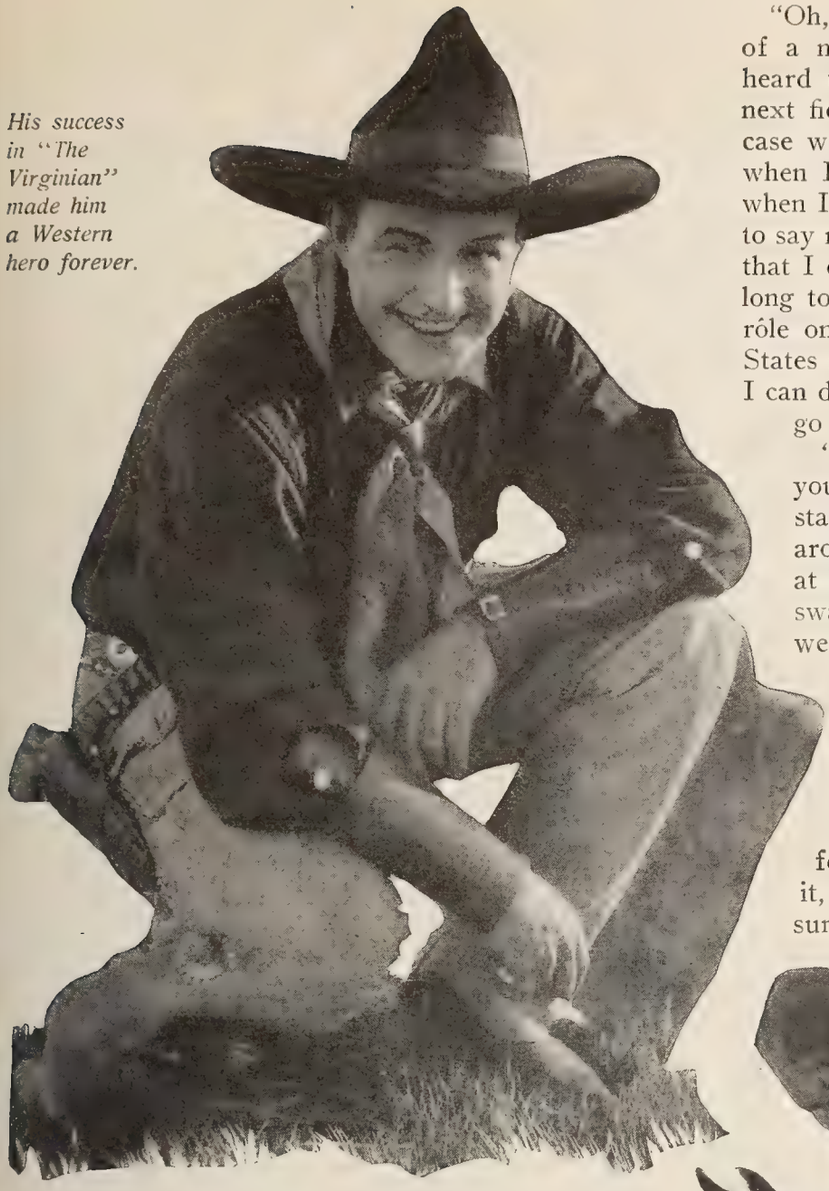
He swung himself up beside me on the big carved table from which I was watching proceedings in the Brunton Studios, and went on reminiscing.

"That was just the start of my career as a wild sportsman. I went to school in Maine till I was seventeen, and then had a couple of years at Boston Tech before I went on the stage, and always I had both eyes on the hunting and fishing I'd do when I was my own master. Oh, yes," and I caught a glimpse of the smile that won my heart in the days when "Dusty" toured the country in "The Virginian," "my dream came true; I shot tigers in India and grizzlies in the Rockies later on. But of course when I had done those things I acquired another ambition—got bitten by the speed bug. And when you're on the stage you don't have much chance to gratify desires like that, you know. Of course there were vacations, but I look back now to the days when I played with Chauncey Olcott, and did 'The Virginian,' 'The Squaw Man,' 'The Littlest Rebel'—those plays and others—and wonder that I didn't carry a speed boat around in my wardrobe trunk."

"But you've got one now," I reminded him.

"I should say I have! Have you seen the *Ding?* She's a hummer; I get in a lot of swordfishing over at Catalina that wouldn't be possible if it weren't for her. But I'm having a faster boat built now—for the motor-boat races this autumn."

Now, so far, this had been a most disappointing conversation to me—not because of what Farnum said,



His success in "The Virginian" made him a Western hero forever.

but because of the way he looked. For there sat the hero of "The Light of Western Stars," "A Man's Fight," and all those brawny, bracing Western pictures, wearing not chaps and a sombrero, but evening clothes.

"But I can't help it; the picture calls for 'em," he lamented when I aired my grievance. "But the scenario takes us West eventually; I'll get back to the old Stetson in a day or two. And if it's Western stuff you want to see, come over to my dressing room; I've got a saddle I bought from an Austrian count when the war began—and all sorts of trophies and tackle and stuff of that sort. You haven't seen the horses either, have you?—Gray and Monte——"

"I saw them in some of your pictures," I reminded him.

"Oh, of course you did. Well, scooting around in a motor boat is great fun, and of course an automobile isn't to be ignored altogether—but, after all, I don't know that anything else can quite come up to a good gallop—not even swordfishing."

"That's all very well, but I should think you'd miss the stage, even with all these compensations, and want to go back to it," I observed.

"Oh, I do," he answered quickly. "It's the nature of a man not to be satisfied, and of course you've heard the proverb to the effect that the cows in the next field always have the longest horns. That's the case with the actor who goes into the movies. Why, when I think of living in a trunk the way I used to when I was on tour, of the trains I used to catch—and to say nothing of the ones I missed—it seems incredible that I could ever go back to it. Then, too, it takes so long to get across the country if you're playing a big rôle on the stage; I covered just half of the United States in five years in one of my plays, and in pictures I can do seven or eight big plays a year and have them go to towns where the trains don't even stop.

"Yet there's a lot of sentiment about the stage, you know—even about the hardships of one-night stands." He nodded toward the extras standing around on a neighboring set. "I'll bet my hat that at least two out of every one of those groups are swapping yarns about the good old days when they were on the stage and saying they'd like to go back. Yet put 'em on the stage, and they'd mourn for the days of the pictures, when they could live so much more comfortably."

"You'll go back some day, though, won't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I'll return to the stage, even if only for a season or two. There's a fascination about it, of course; you can't resist it. But I'm equally sure that I'll come back to the screen again; I'd hate like sixty to give it up."

And by "it," I found, he means not only hunting and fishing—incidentally he made a record catch of tuna fish recently—but various other sports as well. For instance, one day some tourists, who were throwing pennies into Avalon Bay, at Catalina, for

Continued on page 84

The motor boat's most dangerous rival is Dusty's favorite horse.

Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

Random Remarks
(Suggested by current titles.)

"The Mints Of Hell." (Hot Coppers!)

"Some Liar!" (I'll pay it back next week!)

"The Man Who Stayed at Home" (The laundry lost his shirt!)

"Mayor Of Filbert" (The nuts elected him!)

"The Amazing Wife" (She didn't want a new hat!)

"One Of The Finest" (A dwarf cootie!)

"The Birth Of A Race" ("They're Off!")

"Greased Lightning" (When it struck the lard factory).

—o—

Nothing Impossible in Filmland!

Speaking of weird plots, here's what happens in "An Amateur Widow"—

A chap rescues his widow, whom he has never seen before—from a burning building; falls in love with her, and marries her!

—o—

A See-Saw Plot.

Plots are queer things. There's "The Blinding Trail," f'rinstance. As near as we can make out, the hero, while he could see, was blind to real love and married the wrong woman.

He then became blind and saw the true love of the other woman. After which he regained his sight and became blind to the blandishments of the flirt he had married!

—o—

Answers to Correspondents.

"Ima"—Askin, Ky.: And I'm a-telling you and the world, No! Theodore Roberts is *not* the oldest film actor—by any means! Nell Shipman was born B. C. Your other question evidently refers to the speakies. There are no "flies" on nor in the movie theater. The screen keeps 'em out. Oh, yes—I forgot to tell you: Nell Shipman was born in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

"Ophelia"—Lawrence, Mass.: That's not the hamlet Shakespeare picked for you. And so, as did the Bard Of Avon, I made Ophelia mad! That's what you get for taking me seriously! We squared that matter with Hart. Bill attended to that. Anyway, apologizing for calling Hart homely is like apologizing for remarking that Christmas falls on Dec. 25th. You're right—the Storey, while not brilliantly illustrated—is absorbingly interesting. Thanks for the call.

—o—

Our Pictures.

"The Hushed Hour" (Garson)
"The Witching Hour" (Frohman)
"The Eleventh Hour" (World)
"One Hour" (Four-square)
"The Final Hour" (World)
"The Mystic Hour" (Sterling)
"Her Hour" (World)

—o—

Ten Tenuous Things.

Mae Murray's dancing gown in "The Delicious Little Devil."
Victor Potel.
Billy West Comedies.
Lotsa plots.
Near-beer.
Wilhelm's alibis.
Reasons for censorship.
Anita's limbs.
Marguerite Clark's film kisses.
Bill Hart's comedy efforts.

—o—

Oh, Yes, Where *Did* I Hear of Him?

"Radiating strength in physique and personality. The most advertised figure ever shown in a theater, in a rôle that reveals him as a star, second to none———"

Well, sir—we shot four guesses at that and missed!

Those glowing words, dear reader, do not refer to your favorite star. They are merely the maunderings of a publicity pusher for a certain former champ—Jess Willard in "The Challenge Of Chance."

—o—

A Perfect Marriage.

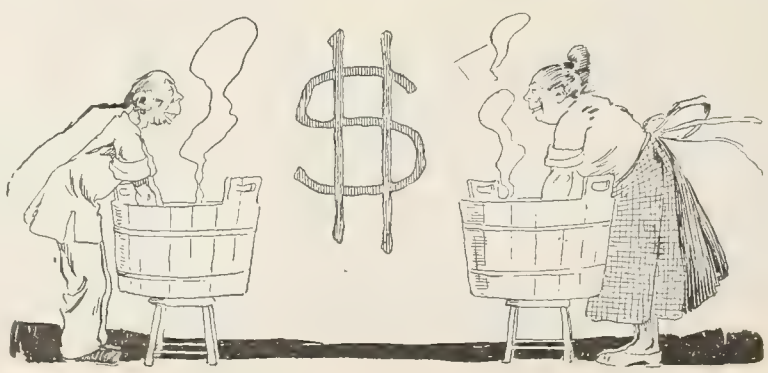
Referring to "The Unwritten Code," World asks the world: "can there be a successful marriage between an Oriental and an American?"

There sure can!

In a Western village the sole washerwoman in town, a colored lady, married the only laundryman in the county, a Chinaman—thereby forming a soiled-clothes trust that gathered the shekels galore.

Successful?

Say—they had to keep



cracked ice in the cash register to prevent it from getting overheated by its constant exercise!

—o—

Concerning Detail.

Oft we marvel o'er the intricate workings of Messrs. Incongruity, Inconsistency & Co.

Strolling along this cogitative pathway, we leave the nation's greatest man, step gingerly past the nation's greatest pest—and arrive at the nation's greatest pastime —the movies.

And here, in the films, we find a striking example of greatness and gimpness merrily trotting hand in hand.

Metro gave us "The Red Lantern"—a gisumpendic spectacle upon which they spared neither time nor coin nor research to perfect its most infinitesimal detail.

Yep! They did that! And then, this same Metro slips us "False Evidence," starring Viola Dana. Vi was there with true evidence of ability, as she always is, but——

D'ye mind the gang of r'arin', t'arin', divil-may-care lumberjacks who were bent on lynching the hero?

Ah, sure, they were the brave bunch of boisterous, brawlin' la-ads!

The kid of 'em was a festive larrakin of seventy and the oldest about a hundred and forty!

—o—

The Limit!

The films have given us heroes who were burglars, meat packers, safe-blowers, postmaster generals, yeggmen, brokers, porch climbers, railroad presidents, and pickpockets—and we've stood for 'em all.

But in "Taxi," starring Taylor Holmes, the idea of making a hero of a taxi driver strikes us as going a bit too far in exalting extreme depravity!

—o—

Tips to Exhibitors.

"The Boomerang"—should be good for a return date.

"Taxi"—too costly for a long run.

"Girls"—they have a big following.

"Free"—if you show this be sure to place the admission price after the title or your crowd will beat all records.

—o—

Wind Direction.

Tempering the wind to the shorn lamb is an insipid stunt compared with what is pulled off in Theda Bara's "A Woman There Was."

A wind storm destroys a village, yet a calm and balmy palm in the background never tremors a qualm!

Not that we give a d a l m—but we are mildly curious to learn what took the wind out of the air back there.

—o—

In Metro's "the Way Of The Strong" the serpent of Eden thrives even in chill Alaska.

Snowballs, we presume, being used instead of apples.

Sad News.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
So, e'er I sprung a hope that Billy West
Would please desist,
As if in answer to my prayer, from out
The moving celluloid he dropped—no doubt
He was not missed.

But Joy is but a bubble—delicate,
And in my joyous bubble Missus Fate
A pin has stuck!
So, in my heart lies cold despair and pain,
For Billy says he's coming back again.
Gol-darn the luck!

—o—

No Round-Trip Tickets Issued.

Paramount, in clamoring our attention to Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom," asks if we believe in ghosts.

Why should we and how can we?

As Mike Kelly, the mail man says: "Sure, if a guy dies an' goes t' heaven, 'tis made so pleasant there for him that he doesn't want t' come back. An' if he lands in th' other locality th' divil a chanct he'd have of getting out to come back!"

—o—

They're Fast Becoming Civilized!

Chinese picture fans do not care for sex plays nor vamps.

Must be some chink blood in OUR veins.

—o—

Some Job for "Some Liar!"

William Russell, as the star in "Some Liar," essays a truly remarkable feat of salesmanship.

The commodities he attempts to sell are cradles and coffins!

Something like trying to peddle refrigerators in Hades!

The chap who needed one of these articles was in no position to buy one!

—o—

A Problem in Fractions.

In "Jacques Of The Silver North," Mitchell Lewis has the rôle of a half-French, half-Indian trader, trapper, and prospector.

Now, according to this, Mitch is one-third trapper. If so, how can he be half Indian? He must be one-sixth!

And if he's half French, where is there any room for him to be half Indian when three-thirds of him are trader, trapper, and prospector?

What we're getting at is this: If he is half French

Continued on page 104

Dogs Is Dogs

And Mary MacLaren is the benefactor of them all.

By Grace Frances Mossman

THERE he sat in an ash barrel that the man was just going to cart away." Mary MacLaren stirred her ice-cream soda with a straw and gazed off over my head. "He had brown over one eye and black over the other, and he looked exactly the way I felt. So I argued with the man, while Heinie drooped over the edge of the ash barrel and looked up helplessly, and I'm perfectly sure that my good luck dates from the moment when I gathered him out of his barrel and took him home with me."

"Well, of course——" I began a trifle skeptically.

"No, really it did." She was very earnest. "That was five years ago, which accounts both for his name and for my being dreadfully discouraged over my chances of breaking into pictures. I'd been job hunting for days, and the very day after I got Heinie I was asked to join the 'Nobody Home' company, and came to California, and after that I got started in pictures here."

"And were all your 'steen dozen other dogs saved from the scavenger, too?" I asked.

"Oh, no; though some of them look as if they might have been. I took 'Missy' because she has only three legs and nobody else wanted her, and Patsy—the dog who seems to be laughing at you, you know—was given to me by the iceman."

"What chance has a dog who's encumbered by a pedigree?" I inquired. "I saw you the other day with a Russian wolfhound that you seemed to like; I suppose he'd been disappointed in love or something like that?"

She laughed as she slid down off the high stool, paid for our sodas, and led the way out to her car.

"I don't hold it against a dog that he has a pedigree; some of my wire-haired terriers have great long ones," she declared. "And now would you mind driving over to the studio with me? You see, I always bring some bones and things to the little tramp dogs around there, and they sort of expect me——"

And ten minutes later she was giving a reception that was attended not only by the meek and lowly mongrels, but by an aristocratic bulldog as well.

"But I can't very well send him away," she answered when I called the fact to her attention. "Even though he has had a good dinner at home I'll let him stay; dogs is dogs, you know, and I love 'em all."

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

The Author's Rights

"When a story is sold to a magazine does the author retain the motion-picture rights?" This question is asked repeatedly, and the answer is "it depends."

Technically, you sell all rights to the story when you indorse the magazine's check; and most beginners may consider themselves lucky if they can sell a story to a magazine without bothering about screen or other rights. The reputable magazines, however, are very generous in this regard. Even though they purchase all rights, they are always willing at least to divide with the author any movie money which may come in. Writers whose work is in considerable demand usually have an understanding when they sell their stories to magazines that they reserve the motion-picture rights.

A question which frequently accompanies the one above is this: "Is it permissible to submit a story to a magazine and at the same time to submit a synopsis of the same story, with the same title, to a movie producer?"

That practice is strictly unethical. Though it enhances the value of a story for screen use to have had it previously published in book or magazine form, the reverse does not hold. It is understood that when you send a story to a magazine you are offering exclusive material that has been unused in any form.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

Studio Experience

The great weakness of many scenario editors is a lack of studio experience. You can tell by their work.

An editor of scenarios should have spent at least six months or a year in some studio, absorbing the atmosphere, watching the "shooting" of the scenes, gaining practical experience in the making of pictures. Theory is all right, but practice makes perfect.

It is the same with those beginners who are ambitious to write screen stories. If you have some sound reason for believing you have it in you to do the work, why not bend all your energies on getting some minor occupation at a motion-picture studio for a year or so in order to learn the practical details of production? If you can afford it, offer to work gratis in return for the opportunity to observe and learn. It is a great school, and will accomplish more for the would-be author than anything else. A year spent right where the movies are made should qualify any one who has the real latent gift to write real-for-certain film plays and perhaps good continuity. You meet the stars, the directors, the writers, the camera men, see the pictures "taken," read continuity and stories written by those long in the game, and you cannot help learning something.

There are too many in the motion-picture industry to-day who have never seen the inside of a studio, much less worked in one. And now I must add a few words to forestall the hundreds of letters which otherwise I would be receiving within the next few weeks, all asking the question, "How can I get a job in a studio?" No one could answer that question, except to say: "The only way is to go to the studio direct and make application in person." I realize that for most of my aspiring readers this would be impossible and inadvisable. The suggestion, however, is not made for the many, but only for the few who, as I said before, have some tangible reason for taking such a step.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

Here is a sample letter which shows what the scenario writers have to contend with. It was received by United Picture Theaters, Inc., accompanying a synopsis intended for Dustin Farnum. Among other things the letter says: "This story is written in six complete reels, but could be successfully used for a five-reel play. I always write my stories slightly oversize to allow producers a few extra scenes to allow for other scenes that would be unsuitable. I keep within censorship rules in writing stories. This story is absolutely a true one; the leading character is living to-day."

And such persons wonder why their offerings are not accepted. The writing of stories "slightly oversize" reminds me of the continuity writer who put in a lot of business, stating that this could be "shot" by the director and then cut out if not necessary. In other words, the producer could hire a lot of actors, put in time and expense, and then cut the business out if it

did not appeal. And any one who thinks that a true story—one which he knew had happened—could be made into a screen play has no business trying to write.

Do not write letters to editors, trying to give suggestions on details of production of which you know nothing. You may ruin all opportunities of even having your play read.

A Word from Hazel Kirk

Hazel Kirk writes that she has been writing scenarios for four years, and, although her first manuscript deserved to come back, she has written a few in the last two years that have been read by scholars and pronounced "fine." Yet she cannot find a buyer. "I wrote 'The Leper,' 'The Crucial Test,' 'The Curse of the Poppy,' and have sent them to all the biggest film companies only to have them returned. Is it influence that makes manuscripts sell—or can they sell on their own merits? I have just finished what many think is a great story, 'The Greatest Slacker in the World.' Will you kindly suggest a way to have my work considered? I have been told that often the material is stolen and produced under another name."

The day has passed when material is stolen and produced under another name—providing you submit your stories to reputable, well-known producing concerns. The movie-story market is one of the few departments of the industry where favoritism counts little. A "pull" may hasten consideration for your story, but "pull" will not produce it. It costs too much to take a chance; a plot *must* be good. The writer says her work has been pronounced good by scholars. And in that statement she shows how far she is from seeing her problem in its true light. What sort of scholars were they? College professors? The opinion of all the scholars in the world as to the merits of a movie script is not worth the snap of a finger unless they are scholars of—not motion pictures, but of *motion-picture production.* The touch of egotism that makes the writer say "My work is good" is a natural result of the impelling force that makes human beings want to create. It is an attitude that makes for success in the long run. But until the beginner learns the practical tricks of the art toward which he aspires that touch of egotism makes for a lot of misunderstanding; it makes him suspicious and resentful at the rejections which he would realize were not unjust if he could only see things in their true perspective. Just as a practical suggestion I am going to hazard the opinion that no producer would consider at this time putting on a story with such a name as "The Greatest Slacker in the World." That theme is as dead as last year's buttercups.

Questions and Answers

Here are some questions and answers, the queries being propounded by Mr. L. G. Winegar, of Grand Rapids:

Is paper such as this letter is written upon permissible for scenario writing?

It is not. You use an onion-skin paper. Use white paper and a black record ribbon on your typewriter.

How far in advance of the season, approximately, should seasonable ideas be sent in for approval or sale?

Avoid, if possible, the writing of "timely" or "seasonable" motion-picture plots. They should be written at least six months ahead. The trouble is that if one company rejects your idea about "Christmas" or "Memorial Day" there may not be time to send it to another. In the heydey of the program many companies used to release movie plays based on certain holidays, particularly Christmas. It is practically a waste of time to write such stories nowadays.

Is there a market anywhere for bare ideas, hints, or scenes not written into scenario or synopsis form?

Any company is in the market for ideas. But if you have a "bare idea," so called, foster it for a while. Perhaps it will develop into a full-fledged plot.

Is there a market for titles alone—without the synopsis?

Well, Douglas Fairbanks is said to have paid five hundred dollars once for a title alone, "D'Artagnan of Kansas," around which he had a new story written. Then at the last minute they changed the title to "The Modern Musketeer." That classic example, however, is the exception which proves the rule. Generally there is no market for titles alone.

Here's Encouragement

Speaking of titles, there are two big producing firms in New York City which hold contests in order to get a final main title for their pictures. They give to their employees printed slips with the original title and the synopsis of the story, and then offer a prize for the best title offered to replace the original one.

And who do you suppose wins most of these prizes? Some clever person in the scenario department? One of the bright young advertising, publicity, or exploitation men? Well, one of these companies has put on three such contests, and in two of them the prizes were won by girl stenographers who had had no training at this work. You never know where talent will spring up.

It Is Vanity

"Book plays! Why book plays? There are only one or two situations utilized, and yet the author of the book gets top prices for his work. A good original plot, built especially for the screen, should be more valuable." The above observation comes from a scenario editor of prominence. And those who have dealt in movie manuscripts will agree with him. How often has an editor perspired over some novel, purchased for five or ten thousand dollars, endeavoring to work out a continuity? In the end all that is used is the names of the characters, one or two situations, and the rest of the business supplied by said editor and continuity writer. We predict that a time is coming when the writer of original stories intended primarily for the screen will come into his own, a time when books will not command top prices. Of course some book titles, like authors' names, are valuable for their advertising value. But it is just plain vanity on the part of certain stars that upholds the prices of books adapted for the screen.

To elucidate: Jasper Y. McCullough, the very

Continued on page 88

The Story of a Designing Man

He's implicated in all sorts of affairs with Theda Bara —even changed his name at her request, they say.

By Celia Brynn

EVERY one says that you're a designing man!" I told George Hopkins as I invaded his private den at the Fox Studio. "I've heard that you turned Theda Bara into a vampire and into a court lady of doubtful reputation; also into a She-devil and a Wild Woman of the South Sea Islands. Can this be true?"

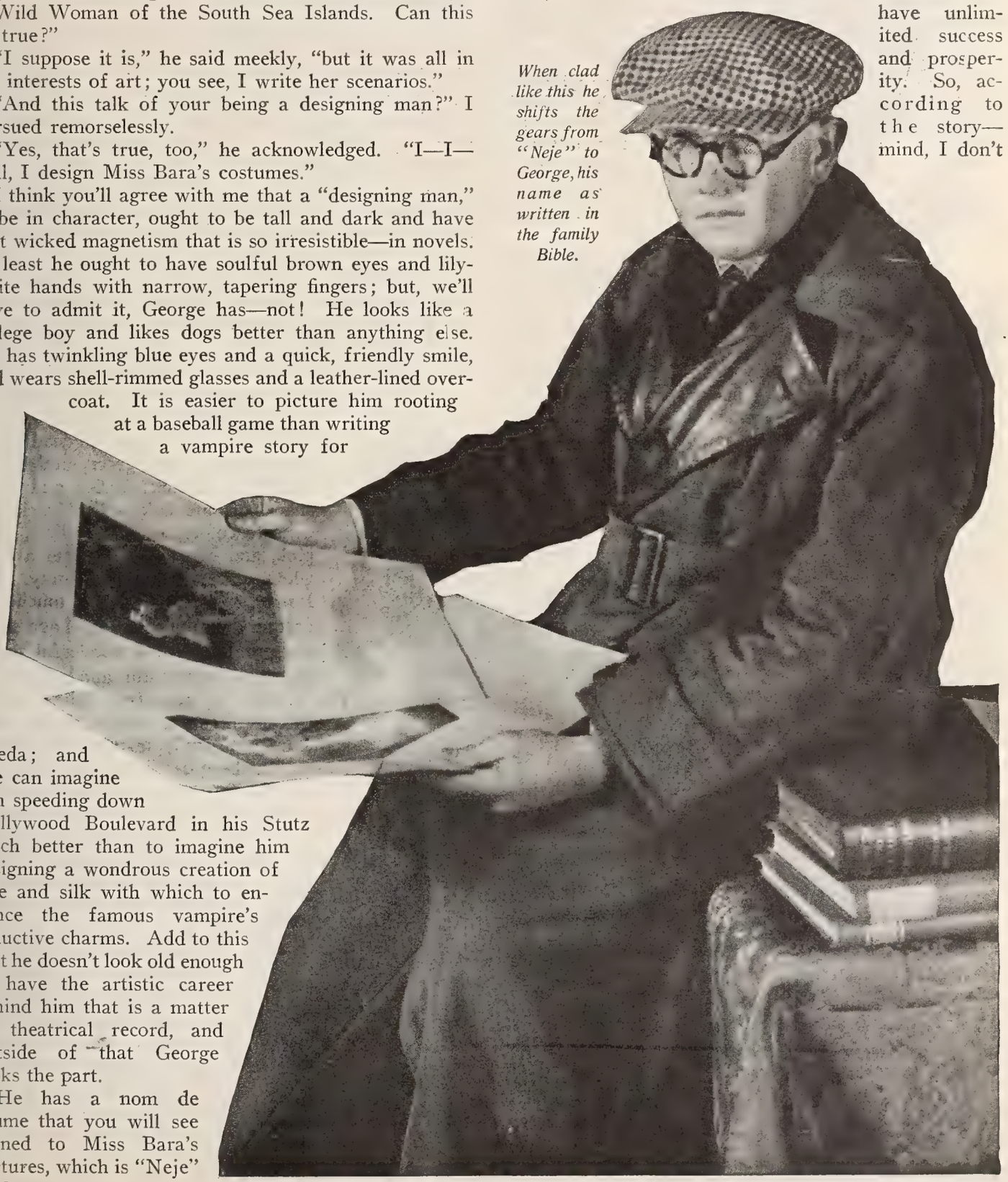
"I suppose it is," he said meekly, "but it was all in the interests of art; you see, I write her scenarios."

"And this talk of your being a designing man?" I pursued remorselessly.

"Yes, that's true, too," he acknowledged. "I—I—well, I design Miss Bara's costumes."

I think you'll agree with me that a "designing man," to be in character, ought to be tall and dark and have that wicked magnetism that is so irresistible—in novels. At least he ought to have soulful brown eyes and lily-white hands with narrow, tapering fingers; but, we'll have to admit it, George has—not! He looks like a college boy and likes dogs better than anything else. He has twinkling blue eyes and a quick, friendly smile, and wears shell-rimmed glasses and a leather-lined overcoat. It is easier to picture him rooting at a baseball game than writing a vampire story for Theda; and one can imagine him speeding down Hollywood Boulevard in his Stutz much better than to imagine him designing a wondrous creation of lace and silk with which to enhance the famous vampire's seductive charms. Add to this that he doesn't look old enough to have the artistic career behind him that is a matter of theatrical record, and outside of that George looks the part.

He has a nom de plume that you will see signed to Miss Bara's pictures, which is "Neje" Hopkins, said screen name having been wished on him by Theda, who is said to believe—*you* can believe this or not, just as you like—that all letters have vibrations, and that if they can be corralled into a name the wearer thereof will have unlimited success and prosperity. So, according to the story—mind, I don't



When clad like this he shifts the gears from "Neje" to George, his name as written in the family Bible.

The fashion plates for a siren's clothes are not at all like those for a vampire's.

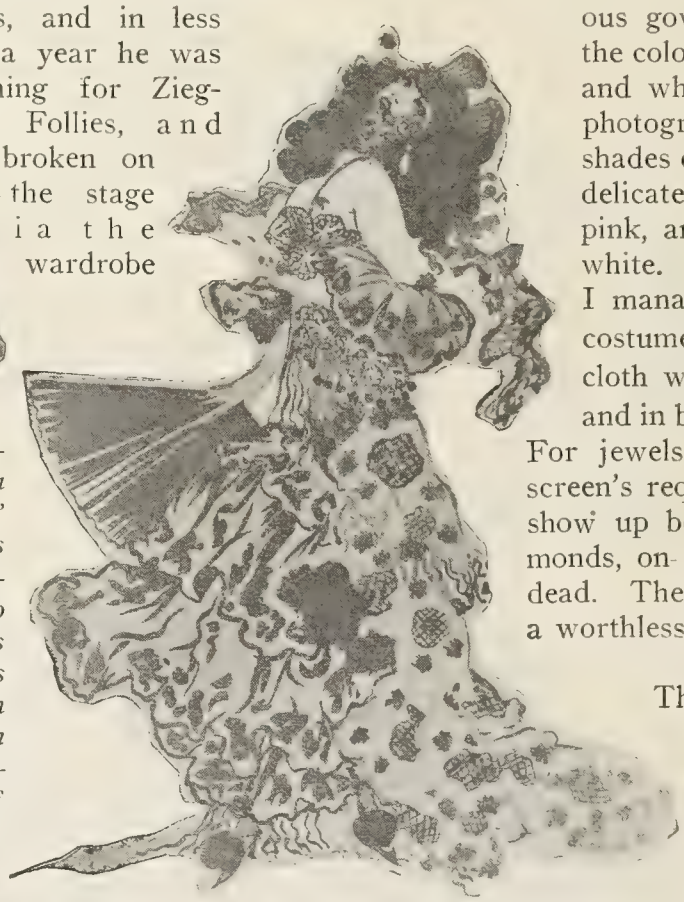
vouch for it—she put George's case before an expert on etheric vibrations, and "Neje" was the result. It smacks of samovars and bomb plots, and is pronounced respectfully in two syllables, with the first *e* disguised as a long *a*, and the second masquerading as a short *u*. The name is all right, says George, but it doesn't fraternize with "Hopkins," which he was allowed to keep. It seems that the vibrations are good only for the first name; the surname must be left intact, else the vibrations become null and void.

Several years ago—just how many he would not say—George Hopkins left a small town in the Middle West to go to New York to study art. He began by doing posters and magazine covers, and in less than a year he was designing for Ziegfeld's Follies, and had broken on to the stage via the wardrobe entrance. He designed Nazimova's costumes and those which Emily Stevens wore in "The Unchastened Woman." Then he met Theda Bara, and the noted screen vampire engaged him to do her costumes for "Madame Du Barry," and he has been associated with the Fox Company ever since. Among the scenarios he has written for her are "The She-Devil," a rapid-fire romance of Spain; "A Woman There Was," a story of the South Sea Islands, and three more which are to be Miss Bara's next productions. Writing scenarios comes as easy to George as designing costumes, but one always suspects him of doing the costumes first and then fitting a story to them.

The fourteen "Du Barry" costumes were designed to express luxurious abandon and an utter disregard of money.

When he talks of the technical aspect of designing he assumes a "Neje" expression and attitude, and one listens meekly as one remembers his years with the biggest producers of New York. But when he talks of the personal side of it, then he is just "George."

"There's nothing hard about designing costumes the way I do them," said he, shifting gears from George to Neje. "There would be if I paid any attention to color values and their adaptation to photography; I would be held back then by having to think of technicalities instead of giving my imagination free reign. But as it is I simply paint the costumes in the colors they ought to be, and let it go at that. Of course I try to get different effects, so as not to have the gowns photograph the same shade, but I put the big variety into the trimmings and the unusual touches. The screen is so limited in its reflection of beauty that it is disappointing sometimes to see a marvelous gown which runs the gamut of the color scale come out in dead blacks and whites. Red, green, and brown photograph black; cerise and some shades of blue make a 'live' black, and delicate colors, such as yellow, blue, pink, and lavender, come out a clear white. Gray photographs gray. But I manage to get effective touches in costumes by the use of gold and silver cloth which have a wonderful sheen, and in brocaded satins and heavy silks. For jewels the ones best suited to the screen's requirements are pearls, for they show up beautifully lustrous, while diamonds, on the other hand, are absolutely dead. The finest diamond will look like a worthless piece of glass on the screen."



This sketch is not of Theda—just of one of her costumes.

"Tell me how you design Theda Bara's costumes," I commanded, being determined that the discourse should not stray too far from the subject of Theda's clothes.

"Neje" vanished in a second, and "George" smiled at me rather mischievously.

"Well, of course I ought to say that I consult fashion magazines and delve into thick historical volumes when Miss Bara puts out a period picture—such as 'Du Barry'—and maybe I really ought to do that, but—I don't. I'm afraid I pay very little attention to historical detail. For instance, when I designed her costumes for 'Du Barry' I didn't worry about the exact kind of clothes they wore in those days. I just got the

silhouette correctly and filled in the rest myself. I hope I caught the spirit of that time—the luxurious abandon and the utter disregard for such a mere trifle as money, combined with an ostentatious stateliness.

"Miss Bara is very easy to design for," said George, lapsing into the professional Neje once more. "Her peculiar type adapts itself wonderfully to gorgeous combinations of colors and startling effects. And in all her pictures I try to keep the spirit of the thing, never getting away from it for a moment in the matter of dress. Is it a vampire picture—well, then, the costumes must correspond not only in color and material, but in their motif, for clothes have motifs, you know, even as music or the drama. If she plays a vampire, then the lines must suggest the personality of the vampire; they must be long and 'slinky,' to use a common expression, subtly appealing to the senses, designed to bring out every charm, to invite and seduce at once. Is she to be a siren, then flame is the motif. Oh, no, a siren and a vampire are not the same at all!"

This last in response to my timid query.

"Oh, not at all!" emphasized the world-wise Neje. "A vampire sucks at emotions, she feeds upon her victim's very lifeblood, as it were; she takes all, but she gives nothing. A siren is like a vivid flame. She burns men's hearts out of their breasts, but the flame she kindles in others is in her, too; she will give love as well as take it. The vampire is a merciless, bloodless creature; the siren is a burning fountain of passion.

"For her I use the color of flame. I suggest it in her headdress, in the lines of her garments, in the very jewels she wears. She does not move in undulating waves; she is slim and straight, she is vivid and colorful, her appeal is to the intellect as well as to the senses."

"And just what sort of a person was Theda Bara in 'The She-Devil?'" I asked.

"She was what I might call an eccentric siren. She was a—well, a 'She-Devil'—doesn't that suggest anything to you? A siren, yes; but not of the conventional type. A spitfire, a hoyden, a spoiled darling of Spain; that makes a wonderful combination to design costumes for. The clothes for that picture were all bizarre and striking to suggest the personality of this untamed Spanish girl, who, transplanted into Parisian life, flouts every custom and convention and sets the city by the ears. One gown I designed for her was very short in front and had a long train. The flounces were embroidered, and the train was of lace and silk. An opera cloak was trimmed with ostrich plumes, and the hat that went with it was shaped like a Chinese pagoda, while a pair of pajamas were of silver cloth with quantities of ribbons and with a close-fitting silver hood—all erratic, don't you see?—all quite in keeping with a she-devil."

"And what are you designing for her now?" I asked, and Neje turned into George with something like a blush.

"Well, nothing much," he said deprecatingly. "It's a picture of the South Sea Islands, and in it she wears seaweed and pearls——"

"Yes, go on," I waited, pencil poised in readiness.

"——And nothing else," he finished.

"It seems to me you're laying down on your job," I told him sternly, but he only grinned broadly.

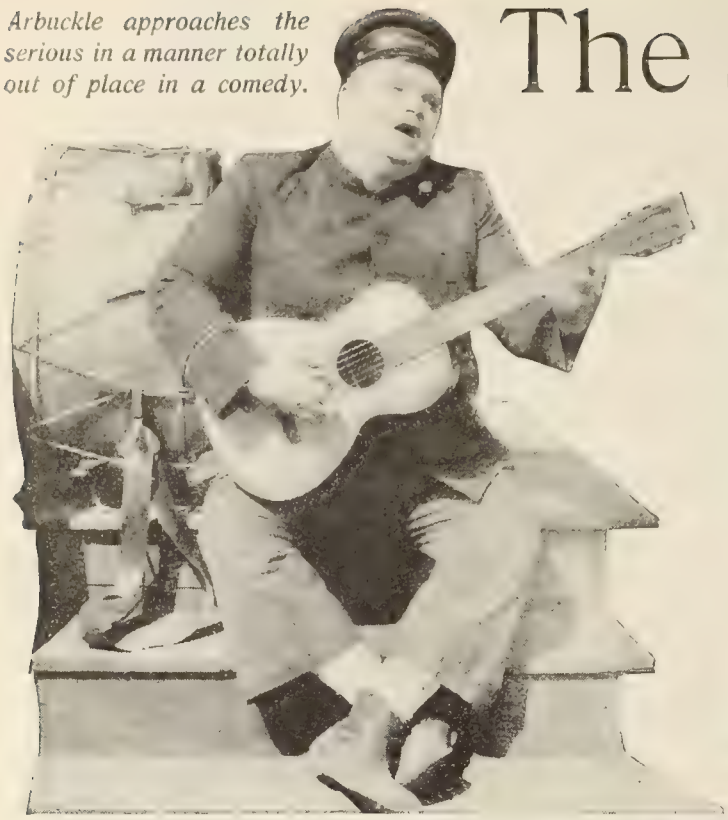
"Well," said he, "you'll have to admit that in this case at least I'm not a designing man!"

However, I rise to remark—and I'm borne out in this statement by everybody I know—that the mere fact that he's holding down that job of his proves he's designing in more ways than one.

One wonders if he does the costumes first and writes the scenarios to fit them.

He submits sketches like this for Miss Bara's approval.

"Miss Bara's peculiar type makes her very easy to design for," he said, speaking as Neje.



Arbuckle approaches the serious in a manner totally out of place in a comedy.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases.

By Henry Dunn Cabot

A NEW YORK newspaper recently quoted several of the nation's most prominent men on what careers they would choose could they live their lives over. Not one set himself down as willing to again take the road that led to his present position. A mayor would have been a newspaper owner, an engineer would have striven for a seat in congress, a lawyer would have studied aviation from the very outset.

Apparently no one is ever satisfied, even in the movies. But what a boon it is that these people can't have their whims gratified. Imagine suffering through Fatty Arbuckle's efforts to give a proper presentation of Elliott Dexter or Polly Moran endeavoring to be a Lillian Gish!

Which leads us to Charlie Chaplin and his recent picture, "Sunnyside." Ever since Chaplin captured the comedy honors of the screen and stage combined his succession of press agents have been shouting that some day he would blossom forth in something of a serious nature. And I almost think they are converting Chaplin into taking them seriously. For in each of his recent comedies he has injected more and more pathos, while in "Sunnyside" he goes so far as to forget his cane, hat, and feet for at least a hundred feet of film while he gazes mournfully in through the window and watches a stranger make love to his sweetheart. Such actions, to my mind, are quite out of place. For my part I would have much rather seen him clout the intruder over the head with his cane. It is true that Chaplin can put this pathos over in his comedies, and his ability to do that has often been favorably commented on. But the main reason that his pathos scores is that it offers such contrast with the rest of his madness. If he forsook comedy and went in for drama he would fail as surely as Ben Turpin would fail at public speaking. Not that drama is more difficult; quite the contrary. But the public would refuse to accept him, he would lose the magnifying light of his comedy as applied to his present spasms of pathos, and his stature is against him.

"Sunnyside" is well worth seeing, but the comedy is not at all continuous.

Mack Sennett never lets the serious or the pathetic interfere with his comedy.

"Sunnyside," I think, is the least of the Chaplin comedies. I have particular reference to "Shoulder Arms" and "A Dog's Life." It lacks the originality of the other two. That is, the comedy isn't as steadily continuous. When it comes to original business, however, his milking the cow straight into the coffee cup and his placing the hen in the frying pan and waiting for her to lay an egg are pieces that compare favorably

with the dog's retreat down Chaplin's trousers in "A Dog's Life," and the dugout scene in "Shoulder Arms." But, whatever its shortcomings, "Sunnyside" is worth seeing. It proves again that Chaplin is an artist.

Fatty Arbuckle, I think, has almost gone Chaplin one better in his "A Desert Hero," one of the best burlesques I have ever seen. When Fatty puts the soft pedal on the vulgarity and doesn't depend too much on his own obesity for effect he manages to turn out fine work. In "A Desert Hero" he burlesques William S. Hart's type of Western to a degree. Introducing himself as a "gaunt, rawboned son of the desert," he proceeds to battle with the villains and win the heart of the dance-hall girl who "is so innocent that she is afraid to pick wild flowers." Al St. John's bad man is a good piece of work, and Molly Malone's dance-hall girl leaves no room for improvement.

There is no doubt about Fatty scoring here. It is a picture that makes one almost ready to believe that contract of seven figures he is said to possess with Paramount. But he, too, approaches the serious in a manner totally out of place when he introduces a Salvation Army scene. It is not burlesque, it is an attempt at drama, and it has no more business in "A Desert Hero" than Theda Bara would have in it. I wish our comedians would polish up a bit on their perspectives.

Pauline Frederick's emotional talent is quite lost in "The Fear Woman."

"The Spark Divine" is a George Randolph Chester creation.

"Cupid Forecloses" is a Bessie Love picture.

Mack Sennett is a comedy producer who refuses to allow his ambitions to interfere with his better judgment. Sennett wants to produce melodrama, and there is talk at present that he will shortly realize this plan. But he never permits melodrama or pathos to intrude in his comedies, save for the purpose of burlesquing it. Curiously enough, though, the film world is at present watching the picture which probably is the worst Sennett ever produced clearing up more money than his best. This is the special comedy, "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," which is playing about the country with a sextette of the famous bathing girls appearing in person at each performance.

While thinking back over some of the recent pictures of a more serious nature I chanced to recall the fact that these lines are due for publication on September 1st, which is the beginning of the producers' fiscal year.

In anticipation of the new season, these gentlemen have been bombarding the theater exhibitors during

It is a pleasure to see Marguerite Clark in "Girls."

the last few weeks with their heaviest advertising artillery. This year the big exhibitors are all pledged to "fewer and better" pictures, selective booking, no more "program" pictures, and so on.

Goldwyn's "The Fear Woman" is one of those pictures which they promise us there will be no more of after September 1st. All we can do is to hope and wait and see. However, we have our fears as well as our "Fear Woman." This is one of those pictures that gives the impression that it just had to be produced, and so it was. The story, by Isola Forrester, tells of a woman who broke her engagement on her wedding day because she was afraid of an inherited taste for liquor. So they part—of course coming together again in the last reel. But the author's situations falling between the parting and the reunion are irrelevant, conventional, and quite distantly removed from the original premise of the plot. It wanders almost deliriously. Pauline Frederick's high emotional talent is quite lost in the title rôle.

Olive Thomas plays a baby vamp in "Upstairs and Down."

According to my observations of late, the comedy producers recently have surpassed most of those who deal in serious material. It might, after all, be a good opportunity to let the comedians and the dramatic players, the comedy producers and the dramatic producers change places for the time being, just to see what the results would be. Certainly neither "The Spark Divine" nor "Cupid Forecloses" stand for the highest in motion-picture art. These two recent offerings from the Vitagraph Company fail to reveal much that is entertaining, ingenious, or original.

"The Spark Divine" introduces Alice Joyce as a young woman reared in a household where her every effort at expressing herself has been stamped upon. As a consequence she is a cold, bloodless, beautiful thing. Marriage and motherhood and the love of a fine husband fail to change her, and her child must needs be kidnaped before she comes to her senses. "The Spark Divine" is interesting, inasmuch as it is a sample of the work that George Randolph Chester, who recently assumed charge of the Vitagraph production department, aims to create. Apparently he wants character studies in which the psychological working of the mind is revealed on the screen. Physical action he seems to care about hardly at all. If Mr. Chester were guiding the destinies of Charles Ray his plan would be a good one, but I don't know what Harry Morey and Miss Joyce are going to do with nothing but character studies to exploit their talents.

"Paid in Advance," with Dorothy Phillips, is a swift-moving story of the North.

"Cupid Forecloses" is a Bessie Love picture, and the story is so inconsequential that it demands little attention. Miss Love has a certain group of admirers, so they tell me, but for my part I think she did her best work when playing in support of Fairbanks and Hart. She surely needs something strong to support her, whether it be opposite player or story. Her personality is delightful, but by itself is like a vegetarian diet.

At last Paramount has put Marguerite Clark in a worth-while picture. Afteing suffering through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Out of a Clear Sky," it is ably

pleasure to welcome her in a picture of the genuine entertaining caliber of "Girls," an adaptation of Clyde Fitch's comedy. The lives of *Pam*—Miss Clark—and her two associates, who vow to hate all men and who stick hatpins in a dummy man to drive home their point, but who capitulate one by one to the charms of the trousered sex, make ideal screen material. And "Girls" is a picture that sounds one comedy note after another along the whole scale.

Much was heard regarding "Upstairs and Down" before it was finally released. Or, rather, much was seen. It was advertised on electric signs, in the newspapers and magazines, on billboards, and practically every other conceivable place. And now it is among us. "Upstairs and Down" is a comedy about society folk at a Long Island house party—all Long Island house parties are supposed to be very naughty—and Olive Thomas is the star. It was the idea of the authors of the play, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, from which the picture is adapted to show that the scandals of the society upstairs are no worse or no better than those of the servants downstairs. However, in view of what producers usually do in adapting a play or story for the screen, the fact that they left the servants out of it almost altogether may be regarded as a slight alteration.

Charles Ray extracts a good deal of humor from "Hay Foot, Straw Foot."

Miss Thomas essays the rôle of a baby vamp, a species of femininity which I have never been quite able to classify, owing to the varying presentations of the character by our various actresses. Just at present it seems to be Olive Thomas. Miss Thomas' vamp almost puts the whole house party out of the running by her reckless pursuit of the gallant Irish polo player who has fallen in love with her sister, but she ends up by eloping with the man who loved her all the time. The picture is notable for its subtitles, which produce more laughs than the action itself and which are excerpts from the play, written in that spicy, often suggestive style of the Hattons.

Universal, the company whose product has improved hundred per cent during the last year, has a run on virility in its two latest productions, namely, "Paid in Advance" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." The former has Dorothy Phillips, who is perhaps the best emotional actress the screen has produced, as its star, and is a strong, swift-moving story of the North in which the atmosphere of Alaska and the director's transplanted Western stuff vie for prior place in the setting of the story. "Paid in Advance" is red. It is virile. It is no picture for those who admire Babie Marie Osborne drama or Lila Lee sentiment.

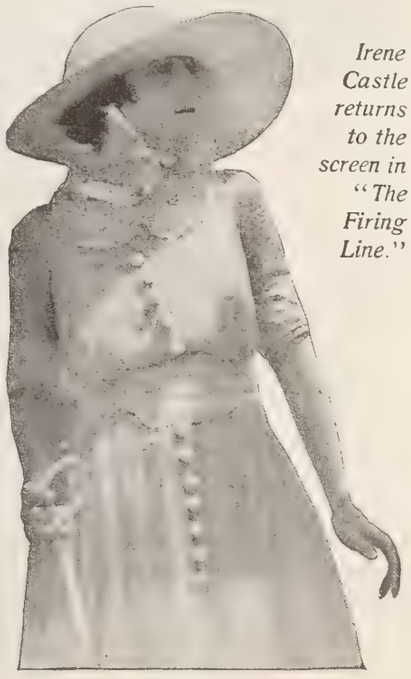
Bryant Washburn as "A Very Good Young Man."

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is another Bret Harte adaptation, with Harry Carey as the outcast in chief. Every once in a while the film producers start a run on Bret Harte. They seem to be doing it now. And certainly Universal couldn't have picked a better subject than the present story to surround the particular talents of Carey. The story is Careyized to a certain extent, and the things he knows how to do best are played up. And the combination is good. Bret Harte Careyized as regards "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is a picture that even Bill Hart should enjoy.

Paramount comes through with another good comedy in "A Very Good Young Man," with Bryant Washburn as the star. Washburn carries the rôle of a young fellow who has lived a model life, so model that his sweetheart refuses to marry him for fear of the fact that he will prove a rake after she has led him to the altar. So she bids him sew a few wild oats, the which he proceeds to attempt to do, but every attempt gains him still more virtue. It is all very funny, and the possibilities achieved by the author, the director, and the cast cannot adequately be realized on this page.

"The Firing Line," also from Paramount, is derived from the popular Robert W. Chambers novel of

Continued on page 85



Irene Castle returns to the screen in "The Firing Line."

America's Mascot

For "Hello, everybody!" was what she shouted in welcome to the doughboys in France. She shouted it, too, to the crowds that greeted her when she sailed into New York harbor last spring. And that's what she's going to say to you pretty soon from the screen, when she appears in "Everybody's Sweetheart," a Selznick picture, on which she went to work in New York shortly after her return. But—a lot of the troops who considered her *their* mascot feel that the first word in that title is a bit too general.

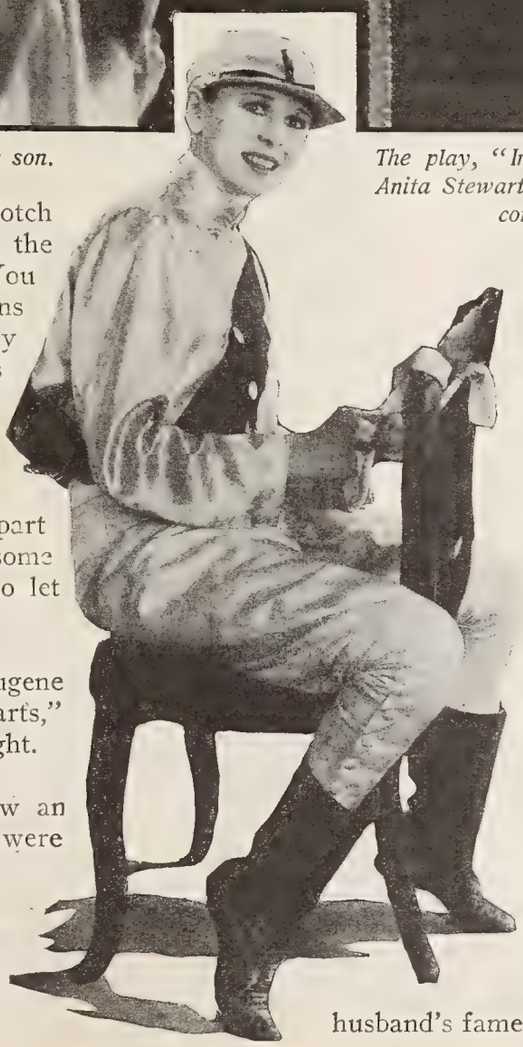
Elsie doesn't agree with them, though; she's made the whole army her fiancé. And before she goes back to the stage she's making this picture as a sort of souvenir to the boys from their mascot.

SHE won that title when she rode into a train shed in France on the cowcatcher of a locomotive and gave a show for the boys of the A. E. F. to the tune of the big guns' booming. She paved the way to winning it when, as just a youngster, she went on the stage and began giving the clever imitations that have made her a favorite here and abroad. But she cinched it by her spirit of comradeship.

Screen Gossip

By The Bystander

Doris May's favorite rôle is that of her father's only son.



The play, "In Old Kentucky," furnished Anita Stewart with one of her most becoming costumes.

DORIS MAY'S vocabulary plays hopskotch when it comes to the "D's"—and skips the words "double" and "don't" entirely. You see, Doris was brought up according to the plans which her father had made for educating his only son—Doris being the only son incidentally as well as the only daughter. She can ride, swim, shoot, play ball, and take a hand in all the other sports that her father used to write about for one of the Western newspapers. So when an especially hazardous stunt is written into her part in a picture nobody dares suggest that she let some one double for the new Ince star; it's safer to let her go on and break her neck in peace.

Robert Edeson has a strong rôle in Eugene O'Brien's second Selznick picture, "Sealed Hearts," written by Eugene Walter, the famous playwright.

Did anybody but Anita Stewart ever borrow an aëroplane? She does it as nonchalantly as if it were a bowl of flour or a dozen eggs. When she came East last summer, just after finishing "In Old Kentucky," she and her husband settled down at their Long Island home and prepared to enjoy a new motor boat, an automobile they'd never seen before, and a brand-new yacht. Then Anita discovered that one of her neighbors had an aëroplane and loved to lend it, or, rather, lend rides in it. And she spent the summer trying to persuade the obliging neighbor to move to California.

Everybody was surprised to hear that Charles Ray had gone over to First National, but I was still more surprised to find that his lovely little wife is an artist. She's so pretty, with her sunny hair and deep-blue eyes, and so contented just to bask in the light of her husband's fame that I'd never suspected

her of being a painter—and a good one, too. But since she left the screen—she used to be in Balboa pictures, you know—and settled down at home she doesn't care whether anybody knows about her work so long as Charles likes it.

Blanche Sweet loves her home on a Hollywood

No fairy godmother helped Marjorie Daw—she worked her way to stardom.

Blanche Sweet admits now that she can't stay away from the screen.

hilltop, and would stay there contentedly, dressmaking and writing letters and just keeping house if she could. But after a long retirement from the screen she made "The Unpardonable Sin," and then found that she couldn't stay home peacefully any longer, and signed a contract to appear in Jesse D. Hampton Productions. Now she's working harder than ever, making "A Woman of Pleasure," a screen version of a famous old Drury Lane melodrama.

In the days when Marjorie Daw was just an eleven-year-old youngster, with her bronze hair in braids down her back, she had a real family—her mother and little brother. She played child parts then at the Griffith Studio, and later in "The Warrens of Virginia" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Then her mother died, and Marjorie moved to the Studio Club, where girls without any homes and not earning very much can live most comfortably. And she went bravely on with her work, till finally she became Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady. Now she has an even bigger rôle; she's a First National star, and is to appear in "The Eternal Three," directed by Marshall Neilan.

Sessue Hayakawa's wife, Tsuru Aoki, is now a Universal star.

When Gladys Brockwell finished making "Chasing Rainbows" a young aviator invited her to chase some with him in his aëroplane. Gladys promptly accepted, and they flew from Los Angeles to San Diego, while Gladys' mother frantically followed in an automobile.

William S. Hart has signed up for two years more with Famous Players-Lasky.

When Violet Heming played *Wendy*, in "Peter Pan," some years ago, and Sir James Barrie told her that she was very good in the part, she thought that her cup of happiness would never be so full again. But recently she was made quite as happy, when she began playing the lead in Paramount's

spectacular production of "Every Woman," and found that she liked the screen quite as well as she did the stage. "Every Woman" has a notable cast, including Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Mildred Reardon, Theodore Roberts, Irving Cummings, Noah Beery, and Raymond Hatton.

Dorothy Phillips says her wolfhound can jump everything but contracts—but since he belongs to her he'll never do that.

Dorothy Phillips started enjoying her vacation the very minute she finished "The Right to Happiness," but interrupted it long enough to officiate at the laying of the corner stone of the home for wounded war veterans, now being built in Los Angeles. Her last picture is to be released this autumn, and, according to Dorothy, "Man works from sun to sun in our family, reading scenarios—that's what comes of having a director for a husband—but woman's work is never done when she's just a wife and mother, as I am during my vacation, instead of a screen star."

Theda Bara's contract with Fox expired not long ago, and she immediately became interested in plans for a company of her own, backed by a group of business men.

Pearl White's first Fox picture is "Tiger's Cub," an adaptation of an English stage play of that title.

Clara Kimball Young is now making "Eyes of Youth," her first picture for the Equity Pictures Corporation.

Following the example of the "Big Four," Anna Q. Nilsson, Seena Owen, Niles Welch, and Mitchell Lewis have formed a similar organization.

Ruth Stonehouse is to appear in "The Four Flusher," playing opposite Hale Hamilton.

Bert Lytell says Ann May bullied him into letting her play *Lida,* the unhappy chorus girl, in "Lombardi, Ltd." Ann says she did no such thing—that the part belonged to her. Here's the way it happened: Ann, who is little and dark and most awfully pretty, was at the Metro Studio one day, and Lytell told her that they were having a hard time finding somebody to play *Lida.* Now, Ann may be a newcomer to pictures—she played in a few for Vitagraph, and came West to do some juvenile stories for Universal—but she's a graduate of a dramatic school back home in Cincinnati, Ohio, and knows she can act.

"Please let me have that part," she begged. "Oh, please!" And before Lytell or his director, Jack Conway, could stop her she began to show them what she could do in the way of heavy emotional acting. And she got the part without any more argument whatsoever.

"I'll never, never marry an actor!" said Ethel Lynne, of the Christie comedies. So she married a director, Fred Fishback, instead, and now is taking a vacation from pictures.

Constance Binney is just recovering from the evil effects of too much popularity. She was to have begun making "Erstwhile Susan" early last summer for the Realart Company, but the stage success in which she was appearing, "39 East," simply ran on and on forever, and she couldn't leave it, so her picture contract had to wait.

Mitchell Lewis had a hard time getting his thirteen-year-old son out to the coast last summer, and now he can't get him back. The youngster went to a military school in New York, and loved it so that he hated to leave, but when his aunt, Mary Ryan, the actress, took him out to see his family, and he found that his father had had a swimming pool built for him and his mother didn't care how often he went to Venice, Los Angeles' Coney Island, he transferred his affections to California.

Lois Weber, the well-known woman director, has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

Wallace MacDonald appears opposite Marguerite Clark in "A Girl Named Mary."

Young Douglas Fairbanks, junior, set his father's studio by the heels a few weeks ago when he disappeared for half an hour. When the company had looked in every possible nook for a small boy in a cowboy suit,

Imagine she has dark hair and you'll recognize her.

a tall, farmerish-looking person appeared leading the young man by the hand.

"This your boy?" he demanded of Doug, a useless question, since the youngster had made a leap for his father the instant he arrived. "Well, I met him about half a mile from here, and he told me he was lost and wanted to go home. So I asked him his name, but when he said 'Douglas Fairbanks' I took one look at that suit of his and gave up. 'Poor kid,' I says to myself. 'Crazy as a loon—and him so young.' But he stuck to it that that was his name, so I brought him down here. Funny, ain't it?"

And by the time Doug had finished expressing his gratitude the rescuer was the proudest man in the county.

Alice Joyce has a perfectly open-faced character, but she also has a blond wig, which she wore in "The Vengeance of Durand," and it's proved such a good disguise that she can't resist wearing it occasionally just to see if her friends will recognize her. Also, it's most becoming, which may account for her fondness for it.

"If you ever want to see how your friends will receive you with dyed hair, buy a wig," she said the other day. "Some of them politely pretend not to notice it, and others assure me that it's a great improvement. Then, when I tell them the truth, they rise up in great relief and tell me just what they'd think of me if I dared change the color of my hair."

Josie Sedgwick, who used to play in Triangle pictures, is to appear in "Moran of the Lady Letty," playing opposite Tom Moore.

Just as everybody had been convinced that Houdini led a charmed life and couldn't possibly be hurt, he finished a hazardous stunt in the air, landed safely, and then broke one of the small bones in his left hand.

Somebody told us the other day that they pitied Mary Miles Minter. Think of pitying a girl who earns one million three hundred thousand dollars just on one three years' contract! This million has strings on it, though—strings that say that Mary mustn't associate publicly with members of the theatrical profession, must lead the quietest sort of life, and mustn't marry. That same person who pitied the golden-haired Mary Miles added that she thought it was Mary's mother who arranged that contract, because lots of mothers would give anything if they could bring their daughters up that way—by contract instead of by parental influence.

Mary Miles Minter has as chaperon a contract that says she mustn't marry in three years.

Jackie Saunders signed three contracts a while ago—one to make a picture for Ivan Abramson, one to work in a serial produced by Louis Gasnier, and another to appear in a stage play under A. H. Woods' management.

Mae Murray took a house at Mamaroneck, near New York, early last summer and asked everybody she knew to visit her, as she expected to spend several months just loafing. But—when she'd finished making "Greed," a picturization of Wilkie Collins' story, "The Woman in White," for Leonce Perret Productions, she began on "The A B C's of Love;" "On With the Dance," a Paramount picture, came next, and this month she's going back to the stage—after a restful summer!

Bebe Daniels is trying to be awfully calm about it, but even yet she can't help bubbling over every time she remembers her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Of course she's had stage experience, and has been playing in Rolin comedies with Harold Lloyd for some time, but to have all your clothes furnished, as well as your pictures, your maid, hairdresser, and everything else—and get a nice big salary beside—well, that's enough to make any eighteen-year-old girl jubilant, and Bebe's no exception to the rule.

Elsie Janis acquired an entire circus as local color for her first Selznick picture, "Everybody's Sweetheart."

Violet Mersereau is being starred in H and H Productions.

The Lee Kiddies threatened to strike a while ago. "Everybody else goes to such nice locations—Florida and the Adirondacks and places like that—for their pictures," Katherine told their director, "and then you take us to places like Oil City!" But after she'd seen the town and she and Jane had had the time of their lives while they made scenes there she revised her opinion.

William Farnum is soon to be seen in a screen version of E. H. Sothern's greatest stage success, "If I Were King."

Alan Dwan is going to take his company to the Orient this autumn, the South Sea Islands, Japan, and China being the location he has chosen for "The Luck of the Irish," in which James Kirkwood will play the lead. Norman Kerry, who has signed up for a year with Dwan, will also have a strong part.

It's funny that when so many girls are crazy to get into pictures some of those who could easily get in seem to prefer to stay out. Take Mildred Davis, for instance, who made such a hit in Bryant Washburn's picture, "All Wrong," a year or so ago. She vanished from the picture world after that one was done, and nobody heard anything about her till, when Bebe Daniels left Rolin comedies to go to Paramount, somebody suggested Miss Davis as her successor. Nobody knew where to find her, but finally she was discovered at her home up in Seattle, going to school and tending her garden and leading the simplest kind of a life. Now she's taking Bebe's place opposite Harold Lloyd.

Alice Brady is leading a simple life this autumn, doing nothing but working. Evenings and two afternoons she plays in "Forever After," in which she's touring the country, and the rest of the time she fulfills her contract to make Realart pictures. She found it easy enough to do this sort of thing last year, when she was playing "Forever After" on Broadway, but to pick up one's camera and set and make a picture just wherever one happens to be is quite another thing. However, the Drews did it successfully, and if Miss Brady likes the idea pretty soon every little city'll have a studio all its own for the accommodation of touring stage stars who have motion-picture contracts.

Bebe Daniels is trying to look as haughty as her Paramount contract makes her feel.

Crane Wilbur forsook the screen some time ago, acquired a stock company in Oakland, California, and began to write plays and produce them. Now he's blossoming forth as a successful playwright who's sold five plays—in one of which Marjorie Rambeau, who's been off the screen of late, will appear.

They discovered Mildred Davis in Seattle, and now she's playing opposite Harold Lloyd.

He's Really Doing It

While half the movie world talks of going abroad to make pictures, Eddie Polo is actually at work on the other side on a new serial.

By Hugo Vardaman Battle

He wore his sombrero—but not the guns—even on board ship.

THE air was full of the baying of great liners' whistles and the shrill tooting of little tugs, and the deck was crowded with heavily laden stewards and beaming passengers. For it was just half an hour before sailing time on one of the big Atlantic liners, and the usual excitement was just doubled—Eddie Polo and his company were aboard.

I found Polo standing in a secluded corner, wearing a sombrero. He was busy writing a few last telegrams. It wasn't secluded long, for his company and camera men gathered around him as we talked, and presently he was interrupted by requests to face the camera.

"So you're actually off for Europe," I commented. You see, there had been so many rumors that this star and that one were going abroad to make pictures that I wouldn't believe Polo was going till I saw him well on the boat.

A stunt left over from his circus days.

"Sure we are," and he waved his hand at the rest of the company. "Just about twenty minutes more and we'll be off. We've already made some of 'The Thirteenth Hour,' though—that's the serial we're going to do over on the other side—and we'll shoot the rest of it back as soon as we can."

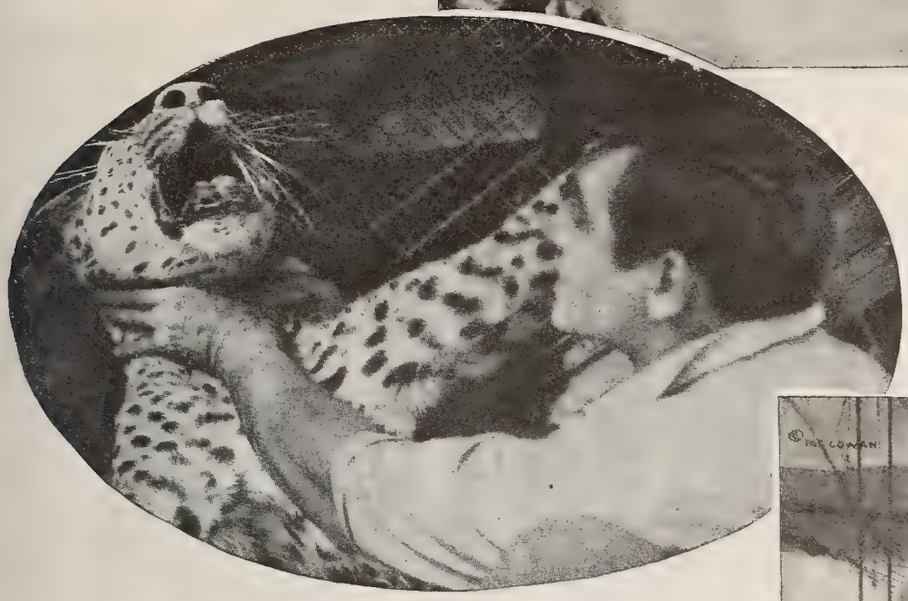
Now the story of how this serial is going to be made is interesting, of course, since locations in England, Ireland, and the Continent will be used. But I wanted to

Foreign crowds may be more unwieldy than this New York one.

know about Polo himself—about how he happened to get into the circus back in his early days, and about how he happened to leave it later for pictures.

"Oh, I was born into the circus," he explained. "My parents were circus people—they were Italian, you know—and I never knew anything else when I was a youngster. Why, I could walk on my hands when I was four, and I can't remember when I began learning to make falls and turn somersaults in the air. It's second nature to me now. I

Here's the scene of our interview.



"Animal stuff" is just a pleasant diversion.

"Everybody's wishing us luck," he laughed, as he thanked me for my good wishes. "Well, if hard work will do it, this'll be the best serial I've ever made —if it isn't, blame me, not the luck."

He was right at home in this scene from "The Lure of the Circus."

spent pretty nearly a lifetime under the big tent—seventeen years just with Barnum & Bailey's. And say, how I did enjoy 'The Lure of the Circus,' the last serial we did. It was like old times."

"But what on earth made you leave it?" I demanded.

"Just chance. One year when the circus was in winter quarters I drifted into the Universal Studio when they were making an episode of 'The Broken Coin' and wanted somebody for a strong-man stunt—a fight in which he was to overpower several others. Well, when they gave me the part I never thought of putting up anything but the biggest fight I could, so I jumped right into it, and in the excitement that followed got the shirt literally torn off my back.

"When that episode was shown in the projection room at the Eastern offices the heads of the firm were much amused by that little detail. However, the director kept right on using me in fight scenes—with the result that I always lost my shirt in the fight—and when that serial was finished I got a part in the next one. That started me in the movies, and I've never thought of quitting."

Now Polo is rather a stocky fellow, standing not more than five feet nine; you'd never pick him for a strong man or an acrobat. Yet a snapshot taken on location when he was making "The Broken Idol" shows him lifting his leading lady, Peggy Aarup, and Peggy Pearce over his head without apparent effort. He doesn't look his forty-two years, either, and his dark eyes and complexion give him rather an Italian appearance.

Vacation Jingles

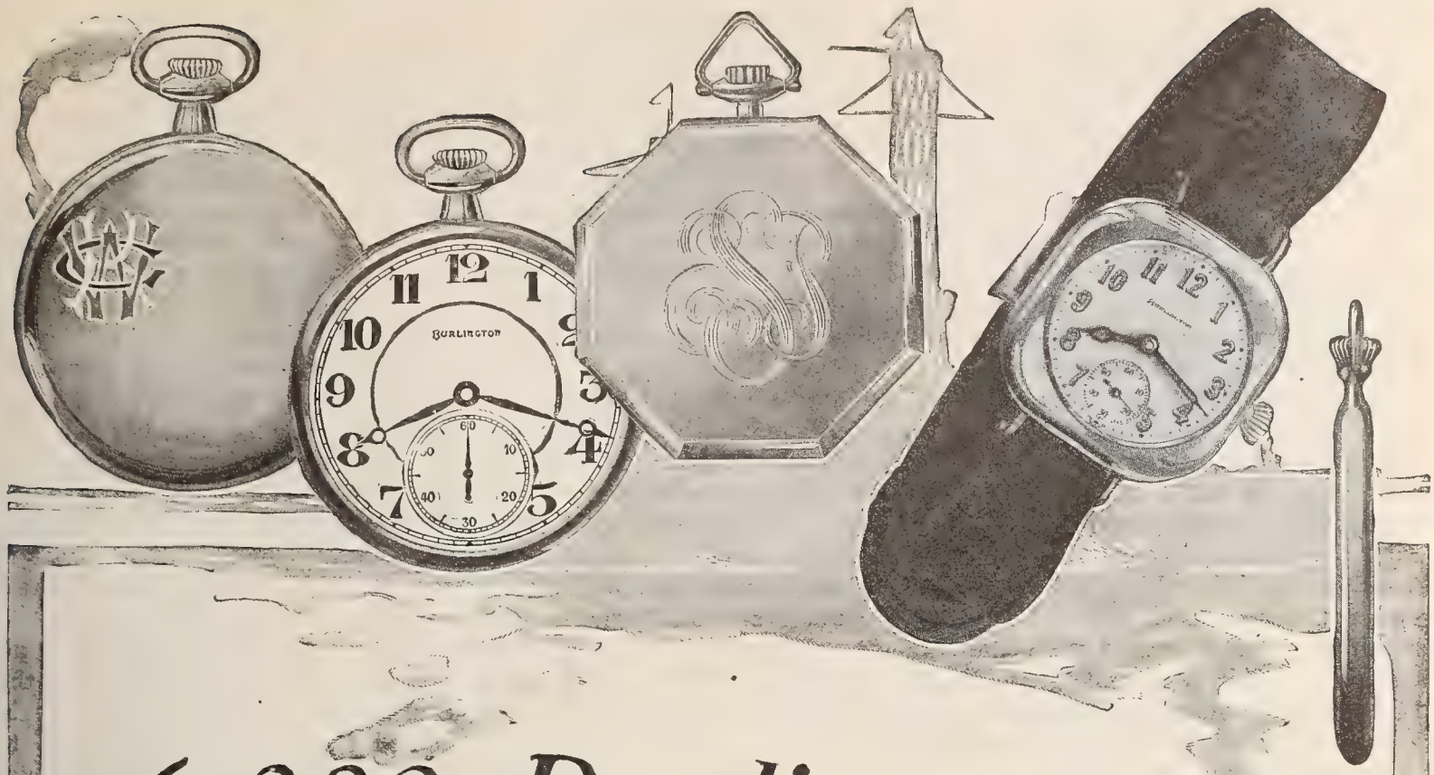
Concerning an actress, who
took a short ramble,
To Long Beach, to rest
from her play, "The
Great Gamble."

Ride a cock horse
to Banbury
Cross—

If your steed is a
bath house, it's
nobody's loss!

Anne Luther, Pathé star, a-swimming would go—
Whether the weather would let her or no,
I'm changing the meter a trifle or so,
From the one in the Mother Goose fable.

"The water is cold, but it's warm on the sand;
I may not get wet, but just watch me get tanned!
And of course the photographer *must* stay on land!"
She exclaimed from her perch on the gable.



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Mud—Mud—Mud!

Continued from page 17

"Speed!" gasped Ethel from the East with a deep, hopeless, what's-the-use groan.

"Speed!" I quavered, wallowing a few feet farther in that viscid brown mass.

And then, just as we reached mid-channel——

"Come on with the rain!" shouted Barker. And suddenly, with a shrieking sort of whir from the propellers—*blooey!*—down came the rain.

I'm not telling the truth when I call it rain. It was a cloud-burst, a cataclysm—a stinging cold flood of water that beat against me like thousands of icy little whips and stung me in the face and whisked my breath away. It drenched me to the marrow of my bones, and kept right on drenching remorselessly, unceasingly. I was anchored in the mud—couldn't move hand or foot—couldn't see—couldn't hear; the rain seemed to be beating right into my head. And I felt that if it didn't stop for a minute I'd go raving mad.

Even that mud couldn't resist it, but fairly writhed and bubbled as the rain whipped it. Driven by the force of the wind and rain, we somehow got to the opposite side of the street at last. It took us an eternity to do it, dragging our feet up slowly and then plunging them down again, but finally we scrambled onto the walk and huddled up against each other, miserable clear through.

"Come on back now!" Reginald Barker was shouting at us again. "Through the mud? Sure. How else would you go? Now, ready!"

I've heard of people who went through Hades to do something. Well, I wonder if they ever retraced their steps. That's what we did, and if it had been bad the first time it was a hundred times worse the second. I haven't any idea of how we got back, but we finally did it, and somebody congratulated Ethel on putting so much realism into her work.

"All right—now for the fight!" Up on his nice dry platform the director spoke in gratified tones, as if the one thing needed to make our happiness complete was that fight. "Everybody ready? Now, you miners' wives, come out of the hotel after *June* to see what's the matter, and as the men fight they accidentally push you off into the mud. Back in the hotel now—all right—go to it!"

Well, the men did; I never saw anything like the way they fought. I really wanted to go out and see what was going on, and rushed out with Ethel. We had no more than reached the porch when a burly brute, wheeling round, bumped into her. I heard one scream, saw her arms go up in a wild endeavor to save herself, and then—— Thud! Something lunged against me, almost knocking the breath out of my body—one wild instant of falling, and then—squs-s-s-h!—I felt myself being absorbed, submerged, utterly swallowed up in that awful sea of mud. All I can remember was feeling rather surprised at its being so soft.

The men, still fighting, lunged against us, and down we went. As we struggled to right ourselves the torrential downpour vied with the agitated mass of mud underfoot in an effort to vanquish us forever. I got to my feet once, but just then the *Mud Lark* dragged the *Dope Fiend* down off the platform, they both landed against Ethel and me, and down we went again.

As I staggered to my feet once more I caught sight of Ethel from the East. She had lost her hat, and as she dragged herself out of the way of the fighters and swabbed her hair back from her face with her mud-smeared hands I knew that if she could have seen herself she'd never have faced Boston again.

"Fine stuff! Now we'll do it all over again!" shouted Barker as the camera ceased to grind and the rain ceased to fall. "Everybody go to their dressing rooms and clean up, and we'll do it from the beginning."

Maybe it wasn't sportsmanlike, but I must confess that two of those present the first time that scene was shot were absent from the vicinity when it was shot the second time. Hastily Ethel from the East and I peeled off our dank, slimy clothes and got into our own garments, and guiltily we slipped away from the dressing rooms and out to the car.

Ethel from the East vows she'll never work in another picture. And if she sticks to that idea as she does to others she never will. For what do you suppose I found in the little bundle she took to the studio with her that night?

A bathing suit!

"I Do," Said Anita

Continued from page 51

ceremony Joseph A. Golden, the theatrical producer, who lives near by, dropped in, and Eugene O'Brien, Gaston Glass, a player in the Talmadge companies, and Edmund Goulding, casting director and scenario writer, arrived from New York in a taxicab. It seems that John Emerson had vaguely motored about the country because he had forgotten where to call for the guests. Mr. O'Brien's taxicab was something of a sensation. Even in wealthy and blasé motion-picture circles a taxicab ride from New York to Bayside is something out of the ordinary.

The ceremony was just like any other ceremony. The bride was nervous and the groom was awkward. Only on the screen do they appear calm and perfectly at ease. Anita's most important subtitle was "I do." The guests stood about informally near the flowered altar designed by Norma. Norma was serious, Natalie was impressed, and Constance tried to act as though it were not her first wedding. As for Mrs. Talmadge, she did her best to keep Dinky from breaking in on the solemnity of the occasion.

At the wedding breakfast Constance brought forth her one concession to old-fashioned romance and sentiment—little, stiff Victorian bouquets for all the guests.

And afterward there was dancing. Norma lit the Japanese lanterns on the lawn and played her most charming rôle—that of an ideal young hostess.

The bride and bridegroom went to New York for their honeymoon to be near the studio.

When all the guests had left, Constance stood on the porch and looked at the large, romantic moon.

"You're next," said Natalie. "Don't forget that you drew the ring in the wedding cake."

And Constance started to give a cynical laugh. But it ended in a giggle.

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The Frame-Up

Continued from page 47

The company assembled at eight and proceeded to make up. I casually rambled into the Brute's dressing room to look him over. The look on his face was, to me, good to see; I chatted, but he was in no mood to talk. So, with the parting instruction to be on the set at eight-thirty sharp, I left him. At eight-twenty-five I dropped in on Harry.

"Made up?" I inquired pleasantly.

Any one could see that he was.

"Everything's ready," I continued. "Better come down."

As we walked toward the stage I drew him to one side, into the shadow of some scene flats.

"Listen," I whispered. "I want to do the square thing and tip you off. The only chance the Brute has to square himself with the audience is in this scene. He has a rotten part, and they'll hate him, but if he puts up a good fight it will tone down the bad taste in everybody's mouth. So he plans to give you a fight—a regular one. You won't have a chance in the world to hog this scene. I just wanted to put you hep because he's going after you."

Harry looked at me and smiled grimly.

"All right," he remarked. "If he wants fight he'll get it. I won't stall if he doesn't."

On the set the director got the two of them together.

"Look here, you guys," he said in pleading tones, "for the love of Mike don't fake; we've got to get something that looks like a fight or scrap the picture. Make it look real or we're done for."

The two principals glanced at each other, then averted their gaze. I turned my back and studiously and carefully lit a cigarette. Obviously this was none of my affair. We rehearsed the preliminaries, gave positions and entrances, and then——

"Picture—ready—go——" shouted the director. The crowd in the barroom got into action, drinking, laughing, shouting, while Harry engaged in earnest conversation with an old miner. In reeled the Brute, glanced around, saw Harry, and lurched toward him. Harry saw him coming and eyed him defiantly.

Motion-picture people usually invent their own lines for the scenes they play.

"Hey, you!" the Brute addressed him. "You keep away from my girl or I'll knock your block off."

Talking ceased, and the miners crowded around.

"You and who else?" Harry retorted with a sneer.

"I don't need any help," the Brute replied. Both squared off.

"Go to it!" the director shouted. "Mix it up!"

The Brute swung, not for the shoulder or the side of the neck—not a wide, slow swing that lands like a feather, but photographs like one of Dempsey's wallops—but a hard, sure, savage lunge straight for the face. Harry ducked and caught it over the eye. Then they went at it hammer and tongs, vicious blow receipted for in kind. The director watched with popping eyes, the camera man, intent on the fight, almost forgot to crank and pan to follow them.

"Get it, you boob!" I shouted in his ear.

Around they went; chairs and tables were upturned, while the extras, not expecting such a battle, stood open-mouthed and gave them plenty of room. Naturally they acted better than twenty rehearsals could have made them.

Down went the fighters, and over and over they rolled. They staggered to their feet. The Brute's lip was cut, Harry was bleeding from the nose, but they fought on. They reeled, staggered, and lunged to the staircase, where the Brute fought Harry up step by step. They forgot they were making a picture; they were just fighting. Step by step they mounted the stairs, blows raining on blows, while I, my attention centered on the camera man, saw to it that he got it all.

To the top of the stairs and along the balcony, still savagely battling, the two men went, and, right in the center of the picture, almost as if he had been directed to do it, Harry made a mad rush at the Brute. Both crashed against the railing; it gave way, and down they came, nine feet to the floor. The fall partially stunned the Brute, and Harry staggered to his feet. His face was battered and bloody. Then the Brute scrambled up with the aid of a table, his bloated, blood-smeared face making him look utterly hideous. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and looked around.

"Cut!" shouted the director, finally recovering his wits. He was white as a sheet and his eyes were like saucers.

We sent both our fighters to the hospital. Harry was out in three days, his black-and-blue countenance looking as if it had taken a trip through a meat chopper. The Brute showed up a day earlier; a casual observer would have said he'd had an argument with a threshing machine.

When the scene was developed and we looked at the film the director studied it carefully.

"Some fight!" he remarked. "Wonder why those fools tried to kill each other."

I looked out of the window. A pepper tree, swaying in the wind, had suddenly become a source of great concern to me.

Just after that picture's showing in the projection room I met the Broadway star. She refused to speak to me; said the Brute and Handsome Harry had stolen the picture from her because of that big scene, and blamed me for it, though I reminded her that I wasn't the director. Half an hour later I encountered Harry and the Brute, lunching together; their icy glances and sarcastic greeting told me all too plainly that they'd compared notes and were gunning for me. I strolled sadly over to a near-by table, where the director was talking with some critics; thought I might as well confess the truth and get some credit for my little ruse, since I was getting the blame anyway.

"I don't know that I can tell you how that big scene was put over," the director was saying thoughtfully. "I'd like to, but—well, it doesn't do to divulge too many secrets, you know, and a director has to keep his tricks to himself sometimes."

And so I kept my guilty secret—until now.

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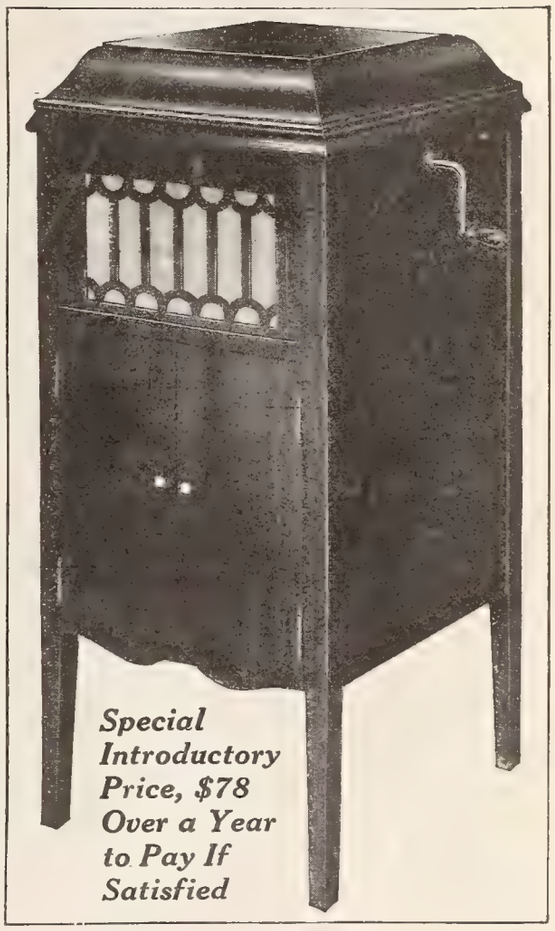

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What a Leading Man Thinks About

Continued from page 31

However, I was thinking the other day, when I looked at an old snapshot of myself as the jester in 'Twelfth Night,' that I wouldn't want to get into that rig now. But don't you think that costume plays are——"

"I don't think; I'm just recording *your* thoughts," I answered. "I may not have a complete record, but I've got some data at least on 'What a Leading Man Thinks About,' thanks to you. There's one more thing, however; surely you aren't going to desert the stage entirely for pictures, are you? After sixteen years at it you——"

"Oh, indeed I'm not even thinking of leaving it," he assured me. "Of course you have a great deal more freedom in pictures; there's complete relief from worry and detail. When you contrast the time I spend in the studio with that I've been used to spending on all-night rehearsals or in memorizing thousands of words for stage productions —well, I'm loyal to the stage and very fond of it, but I can't help thinking that making pictures is a lot easier to do, and in many ways a lot more enjoyable."

Well, as I rose to wend my way back to the young person who reads the magazines I couldn't help feeling that I'd done my work quite commendably. But at the door of the hotel I glanced back over my shoulder, and from the smile on the face of a certain tall, slim, and very blond young man I greatly fear that my information is nowhere near as complete as it might be.

Billie, and the Follies

Continued from page 45

those plays I was one of the pioneer wearers of pajamas on the stage—when I did 'Jerry,' you know." Her laughing eyes shared the joke with me.

"You're not going to desert the movies when you go back on the stage surely," I protested. "I saw you on the screen in 'Good Gracious, Annabelle,' and——"

"Wait till you see 'The Misleading Widow;' you'll like it much better," she declared. "At least I did. And wasn't it funny—just as I got through being a widow in that picture I had to rush out and buy wedding veils and things and be a bride in 'Sadie Love.'"

But the "Follies" obtruded themselves just then—blatantly. It was one of those scenes which makes wives endeavor to pretend that their hysterically chortling husbands don't belong to them—the one showing a scene in an osteopath's office, in which the patient is jounced up and down and hurled around until you can almost hear his brains rattle—a typical example of the masculine idea of what is humorous.

"Isn't that screamingly funny!" exclaimed Billie, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "I think it's the most amusing thing in the show —except for the bullfight scene—or —oh, isn't it hard to choose between them?"

Of course one could excuse Billie.

"And did you ever see prettier show girls?" she went on proudly. "Or such lovely sets? Tell me honestly—what do you think is the prettiest thing you've seen here tonight?"

"You," I replied brazenly as I fled to my own seat.

Over the Years with Dusty

Continued from page 53

the diving boys to get, were surprised at seeing a man diving with the urchins. And it was some ten minutes before a screen-struck maiden exclaimed in amazement: "Oh, mother, that's Dustin Farnum!" and Dusty modestly disappeared from the public gaze.

He told me a good story about himself and his first days as a California huntsman as we strolled over to his dressing room to see his trophies.

"I was talking to a guide over on the island, one day late in the fall, when the season was quite over and the place was deserted," he said. "And I asked him if there was any sort of hunting there.

"'We might go after some mountain goats,' he suggested. Well, I'd heard of goat hunting as fairly good sport, so I said that would do, if there wasn't anything more exciting to offer.

"'Maybe you'd like to try hunting mountain sheep, if it's excitement you want,' he said. That was too much for me, and I told him in a few well-chosen words just what I thought of hunting sheep as a pastime—asked him if he caught them by putting salt on their tails or by lassooing them with a pink ribbon. I knew that mountain sheep in the Rockies were the joy of the huntsman, but on Catalina Island it struck me as pretty poor sport.

"Well, that guide gave me just one long look, and we set out. I won't go into painful details, but after spending one good long afternoon on those cactus-covered hills, hunting 'em, I'll state in public that the Catalina mountain sheep is every bit as game as his Rocky Mountain brother."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

the same title. There is nothing like the screen to show up artificiality in character, and it might be expected that some of Mr. Chambers' puppets fail to live on the screen with any great semblance of reality. However, "The Firing Line" is interesting fare for all that, and it has been most artistically produced by Charles Maigne. Irene Castle is starred as the girl, *Shiela Cardross,* whose agitation over being without a name led her to marry the first man who asked her and whose real love affair came afterward. She receives support of stellar caliber from David Powell, who plays the husband, while Vernon Steel, as the lover, also renders adequate assistance. "The Firing Line" can be compared to a selection of somewhat inferior candy sold in the handsomest box obtainable.

"Hay Foot, Straw Foot" presents Charles Ray in a vehicle that George Randolph Chester would doubtless think ideal, inasmuch as it is largely character development with very little action. Mr. Ray can do much better than he does here, but, even so, he manages to extract a lot of humor and a good portion of human sentiment from the rôle of the farmer's boy at the training camp.

"A Man's Country" presents Alma Rubens in a story of the old West that West of picture fiction "where a gun was every man's own law and the decision went to the man quickest on the draw." The story, on the whole, is made of familiar material. Miss Rubens, however, invests her rôle with a certain appeal and charm that have gained her stardom and its honors in such a short time on the screen.

"Be a Little Sport" is another light affair, with the new Fox starring team, Albert Ray and Elinor Fair, in the principal rôles. It succeeds admirably in furnishing a 2.75 percent thrill.

"Yvonne from Paris" is a story of the stage and thereabouts, with Mary Miles Minter carrying the leading rôle. It is a typical Minter picture, and carries its proper portions of comedy, heart interest, and sentiment.

"The City of Comrades," the Goldwyn picture, based on Basil King's story of that name, gives Tom Moore a big rôle, which he plays acceptably.

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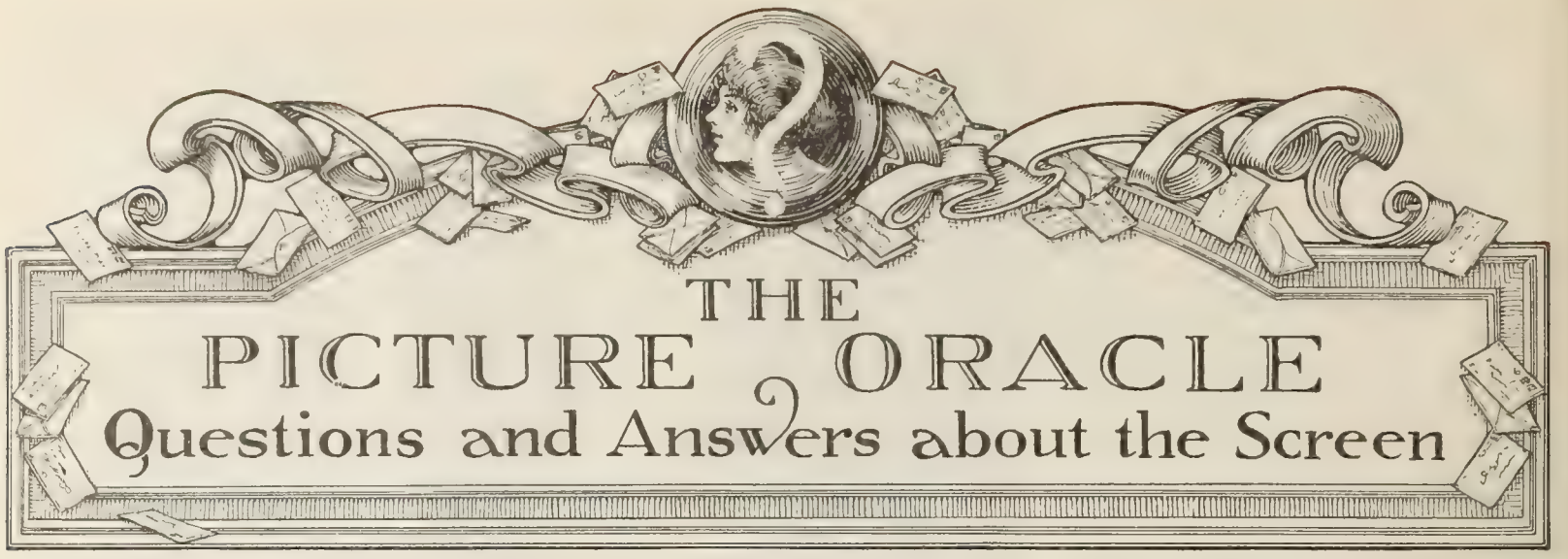

THE GIRL FROM PARIS.—So you think PICTURE-PLAY is splendid? Good for you! Irene Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Of course, I admire Mary Pickford. Who doesn't? Ethel Clayton has had a good many pictures released. You have just been unfortunate and missed them. She was born in Champagne, Illinois, in 1890. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 19, 1900. She is five feet six inches tall. Norma was born at Niagara Falls in 1897. Toronto, Canada, is the birthplace of Grace Darmond and Mary Pickford. Jack Pickford has brown eyes and black hair. Irene Castle has returned from abroad, and recently appeared in "The Firing Line" for Famous Players. Edna and Frank are not related. Theda Bara has black hair and dark-brown eyes. You are indeed very complimentary. Thanks, very much, and come again soon.

CHAPLIN AND ARBUCKLE.—Roscoe Arbuckle was making his own pictures for Keystone when Chaplin first came on the lot, so, you see, you lose your bet that he was there before Fatty. "Caught in the Rain" was the first picture that Chaplin directed himself in for Mack Sennett. When he first started there, none of the directors could work with him, and he looked for his "notice" every Saturday night.

M. B. H. W. R.—You are certainly some little booster for Bill Russell. I'm sure he wouldn't refuse to send such an enthusiastic supporter as yourself one of his very own autographed likeness. He is now with the Fox Film Corporation.

JUST MILLY.—What does your heart fail you about? Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. Write to them and find out.

BILLIE MAY.—See reply to Grace M. Theda Bara's brothers' name is Mark Bara—not Paul. The next time I run across her I'll deliver your message. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. The house is still standing, and several companies have made souvenirs of wood from the house, and have sold them to the fans. Douglas Fairbanks bounded into this world at Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in gay Paree in 1889. Marguerite Clark comes from Theda Bara's home town, Cincinnati. She arrived there a few years before the Fox star, making her début in the world in 1887.

LEBASI.—Madame Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. She had no steady leading man, as she changed them about every picture. At present she is not in pictures, but is appearing in vaudeville. I have friends who are farther away than that, especially some of the ones who owe me money.

THE ORACLE will answer any questions of general interest concerning the movies which would not require unusually long replies. Those wishing personal replies must inclose a stamped envelope, with return address. Letters should be addressed to: The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct application at a studio. Do not send inquiries concerning scenario writing to The Oracle, but to William Lord Wright, at the same address. Addresses of players asked for will be found at the end of this department.

LIBERTY BONDS.—You evidently have no pity for me at all when you ask me to name for you the youngest and oldest woman star in the business. A great many lay claim to the former, and all of them shun the latter; not being any too eager to leave this old world, I refrain from answering either. Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. Yes, your green ink is very pretty. I could almost read it without my glasses.

MASTER JOHN H.—Rupert Julian is the gentleman who played the rôle of the *Kaiser* in the "Beast of Berlin."

CLAIRE C.—So you are dying to know how old Bill Desmond is. If that's the case, I'd better not tell you. Why don't you say "how young is he?" It sounds very much better. He never told me the exact date, so I'm not sure. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and it shouldn't take you all night to figure out his nationality.

JERRIE.—I don't know to whom you refer in "Vengeance and the Woman." It must have been a very small part. He is not listed in the cast in any of the episodes. Yes, Paul Willis is still playing in pictures. He is not with any one company, but works for them all, whenever there is a part to suit him. Richard Barthelmess had the leading male rôle opposite Dorothy Gish in "Rich Man, Poor Man."

MOVIE GOER.—Maryland is the birthplace of Louise Glaum. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890. George Walsh is a New Yorker, and began his life there in 1892. Norma Talmadge was born in the same city five years later. She started her picture career at the age of fourteen. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. Madame Petrova is Polish and not Russian. Annette Kellermann was born in New South Wales, Australia. Whom do you mean when you say the first names of the Owen brothers? It must be the Moore boys you refer to. There are Owen, Matt, Tom, and Joe. Ann Little's birthplace is Sisson, California, and the date of the eventful year is 1894.

TEMPEST.—So you like The Oracle Department very much, and think it should be given twice the space. It's very kind of you to say such nice things about me, but think of all the extra work! No, I am not a movie aspirant. I prefer the simple life. St. Elmo was done a good many years ago in pictures. Marshall Neilan played opposite Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in several pictures. He never played opposite Clara Kimball Young. Marshall used to be one of our best little screen actors, and he played a part in "Daddy Long-Legs," as well as directed the picture. No, I can't recall the picture you refer to. It was released such a long time ago, and you gave such a vague description of it. You can't blame people for the names that are tacked onto them. They are too young to realize what is being put over on them when the christening occurs. See reply to Henry S. Thanks for the poem; I had never read it before.

HARRY A. S.—The addresses are listed at the end of The Oracle.

Continued on page 90

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Name.....

Address.....

.....

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 58

popular movie matinée idol, is featured in "Eliza of the Hollyhocks," that widely advertised novel by Enoch Doolittle Jones, the famous author. The book title and the famous author's name are printed right along with Jasper McCullough's name on the billboards. It looks fine. The story may be puerile, but the rival star goes to the boss and says: "Boss, Jasper McCullough is working in classy stuff. See his name and Enoch Jones' on six sheets everywhere. Why, they must 'a' paid ten thousand dollars for that Jones book! I am as good as Jasper; I want some high-class stories."

The boss, in order to keep his high-salaried star happy, must go forth and pay top prices for some novels of doubtful value for the screen. The good, original story by the modest author is thrown aside, all because of the vanity of the star. This professional jealousy and rivalry has been inherited by the movies from the spoken drama. Each pampered star keeps an eye on the other star, and woe to the boss if the other actor or actress is boosted in more expensive productions or more costly stories.

And the result is the producer is out of pocket; the star's vanity is satisfied and the public gets a mediocre book movie instead of a good original story built for the screen.

Some day there will be a change.

About Synopses

R. C. Franks writes:

I have read with much interest the extract from the letter from W. Scott Darling, published in the April number of your magazine. Mr. Darling says: "I have read every synopsis of every story released during the past four or five years——" I will thank you to advise me how these synopses can be obtained. Mr. Darling further states that he has "received some very fine and helpful letters from scenario editors." This seems to be a very uncommon occurrence, as I have been of the opinion that scenario departments do not comment on scripts submitted.

Until recently some of the motion-picture trade journals published religiously the synopsis of every play released. Those who took these journals had access to these plot synopses. Any scenario editor worthy of the title will write helpful letters of encouragement to those authors *who really show promise.* It's good business. The real-for-sure editor will not let budding talent escape him. He knows that encouraging letters do much good sometimes. He wants good original stories.

Who is to Blame?

A reader submits the following argument, which will be interesting to others:

I believe the reason for so many rejected stories is due not alone to the weakness of the plot, but also to lack of knowledge of how to construct the same so that it will stand the once over of that most important gentleman—the scenario editor. And who is to blame? There seems to be—or is it just a supposition on my part—a desire on the part of those that are in the know to keep this branch of the business to themselves, for I have been unable so far to find just the proper form in which to submit my stories; by that I mean the proper way to outline them. One editor will say not to go into details, as he only wants the idea. Another will say, "Be more explicit"—so there you are.

The idea is *not* all that is wanted, but so many times has the idea been almost hidden away in a mass of unnecessary word paintings and adjectives that many editors prefer "the idea only" statement in order to cut down wastes of words and therefore to save time. There isn't an editor in the business who does not want, in addition to a good idea, good business, situations, development. Good business does not necessarily have to be written in continuity form. It may be inserted in the synopsis. The trouble is that so very many beginners—and adepts, too, for that matter—do not know what good business is.

A New Market Booklet

Many of our readers will be interested to know that a new Market Booklet is just off the presses. It contains the latest word of the producers as to their scenario requirements for the fall and winter. There has been an unusually large number of changes in the film-producing world, and many new companies formed, and all of these changes that took place up to the time of going to press have been recorded. It will be sent for six cents in postage.

Scenes from the Universal Feature Film "Heads Win!"

"Heads Win!"

Traffic jammed at the rush hour! Crowds thronging station platforms! A mile of stalled trains! The swing-bridge would not close and all because down in the power house something had gone wrong and nobody knew what—until Jim came to the rescue.

Each night thousands are seeing unfolded on the screen the thrilling story of Jim Godfrey, who, in the hours after supper, with the help of the International Correspondence Schools, had put a trained head on his shoulders—a head that knew what to do in an emergency.

There are thousands of Jims in real life. You will find them in offices, shops, stores, factories, in mines and on railroads. For in every city and town and in every line of industry there are men who have gained in spare moments, with I. C. S. help, special training in the work of their choice.

There are men like Jesse G. Vincent, who rose from a toolmaker's apprentice to inventor of the Liberty Motor; men like Joseph G. Tynan, the laborer who became the world's greatest ship builder; men like Robert E. Ramsey, the clerk who became editor of Advertising and Selling. There are carpenters' helpers who became architects, bookkeepers who became general managers, men and boys who rose from nothing at all to responsible positions at splendid salaries.

It's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head *can* if you'll give it the chance. "Heads win" every time! More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have let the I. C. S. help them win better jobs, make more money, enjoy happier homes. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their spare moments to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

Can you still go on, putting in your days at the same grind, getting the same pay envelope with the same insufficient sum, keeping up the constant fight against a soaring cost of living, when a little grit on your part could be the means of changing your whole life?

It is easily possible for you to have the position you want in the work you like best, to have a salary that will give you and your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries, the enjoyments that you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education or your means—you can do it!

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- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
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Continued from page 86

NUISANCE.—I hope by the time you see this you will have made up your mind about what you want to do.

GERTRUDE RENAURD.—Thanks for the information and good wishes. You forgot to ask any questions. Come again.

M. A. M.—Newcomers are always most welcome. That picture was produced on the West Coast. I won't say that I agree with you, but far be it from me to dispute with any of my fair readers. Eugene O'Brien will not play opposite Norma Talmadge for a while, at least, as he is now under contract with the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Certainly, if you wish to.

F. C. V.—Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Their names must be Smith also, mustn't they? Sure. You shouldn't have had such a hard time figuring that out.

HENRY S.—Beverly Bayne was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1895. She is a bit over five feet tall, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. That is her correct name. In private life she is the wife of Francis X. Bushman, whose leading lady she has been for some years. It wouldn't do any harm to write and see.

M. C. P.—No, Marion doesn't come from Grand Rapids. Every one must stand a little of that, more or less.

CLEO.—Well, well, well, Cleo, where have you been hiding yourself all this time? I thought that you had surely deserted me. No, I haven't heard any one say that Mary Garden got paid for her back in motion pictures. It is very famous, but is just an added attraction. "The Splendid Sinner" and "Thaïs" were her two Goldwyn pictures. She is one of our very best-known opera stars, and was never in musical comedy, as you had supposed. I fear your operatic education has been sadly neglected.

R. X.—Look for the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Yes, I should say it was.

MARGUERITE W.—I don't know just how many Market Booklets have been sold, but there are several thousand of them giving valuable service to their owners. Yes, six cents was the right amount.

THELMA M.—See above answer.

ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER.—Thanks for all the good wishes. They are greatly appreciated.

MISS EMMA B.—Handed your letter to William Lord Wright, who answers all the scenario questions for PICTURE-PLAY. No trouble at all.

MAY ARDELLA.—Enjoyed your letter very much. What made you think such an interesting letter could be boring—even to a hardened Picture Oracle? Write again whenever you get the chance.

TAMARA T.—No, you didn't ask too many questions. I know of a whole lot more you could have thought of. Write to the circulation manager for any back numbers of PICTURE-PLAY that you may want.

TINY.—Welcome, new writer, but old reader. Jack Pickford began his screen career, as did many of the favorites, at the old Biograph with D. W. Griffith. He was only a kid then in knickerbockers. Franklyn Farnum is now doing a vaudeville act. He is not related to either Dustin or William Farnum. His right name is William Franklyn Smith.

SNOW BIRD.—Carol Holloway and William Duncan are still with Vitagraph, but are not playing opposite each other any more. Duncan has Edith Johnson as his leading woman, while Carol is playing opposite Antonio Moreno. Both are doing serials. Little Billy Jacobs is still playing in pictures. He is a very clever little fellow, and his younger brother, Joey, is just as brilliant a player. Hugh Thompson and Mildred Keats took the parts you asked about in "Queen of the Sea," with Annette Kellermann. The picture was produced for William Fox.

DE NORVILLE.—That was an old Kalem picture, and Marguerite Courtot was Tom Moore's leading lady. Dorothy Kelly played opposite Montagu Love in "The Awakening." Tow, Owen, Matt, and Joe Moore are brothers. Victor Sutherland is still in pictures. Victor Moore is not making films at the present time, but will probably reappear on the screen shortly.

LE MAY.—There are quite a few motion-picture correspondence clubs. Shirley Mason and Mary Miles Minter are not sisters. Shirley's sister is Viola Dana, and Mary's is Margaret Shelby. Shirley's correct name is Leonie Flugrath, but she probably thinks that Shirley Mason sounds much better for screen purposes. Juliet Shelby is what Mary Miles Minter was christened. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. As yet he has not been elected a member of the matrimonial club. William Duncan and Carol Holloway are not married. Sessue Hayakawa is married to Tsuru Aoki. Some name to pronounce, isn't it? Yes, Marguerite Clark is married to Lieutenant Palmerson Williams.

CLARINE D.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887.

VERNICE L.—Yes.

E. LORIMER.—Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. Eugene O'Brien is no longer playing opposite Norma Talmadge. Norma has a new leading man now. Eugene was born in Colorado in 1884. Norma Talmadge's birthplace is the famous Niagara Falls, and the date was 1897.

IZZY.—Tom Santschi is certainly one of our best little screen actors, even if he is over six feet tall and weighs over two hundred. He was with Selig for over eight years, and is one of the early birds of the film game. He appeared in the first serial ever made, and also in the first big feature. He used to get thirty-five dollars when he started with Selig, which was considered big money then, for leading men were getting twenty-five and thirty. Tom used to drive one of the autos at the Selig plant, too, in order to earn his weekly stipend.

J. SOUTH BOSTON.—Theodore Roberts is a native son, being born in San Francisco, California, in 1861. He has been on the stage since 1880, so you can see he is well schooled. He appeared with W. H. Crane, Bertha Kalich, Stuart Robson, James K. Hackett, Fanny Davenport, and many of the other stage stars. His screen career has been spent under the Lasky banner. The "Squaw Man" was released in January.

ALTA B.—Look for the address you want at the end of The Oracle. No, thanks, I have my hands full as it is. I don't mind doing it in the least. All you have to do is ask for anything I can answer for you, and you shall have it. I didn't need your personal code this time. I got along splendidly. You're improving every day. You know me, Al.

JAZZ.—The Ebony Comedies were produced by the Ebony Film Company, featuring a clever company of colored players. They had some very funny stuff in the ones I saw, but the company seems to have discontinued making them for the time being.

CLARA B.—Your letter was very interesting. Billie Rhodes is being featured in five-reel comedy dramas by the National Film Corporation. "Smiling" Billy Parsons is her hubby. "A Girl of My Dreams" and "Hoop-La" were her first two features. Yes, pronounce the "I." Tom Meighan played opposite Norma Talmadge both in the "Forbidden City" and in "The Heart of Wetona."

DIAMOND.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Mary Pickford is an honest-to-goodness blonde. Fannie Ward made her first appearance in this world at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. The Fairbanks twins are playing at the Winter Garden in New York. They haven't been on the screen for several years. They are not related to Douglas. George Walsh was born in New York during the year of 1892. Cleo Madison has not appeared on the screen since she did the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes." June Caprice was born in 1899. Her latest picture is "Oh, Boy!" which was produced for Pathé. Margarita Fisher was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa. Some of them are real and some not so real. I'm sure I don't know where Norma Talmadge gets her hose. Probably in any good hardware store.

M. E. A.—House Peters is said to be thinking very seriously of returning to the screen. There are a bunch of fans who hope he will.

TALL TIMBER.—I am kind, good, and busy, as you say, but I don't know about the rest of it. Shorty Hamilton is not working in pictures at the present time. Irving Cummings is on the coast now doing pictures. Richard Stanton is still directing for Fox. His latest picture is the famous play, "Checkers." You certainly are very flattering.

N. U. T. T. Y.—Yes, she really lives there. Norma Talmadge's home is on Long Island. Jewel Carmen played in "The Kingdom of Love." June Caprice was born in 1899. R. A. Walsh is Raoul Walsh. Not the least bit tired, thank you, and I have been going hard all day.

Continued on page 92

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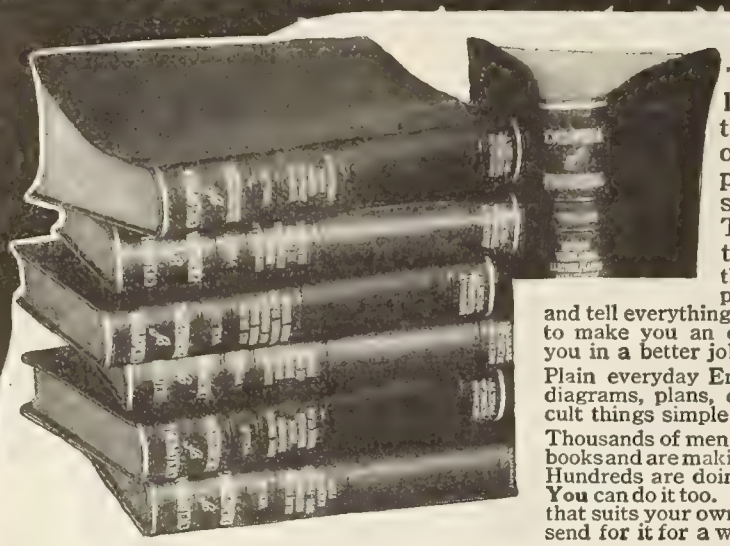

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 90

MISS SYLVIA D.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1st, 1902. She hasn't any better half—or worse, if you like. "Mary O'Rourke" is one of her latest pictures. She has left the employ of the American Film Company, and will soon appear in Realart productions. Marguerite Clark is the wife of Lieutenant Palmerson Williams. Olga Petrova is Polish. She was born in Warsaw, Poland. You are thinking of Alma Hanlon and not Hanlose. She still does a picture every once in a while. Louise Huff and Johnny Hines were in the "Little Intruder," a World film. William Russell was formerly the husband of Charlotte Burton. William Leach is Russell's correct name.

STUTZ.—You might write her and see if she would.

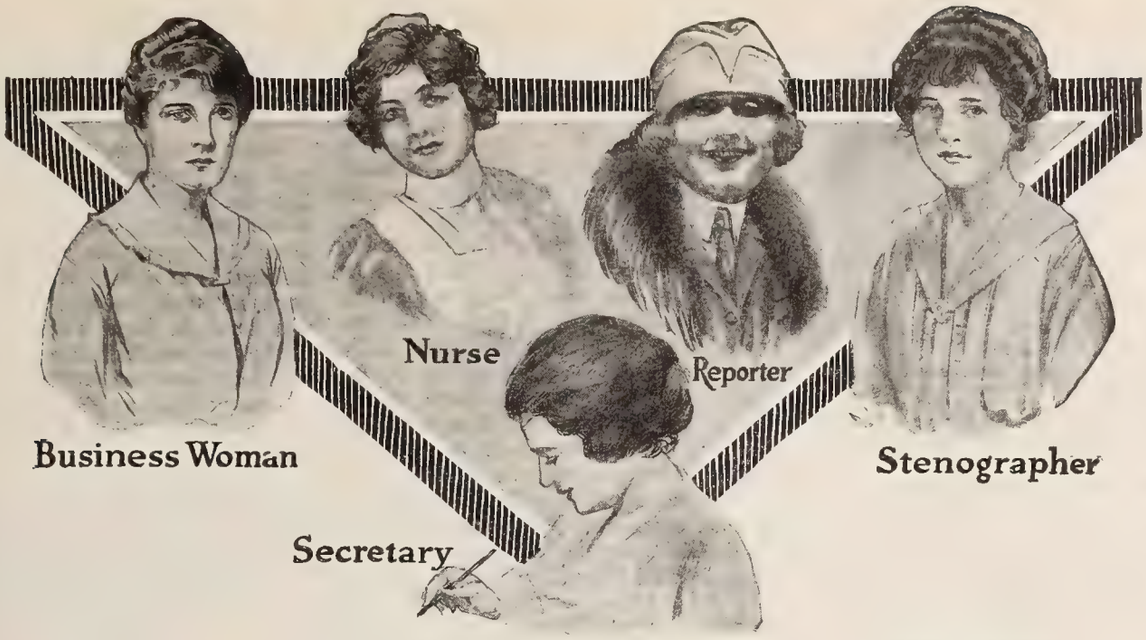
FRANCIS FORD THE SECOND.—Indeed? Getting acquainted isn't always an easy task. Francis Ford was born in Portland, Maine, in 1882. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He is not married to Grace Cunard. Grace is the better half of Joe Moore, youngest of the Moore brothers. He has his own company, and is making serials. You certainly are an enthusiastic fan of his to see all his productions for the last six years. True Boardman died several months ago. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883.

MISS MARY F.—Yes, that's her correct name. Mary Thurman was with the Mack Sennett forces for several years, but is now devoting her attention to appearing in comedy dramas. Before that she appeared in small parts at the Griffith Studios. No, Marguerite Marsh is older than Mae. Carol Holloway is doing serials with Antonio Moreno for Vitagraph. Natalie Talmadge has a part in her sister Norma's picture, "By Right of Conquest." Dorothy Dalton starred in "The Cross of Shame," which was called "Vive La France!" when it was released. Yes, Fred Niblo is an old-timer—in the theatrical game. You are forgiven.

C. O. P.—Mary Pickford is just five feet tall. Her eyes are blue and her hair light brown. The hairdresser puts the curls in it. Mary is now making her pictures at the Brunton Studios in Los Angeles. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. Yes, Harold Lockwood is dead, I am sorry to say. Anita Stewart has her own company, and is making features for First National. "A Midnight Romance" was her second release for this company. That is Charlie's real name.

ISABEL O'B.—Margarita Fisher was born in San Diego, California, and was educated by private tutors. She is five feet one and a half inches tall, and weighs all of a hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is brown and her eyes are dark gray. There isn't any chance of seeing Eugene O'Brien play with her, as he is a star himself now for the Selznick Pictures Corporation.

Continued on page 94



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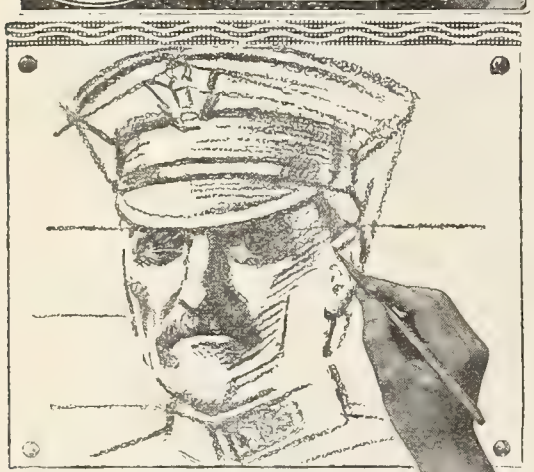

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 92

A. MOVIE NUT.—No, it is not true that G. M. Anderson is dead. He is making Western pictures to be released by the Sherry Service. Mabel Taliaferro made several pictures for Metro, but has not been on the screen for some time. Yes, the Pearl White serial, "The Lightning Raider," has been shown. Pearl is now appearing in one which was written by Robert W. Chambers. Earle Williams has always been with the Vitagraph. Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., in 1886. She was educated there and in France. She made her first appearances singing in the music halls of Austria, Russia, France, and Germany. She made her first success at the Pavilion in London, and supported Edna May in "The School Girl" at the Prince of Wales Theater. Her New York début was opposite John Drew in "My Wife." Her first picture was "Peggy," with Thomas H. Ince, and then followed the serial, "Gloria's Romance," for George Kleine. She is five feet four inches tall, and her hair is golden red. She is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, who picks all the beauties for his Ziegfeld Follies. No wonder that he chose Billie B. Her latest picture is "The Misleading Widow." Thomas Chatterton is now playing leads at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. Kathlyn Williams is in Los Angeles and makes the Lasky Studio her home when she works. You are forgiven.

FRANK MAYO ADMIRER.—You didn't look carefully enough. Your favorite was born in 1886. He is five feet eleven inches tall. His eyes are gray and his hair is brown. He recently went to the coast to take the leading rôle opposite the unknown society star in "The Girl and the Horses," for Charles Taylor, ex-hubby of Laurette Taylor. Johnny Hines was born in 1895. Cincinnati, Ohio, is the birthplace of Theda Bara. Brooklyn, New York, is Lillian Walker's birthplace. Grace Darmond tells me she was born in Toronto, Canada. Billie Burke is five feet four inches tall, and Ethel Clayton is one inch taller. Douglas Fairbanks is five feet ten. Ruth Roland's hair is auburn, and her eyes are dark brown. Face powder, I should imagine. Harold Lockwood's last picture was "The Yellow Dove," but they are going to change the title of it. I'm sure I can't tell you who kisses the nicest, Norma or Constance Talmadge. I've never had that pleasure, so I'm unable to judge. Constance is five feet six. She has light-brown hair and brown eyes. You seem to be very interested in height. Are you studying it? What great promises you make. Let's see if you will keep them.

MAY LILLIAN G.—I'd like very much to get the promised picture. Can't you manage to write when you're not supposed to be cleaning? I don't want to be the cause of your getting in wrong with your ma. George Walsh has the lead in "Never Say Quit." Jackie Saunders lives in California, and has recently returned to the screen. Her little babe has been keeping her busy during the past year. So you think you asked a great many questions? You should see some of the letters I get, and you would think yourself stingy.

MARY PICKFORD FAN.—Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley played in "Hitting the Trail." Olive Tell was born in New York City. Marin Sais was named after the county she was born in, Marin County, California. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden. Claire McDowell was born in New York. Frank Mills' birthplace was Kalamazoo, Michigan. Ollie Kirby was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. James Kirkwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mate."

LIEUTENANT D. G. C. N.—Marguerite Courtot was born in Summit, New Jersey, in August, 1897. She was educated in New York and Switzerland. She was at one time a model for Harrison Fisher. Her motion-picture career started with the Kalem Company, after which she went with Gaumont; then to Famous Players; then to Edison. She is five feet three inches tall, and weighs all of one hundred and ten pounds.

JERRY R.—Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, New York, and William Duncan was produced in Scotland. He is five feet ten inches tall. Arline Pretty was born in 1893. She is heading her own company now. Yep, they're all doing it. The weather is very nice here now. You betcha.

MRS. F.—I mailed both of the letters you sent me as requested. No trouble at all.

CECILIE.—Enter my happy family? I should say you can. Ann Pennington has left the screen and gone back on the stage, but she is likely to return to the realm of the silver sheet at most any time. That is her right name. Florence Vidor was born in 1895. She became the mother of a wonderful little baby girl not many months ago. They say the baby looks just like her mother, so she must be a beauty.

CHAS. CHAPLIN.—That's quite a coincidence, isn't it?

MISS ERNESTINE B.—Write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY and inclose six cents in stamps, and he will send you a copy of the Market Booklet, which contains the names and addresses of all the motion-picture producers, and the kind of stories they are in the market for.

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VERNICE L.—You had best remain in school a while longer. Twelve years is a very tender age at which to start out in the world to become a motion-picture star. It's not being done, Vernice.

DOROTHY W.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet. It contains the names and addresses you want. Elsie Ferguson's husband is Thomas Clarke.

Continued on page 98

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Upstairs

Continued from page 70

"No, you don't——" he began. And Elsie, panic-stricken, promptly whirled around and fled in the opposite direction. Straight ahead of her was an open elevator, whose operator was visiting with the girl at the adjacent telephone switchboard. Elsie catapulted into it, slammed the door, and jammed the lever over.

She was on her way toward the roof by the time that Murphy leaped into another elevator and Lem started up the stairs on the run. Then she changed her mind and started toward the cellar in time to see Murphy shoot past in the next elevator and to catch a glimpse of Lem on the third floor. Back up she went again, darted out of the elevator on the third floor, caught sight of Murphy again, and off down the hall she streaked, wildly seeking a refuge.

A chambermaid went down the hall just then, leaving the door of one of the rooms open. Elsie rushed into it—a haven at last! And after her rushed a man, congratulating himself on thus neatly managing a much desired meeting. For the dress she was wearing had fooled Harrison Perry, the chauffeur, as completely as it had deceived Murphy, the detective. And Perry, who had thought it the part of wisdom to walk up to Eloise's room when he arrived at the hotel a few moments before, congratulated himself as he saw Elsie dash into the vacant room.

As he slammed the door behind him Elsie whirled around and faced him with angry eyes. She had expected to see Murphy. Perry was quite as unwelcome a sight.

"What are *you* doing here?" she demanded. "Get out!"

Perry stared for a moment. Then his eyes narrowed as he leaped to what seemed the only conclusion.

"So you're working with her father, eh—trying to trick me?" He grabbed her by the arm. "Well, it won't work."

This was completely mystifying to Elsie, but she did know one thing—that he was hanging on to her most uncomfortably tight and that she had to get away. Murphy would just about find her there—and she had to get out and find Lem. He'd lose his job and get into all kinds of trouble if he didn't get those clothes in a hurry. Vigorously she jerked away.

"Let go; I've got to get away!" she exclaimed.

"Sure you have. But tell me where Eloise is first!"

It was then that Lem came on the scene most unexpectedly by jumping across the air shaft from a neighboring room. He had seen Perry follow Elsie into the room, had tried the door, and found that this was the only way of getting in to help her. He landed lightly on his feet, and a moment later had dragged Perry away from Elsie and was doing his best to pound that young man into a jelly. But Perry had the advantage of superior weight and strength, and had beaten Lem into unconsciousness almost before Elsie realized what had happened.

"Now—what have you done with that little fool from Philadelphia?" he demanded, holding Elsie's arms in a viselike grip. "Go on and tell or you'll get what's coming to you. You can't queer my chances with her; I'm making a clean-up this time. I'll give you fifty dollars of it, kid; tell me where she is and I'll give you some of the loot."

But only Eloise Barrison, standing in the next room, close to the communicating door, heard what he said. For little Elsie was mad, fighting mad, and she went about proving it. She hadn't scrapped with the boys around her home for nothing, and while the Marquis of Queensbury might not have recognized some of her methods he would have had to admit that she got results. So would Perry.

Kicking, clawing, scratching, Elsie was doing battle for the man of her heart in the only way she knew, and doing it nobly. Every time she thought of the way Perry had pummeled Lem she scratched extra hard.

Hurrying down the hall to Eloise's room, Murphy heard the rumpus in the room next to it. So did Mr. Barrison, who had just reached the hotel and been given the number of his daughter's suite.

It was Murphy who pounded on the door and demanded admittance, just as Elsie finished tying Perry up in a sheet she had snatched from the bed. Lem, who had come to

Continued on page 98

THAT was the experience of one of our writers in Seattle, Washington, a few weeks ago. The theater was dark. Suddenly the spotlight was turned on the stage. A beautiful girl, accompanied by the orchestra, started singing a ballad that set the heart-strings of the audience throbbing—full of tenderness and love. At the end of the song came a big burst of applause. The singer was compelled to repeat the chorus twice before the audience would let her go. In writing of this experience, the writer said:

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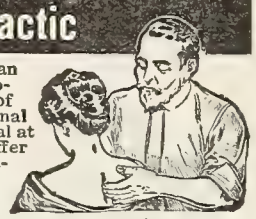

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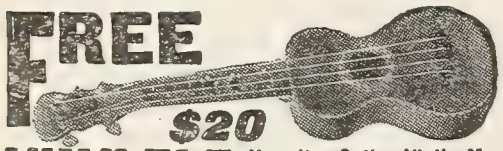

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Upstairs

Continued from page 96

during the fight, scrambled to his feet and opened it, and Murphy, turning to Mr. Barrison, exclaimed grandiloquently:

"Here is your daughter, sir—safe, sound, and single."

Elsie, gasping, clutched Lem by the arm. What a world this upstairs place was! But Mr. Barrison had no intention of adding to her difficulties.

"This girl isn't my daughter!" he cried wildly. "Probably Eloise is married by this time, probably that scoundrel——"

"No, she's not; he's right here," interrupted Murphy, who had just caught sight of Perry. "It was your orders to make sure he didn't marry her, and I followed 'em." Then, as Barrison bent over Perry and recognized him: "You said there was fifty thousand in it for keepin' this bird away from your daughter; I guess I come in for that, don't I?"

Exasperated, but quite helpless, Elsie stared at Murphy. Fifty thousand—and he hadn't done a thing but chase *her!* Yet she had no way of proving that she had been the one who upset Perry's plans.

"It certainly looks that way." And Barrison took out his check book and fountain pen.

Elsie's heart sank. Murphy was going to get all that money!

"Gosh!" she ejaculated to Lem wearily. "That's luck for you!"

"I think there's been some mistake here." It was Eloise Barrison, calm, gracious, despite the fact that her voice was shaky and her eyes were red, who interrupted proceedings just then. "I think, father, that the reward belongs to this little girl." And as he signed his name on the check she tore it out of the book and handed it to Elsie. "You've saved me from making a big mistake, and this goes to you."

There were explanations, of course, but Lem drew Elsie into the hall as they began; he had no time for such trifles. As for Elsie, she was too happy to care who Eloise was or how she happened to be there.

"Fifty thousand, Lem——" she exclaimed with joyous incredulity. "Why, I can set you up in business!"

"We'll see about that later," answered Lem, laughing. "I've got a life job for you first, young lady—as my wife."

And Elsie, shaking back her curls, smiled at him without a trace of her old wistfulness. After all, "Upstairs" had come up to her expectations.

"But the cellar's more peaceful," she sighed contentedly. "Isn't it, Lem?"

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

NAMES AND ADDRESSES

The following addresses are the ones asked for in the letters to which The Oracle has replied in this issue. If you wish to write to any one connected with the screen, whose address you are unable to find here, send your letter in care of either the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Avenue, Los Angeles, California, or of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, same city, and it will be forwarded.

Creighton Hale and June Caprice can be reached at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Margarita Fisher and Winifred Westover get their mail at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Bessie Barriscale, Mary Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa, Frank Keenan, Dustin Farnum, Earle Williams, Florence Reed, Jack Pickford, Kenneth Harlan, and Howard Hickman at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Douglas Fairbanks at the Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron, D. W. Griffith at the Sunset Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Evart Overton, Edward Earle, Alice Joyce, and Gladys Leslie at the Vitagraph Studios, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Marguerite Clark and Billie Burke at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Roscoe Arbuckle, Al St. John, and Buster Keaton at the Arbuckle Studios, Edendale, California.

Charles Chaplin at the Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Elinor Field and Harry Depp at the Christie Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Eugene O'Brien and Olive Thomas at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Viola Dana and Alla Nazimova at the Metro Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Louis Bennison at the Lambs Club, New York City.

Warner Oland at 257 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

Ruth Roland and George Larkin at the Pathé Studios, Glendale, California.

Madge Evans, Carlyle Blackwell, Betty Compson, Evelyn Greely, and Muriel Ostriche at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Louise Huff at the American Cinema Company, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Alice Brady, Mary Miles Minter, and Constance Binney at the Realart Pictures, 112 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Mabel Normand, Tom Moore, Pauline Frederick, Madge Kennedy, Geraldine Farrar, and Betty Blythe at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

William Russell, Pearl White, and William Farnum at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

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How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings, some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music by mail—in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A-B-C. My method makes each step so easy to understand and practice that even children only 7 to 10 years old have quickly become accomplished players or singers under my direction by mail. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 70 years old—including many who had never before tried to play any instrument or taken a lesson of any kind—have found my method equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 225,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world, and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Read the enthusiastic letters from some of them, which you will find printed at the left—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My file contains thousands of such letters. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

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HERE is Your Opportunity to learn Motion Picture Writing CORRECTLY

By Douglas Gerrard

(Noted feature director, now directing Monroe Salisbury for Universal; formerly stage producer in London for Frohman; producer in Australia for J. C. Williamson, Ltd., etc.)

EVERY writer of motion picture stories in America has one ambition—to *sell* his stories. But he is not nearly so eager to sell them as the director is to *buy* them. To the writer the sale of a story means hundreds or thousands of dollars—money which he earns *in addition to his regular income.* There are practically no writers outside the studios who depend entirely upon the sale of photoplays for their living. But the director must depend upon the quality of the pictures he produces for *his living* and for *his whole future besides.* The *writing* of a bad story means only that there is still the opportunity to write a better one. The *producing* of a bad story means that the director has lost prestige with the company and can and does mean the loss of his position. A few bad productions and he is forced out of the industry to make way for someone in whom the companies have confidence. But a few good productions and one or two great ones means that he practically can name his own salary—a salary that may easily run into four figures weekly.

There is not a director on earth who wants to produce a bad story. The average director would in fact buy a good story with his own money rather than put on any other kind paid for by the company. His future—his entire career—is regulated by the merit of the stories he produces. *And he cannot write these stories himself.* He must depend upon others for his material.

Writers flood the studios with stories. Not one in a hundred of these scripts is a *motion picture* story. The authors have not learned *motion picture writing*—they have not mastered the trade at which they are trying to work. So, of course, they get their stories returned. Then they ask where they can learn this profession. And up to now they have had to be told that there was *no one* to teach it to them as the director wants it taught. No one who had the confidence of the directors and who could show them the way the director wants their stories written. No one to take the time and trouble and patience to criticise their stories and help whip them into salable shape. And they have had to be told this because there *has been* no one to do this for them. And unless writers prepare their scripts in the form the director wants them *they cannot expect to write salable stories.*

Allen J. Holubar, foremost producer of feature stories. The man who conceived and directed what is acknowledged to be the greatest motion picture yet produced, "The Heart of Humanity," says:

Outside writers must write their stories the direct detailed way if they want to get them to the personal attention of the director. It is only through a training such as Mr. McGrew Willis uses that we can hope for an improvement with art of scenario writing.

Allen J. Holubar

Now, however, writers can get this service. And they can get it from a man whom I consider the best motion picture writer in America. A man who is known in every studio in the country as a writer of feature photoplays. A man who knows, in short, the things to do and not to do—the things necessary and vital to the writing of successful motion picture stories. This man—F. McGREW WILLIS—is showing writers *the studio way of writing*—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. *And it is the first time in the history of the motion picture industry that they have been offered this opportunity.* He is, in addition, maintaining

A Free Sales Bureau

where directors and producers may select stories *that are real motion picture stories* written by writers who have learned how to write them correctly. This is absolutely free to the writers *for he will not accept any fee or commission on any sale whatever.* And he has the personal indorsement of the directors who want their stories written only in this one way *and in no other.*

The motion picture stories of the future must be secured from writers outside the studios. *But they cannot supply these until they have first learned thoroughly motion picture writing.*

HERE IS THEIR OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN. AND IF THEY EXPECT TO GET THEIR STORIES TO THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF THE DIRECTORS THEY MUST WRITE THEM ONLY THE DIRECT, DETAILED WAY—THE WILLIS WAY.

Douglas Gerrard

F. McGrew Willis' Offer

If you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to have a copy of my book, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." It is absolutely FREE for the asking. But it is advisable that you act at once; in fact, *right now.* Just send me your name and address. Address

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"THE WILLIS WAY MAKES WRITING PAY"

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The Mad Hatter of Hollywood

Continued from page 41

sort of adaptation of a Tam—Priscilla being strongly addicted to Tams—and it was more becoming than such a pretty girl's hat has any right to be. Resisting Priscilla's charms is hard enough; when they're aided and abetted by hats like that one a mere bystander has no chance at all of retaining any peace of mind.

Then she showed me other hats; hats like flower gardens, and severe hats with nary a flower on 'em; tiny, trim little hats and big, floppy ones. And she tried them all on for me. One tilted to leeward like a ship in a heavy sea, and one ducked down in front till any one taller than she is couldn't see anything but lots of hat—no Priscilla at all. In some she looked blasé and indifferent; in others she looked like a young ladified Peter Pan.

Yet, when I groped my way out of that sea of hats and struggled over to the door, what do you suppose Priscilla sadly remarked by way of farewell?

"Isn't it too bad that that cunning thing was a wedding veil?"

So, if before long you see advertised a Universal picture in which Priscilla plays the part of a bride, you'll know why it was written.

In Pure Japan

(From The Japan Bulletin)

THE police of Japan do not like to see kissing in public, and therefore film stars are not permitted to osculate on the screen. In the last six months the police censors removed 2,350 kisses from films. Only one kiss was allowed to remain. It was a kiss granted to Columbus by Queen Isabella, and was shown in Tokyo only, as the censors deleted it before permitting the photo play "Columbus" to discover the provinces.

Three hundred and fifty-three embraces were omitted from films, states *The Far East.* The titles of 2,144 photo plays were altered by the censors, and 127 murder scenes were killed. Reels entirely prohibited numbered 57. Most films shown in Japan are from America, and a large proportion of them originally contain a little kiss or so, showing the difference in standards between East and West.

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You will gain in vim, and vigor; your muscular power will increase in flexibility and strength, your nervous system fortified to renew its energy, not bolstered up for the time being, to fall back below the level it was, as it does when you resort to drugs or medicine.

You married men come across to yourself—get the pep and ginger and tingle of life into you. You are not living for yourself alone; you need dash, spirit, the enterprise you used to have. Regain and maintain your vigor; I'll show you how.

You business men—overworked, did you say? You are not doing half as much as you ought with your experience. Never mind, there is a way to get back your aggressiveness, to be right in the fight and enjoy it. You can double your percentage of real worth as a man, and enjoy life as you ought to be able to do.

You young man—think of your future—how about it—are you fit for marriage—are you qualified—do you feel it in your soul—are others sliding by you doing more—getting more than you are? I know what is dragging you down, what is keeping you down, and it is time, high time, that you **Stop.** No one can abuse nature and succeed; others tried it and failed miserably. Do you want to be a failure, or even worse than a failure? Then come to me; I have helped thousands; physically, mentally, morally. I will help you; I will make you the kind of young man that is a credit to any community—I will make you so that your progress in any undertaking will be easier. Just be frank and above board—tell me your troubles. I will guide, direct and point the way; the natural way for you to achieve what I have said—Nature's way. You can stop the drain on your system, you can be free from bad habit, gain muscular tissue, be strong, virile, erect in carriage, courageous and likeable to all you meet. Let me be your guide, your teacher. I have pupils all over the world, learning a system of Health, Strength, moral courage building, known as

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Under my methodical system and the plan of practicing Strongfortism, you men can build your body up in symmetrical proportions as nature intended you to be. You will gain greater confidence in yourself, and compel others to have more confidence in you—it, best of all, brings you success—that you can call success, capped with the glow of health and the supreme joy of living. You can keep your youth with you, no matter what mistakes you have made, or what your present physical condition is, or what ailment or disorder you have—youthful errors, vital losses, devitalizing habits, poor memory, constipation, rheumatism, no matter what your present physical condition is. See that coupon, check what interests you, mail and I will send you helpful personal information. It will not cost you anything and it will surely help you to broader, bigger, better things and a great deal more happiness.

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...Headache		...Heartweakness
...Thinness		...Poor Circulation
...Rupture	...Constipation	...Skin Disorders
...Lumbago	...Biliousness	...Despondency
...Neuritis	...Torpid Liver	...Round Shoulders
...Neuralgia	...Indigestion	...Lung Troubles
...Flat Chest	...Nervousness	...Increased Height
...Deformity (describe)	...Poor Memory	...Stoop Shoulders
	...Rheumatism	

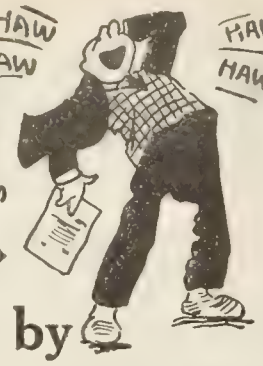
Name _____

Age _____ Occupation _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

BE AN ARTIST



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"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

Continued from page 14

Ella Dee Sniffin's jaw dropped and the smirk left her face. The deacon jumped up and tried to cover her confusion.

"Any one will make a mistake at figgers. Besides, Ella probably give the wrong answer jest to test the scholards. And they was only one in the hull class knowed the answer for sure. It shows poor teaching in the past. But what's more important than teachin' is good discipline. My niece is a hawg for discipline. She'll clean up this school like she cleans up anything she lays her hand to. They ain't no discipline in this school. There's a boy passin' a mash note this minute. Call him down, Ella."

Ella arose, and, declaring that she insisted on discipline, she sternly commanded Skinny to get the note he had just handed to his "sweetheart" and read it out loud to the board.

"She isn't my sweetheart," protested Skinny.

"No back talk!" roared Ella, slapping the desk with a ruler. "Read that note as I tell you to."

Skinny hesitated. Then he rose, picked up the note from her desk, walked to the platform again, and read in a loud voice:

"This is a put-up job to ruin a good teacher. I heard Deacon Sniffin tell old L. D. that he was tired of supportin' her, so he was going to get her a job teaching school. Tell your pa these facts—Skinny Malley."

That ended the game. The school board ordered Ella Dee and the deacon to get out of there as fast as their legs could carry them. Then the real teacher was called back and complimented by the board. And when the scholars trooped out, laughing in glee, Fatty pointed his stubby finger at Skinny and shouted: "Skinny's got a sweetheart! Skinny's got a sweetheart! Old L. D. said so."

And Skinny looked bashfully at Her. And she smiled as if to say: "It was you and I that saved the day. We're bound to be friends after this." And then Skinny realized for the first time that when a feller really needs a friend the Lord will provide one, even if He has to send an angel from heaven.

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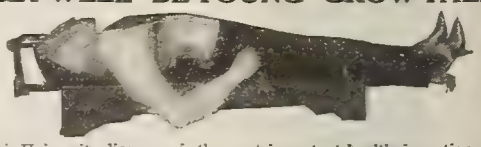

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Room 41, No. 34 W. 58th St., N. Y.

"Sure-Fire Stuff"

Continued from page 29

7. The despised mother-in-law's contemplated visit to the Newlyweds. The mother-in-law turns out to be a good sport. Christie again.

8. The hurling of a custard pie, a cream puff, a brick, a dish of ice cream, a piece of dough by one participant in the comedy. The implement used always comes head on in contact with another comedian's face.

9. Making fun of the Ford automobile. A joke handed down from the stage and the magazines.

10. The youngster who forces the crabbed old man to play with him. Employed as comedy relief in the more serious pictures.

11. The performing of the most hazardous feats with the utmost equanimity. Highly favored by Montgomery and Rock, Harold Lloyd, and others.

12. The rich young man who breezes into his hard-working father's office at a late hour in the day, places his feet on the desk, and blows cigarette smoke in his father's face. Another stunt employed as comedy relief in the more serious pictures.

13. The bedroom farce, with mix-ups, misunderstandings, and the like between the young married folk. Constance Talmadge uses it, so does Mary Miles Minter.

14. One or two comedians performing the utterly ridiculous, as if it were the perfectly natural thing to do. All star comedians employ this trick, and Mack Sennett always gets a laugh from it.

15. A scene between three players. The third party slyly hits one of the others. He accuses the other. In the meantime the third party has hit the second man, who accuses the first. This can be continued indefinitely. Favored highly by all slapstick players and producers.

16. The hero, full of spirit, dauntless, strong, beards the financial villain in his den by forcing a rapid entrance and sweeping his opponent before him in a rapid-fire conversation. Douglas Fairbanks likes this one; so do his imitators.

17. The cute ingénue who sits on papa's lap asking for money. He extracts a roll of bills, intending to peal off one or two. She naïvely takes the whole works.

Continued on page 104

WHEN sweets appear, and merriment abounds, then come the happiest sweets of all—NABISCO Sugar Wafers. A welcome always awaits them with their delicate outer strips and delicious creamy filling.

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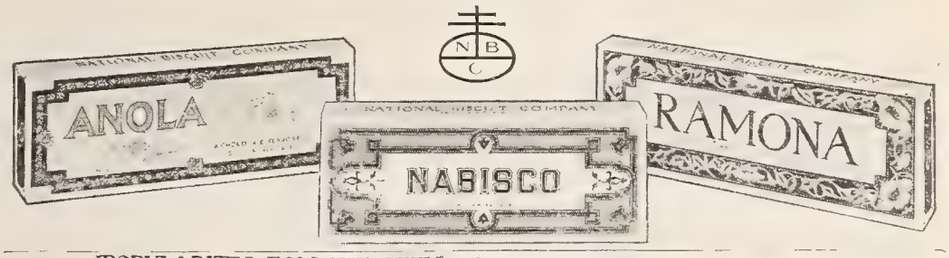

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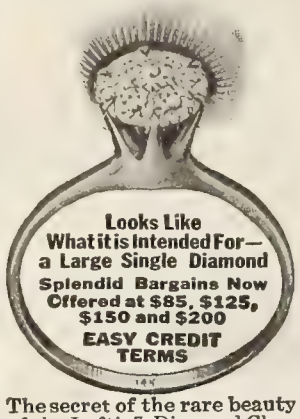

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Romance—and Elsie Ferguson

Continued from page 37

Fitzmaurice. "Come on, gondola! All right, Miss Ferguson! Camera!"

With hiss and sputter the battery of lights suddenly bathed the gray walls and rippling water with a flood of iridescence. *"Andiam la nott'é bella!"* The music had started, and our pulses quickened a bit, spurred by the throbbing rhythm. The gondolier leaned on his pole, the stage hands started to pull, and the boat slowly began gliding toward the balcony.

"Steady—not too fast!" cautioned Mr. Fitzmaurice. "All right, take off your hat! All right, Miss Ferguson!"

The gondola had reached the balcony. With a bow and an ingratiating smile, the gondolier doffed his hat, and Miss Ferguson, leaning over, tossed him a few coins. Then, with another push of his pole, he renewed his journey, the order came to "Cut!" and the scene was over.

We didn't wait to see the retakes, which probably required the rest of the afternoon, but, having waved good-by to Miss Ferguson as we passed by her balcony, we picked our way out of the building.

"How long will it take to show that scene in the picture?" Eby asked me as we started toward the subway.

"Oh, a few seconds," I answered. "Maybe they won't use it at all."

He whistled in astonishment.

"Of course they'll take some other scenes with that set," I added; "a few at least. But it will only be an incident in the entire play."

"You know," he said after a moment, "I wish those two girls from the West, whoever they are, could have seen what we did."

"I wish they could," I answered.

But as they—and all the others—can't—— Well, we've done our best to give them a glimpse of what they missed.

"Sure-Fire Stuff"

Continued from page 103

18. The mistaken-identity farce.

And so on almost indefinitely. Each new picture seen brings to mind a situation employed time and again in the past. For instance, since listing the dramatic stock situations I have seen at least four pictures based on Kipling's "East Is West" verse, all four of them contrasting the white man or woman with the yellow person of the opposite sex. And since dwelling on the comedy gags I have seen two pictures in which a fiendishly jealous husband suspects every move his wife makes. The lists, if compiled to their fullest extents, would fill several pages. But, once completed, they would furnish the key to the laughter and tears produced by all the pictures that were ever made. To quote William Lord Wright, "There is nothing new under the sun—even in the movies, when you once get down to fundamentals."

Fade-Outs

Continued from page 55

and half Indian, and also one-third each of trader, trapper, and prospector—let's see—two halves plus three-thirds equals two—why, h'ed be TWO Lewis'—one French, the other Indian!

Or else he, or they, would be two-thirds trapper and——

Aw—figure it our yourself!

—o—

They're Slipping.

Frank Keenan, portraying a political boss in "The Master Man," is knocked out by Light, Determination, and Honesty.

Evidently they are not making p b's as hardy as formerly.

In the good old days Tammany had a habit of throwing that trio downstairs every morning before breakfast!

—o—

Page Mr. Madge Kennedy.

"Here is the sweetest and most human love story Madge Kennedy ever had!" (Goldwyn publicity.)

—o—

Perhaps They Meant "Centering."

Of Bessie Love in "A Yankee Princess" we are told: "A wonderfully appealing picture cantering about a girl who——"

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This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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Vol. XI MONTHLY No. 3

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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WE are always pleased when our readers send us their opinions about questions which we raise in any of our articles or departments. And we expect and hope to have a great many of our friends take part in a discussion concerning the stars of to-morrow which Herbert Howe has inaugurated in his article, "New Stars for Old," beginning on page twenty-seven of this number. As The Observer says, "You, the fans, are the ones who have made possible the better pictures of to-day." And you, the fans, are the ones who are to make the stars of to-morrow.

Believing that several of Mr. Howe's nominations for stellar fame are of especial interest just now, we have in preparation stories about several of them. In this number there are chats with Wanda Hawley and ZaSu Pitts. Interviews with some of the others will follow in the next and succeeding numbers.

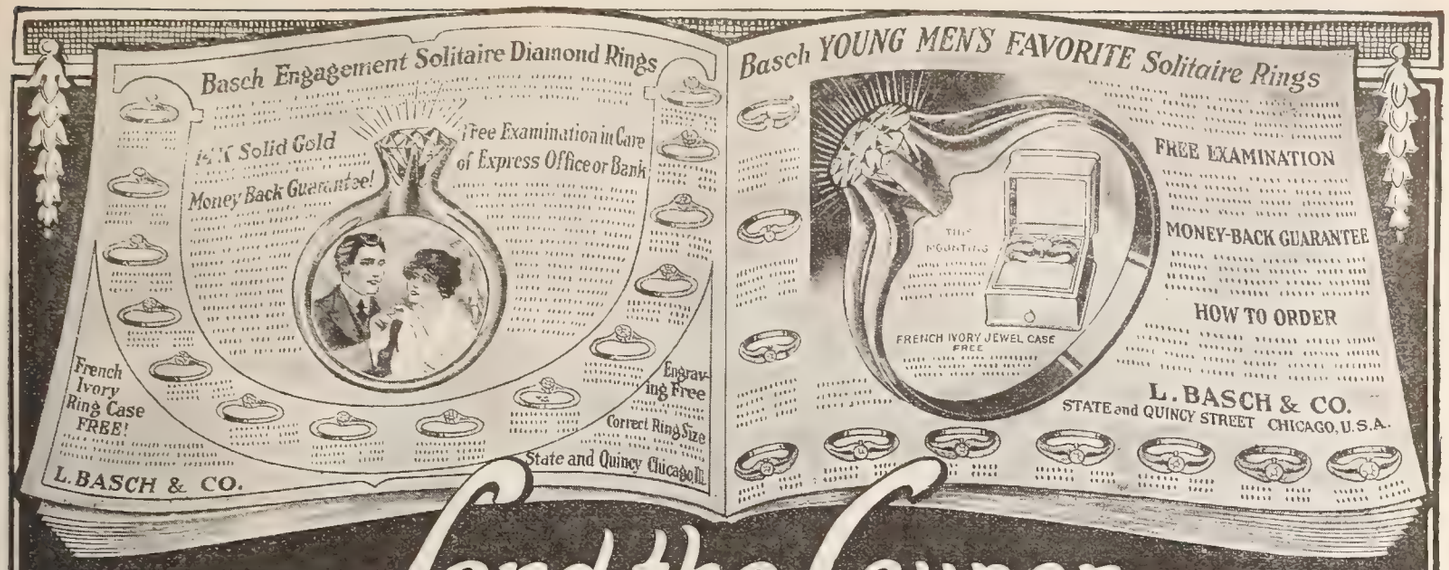
We want to call especial attention to the fictionized version of "In Mizzouri," which we are printing this month. John Edgar Graham, the author, was a former resident of the "Show Me" State, and by his fidelity to the dialect and the ways of thinking of a backward Missouri district of thirty years ago, he has done more than merely spin a yarn from the Paramount picture which he saw.

If you live in the average small town, the movie theaters which you attend have pretty much the same characteristics. If you're a resident of the average American city, your theaters differ somewhat, but mainly in size and attractiveness. But if you were to visit in "Bagdad-on-the Subway," as O. Henry used to call New York, you would find some strange movie shows, the like of which you never thought existed. Here still exists the penny arcade, forerunner of the modern movie. There are strange foreign theaters where translators explain the subtitles. There are churches where movies are shown. And on one of the beaches a show is given for the benefit of the beach loungers, by throwing the picture on a screen which is hoisted on a raft floating on the ocean.

Agnes Smith recently visited all of these and other strange theaters with a relative from the West, and her entertaining story of the curious things they saw and heard will appear in next month's PICTURE-PLAY.

Do the movies ever affect you in a way they should not? That is, do you ever allow yourself to suffer with the hero or the heroine until you lose your perspective for a time, and fancy yourself also a victim of many wrongs? Whether you do or not, you cannot fail to be interested in a very unusual and intimate story which was sent to us by a woman, telling of how she had such an experience, and of how she overcame it.

As for the other articles in next month's number—— But there, we've reached the bottom of the page. We'll save the rest for a surprise.



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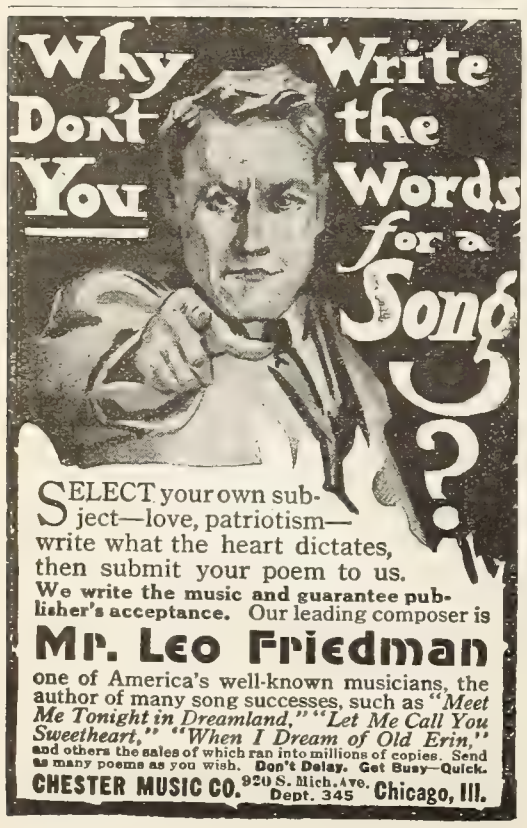

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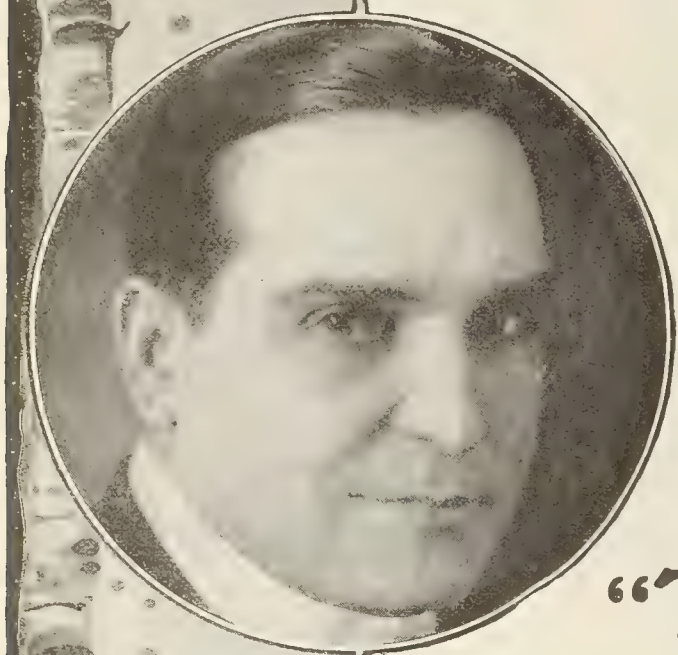

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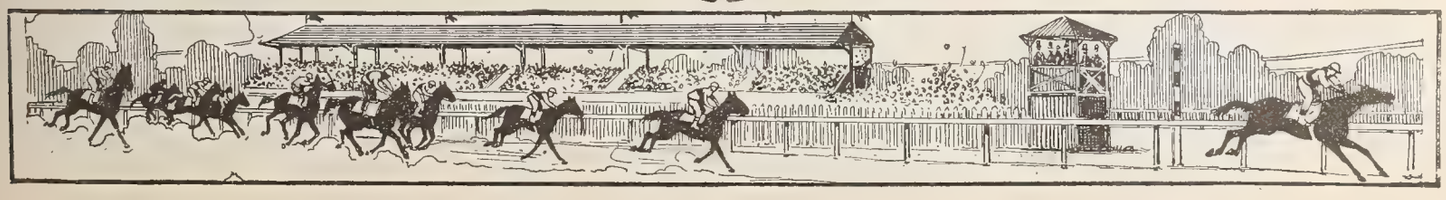

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Recently I knew absolutely nothing of the first rudiments of shorthand. Today I am holding a position as stenographer in the office of **Inspector of Buildings**, where the terms apply almost wholly to building construction. I think this sufficient recommendation of K. I. Shorthand.

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LIONEL STRONGFORT

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SHE trusted you; she believed you to be fine and fit; she looked forward, when she married you, to some day having children who would add to her happiness and yours; who would have the qualities of mind and body she admired in you; which would enable them to grow into fine, strong men and women. She put her whole future happiness unreservedly into your hands.

Have You Fulfilled Her Trust?

Are you fit to be a father of the kind of children she believed you would be able to beget? Are you A WHOLE MAN, mentally and physically; with a sound mind, a sound body, good rich blood; vigor, vitality, LIFE—qualities you can pass on to the children you and she are looking forward to?

Or are you puny, weak, undeveloped in mind and body; your mental faculties impaired and your whole system poisoned by constipation; your blood impoverished and your vitality lowered by indigestion, biliousness, neuralgia, chronic colds and catarrh, or weakened by bad habits or the results of early indiscretions?

What YOU Are Your Children Are Bound To Be

They will be strong, healthy, happy, laughing, if YOU are strong and healthy—ONLY MORE SO. They will be sickly, weak, undersized, with no chance of success or happiness in life, if YOU are only half a man—ONLY MORE SO.

The Law of Heredity is fixed, absolute, immutable; in all life, since the world began, its progress has been irresistible—the sins of a father, and his virtues as well, appear in his progeny even unto the third and fourth generation.

Fit Yourself To Become A Father

Don't risk any longer the happiness of the girl you married or about to marry; a wife is in her husband's hands—*no one can help her* if HE proves faithless to her trust. Your wife or fiancée believes in you; believes you worthy of her love; believes that you would never make her the mother of children who would be a grief to her and a reproach to you as long as you both live. *Don't fail her,* in her confidence and trust.

Strongfortism Will Show You How

Strongfortism is Nature's way to health and strength and happy fatherhood. Strongfortism will show you how to overcome the ills, ailments or bad habits you are struggling with; how to strengthen your vital organs; how to put the machinery of your system into smooth running order and keep it so; how to build up your flabby muscles, increase your lung capacity, put good red blood into your veins and clear the cobwebs from your brain.

Strongfortism is no experiment; thousands of tired, discouraged, worn-out men have found it a simple, easy way back to abounding vigor and vitality. No druggist's dope or patent medicine "cure alls" in Strongfortism. Just Nature's way of *living Life,* in its fullest, most abundant sense; that is the one simple, safe, sane, *sure* way back to health and strength and hope and confidence—and that's the Strongfort way.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" will tell you all about Strongfortism. It will tell you the simple rules by which pupils of mine in every part of the world are pulling themselves up out of sloughs of despondency and utter hopelessness—making themselves FIT both to live life and to enjoy it, and to pass that fitness on to the children who come after them. Send three 2c stamps to cover postage and packing and I will mail you a copy. Don't wait—every day counts—WRITE TODAY.

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Physical and Health Specialist

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Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, **"PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY,"** for postage of which I enclose three 2-cent stamps. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested. (1064)

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...Headache		...Heartweakness
...Thinness		...Poor Circulation
...Rupture	...Constipation	...Skin Disorders
...Lumbago	...Biliousness	...Despondency
...Neuritis	...Torpid Liver	...Round Shoulders
...Neuralgia	...Indigestion	...Lung Troubles
...Flat Chest	...Nervousness	...Increased Height
...Deformity (describe)	...Poor Memory	...Stoop Shoulders
	...Rheumatism	

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

How You Can Have a Charming Personality

IF YOU WISH

So many women, particularly young girls, imagine that **charm** is a rare gift accorded by the fairies at birth. If the gay sprites have put their mark of favor upon you, you are singularly fortunate, but if they passed you by you are just plain, unlucky and there is nothing you can do about it. **Girls, dear girls,** this is wrong, so wrong. The secret of charm, of a winning personality, of a presence which draws others to you as the magnet draws the needle, can be gained by any woman who truly wishes it.

WHY I KNOW

I make this statement confidently, for I know whereof I speak. During my years, both here in America and abroad, I had boundless opportunity to study intimately women in all walks of life, women of high and low degree, the grande dame wrapped in priceless furs, motoring in the Bois du Boulogne, and the *chic* little milliner from the specialty shop on the Rue de la Paix. **So many wonderful things have come out of France** that it is scarcely surprising that her women have the ability to enwrap life and those about them with a rose-colored glow which is one of the many secrets of the **French woman's irresistible attraction.**

THE MAGIC WAND

If you had the ability to remake yourself, if you could wave a wand and be just what you have always dreamed, would you do it? I am sure you would. Now, I have this wand, this magic stick which has so often transformed the ugliest duckling into a beautiful swan. I may be the Fairy Godmother to your dearest dreams. Possibly it is some trifling habit that stands in the way of your having a truly winning personality. If you only put the proper rules into use you should improve amazingly.

You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to obtain admiration, to command attention, to become winsome—to succeed in your aims.

HOW TO HOLD MEN'S INTEREST

For all they are so confident and masterful, men are "only boys grown tall." They are not so hard to please—if you know how! Often you will hear someone ask: "What **do** big men see in those tiny fluffy women?" The tiny fluffy women have, possibly, the gift of adaptability. They know how to fit into a man's moods—to hearten him when he is down, to charm him when he is glum.

THE FRENCH WOMAN'S ALLURE

This ability is native born with most French girls and is another of their secrets of attraction. What they have done and do is possible for you, also. It does not require any great skill or expense. It takes only two things—the desire to accomplish plus understanding. The desire to accomplish must come from you. The understanding I can give you, if you will let me.

HOW TO WIN

You should adopt some of these secrets of the French women. They are easily acquired. Remember, I refer to winsome ways which the most modest and respectable person may use. And I am sure this includes you, dear reader.

JULIETTE FARA

I WANT TO HELP YOU

After coming back from abroad I decided that, beyond everything else, I wanted to see the American girl wear a world-wide crown as "The Girl with Super-charm." So I collected all the data, methods and experiences I had obtained in France to put at your disposal. I wanted every American woman and American girl to share with me the secrets of fascination.

YOU CAN BE ATTRACTIVE

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or to possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really homely woman, surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self-made girl, one who has perhaps only **just** managed to finish grammar school, the most feted and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Deane, who, apparently without effort became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? **You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes.** She's only a plain little thing! How did she get him?"

Oh, yes! Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a skirt that was shiny, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

CULTIVATE WINSOMENESS

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Dozens of times I have felt like going up to some woman and saying: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well so accost a stranger, could I?

But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the hosts of eager-eyed girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you profit by my experience. I know it will benefit you and make you happier and more alive, as well as markedly successful.

VALUE OF PERSONALITY

I have been astounded at the difference in outlook, in opportunity, that the absence of personality makes in the lives of those who, lacking this one necessary attribute, really lack everything. I have made an exhaustive study of this subject—in railway carriages, on board ship, in the dining-rooms of the great hotels, not only in England and on the Continent, but right here in our own America. I know that there are hundreds of women who need certain private information to change from wall flowers and failures to popularity and success.

OVERCOME IMPERFECTIONS

If you are shy and bashful I can show you how to overcome these failings.

If you are aggressive and brusque I can show you how to tone down so that you will attract where heretofore you have repelled. If you are vain, or boisterous, or one of those who, without earning it, demand that you be the center of attention, I can give you a friendly, helping hand, so that you will be sought after rather than snubbed.

IRENE BORDONI

The Exquisite French Actress Now in America

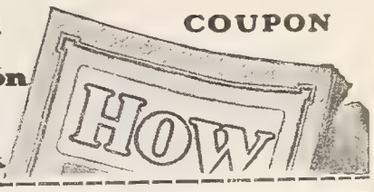
See what this lovely woman has to say about Madame Juliette Fara's Course of Instruction.

"One who wishes to make a success in any profession, or even in her social and home life, will find that very much indeed depends upon her appearance, her poise and the general way in which she comports herself. Secrets that are imparted by Madame Juliette Fara in her course, 'Winning Personality for Women,' are such as any ambitious woman will find of untold value."

Irene Bordoni

To see Irene Bordoni on the stage or on the moving picture screen is to love her, to know her personally is to go into raptures over her. Juliette Fara describes and teaches just such winning qualities as those acquired and employed so wonderfully by this charming actress. You will realize how much it may mean to you, **how precious and desirable** are these instructions in attaining your own success.

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



COUPON

BOOK FREE TO YOU

I have put some of my secrets into a little book called **"How"** that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send without delay for this free book **"How."** I know that you want to possess happiness and contentment and gain all those good things of life which come to you as the result of having a winning personality. **"How"** will show you the way.

Juliette Fara

IMPORTANT **To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How" free, you may cut out the coupon and send in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:**

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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS IS the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really CAN and simply HAVEN'T FOUND IT OUT? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can TELL a story. Why can't most anybody WRITE a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses, as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they REALLY LEARN TO WRITE from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T?

Listen! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW to WIN!

Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says: *"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."*

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—STORY AND PLAY WRITING. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make money with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.

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"After learning Mr. Irving's System I sold my first story for $125.00."—*Arthur Masters, Chicago, Ill.*

"It is worth its weight in gold."—*G. Mockwitz, New Castle, Wash.*

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system."—*Mrs. Olive Michaux, Charleroi, Pa.*

"It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions."—*Lena Bailey, Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possibe to set forth the principles of short story and photoplay writing in such a clear, concise manner."—*Gordon Matthews, Montreal, Can.*

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy."—*Alfred Horto, Niagara Falls, N. Y.*

"I have already sold a synopsis—written according to Mr. Irving's instructions—for $500.00, and some short sketches for smaller sums."—*David Clark, Portland, Ore.*

"Mr. Irving has so simplified story and play writing that anyone with ordinary intelligence ought to quickly master it. I am having no trouble in selling my stories and plays now."—*B. Martin James, Dallas, Tex.*

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—*H. Pierce Weller, Managing Editor The Binghampton Press.*

"I sold my first play in less than three weeks after getting your book."—*Thelma Almer, Helena, Mont.*

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Music no longer difficult! Learn to play your favorite instrument by note in a few short months—without a teacher at your elbow. New method. Easier than private teacher way. More than 200,000 men and women have learned by our simplified home study method. You too can brighten your life with the ability to play. Write today for free book and particulars of free lessons offe

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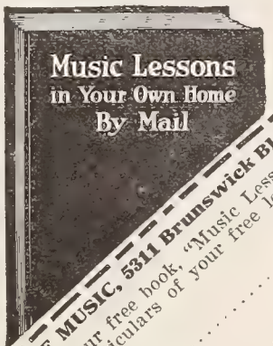

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This attractive winter coat is made of a fine grade of mercerized velour plush, which is one of the season's newest and most attractive fall coatings. The collar, cuffs and pockets are of rich beavertex crushed plush in striking contrast. Collar may be worn as illustrated or in open lapel effect as shown in circle. Coat has all-around belt of self material trimmed with buckles. The back of the coat is cut in newest style, with fullness above the waistline and loose tailored folds below the belt. Furthermore on either side are loose tabs of self material, ornamented with buttons. The entire coat is lined throughout with a fine grade of fancy pattern mercerized lining. Coat is furnished in Burgundy, Navy Blue, Green or Victory Blue. Length 48 inches. Sizes 34 to 44. Mention size and color wanted. **Order by No. E-25. Price $23.95. $1.00 with order, $3.85 monthly.**

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ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

MAE MURRAY

might fill that bandbox of hers with contracts if she wanted to—for, after making pictures for Leonce Perret Productions and Famous Players-Lasky last summer, she signed an agreement to return to the stage this fall.

J. DE STRELECKI

ELSIE FERGUSON

will be in London when this magazine reaches you, unless her plans go awry. She expects to spend a few months making pictures there, her first one being a screen version of a well-known English play, "His House in Order."

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

MARY MILES MINTER

recently came to a crossroads in her career where she had to decide between contracts. She chose to make Realart pictures, and the delightfully quaint "Anne of Green Gables" is her first release.

MARJORIE DAW

is a bronze-haired young person who makes her bow as a star in "The Eternal Three," a First National release based on Randall Parrish's story, "Bob Hampton of Placer," after playing leads with Douglas Fairbanks for some time.

CONSTTY COMPSON

began screen work as a star on ıd-thunder thrillers as the Pathé serial. she has had all last season wnd World's "The Devil's Trail." But "39 East," ought to follow her in ;ably, and, as leading woman in "The Susan." ı ladylike crook.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

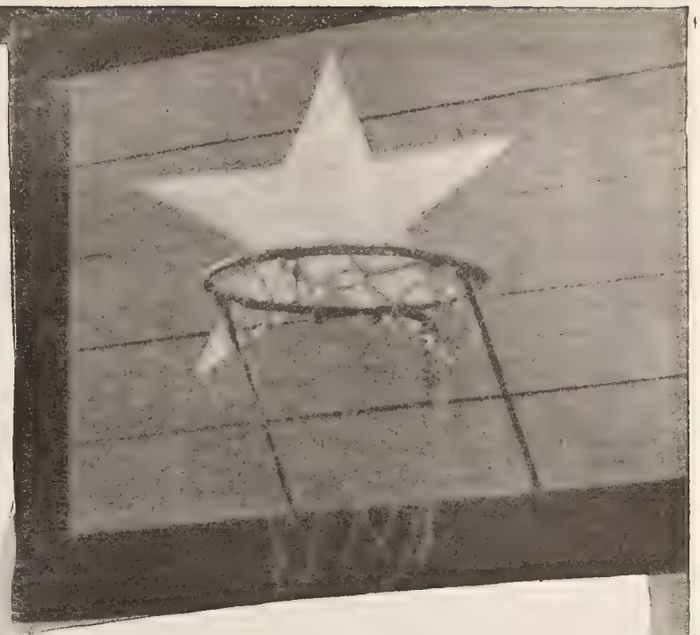
LOUISE HUFF

is now starring in the productions of the American Cinema Company, a new organization. Her first picture under this new contract will be "The Stormy Petrel," written especially for her by George Middleton, the playwright.

New Stars for Old

A discussion—in which you are invited to participate—concerning some of the screen favorites which we, the fans, are about to elect to stellar honors.

By Herbert Howe



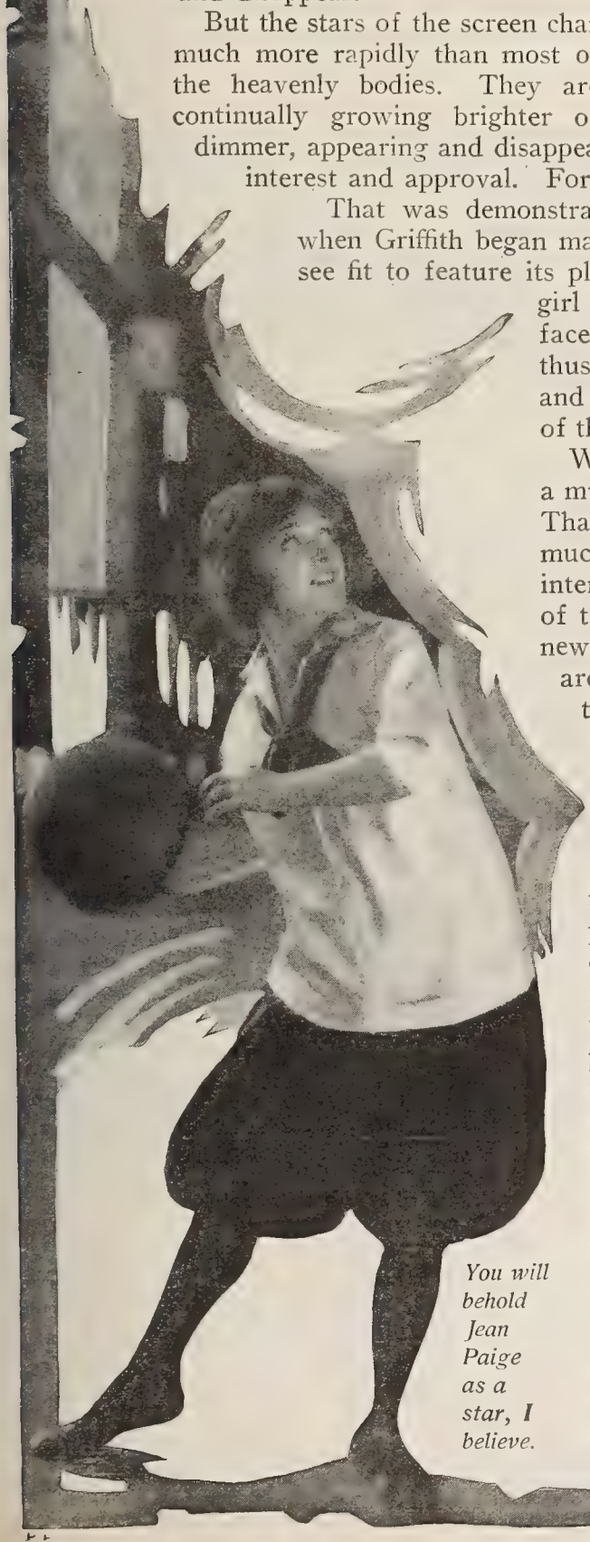
THE motion-picture firmament has been likened to the one which lights up earth's canopy at night. There are the fixed stars, the roving planets, and the comets which flare up and disappear.

But the stars of the screen change much more rapidly than most of the heavenly bodies. They are continually growing brighter or dimmer, appearing and disappearing, according to their ability to reflect the light of public interest and approval. For it is the public that makes the star.

That was demonstrated in the beginning of the film industry. Back in the days when Griffith began making screen history, Biograph, which employed him, did not see fit to feature its players. But public interest became centered upon the little girl with golden curls—upon the girl with the quaint, wistful face—and some of the others of that famous company. And thus it was as inevitable as fate that Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, and their talented associates, leaped into fame that outlived that of the organization which gave them their start.

With certain striking exceptions, the stars of the screen have a much shorter period in which to shine than those of the stage. That is because the screen star is seen by most of the fans so much more often. The edge once gone from anticipation, the interest wanes. When a favorite has exhibited his or her bag of tricks, we eagerly look for another with new personality and new methods. And so the producers, wise men that they are, are constantly developing new stellar material to aid them in their ceaseless competition for our dimes, with an eye carefully turned toward public approval all the while. There was a time when these magnates believed it possible to "make" a star. As each picture should have a star, according to an opinion formerly current, and as there were not enough genuine favorites elected by the public, the producer made his own selection. This experiment has proved too expensive. Now the heads of the successful film concerns carefully consult the gauge of public opinion before starring a player. There may still exist a few with the temerity—and the money—to place personal friends in stellar positions, but they are few. You and I, who patronize the motion pictures, are the real star electors. Your dime and my dime placed on the box-office sill when a certain player appears is the most effective ballot, and letters to editors of motion-picture magazines or film concerns in regard to new players combine toward the nomination of that player for stardom. The answers-and-queries departments of the various fan publications are excellent criterions by which to judge the increasing popularity of film people.

Now, since we, the picture fans, are the ones who really elect the players to stardom, it has occurred to me that it would be of interest for us to look over the roster of players and try to pick, in advance, some of those whom we are going



You will behold Jean Paige as a star, I believe.

Eugene O'Brien is an excellent example of a star who won his position through popular appeal.

to have nominated for stellar honors within the near future.

The list which I am going to discuss is merely my own selection. In it I shall stray from my subject a little, by including a few players whom I think we —you and I—helped to raise to their newly acquired stellar rôles. The only question as to these will be the question of their permanence. I include them to show that their popularity in secondary parts resulted in their obtaining their present positions, and because I believe they are destined to attain still further honors in stellar ascendancy. As to the others, those who have not yet arrived at this writing, I do not claim to be an infallible prophet, and I do not expect you to agree with me in all my nominations.* Some that I shall name you will perhaps object to, and you will charge me, no doubt, with having omitted the names of some which you would have named. For if we all agreed, this discussion would be a profitless and uninteresting one. And now, for our list.

I am going to begin with Richard Barthelmess, who scored perhaps the most impressive screen triumph of 1919.

He is not selected because he was chosen by the great star creator for one of the most difficult parts ever woven in a luminous tapestry. Before "Broken Blossoms" had thrilled us with its beauty Barthelmess was well headed toward stellar honors. Possessing that cast of intelligence more to be desired than regular features, which also are his, and that intangible thing known as personality, it was not difficult for him to act with distinction and charm trivial parts such as he was given with Marguerite Clark in "Bab's Burglar," "The Seven Swans," "Three Men and a Girl," and others of Paramount release. His ability as

A new co-starring team reported as doing nicely is that of Albert Ray and Elinor Fair.

an actor was demonstrated in "I'll Get Him Yet," with Dorothy Gish. He played with a fine appreciation of seriousness in farcical situation. His expressions were subtly

*Believing that Mr. Howe has raised one of the most interesting questions in connection with the screen, we should like to find out how his list of "future stars" tallies with those of our readers. If you would like to take issue with him, do so in a letter to The Observer, who will, later on, comment on what he hears from the fans on this subject.—EDITOR.

shaded. We pronounced him an excellent comedian. Then came the *Yellow Man* of "Broken Blossoms" and we were surprised to behold this juvenile comedian a superb figure of tragedy. He passed as severe a test as could be put to a candidate for stardom. His good looks and personality were subtracted from his assets and he had only his acting talent on which to rely. Sad-eyed, stoic, passionate, taciturn, brooding, exulting, sinister, spiritual, murderous, and self-sacrificing—his moods were palpitant with life.

Gloria Swanson has a strange attraction.

A certain woman editor of a motion-picture publication said of this young actor, "Everybody loves him." It wasn't so long ago that we heard an editor proclaiming "the lovable Charles Ray." The parallel is significant. Charles Ray to-day is probably the most popular actor on the screen. What of the Barthelmess of to-morrow? His work as Cheng Huan was as much a revelation as Ray's in "The Coward." It is understood that Griffith has contracted for Barthelmess' services until 1921, and that he has prophesied both fame and fortune for his young protegé. With such a reliable prophet to guide us it takes little courage to declare that Richard Barthelmess will be a star in the first constellation one year or so from now.

Doris May already beholds her name in lights. We knew that she would when we saw her as Doris Lee in the Charles Ray plays. Her charm seems a compound of qualities possessed by Billie Burke, Mary Pickford, and Bessie Love. Yet she is in no way imitative. Her sincerity and complete lack of pose remind one of the excelling Miss Love. Her whimsical delicacy would fit her for another "Peggy." And, at times, she has the plaintive wistfulness of the immortal Mary. As yet there have been no critical demands of her talent, although she has utilized her eyes for fine comedy expression in "The Girl Dodger." She has the womanliness and the realness that the public admires in its stars. In her Ince plays her girls seemed as human as Mr. Ray's young men. What more can be said? If Doris May continues to progress, as I believe she will, she is going to hold a potent sway to-morrow.

Robert Cordon as he appeared in "Huck and Tom," and as he later appeared supporting Bessie Love.

Some day Jane Novak will stay fixed as a permanent luminary.

Eugene O'Brien is an excellent example of a star who attained his position through popular appeal. The interest manifested by the public when this actor was leading man caused exhibitors to advertise him. These advertisements, combined with the downpour of letters concerning him received by picture editors, was an excellent tip,

Doris May already beholds her name in lights.

which Myron Selznick benefited by. Mr. O'Brien is now a star on his own in "The Perfect Lover" and "Sealed Hearts," with other plays to follow.

Helen Jerome Eddy is a deserving young woman who is about to find stellar reward from Universal, it is understood. She did some remarkably fine work in "The Turn in the Road" and other pictures released by Robertson-Cole.

Like 'Gene O'Brien, Elliott Dexter gets his position by the will of the people. His really meritorious work in numerous productions, particularly "For Better—For Worse," has distinguished him, and Paramount is now ordering large type for his name.

A fantastic young comedienne who promises to be one of our comic-poster subjects is ZaSu Pitts. Her name, her appearance, her personality, and her talent added and summed up equal "laughing star." ZaSu was seen to good advantage in "Better Times." She is to have an excellent part, I hear, in "The Other Half," directed by King Vidor.

It takes little courage to declare that Richard Barthelmess will be a star of the first constellation a year or so from now.

When I recently asked a well-known picture critic whom he considered one of the most likely stars in the ascendant, he said, at once, "Jean Paige." Miss Paige was already on my list. She has radiated in small parts of Vitagraph productions for some time. Again I have recourse to that expressive word, "sincerity," to designate a star. It is my belief that the camera is a pretty-good X-ray machine when it comes to bringing out an actor's spiritual quality. Miss Paige has such a quality. There is a tenderness and sympathy in her eyes and smiles that arouses a sincere liking for her. In this she resembles Norma Talmadge, who, it is said, played mother parts for almost a year at the very outset of her picture career with Vitagraph. And that tenderness, so seldom seen except in a mother, has lingered. Miss Paige long sought a decision as to her ability, and it was forthcoming when "Too Many Crooks" was unreeled. She proved a comedienne of an expertness comparable to Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy holds an almost unique position as a comedienne who can be placed in a risqué situation with all sorts of circumstantial evidence against her and yet convince you she has never forgotten discretion. You have a similar faith in the true womanliness of Miss Paige. She has been promoted to leading woman with Harry Morey, a position from which a number have been graduated to stellar eminence. You will behold her a star before the dawn of a not-distant day, I believe.

A former leading woman for Harry Morey is now well along the trail toward five-point luminosity. If beauty alone warranted stardom, Betty Blythe would have few competitors. Hers, too, is a sensitive beauty. So far she has been cast too often in adventuress rôles. Although she is far more seductive than any of the much-exploited "vamps" I have seen, she is, I think, more magnetic in her moments of sympathy or pathos. With the proper directorial attention, she should attain high rank as an emotional actress. With fortune kind and producers wise, it will not be long before this actress has her name written incandescently.

There are a few persons who can so register personality and character in a "still" photograph that you make up your mind you like them. It was a "still" picture of Robert Gordon which first interested me in him. If the program at the Rivoli Theater hadn't informed me that Jack Pickford was the

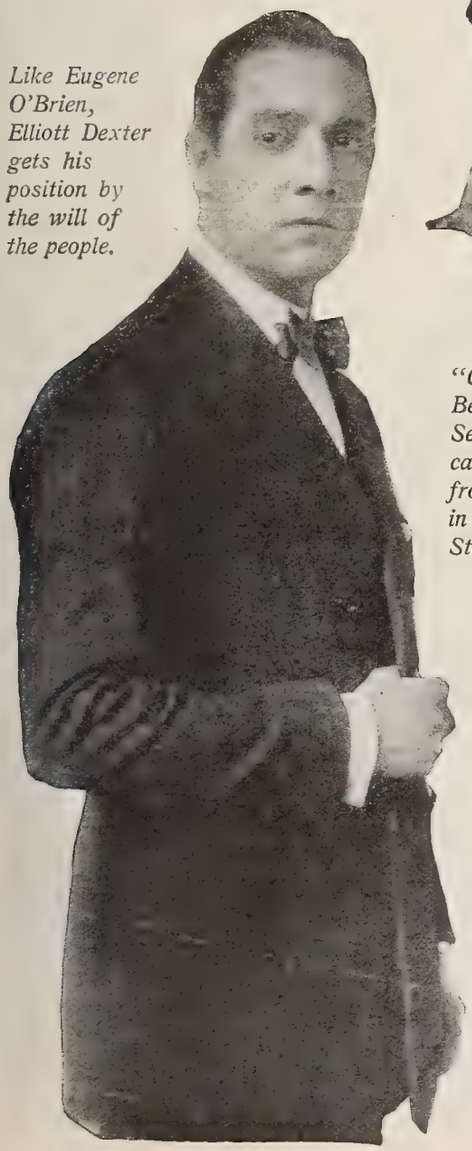
Douglas MacLean is causing zephyrs of interest to sweep over feminine hearts.

star of "Huck and Tom," I might have supposed the honor to be Mr. Gordon's. The next time I saw him he was wearing the uniform of a Canadian officer and appearing with Bessie Love in a Vitagraph picture. When I voiced my opinion that he was a coming star, the lady-in-the-seat-next said, "Yes, hasn't he cute dimples." I replied, "I'm sorry, I didn't notice them."

A dimple more or less is not going to handicap a Robert Gordon, unless he becomes aware of them. At present he is too masculine and absorbed in vivifying characters to be cognizant of his appearance. Under the guiding hand of Blackton he is bound to become a popular favorite. This boy has character I say this without ever having met him. Again I repeat, the eye of the camera is infallible.

Not long ago some one discovered that Gloria Swanson looked almost as well in clothes as she did in the Sennett one-pieces. Straightway she quit diving in comedy and immersed herself in drama. Uncertain of her ability to charm in clothes, after her long triumph in the flesh, she proceeded to robe herself in the most expensive attire available. She conceived a weird method of constructing a coiffure. It resembles a lacquered pagoda. At any rate, it promises to make her as famous as did architectural features of a lower altitude. As an actress we like Miss Swanson best in the water. The lady-in-the-seat-next at a showing of "For Better-For Worse" said my remark might be expected of a mere male. She was eagerly invoicing Miss Siren Swanson's gowns, jewels, hair ornaments, and face caste. Unquestionably Gloria has a strange attraction: Though she does not "vamp" we feel her appearance would justify a little wickedness. Here is an actress going straight to stardom by reason of beauty and originality in dress and make-up. If her acting had the polish of her hair she'd be a Bernhardt. Yes, and perhaps she'd lose popularity thereby. She certainly is doing very well as she is, so far as attracting the public is concerned. Before the present prominence, Gloria starred in a few Triangle plays. We shall see her star again, I believe.

Agnes Ayers will have her opportunity one of these days.



Like Eugene O'Brien, Elliott Dexter gets his position by the will of the people.

"Cutie Beautiful" Seymour became famous from her part in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

We are all eagerly awaiting Wanda Hawley as "Peg o' My Heart," I am sure. She is the Peg of a good many hearts right now. Exhibitors already have commenced featuring her, a sign that she has an attraction for the public.

If vampires were not out of vogue just now I would nominate Marcia Manon to succeed Theda Bara. But Miss Manon will find a prominent place for herself whatever the vogue, because she is an excellent actress as well as a vibrant personality.

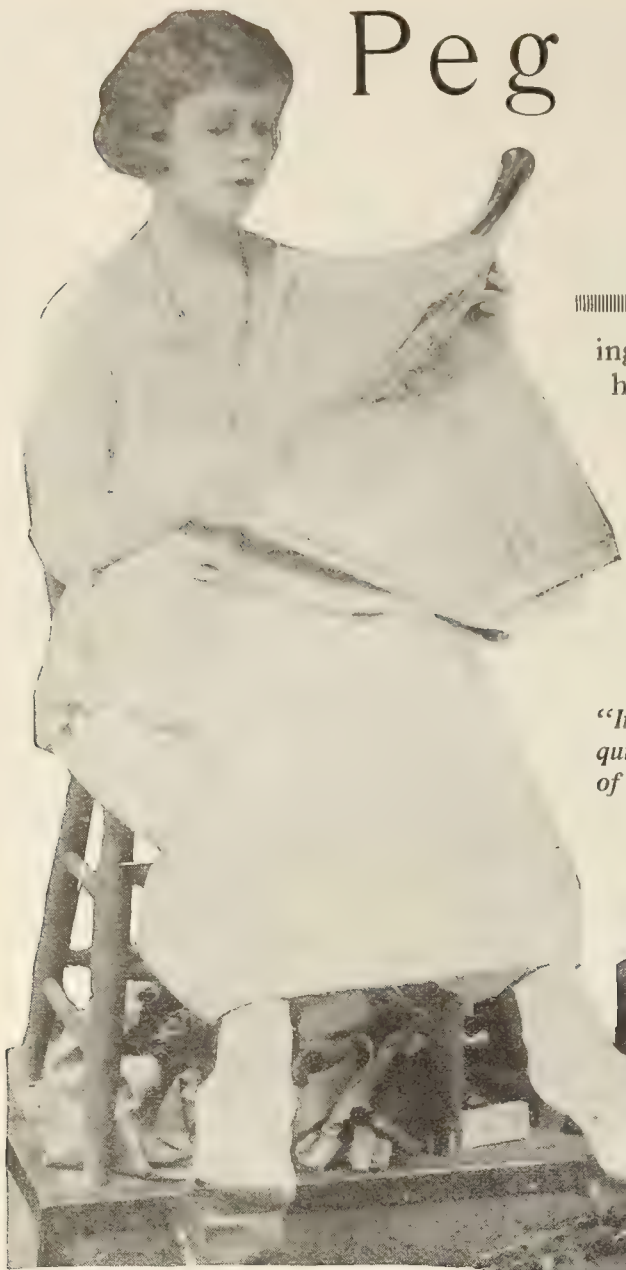
Douglas MacLean is another young man who is causing zephyrs of interest to sweep over feminine hearts. Mr. Ince has made him the co-star of Doris May—an admirable combination. And another new co-stellar team reported as doing nicely is that of Albert Ray and Elinor Fair. Mr. Ray plays with an earnestness that registers every comedy point. He seems to

Continued on page 102

Peg of Our Hearts

Her rôle in "Peg o' My Heart" has made Wanda Hawley dear to everybody.

By Gordon Gassaway



"It's the only quiet corner of the Lasky lot."

SHINE, Lady!" Wanda Hawley dropped her newspaper with a start, then looked down at me, laughed and made room for me on the bootblack stand beside her.

"Sure, this is the only quiet spot on the whole Lasky lot today," she said, and then blushed a perfect peony pink. "You see, my Peg dialect still hangs on; I simply can't get away from it. Isn't it awful?"

"It's marvelous," I declared emphatically, "and Peg is just the person I want to hear you talk about. How'd you go about getting acquainted with her?"

"Well, it was pretty hard. You see, I was the sixth Peg after Laurette Taylor—she'd played the part all over the country, you know, and where her company hadn't taken 'Peg o' My Heart' the four road companies had, so I felt that most everybody who had seen the play on the stage would be judging my performance by somebody else's, and I was scared to death—honestly, I was!" Her blue eyes still looked a bit frightened at the thought. "Then, too, I had to take the young lady back to her Irish home, in the picture, and show what she did before she picked up the pup Michael and came over to America.

"Well, I simply pegged away at Peg like a cobbler on a regimental shoe allotment. I didn't think of anything else from one day's end to the next. And when I bounced into Mr. De Mille's first rehearsal I was so full of my part that nobody could understand me on account of my Irish brogue; I'd been spending my spare time talking with our janitor, you see, and he's just six months out of County Cork and has an accent you couldn't cut with a knife."

"That certainly should have satisfied anybody," I remarked. "Too bad they couldn't have let you speak the sub-titles."

"Oh, never! I wish you'd heard the things that were said to me. You see, I'd pictured Peg as a rather frisky young person, given to doing a Charlie Chaplin on occasion, or chucking a traffic policeman under the little leather strap that holds his helmet on. But—well, they applied a regular can-opener treatment to my mind, and carefully pointed out that this Peg person was a very demure, though mischievous, soulful, but merry, young lady. And that's the sort of little girl I had to try to make her on the screen."

Wanda's big blue eyes gazed dreamily around the adjacent

She pegged away at Peg from one day's end to the next.

scenery, and I looked at her and realized that the burden of portraying so well beloved and well known a character had been no light burden for the youthfully slim Hawley shoulders. But what an ideal Peg she naturally was, especially just then, when the Hollywood sun flecked her hair with added gold. Small, tip-tilted nose, humorously curved lips and lurking dimples—well, she certainly looked sweet enough to be Peg of anybody's heart right then. I—but I musn't digress.

It was nothing more romantic than a frog in the throat that—indirectly—gave her the opportunity to play the little Irish girl.

"I really thought I was going to be a great singer," she confided to me, sliding down off the bootblack's stand and strolling over to the studio with me. "But Old Lady Fate, playing a character part as *Larnygitis,* took a hand when I was living in Brooklyn, and permanently put a stop to my operatic aspirations—and almost finished me as well. Finally, when I was up and around again, I became a professional accompanist—which is sort of like dressing some other girl for a party that you weren't asked to go to—that is, if you're a singer. I simply couldn't stand it, so I went into pictures—started with Fox. And now—well, now here I am."

"How about athletics—are you one of the 'Broncho Betsies' who never lets anybody double for her in dangerous stunts and can play any game ever invented?" I asked, moved by memories of an interview I'd done the day before.

"Oh mercy no! I've tried to train my face to act, but I've let my muscles more or less alone. When I had a repertoire of half a dozen smiles and a fair quota of other expressions to help them out I figured that I'd done enough for the girl; I don't remember the mechanical side of acting when I'm before the camera, anyway—and I don't have to do stunts in my kind of roles, you know.

"But, speaking about athletics—did you see that dog Michael that I worked with in 'Peg'?"

I admitted that I'd met Michael off stage.

"Well, did you pick him up? Why, that dog weighs a ton—no less. I certainly used to wish I was a strong man when I had a scene with him—every time we played together I went home with a headache. He's supposed to weigh just thirty-five pounds, but he must have been dieting to understudy Fatty Arbuckle when he was here, or else he'd been taking lessons in relaxation. Honestly, he was a regular lump. Every time he saw me coming he'd go into a dog trance, and if there is any dead weight deader than a thirty-pound lump of dog I'd like to know what is—so that I can avoid it in future."

She certainly looked sweet enough to be the Peg of anybody's heart.

"Perhaps that's what gave you your pathetic expression part of the time in the picture," I suggested.

"I'm pretty sure it is; if Michael just strolled past the set where I was working it made me sad, remembering the times I'd toted him around."

"And how about playing the piano—have you given it up forever now that you're not a professional musician any more?"

"Oh, no—I still play pretty often. And that reminds me—did you know that Mr. De Mille sings awfully well? Well, he does. One noon when we had all finished our little trick 'box lunches' that the studios are having an epidemic of now, I was playing 'Pagliacci' on the organ off in one corner of the set, and all at once I heard a rich, sweet voice singing the words in Italian. Talk about being a great director—Cecil De Mille ought to be in opera."

"And how about Peg—is she a thing of the past now that you're playing Beauty in 'Everywoman'?"

"Sure, begorra," she answered, "me little lass Peg may be gone, but her Irish brogue is with me still."

Witch Is Witch!

Selected scenes
From various screens
That call up old-
Time Hallowe'ens.

By Adam Whipple

Mabel Normand in "Sis Hopkins."

Vivian Martin in "The Little Comrade."

"Jack-o-Lantern's
Eyes are red;
And glare right out
Of a pumpkin head!"
Nixie, Pixy, Ogre, Elf;
"A pumpkin pie on the pantry shelf."
Brownie, Bogie, Fairy, Troll;
"Get that pie and we'll eat it whole."
Green-Eyed Goblin, Evil Eye;
"Now I've caught yuh; drop that pie!"
Gristly Ghost and Nasty Gnome;
"Under the bed till the folks come home!"
O-o-o! O-o-o! O-o-o!

WINKIN, Blinkin, Punkin Pie!
How many pumpkins do you spy?
Trixie, Pixy, Nixie, Nannie!
Oh, what a night for Orphant
Annie.
Count each pumpkin in
the patch,
And *she* can tell you a
tale to match:
"Cinderella became
A queen;
And rode in a
Pumpkin limousine!"
"Peter-the-Pumpkin
Eater's wife,
Lived in a Squash
house
All her life!"

From "Little Orphant Annie," by World Film.

In a Movie Menagerie

Many curious things can be learned. You'll be interested in this humorous interview with some of the barred stars at Universal City.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

EVERY one knows that motion-picture stars do not come into close contact with hoi polloi of the outside world; but it is not generally known that there are certain stars who are actually *barred* from polite society on account of their bad dispositions and certain temperamental qualities which render them unsafe for mingling with the public at large. Now there is Delia—never mind her last name—but she's a *cat,* if I do say it myself; she scratched a director for telling her not to face the camera, she always has a bone to pick, she is barred from social intercourse with people—barred—in a cage. Delia is a lioness.

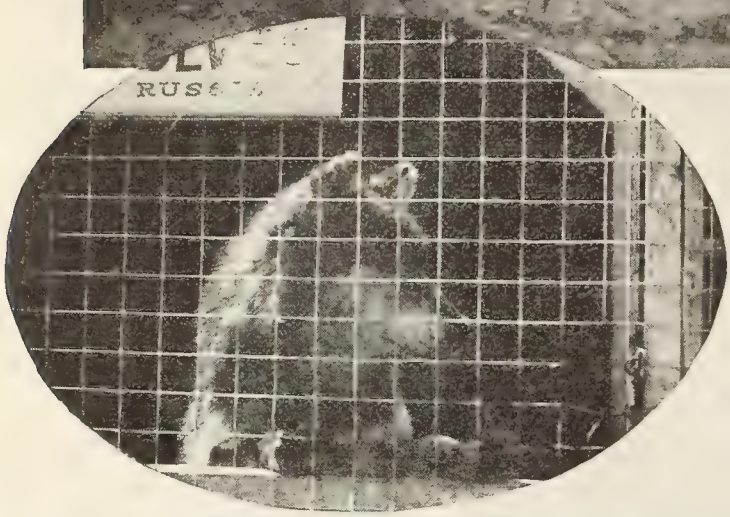
Joe Martin, the Orang-utan, has been with Universal six years, and has appeared in more than one hundred pictures. Recently he has been starred in his own right, and his latest releases are "Monkey Stuff" and "The Jazz Monkey."

Vendredi is not really and truly a Universal lion, but on account of his tractable disposition he is borrowed frequently from the L-Ko Studio, where he owns a summer cage and a collection of antique bones. He very appropriately took part in "The Lion's Claw" with Marie Walcamp, and was one of the star performers in "The Lure of the Circus" with Eddie Polo.

When I made a trip to Universal City menagerie to interview some of these stars, I met Vendredi, the African lion, whose life is clouded because he was born on Friday the 13th, and was even named for the beastly day in French.

"I really oughn't be barred from the polite society," Vendredi said sadly. "I'm not vicious—they have to poke me with a stick and tickle my nose with a feather to make me even snarl; and as for biting any one—well, I have so few teeth left that a carnivorous diet is beyond me—you don't happen to have a

Joe Martin, besides being a star comedian, is often called upon to act as nurse.



The Russian wolves were imported to do Bolshevik pictures, but their long suit is howling, which they do artistically and musically upon any occasion. They supported Monroe Salisbury in "The Guilt of Silence," and howled for Dorothy Phillips in "Paid in Advance."

bone about you, do you?—well, anyway, please tell the public for me that I'm not a man-eater as I seem to be in jungle pictures and animal comedies—I'm just a social lion."

Then I was introduced to Joe Martin, the famous chimpanzee, who lives in a cage with "Skipper," a sassy little monk who imposes dreadfully on the good-natured Joe by stealing his peanuts and then refusing to hunt fleas for him, and who swore viciously and violently in Monkese when Joe was let out of the cage while he had to stay inside.

"I feel that I can confide in you," Joe told me after I had established an entente cordiale with a bag of candy. "We stars are always maligned—that is the penalty of fame—and I suffer greatly from remarks the low-brow extra animals make about my ancestry.

"You've heard that old Darwin scandal?" he continued, choking on emotion and a piece of candy.

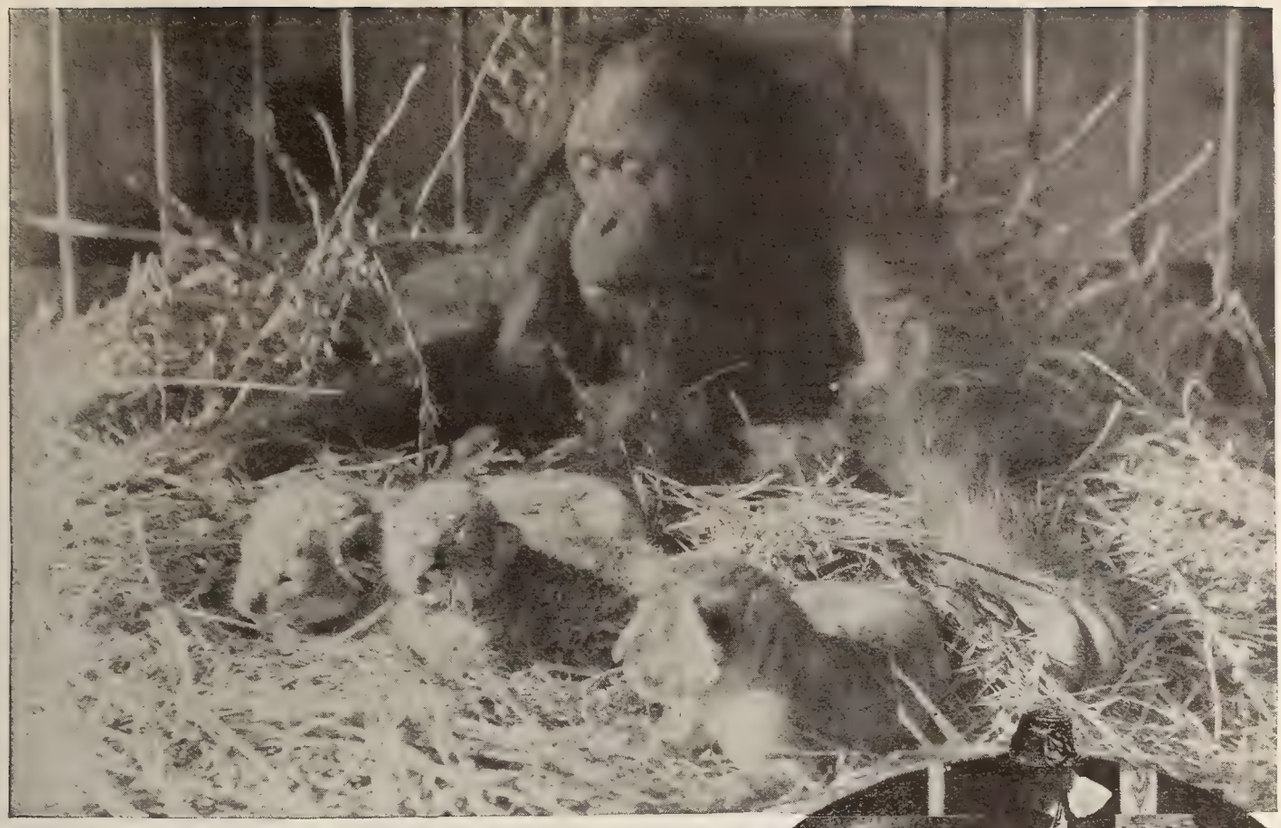
I admitted that I had, but added that of course I didn't believe all that I saw printed in books.

"On my honor as a chimpanzee," he said earnestly, putting an arm around my shoulders, "there isn't a man—either cave or pre-historic—in my entire family; I assure you, I haven't a single family skeleton in my cage!"

Joe went back to Skipper, who was insanely shaking the bars of the cage and courting suicide by swinging from the roof by his tail, and I went over to talk with Charlie, the elephant, who was standing in his cement-floored stable, making vague signs in the air with his trunk, and shifting uneasily from one foot to another as if suffering from chilblains or corns.

"I suppose you want to know how I like being in pictures." He remarked when I told him he was being interviewed. "Well, it's no life for a self-respecting elephant—I'd rather be hauling logs down in Africa where I came from. Every time I'm in a picture I have to be dry cleaned because there's no tub large

Charlie Elephant has been a fixture on the Universal lot for five or six years, using only one trunk during the whole time. He has worked in sixty pictures of various kinds, among them being "The Lion's Claw" and "Wild Lions and Loose Bandits."



He's very reliable, too, no matter what sort of youngsters are intrusted to him.

enough to hold me, my nails have to be manicured with a three-foot file—that takes about a week, and if I so much as dust myself with dirt while I'm working, I get bawled out; how would you like it if you weren't allowed to powder your nose when you wanted to."

"No, I'm not temperamental," Charlie went on, in response to my question. "I'm so big that by the time a streak of temperament gets started in my brains, it gets lost before it's worked down into my legs where it would take effect."

Over in a pen, fenced around with strong wire, I spied a lion cub and a collie pup in a friendly wrestling bout, so I opened the door and went inside.

"I suppose you're going to be great stars when you grow up?" I interrogated them while they sniffed around my shoes and began to chew at my sleeve.

"Of course, I'm going to be a dog-star," answered the lion cub, worrying the cravenette tops of my shoes. "My name is Ethel, and I'm a collie pup."

The goats, Gadzooks, Pinky, and Luella, play a great many strong parts, but Arline, the donkey, we are told on good authority, will never make a film star; she is too much of an ass. Both the goats and donkey have been used in Lyons-Moran comedies and in Joe Martin's animal comedies.

"You *are?*" I asked, blinking slightly to see if something was the matter with my eyes.

"I'm a lion," remarked the collie pup conversationally, ripping out a half yard of ruching from my cuff, "and my name is Lady."

I gathered them in my arms despite their wiggles.

"Now listen to me;" I told them. "You're mixed up; one of you is a lion and one of you is a dog, but as to which is which——"

Ethel was thoughtfully chewing Lady's ear, but as she interrupted me with, "Well, it makes no difference that I can see. We were put in this cage before our eyes were open, and we've grown up togther. The other day my trainer came in here and I tripped him up, and he said 'Dog-gone,' so I'm sure that I'm a dog."

Lady made an affectionate dab at Ethel's furry coat and said:

"I know what kind of an animal I am—sure I do. The other day a big bulldog stopped on the outside

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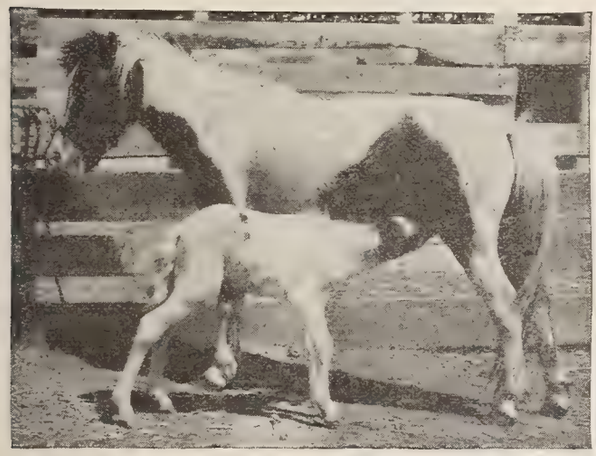

Daisy, the pony, is not in public life at present, home duties preventing her from continuing her screen career. She worked a great deal with little Zoe Rae, and also had a small part—it had to be small to fit her size—in "The Lure of the Circus."

The Egg-Crate Wallop

An Artcraft play
Produced by Ince
With Charlie Ray.

You'll like the picture,
Also you will like, we hope,
This rhymed review.

By
C. L. Edson

Jim Kelly, there astride the stool,
(First scene shows him beside the door)
Says: "Do I want a grapejuice cool,
Or a red-hot drink of this geezer's gore?"
You've guessed it, reader, the soda store
Is run by the girl they both adore.
Sooner or later that dude must scrap
This egg-crate-walloping local chap.

"Good-by, Dave,
Don't tell Kate."
And Kelly blew on
A midnight freight.

Why did Jim so suddenly go?
And who is Dave, whom he bade good-by?
And what's this secret his Kate can't know?
And who's been crooked—and when—and why?
Here's the answer—get it straight;
Dave's the dear old dad of Kate;
Some one tapped old David's till,
Taking a thousand-dollar bill!
Dave said: "Don't you worry, son,
I know *you* didn't take the mon."
Jim replied: "I've got a clew,
But, Dave, old scout, it points to *you!*"
And then Jim blew; for he was game,
And wished to bear the old man's blame.

That chalk note had this meaning sad:
"Kate mustn't know" it was her dad.

Jim reached the city—down and out
As far as work or coin is reckoned;
A club put on a boxing bout,
And Jim copped off a job as second.
The pug Jim seconded was queer,
And secretly the bird had planned
To flop—to dive upon his ear,
And throw the fight for cash in hand.
When Jim learned how his pug had sold,
He braced—and swung—and *knocked him cold!*

And when that pug
Came to and dressed,
Jim called him
"Thief!" And
He confessed.
The egg-crate smash
Had smashed a yegg;
"Police, police!"
They heard 'im beg.
Said Jim to Kate,
With laughter shaken,
"Unless I'm very
Much mistaken,
Th' egg-crate boy
Brought home the bacon!"

"That egg-crate wallop, wow!"
"Say, here's a slugger right!"
"You've got a chance, kid, now;
We'll put you in this fight!"
"Now, boy, if you're no coward,
Go in and face young Howard!"
Believe me, they
Had met before;
'Twas in the sody-
Water store!
It then was "fizz,"
It now was "thud,"
It then was
Grapejuice. Now
'Twas blood!

For Jim had reason
For belief
That Howard was
The missing thief.
Well, Jim he won
That slugging bout.
"The egg-crate
Wallop knocks
'Em OUT!"

Happy as a Clam

THERE was a delegation waiting for Pearl White on the front porch of Los Olmos, her Long Island home—a delegation of prominent women, all dressed up in white gloves and tight pumps and everything, who had come to ask Pearl to be the Nassau County chairman for the Assembly on the Republican ticket, since she's one of the heaviest tax payers in those parts.

But Pearl was nowhere to be found—that is, she wasn't in any of the places that the mistress of a big country estate might be expected to be. But her sister very wisely led the guests down to the beach, and there was Pearl, covered with mud from the toes of her hip boots to the crown of her old felt hat, digging clams!

"Isn't this gorgeous?" she said, after she'd accepted their invitation and apologized for the unconventional reception. "I'm having the most wonderful time since I bought this old place," she explained. "My young nephew and I are regular farmers and I'm happy as—well, as a clam!"

But there's another cause for Pearl's happiness; she's been just one beaming smile ever since she signed her contract with Fox, and left serials to make thrilling productions such as "The Tiger's Cub" and "Reclaimed"

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Who's Who?

The motion-picture business does move, indeed. In a "Five Years Ago" column of a motion-picture trade paper is an item that Los Angeles and New Haven moving-picture exhibitors thought they were going to be successful in their efforts to raise their prices from five cents to ten. And in New Orleans a moving-picture theater was actually charging twenty cents for really big pictures.

Only five years ago!

A few weeks ago we saw Broadway, New York, paying three dollars for the best seats to see D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." The best picture theaters in the cities charge from thirty to fifty cents, plus war tax, for a chair in the orchestra.

High-priced entertainment—this motion picture—and improving in quality, too. It must be profitable, for even with the high price of labor and material new theaters are going up all over the land. The theater manager must believe that there is a good future in pictures. And the producer, too.

For a nickel you used to see a show that cost not much more than a couple of thousand dollars to produce, and which was rented by the theater for about five dollars a day. Now for your half dollar, plus war tax, you see a feature picture that cost from thirty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars or more to manufacture, and for which the theater manager pays a rental of from one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars a day.

Who did it? Who's who in this great growth?

You. You're who.

You have demanded better pictures and you have realized that better pictures are worth paying for. You have largely quit going to see poor pictures, and you're encouraging the producer to make and the exhibitor to show genuine entertainment.

Good for you!

Here's the Chance

Universal has come to bat with an offer to the Authors' League, that organization which has been conducting organized propaganda in an effort to get producers to pay Harry Leon Wilson as much money for a story as Jeanie Macpherson gets for a script like "Don't Change Your Husband."

Universal offers to pay twenty-five thousand dollars each for four stories for Dorothy Phillips, and has challenged the members of the Authors' League to deliver one hundred thousand dollars' worth of plot in four wagonloads.

It will be interesting to see whether or not the challenge is accepted, and, if so, what the result will be.

The Story at Last Is Recognized

It is a curious feud, this one that has been going on for some years between some of the professional writers and the movie producers. It began, we believe, by the writers speaking disparagingly of the movie magnates—attacking their lack of literary standard, their methods of doing business with writers, their unwillingness to pay authors adequately for good work, and so on.

The producers countered by protesting that these selfsame authors had seldom offered them anything but the dumpings of their worktables—stuff unsalable in other form—and that these haughty gentlemen of the pen were nearly all unfit to write for the screen because they would not study its peculiar needs.

Of late there has been a considerable get-together spirit between producers and some of the big professional writers. And in view of the prices that are now being paid for material by men and women of reputation, and by the names of the writers now coming into the movie fold, no one can still charge that the big producers are any longer neglecting the story.

In Fact, It's Being Fought For

In fact, there has been, of late, quite a battle for good stories. Goldwyn has made a notable combination with Al. H. Woods, the Shuberts, and the Selwyns, assuring Goldwyn of a splendid supply of dramatic material, which seems at present to be the kind of material most sought after by the biggest producers.

Famous Players-Lasky, accused of trying to corner the story market by a combination with Charles Frohman, Inc., and by a frantic spell of buying everything good in sight, seems to have lost one trick in the game.

The Woods supply of plays that would make good pictures is especially valuable.

The battle for stories seems to be raging hottest between Goldwyn and Famous-Lasky, with the other companies picking up a few good ones now and then. Good stories that have proved their value on the stage or in fiction form are as valuable as a good house in the center of Manhattan Island, for the competition which has resulted from this frantic bidding has increased the present value of books and plays which are in the greatest demand as high as thirtyfold, making these the most profitable days for the novelist or playwright of great popularity which the world has ever seen.

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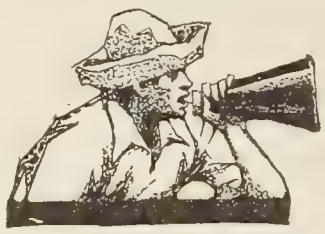
But despite the producers' best efforts up to date, it still remains a fact that there are many discriminating persons who are still indifferent to the movies, because to them so many of the movie plots are hackneyeed, stupid, and untrue to life. Even the literary classics are ruined for them by the way the continuity men and directors distort the original stories. There are, moreover, a certain number of regular patrons of the screen who say that though they enjoy pictures for the acting and the photography, they really seldom care much for the stories, nor do they take them seriously. If you do not belong to either of these classes you are perhaps fortunate. But if you have seldom, or never, felt deep emotions arising in your own breast in response to those portrayed on the screen, we urge you to see, if you can, George Loan Tucker's "The Miracle Man." For unless we are a very bad judge of good pictures, this is one that will make you a booster for the best work of the screen. We saw it recently at a private showing, and we're still excited about it. It affected us as few pictures have ever done, bringing tears to our eyes even in the tiny projection room, where there was no music, no staging to make the picture effective.



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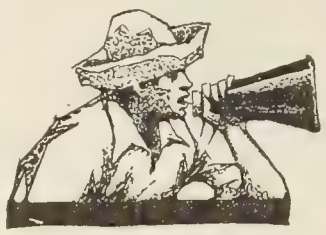

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eyed him eagerly, awaiting his suggestion.

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Radburn strode awkwardly into the house. Kate greeted her former sweetheart with a look that was not hostile, but firm rather than friendly. As he came toward her, she sat down and turned away her head.

"Kate, your maw tells me that you're goin' away."

"Kate, your maw tells me that you're goin' away," he said, leaning over and gently placing his hand on hers.

"Your information is correct."

"Kate, we've been friends sence childhood. I got a powerful tender feelin' toward you. I don't mind sayin' I'm all broke up about this, and I reckon you can hear the—sorter—sorter moistness in my voice. But we can't he'p that."

Kate's own expression softened a shade in sympathy.

"But they's one matter's been touched on that's unfortunate," Jim continued, clearing his throat. "They tell me that they've done told you how I put up the money for your two years up to Lindenwood. I never calkylated to tell you that, Kate, and I want to assure you that that don't mean nothin'. I"—he cleared his throat again, and forced a laugh—"I want you to foller your heart, girl. I don't want you to think you owe me nothin'. That's all forgotten to start with. An' now lookin' at this matter without no prejudice of no kind whatsomever, do you feel sure, Kate, that this feller Travers is the kind of a man you want?"

"Well, Jim, I'll be just as frank as you are. Going back to the time when we were boy and girl together, I admit that I thought a whole lot of you—in a child's way. Yes, those memories seem very pleasant now—as memories. I think I can say I loved you—then.

"But a lot of water has gone under the bridge since then, Jim, and I understand myself and the whole big world a great deal better than I did in those days. It is true that my improvement has been paid for by your money, and——"

Jim's eyes filled with tears.

"I don't want you to think about that—atall——"

"You say you don't want me to think about it, but who was the first one to mention it? You. It cuts me like a knife. You knew it would. But you mentioned it. You wanted your pound of flesh in this argument, and now you've got it—cut off from nearest my heart. Jim, you are a scheming and a desirous man. You took care to buy me long ago, and now you come and press your claim. In one breath you release me from the bargain, and in that same breath you intimate that if I am honorable — according to the code of a Piker's honesty—I will stay bought."

"Before God, I never had no such idee!" protested Radburn.

"But the facts are there. Why deny them? You bought me, and you bought me cheap. That is, your purchase price was the only thing you had to give—a few dollars earned in politics. But there are other men who could offer better gifts; good looks and good manners, culture, breeding, and intellectual brilliance."

"I admit I ain't got 'em," said Jim, humbly.

"No; but you were crafty enough to rig the game so that you would win without them. But did you ever stop to think what it would mean to have a cultivated, sensitive, intelligent woman yoked to you for life against her own will? Did you ever think of the woman's side of it? You will be a petty officeholder, nothing better all your life—because you have no education for anything better. Wife of the sheriff—I can picture myself being asked to cook for the frowsy prisoners in the county jail—for twenty-five cents a meal, to help earn the money spent on my education. I can see you going all hours of the night after drunken hoodlums and horse thieves, and coming in all smeared with blood when you had to kill a man."

"I been sheriff two terms now and I never killed a man in my life."

"Maybe you haven't got gall enough to—but you've got gall enough to buy a wife and then press for payment."

"I swear, Kate, I didn't ask you to have me. I

"In Mizzouri"

Adapted from the Paramount-Artcraft production, based on the Augustus Thomas play of the same name, and played by the following cast:

Jim Radburn	Robert Warwick
Robert Travers	Robert Cain
Joe Vernon	Noah Berry
Kate Vernon	Eileen Percy
Mrs. Vernon	Milla Davenport

Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Hugh Ford.

asked you if you was sure that this man Travers is the kind of man that you want to marry?"

"What do you know against him?"

"My sister tells me that Sam——"

"Your sister and Sam——" broke in Kate with feeling. "There's an example of just what I've been talking about. You sister Emily had two years of college and came back and married Sam Fowler, an express messenger. Don't you suppose Emily knew better? Don't you suppose that her education and her contact with young gentlemen in Lindenwood taught her that Sam Fowler was not the sort of man for her? A small-town man with no ambition above a railroad express car! Certainly, she saw how ignorant and contented he was, shaving once a week and never combing his hair nor blacking his shoes. Not two ideas above a horse. And yet a fine girl like Emily married him just because she was engaged to him before she went to college. And now look at the result. Sam decided that working was too slow for a gifted mind like his, so he robbed his own express car and told a silly story about a holdup and now he's in jail, and his wife can take the consequences."

"I don't think Sam's guilty."

"Oh, don't you? Then part of your job as sheriff is to hold an innocent man in jail—there's no love lost between brothers-in-law, eh?"

"Sam's out now. And he's helping hunt the robber."

"How do you know there is any robber—besides Sam?"

"Because we've found the fake pass that was used to get the robber into Sam's car. And the writin' on it is the same as the writin' on the envelopes that this feller Travers has been mailin' to you. That's why I was astin' you if you was dead sure as to what kind of a feller Travers really is."

"Do you mean to accuse Mr. Travers of being a robber?" Her lips trembled with wrath, and she drew herself to her full height and looked at Radburn with withering scorn.

"Kate, you are excited," pleaded Radburn. "Perhaps we had better drop this subject — and — and give you time to——"

"No, you coward. You started this thing, and now I'm going to make you finish it. Go on, now, if you dare, and say that you believe my fiancé is a thief and a thug."

"Kate, I don't reckon I know what that-all word fee-on-say means."

"Don't you s'pose that I know by this time that I've already met the kind of a man for me to marry?"

"My husband to be. Go on now and call him a felon!" Her voice had risen almost to a scream and her nostrils vibrated with fury.

"All right then Kate, I'll tell you the truth. A Pinkerton has been here working with me on the case. They's no doubt in our minds that this feller Travers is the robber."

"You lie!"

"Kate, did I ever lie before? You've known me since childhood."

"Known you since childhood?" she exclaimed scornfully. "I only learned to know you to-day. Wouldn't a man who secretly put up money to make sure of the woman he wanted, wouldn't such a cur gladly lie to prevent the loss of that investment? Jim, you don't realize how your crooked soul stands naked before my seeing eyes to-day. I am no longer a child; I am a woman of the world now—your tricks and lies are small-town stuff. So, go, and leave me. My heart is dedicated to a man so much bigger and better than you that you could never understand him if you tried."

Meanwhile Robert Travers, who was in the village arranging for a livery rig to take Kate to the train, was eyed suspiciously by the gawking natives. They had been impelled to this volunteer sleuthing by posters and handbills that the sheriff and a man claiming to be a Pinkerton detective had spread broadcast through the little town. This circular offered a money reward for the capture of the bandit who had robbed Sam Fowler's express car. The description of the robber as to size, height, complexion, and general appearance tallied exactly with Kate's college-bred fiancé. The mere fact that he was suave and well dressed—"Looked as slick as if the cat had licked him" as they expressed it—and spoke a refined vernacular different from the language of Pike County — these mere externals were enough to convince the natives that Travers looked like a "high-toned gambler" and a "Boston burglar."

Sam Fowler had windily boasted that he could identify the man that blackjacked him "if he ever sot eye on him ag'in." So when Travers went into the drug store to get himself some cigarettes and a box of chocolates for Kate, the village loafers hastily summoned Sam and the Pinkerton man, and the whole crowd trooped in there in the gloaming while Sam and the detective stared at the stranger under the fitful glow of the drug-store lamps.

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Whistles From Pigs' Tails

Slapstick comedy was Bebe Daniel's pig's tail, and she made it into a whistle that blew her into De Mille productions.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

This is Bebe Daniels of the boisterous comedy.

MAYBE it's wrong to call slapstick comedy a pig's tail," chuckled Bebe Daniels, as she curled up in the couch hammock in her back yard and swayed violently to and fro, "but that's just about what it's been for me. You know, I've wanted to play in regular drama ever since I was just a youngster, playing kid parts on the stage—and so I had to make my work in comedy prove that I could play emotional parts—nice little job, wasn't it?" And she chuckled again.

"Well, you evidently made a whistle that blew loud enough to attract Cecil De Mille's attention," I answered. "Go on and tell me about it."

"Oh, it isn't very interesting—to anybody but me, that is; I can't think of anything else but my Lasky contract these days." She cast a brown-eyed glance my way, and I remembered to make a note of what she'd told me earlier—that her mother's mother was one of the Castillian beauties of early California days. "I've been doing Rolin comedies, with Harold Lloyd, for the last two years—of course you know that. But last year I went to see Mr. Lasky, and he sent me to Cecil De Mille, who told me to stick to comedy one more year and then come to see him. So I did—and maybe I didn't work hard in the meantime! Every time I did anything I thought was pretty good I just had to hang onto myself so that I wouldn't stop Mr. De Mille on the street and ask him to be sure to see that picture! I don't know whether he ever did see any of those two-reelers or not—but anyway, here I am—and oh, how I do hope that everybody likes me in 'Male and Female'; that's my first Lasky appearance, you know."

"Well, I know one thing—they'd certainly like you if they could see you this morning," I answered. For Bebe's one of these people who must be really seen to be appreciated. She's the dark-eyed Spanish type, you know, with an olive skin and very red lips—all she needs is a Spanish mantilla over her head to look like one of the beauties of old Spain.

"You ought to be on the stage," I told her.

"I have been," she retorted serenely. "And I'm perfectly happy in pictures, thank you. Oh, I certainly was," as I looked skeptical. "At the tender age of ten weeks I played understudy for a doll when my father's company was doing 'Jane'—a comedy, by the way! I drew a salary and cried at the proper

And these are some of the imprints which she left on her way——

times—you see, I could be emotional, even then—and when I was big enough to talk I used to brag about it. And when I was four I played the little *Duke of York* in 'Richard the Third,' and later when I was nine I was in 'The Prince Chap' and 'The Squaw Man'—oh, I'm an old hand at it, you see; even did three years in stock here in Los Angeles."

"And you're nineteen now—you haven't wasted much time, have you!"

"Well, not a great deal." A laugh danced in her brown eyes at a sudden memory. "I used to think I squandered heaps, though, on lessons. I had a governess and once I pretended to have the measles and went to bed to get out of studying. But they wouldn't let me play that night, thanks to my little ruse, and I never tried it again."

"But won't it seem queer to you to turn things around—to cry in big scenes instead of laughing, and all that sort of thing? I'll bet you've never cried in your life!"

"Oh, mercy, no; it won't seem queer, and I certainly have cried." She became suddenly grave. "Even in comedy—or rather, just out of it, over the side lines of the set, I've wept a bit; once when I got thrown from a carriage horse they'd made me ride backward, and another time when I had to walk out on a plank from the top of a building sixty feet from the ground, in 'Look Out Below.' And once when I was a youngster mother shattered my best illusion and I nearly wept my eyes out." She stopped again, to laugh. "You see, I'd heard her say one time, 'Oh, Bebe was born on the stage and that's where she belongs.' And for many a day I boasted about that to my young friends. Then mother heard me announcing to some incredulous ones, 'Oh, yes, I was—I was born right on the stage of a theater!' and insisted on explaining to them and me that there'd been a slight mistake in my information—that I'd begun existence in a perfectly proper house—one with green blinds, in fact; I detested green blinds for years after that."

along a winding pathway which led to a part in a De Mille production.

"You must have had a lot of fun playing around the theater when you were a youngster," I observed.

"Oh, I did—but I had to work, too. Did you happen to see that awful melodrama, 'My Jim,' that Florence Stone played in? Well, I had an ingênue part in that—I was just thirteen then—and I sort of doubled in brass, so to speak—I was Father Time, off stage. You see, the clock played an awfully important part, and just when the mortgage was due I had to move the hands of the clock around from the inside, of course, and make the clock strike twelve. But it was awfully dark inside the clock, and I used to curl up in the bottom of it and go to sleep. Then suddenly I'd catch my cue from the stage—'Twelve o'clock'—and zowie! I'd move the clock's hands around with a rush, and of course the audience always laughed. Acting didn't mean as much to me then as it does now."

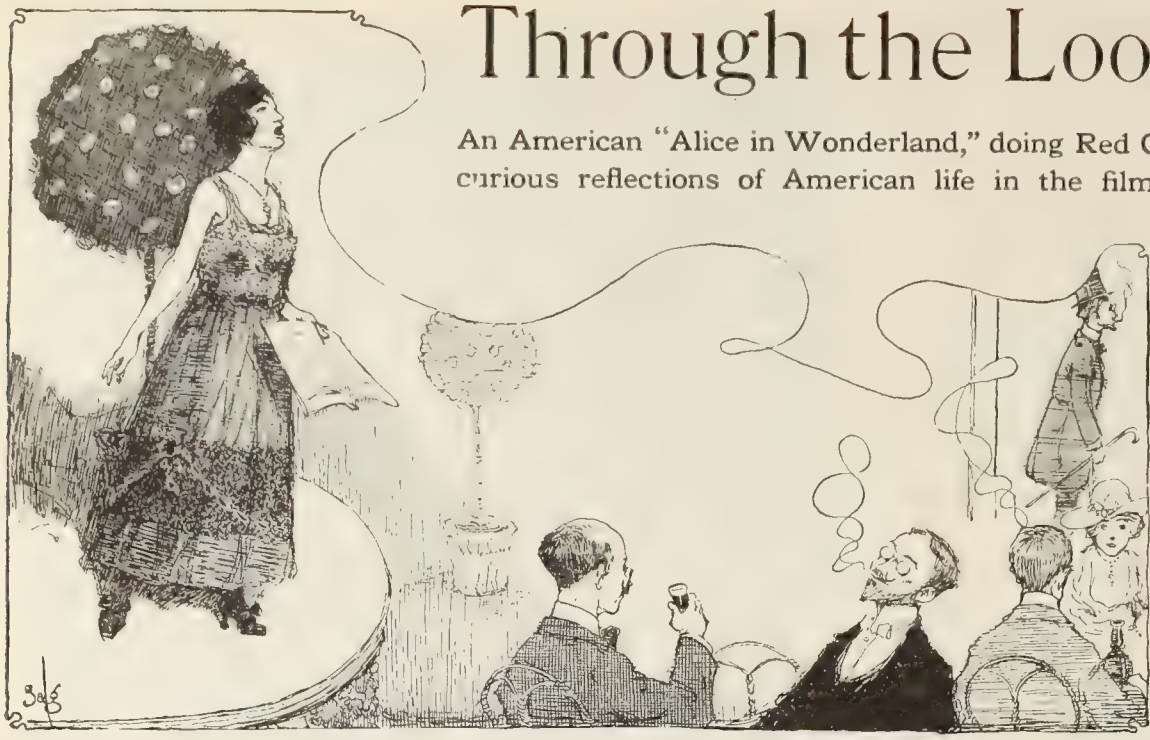
"And how much does it mean now?"

"An awful lot," she told me solemnly.

Through the Looking-Glass

An American "Alice in Wonderland," doing Red Cross work in Italy, found some curious reflections of American life in the films shown in the Eternal City.

By Lora Kelly



The performance, at the vaudeville, was a mere incident, in which no one appeared to have any interest.

THE fat comedian's air-cooled voice rose above the buzz of conversation. But nobody paid any attention. La Bella Donna, billed all over Rome (which is still in Italy) as a knockout, shook her marcelled head and warbled about Trieste. It was before the signing of the treaty, when any mention of the redeemed territory brought a response from an Italian audience, but the applause meant for Trieste was all she received. She tried again with a song about the sunshine and shadiness, principally the latter, of Naples. Her entertainment wares went begging.

"What's the matter?" I asked my escort, the Italian lieutenant. "Don't they like the show?"

"Si, Signorina," he replied, "but they come here to enjoy themselves; the performance, she is but an incident!"

So it was. The house lights were ablaze throughout each number. They were dimmed only by the blue haze of Macedonian cigarettes which bear about the same relation to regular tobacco as a tomcat does to the Lions of St. Mark's.

But there was plenty of kick to the cognac and coffee served on the wire-legged tables encircling the pit in the Salon Margherita, Rome's leading vaudeville theater. Alcoholic uplift hadn't struck the Eternal City.

"Does the signorina prefer the cinema?" inquired my escort. The signorina did. The smoke was getting so thick one could lean on it, and besides, the signorina was rather tired of being favored with stares.

Her uniform billboarded her to the world as an American, and she tried to remember that to certain Latin temperaments stares mean delicate compliments. And it was still two Roman punches till midnight.

"Voodveel, she is dull," continued the lieutenant. "But the cinema she has much more interest." He signaled the checkroom flunkey, dolled up like Father Knickerbocker, to bring his cap, cape, and saber.

Ten minutes later we were in the cinema, encountering another smoke screen. There were plenty of signs forbidding smoking, but apparently they were never obeyed. Whoever heard of a fire in Rome, anyway, since the time of Nero?

Hats are kept on or off, just as one chooses. You tip the usher who directs you to a seat. Huge lithographs announcing coming attractions stream from the balconies, and the decorations are chiefly of gilt and marble in the better-class houses. And the audience gives the photo play undivided attention.

The cinema plunges at once into its story. There are no preliminary news reels of the Vesuvius Fire Department making a record run down Main Street, no parades of the Benevolent Order of Prune Pickers, nor laying of corner stones by prominently bewhiskered citizens.

Right away we know whom we have with us this evening. Invariably there are two women or two men agonizing in the approved celluloid manner of a Third Person, whom we suspect of being a Trifler.

The historic Colosseum and the River Tiber have their place in the screen camera's art. The ancient circular ruin is a good place for the plot to thicken; the Tiber is convenient for drowning purposes.

The Pincian Gardens also appear in the Roman film dramas with the same frequency that custard pie does in ours. It is to this beauty spot that all Rome goes on a Sunday afternoon to sun itself and listen to the band.

There are palms and sparkling fountains and the bluest of skies all the year round; nursemaids garbed in the bright colors of their native provinces; lovers strolling in the by-paths; carriages of the aristocrats and here and there an American in a "jag-hack" for which he has paid three lire if he knows how to read the meter and ten if he doesn't. Over the stone terraces we catch a glimpse of the red-tiled roofs of the city, with St. Peter's dome shining in the distance. Is it any wonder that the Pincian Hill finds prominent mention in the producer's list of locations?

Italian audiences like long captions. Brevity may be the soul of wit but the Latin prefers to read that

BEFORE——

When Mary first met Jim, she sang
His praises near and far.
She said he looked exactly like
A well-known picture star.

"The Compagna was bathed in the rosy light of dawn which cast its flickers with equal impartiality over the homes of contessa and contadina. In the Castello of Count Mario, high in the Alban hills, grim tragedy held sway"——. Then we cut back to rescue the deceived countess who has been hanging by her neck in the tower attic all the time we were occupied with the pure reading matter about her. Forty more feet of rope and film and it is time to call the Carabinieri.

After this fadeout, the lights flared up. But the show wasn't over. The announcement of an American release flashed across the screen. "Your America, she is a wonderful country," remarked the *Tenente,* with the innate chivalry of his race, "I have never been there. I am so happy to learn of her. The cinema, she does so much to enlighten us of each other."

We were enlightened by a cowboy farce, one of the wildest and wooliest revolver-fests that ever messed up an imitation Montana landscape. Dead Man's Gulch, of the early eighties, was the setting. You know the store-box type of houses with a clapboard front running up to imitate two stories. You know the Grizzly Bear saloon with its fringe of hitching posts; the walrus-mustached cowboys in "chaps" and all the rest of the picturesque myth.

"That is not the Avenue Five in your New York," the Tenente announced solemnly. . "For the buildings there are greatly in the air! Perhaps she is a far, far Western city, Chicago, maybe?" "Exactly," I told him.

About this time Two-Gun Pete, attired in his shooting costume, began to make things lively around the aforesaid Grizzly Bear. My escort was amused but not a little puzzled. When Pete, the naughty old dear, began to shoot the corks out of the bottles on the bar, the lieutenant had a positive inspiration. He was radiant with a big idea.

"Now I know why and how America is abolishing beverages!" he said. "The wines, they are not safe from bandits." Then to show his knowledge of American institutions—picked up I know not where—he added, "this shooting Pietro, is he not a member of the League of the Anti-Café?"

An Uncle Tom show given in Genoa gave us another version of American life, produced however, by the Italians themselves. It had a long run there while four or five thousand doughboys were billeted in the home town of Columbus, awaiting transportation to the United States. Most of the soldiers were from the Middle West, Ohio, and Kentucky where some of the scenes of the great slavery classic were laid. It was billed as "Zio Tom by Beecher!" not by "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe," but simply "Beecher."

"Gawsh, but that show is a darb," said one "hard-boiled" sergeant. "Why, Uncle Tom ain't a day over twenty-five" he went on, "and he sure wins the glass bicycle for being a swell-looking coon. You'd think from his looks that he was AWOL from a Darktown ball, all right, all right!"

"Yes, yes, go on," I said. "What does he look like?"

"Well, he wears a sport shirt," continued the dramatic critic, "white duck pants like I'm going to have if I ever get back to Gawd's country; white shoes, and believe it or not, that bird had a Roman-striped silk sash around his waist! I've got one in my barracks bag now to take home to my girl."

"And the bloodhounds with a little ice on the side?" I inquired.

"Nothing doing. Eliza made her getaway in a row-boat. And the Ohio River had a bunch of palm trees all along both banks. Oh, lady, lady, there's nothing like it in Marietta, Ohio. Gee, but them palms made me homesick. I live in Marietta, y'know!"

Italy has plenty of sunshine of her own but it remained for Mary Pickford to supplement it with some of her own. In a village twenty or thirty kilometers from Naples a little group of American Red Cross girls labored, month in and month out, to give aid to the needy, hard hit by the war. The tiny motion-picture theatre, built in the ruins of a palace built three or four hundred years ago for a Neapolitan nobleman, was their only recreation. They had long ceased to sigh for the comforts of their own homes, four thousand miles away. They had learned to twine spaghetti around a fork and eat it by the bolt as the natives do. They had

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But the audience gave undivided attention to this Italian screen representation of "Uncle Tom."

AND AFTER

Now since the two have been engaged,
She shrugs her shoulders slim
When she admits the actor looks
A little bit like Jim.

Fannie Kilbourne.

ZaSu Pitts—Both of Her

A whimsical little person who resembles an April day

By Grace Kingsley

Big brilliant eyes and a pinky skin.

The first time I ever saw ZaSu, she was lopping dejectedly on a bench out at the Lasky Studio, and she was murmuring to her girl friend, "Never mind, I saw a sign this morning, 'Waitresses wanted.' I can

A ZaSu with a great sense of humor.

The ZaSu that's long and slim and sad looking.

SHE'S long and slim and sad looking—kind o' mopy — with no particular complexion — and with hair, oh, lots of it, kind o' taffy-colored, that won't stay curled.

But that's only one ZaSu Pitts. There's another ZaSu —with big, brilliant eyes and a pinky skin—a prankish ZaSu who comes forward when conjured by some sudden interest, a ZaSu with a great sense of humor, a dry sort of drollery, and with keen preceptions that are mellowed by just the humanest set of sympathies a girl ever had.

become a sirup splasher!" That's another thing about ZaSu—she always thinks up such funny little names for things.

I was surprised, because it was just after she had made that big hit as the slavey in "The Little Princess," with Mary Pickford, and she might reasonably be expected to act just a bit cocky. But no, she has since confessed to me that always between pictures she has visions of herself as a waitress. She just can't imagine she's ever going to have another engagement in pictures!

And now she has become a star, and is going to have her name plastered in big letters all over the country! But even yet she isn't sure that some time she won't become a "sirup splasher!"

It was in "Better Times," made by the Brentwood Film Company, that ZaSu got her big chance; and it was during the making of the last scenes while the company was using the home of a millionaire in a Los Angeles suburb, that I went out to call on her.

ZaSu and I went into the kitchen to curl her hair.

For ZaSu, as I said before, has hair that won't respond to a curling iron, or at any rate won't keep its promise to a curling iron; so every place we went that day, we had to look for a quiet place to curl ZaSu's hair.

"Well, I'll have to begin at the beginning, because I don't know how to start in the middle and then show cut-backs, the way some actresses do in their interviews," said ZaSu, wetting her finger at her lips and touching it to her curling iron.

"I lived in Santa Cruz, and I began by wanting to be a detective. I thought there must just be an awful lot of crime to detect if I could only get to a big city. I didn't tell that to mother, though; I told her I wanted to go into pictures, because I knew she didn't object to my going into pictures or on the stage either. In fact, she used always to tell me she thought I had talent and that I could be a success.

"So I came to town and the first thing I did was to see a detective. But there didn't seem to be much crime lying round loose waiting to be detected, after all—that is, no really thrilling crime—so I thought that after all I'd try to get a picture job. I went right straight to a hotel when I arrived. I thought it was so grand to live in a hotel! I hadn't much money, and I wore a funny little old Norfolk suit, which was about all I had, and I remember how amazed the clerk looked when I went to buy a pair of shoes, and told him loftily the price really didn't matter at all!

"Then I started hitting the hot pavements—and by and by I began missing meals. But when I got very blue, I'd go downtown and watch the blind people and cripples and think to myself, 'Well, I guess I can go on!' And on rainy days how do you think I amused myself?

"I used to go down to the tall buildings and ride up and down in the elevators! In fair weather I went around to the studios, and just as I was getting about desperate, Universal, I guess, decided I looked funny; anyhow, they gave me a job in a comedy. I worked out at the L-Ko Studios. You know when I'm not hopping about dancing or acting, I've got a kind of a dreary look about me, and the director used to look at me every morning and say, 'What makes you come around here looking half dead all the time?' And then one day they told me the New York office didn't think I was funny, so I had to leave."

Then it was ZaSu began to watch for the "Waitresses Needed" signs.

"I thought of every sort of occupation," said ZaSu. "I even wrote a scenario and sent it out with the comment, 'If you don't take this, the lake is near!' And a company actually accepted and paid for it. But I think that scenario must have ruined 'em, for I never heard of that company again!"

Just then the director, King Vidor, called out, "Ready, Miss Pitts!" and ZaSu exclaimed, "Oh where's my trained powder puff! I have to be awfully careful of my make-up—white powder on a ghost has nothing on me!" After which we adjourned to the drawing-room, where the scenes were taken, and then we were all bundled into automobiles and brought over to the Brentwood Studio. And once more ZaSu curled!

"Where was I? Oh, yes. After the New York offices of Universal decided I wasn't funny, I thought I'd try for the stage. I went down to the ticket office of one of the Los Angeles theaters and asked the girl: 'Where do you go to get a job?' 'What kind of a job—janitress?' asked the girl. 'No, actress,' I said, and she sent me upstairs to see the manager.

"'What do you think you can do?' asked the manager, who was a red-faced kindly sort of man who talked through his cigar all the while.

"'Tut, tut! It isn't my face,' I explained, 'but I believe I can dance and maybe act!'

"'Let's see you,' said the manager. And after I had recited and had kicked over all the chairs dancing"—ZaSu dearly loves to poke fun at herself—she probably did nothing of the sort, as she's an exquisitely graceful dancer—"the manager said, 'Well, that's pretty good—but go and get some meat on those legs!'"

She has become a star and is going to have her name plastered all over the country.

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When the Movies Masquerade

PROBABLY you haven't realized it, but you don't like the costume play. You're the public, and you'll have none of it, according to those who determine what sort of stories will be shown on the screen.

"Up-to-date stories with a strictly modern setting," is their idea of what the public wants.

And it's to be presumed that they know their business.

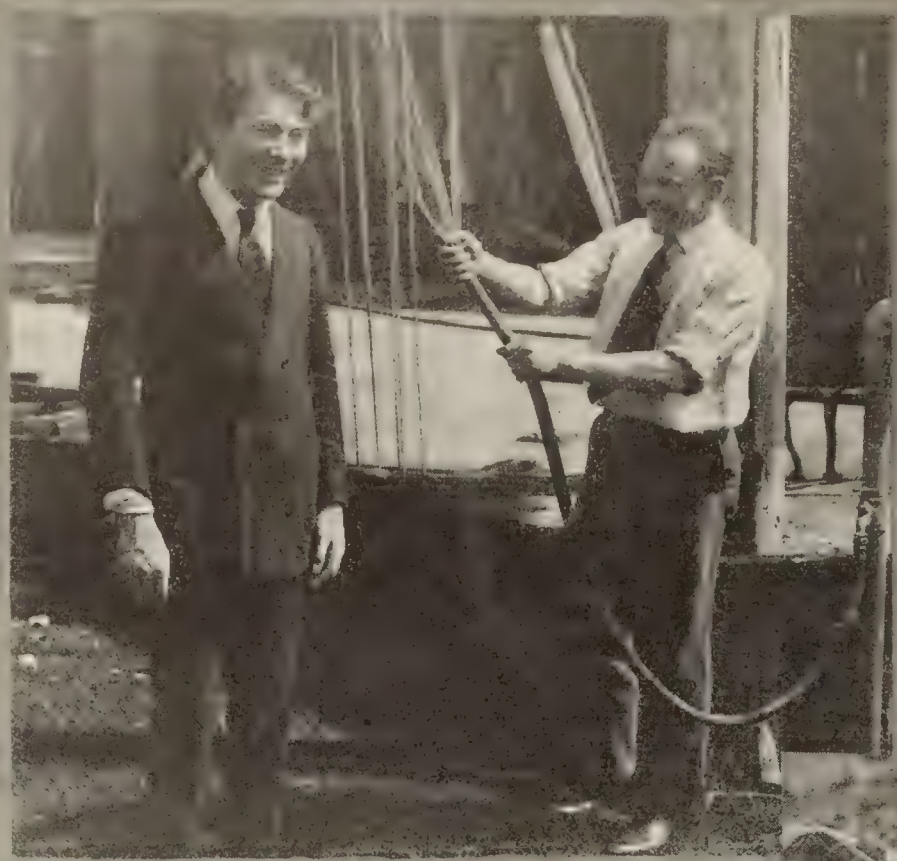
But did you ever notice how many costume *scenes* they weave into the big productions? The historical pageant—the vision of ancient times—the fancy-dress ball—the scene laid in a foreign land—time and time again the

producers deliberately give the stories twists that will make the characters don some gorgeous costumes, giving them a chance to be picturesque, and to act against an effective background. It's somewhat as though the movies have taken to masquerading.

Just consider some current productions. Look at the picture of Alice Joyce in the costume she wore in the fancy-dress ball scenes of "The Vengeance of Durand," the one of Nazimova in her rabbit dress in "The Brat," of Owen Moore in his domino in the Mardi Gras picture, "The Crimson Gardenia," and Elsie Ferguson in her Spanish mantilla in "The Avalanche." Think of the stunning vision scenes in all the De Mille productions.

Maybe the producers are trying us out to see if we'll take kindly to costumes. By the way, what *do* you think about it? Are you really so opposed to costume pictures or would you like to see a play laid in the days of pirates, highwaymen, and court intrigues?

From a Fan's Scrapbook



TOM MOORE COOLING OFF
GEE, BUT I LIKE HIS GAME.

WILL ROGERS ARRIVES IN
LOS ANGELES. I'M ANXIOUS TO
SEE HIM ON THE SCREEN.

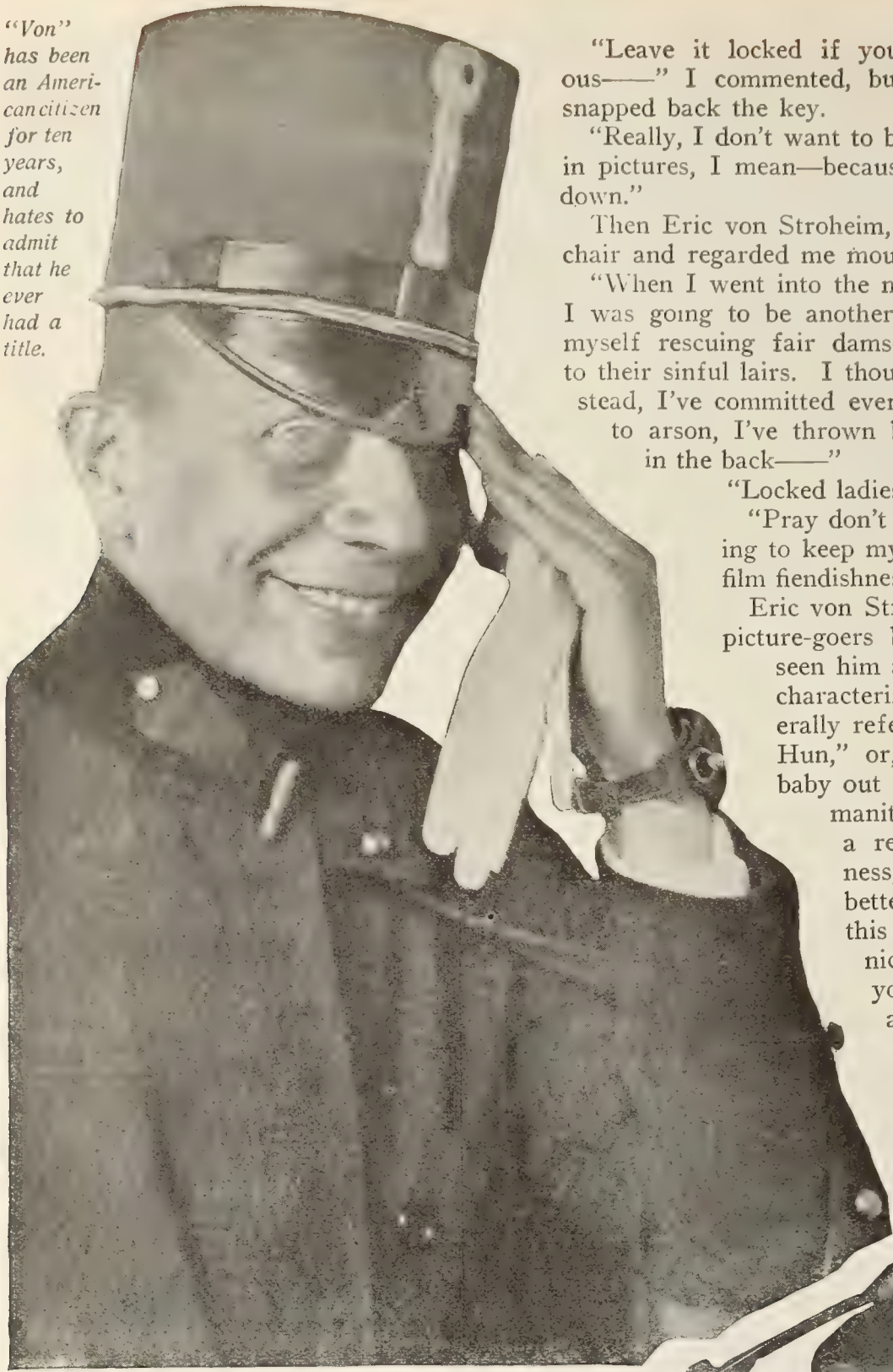
BOB
WARWICK
AND
EILEEN
PERCY
UNDER A
LASKY
STUDIO
PALM
TREE

HOUDINI'S
NEW
PARAMOUNT
PICTURE
"THE GRIM
GAME" WAS
WELL
NAMED.
TWO PLANES
COLLIDED
IN AIR, BUT
LIEUTENANT
E.V. THOMPSON
PILOT AND
ACTOR
WASN'T
EVEN HURT!

GERTRUDE ASLBY
AND BERT
LYTELL WITH
A PICKANINNY
BOUQUET

SNAPPED IN
PEGGY
HYLAND'S
BACK YARD

MAKING UP AT HER COLLAPSIBLE DRESSING TABLE
MITCHELL
MADLAINE TRAVERSE SWAPPING VACATION STORIES WITH HER DIRECTOR.
THE POLICE-MAN AND I BOTH CAUGHT LITTLE MARY JANE EVENS SWIPING APRICOTS
I'LL BET ANITA NEVER EMBROIDERED THIS DRESS HERSELF.
SYLVIA BREAMER'S BACK AGAIN IN COL. BLACKTON'S NEW PRODUCTIONS



"Von" has been an American citizen for ten years, and hates to admit that he ever had a title.

An Hour With a Villain

A Mephisto expurgated—perhaps reformed entirely—is Eric von Stroheim, who writes and directs his own villainous rôles.

By Celia Brynn

AS I crossed the threshold the villain stepped behind me, closed and—locked the door! Then turning toward me with—no, it was not a wicked leer, but a most embarrassed look—he stammered:

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm so used to locking myself in the office to avoid interruptions——"

"You mean you are so used to locking helpless females in rooms——" I interrupted wickedly.

"Well, yes, of course, I am—in pictures. It *is* apt to make one absent-minded."

"Leave it locked if you'd feel more natural—more villainous——" I commented, but his expression was shocked as he snapped back the key.

"Really, I don't want to be more villainous than I am already—in pictures, I mean—because I have a terrible reputation to live down."

Then Eric von Stroheim, the Prince of Villains, sat down in a chair and regarded me mournfully.

"When I went into the movie game," he said sadly, "I thought I was going to be another Fairbanks or Kerrigan. I imagined myself rescuing fair damsels in distress and running bad men to their sinful lairs. I thought I was to be a romantic hero. Instead, I've committed every crime in the calendar from murder to arson, I've thrown babies out of windows, shot old men in the back——"

"Locked ladies in rooms——" I went on.

"Pray don't speak of it!" he begged me. "I'm trying to keep my private reputation unsmirched by my film fiendishness—and it's no easy job——"

Eric von Stroheim is known to comparatively few picture-goers by name, for, though every one has seen him and shuddered at his hideously perfect characterizations of Prussian officers, he is generally referred to as "Oh, you know, that awful Hun," or, "That horrible man who threw the baby out of the window in 'The Heart of Humanity.'" Such is the penalty of making a reputation by portrayals of "frightfulness," and yet, in real life, there is not a better-liked man on the Universal lot than this same "Horrible Hun," who goes by the nickname of "Von," and they will tell you out there that his heart is as big as all outdoors, that he is as square as they make 'em, and is a prince of good fellows. He is a scenarioist, a director, and an actor, and though his discipline has a military snap to it every one likes it. "Von gets things done," they say of him.

Despite his varied experiences abroad and in this country, he is still a very

His rôles demand this "Kultur" hair-cut.

young man, and were it not for the shape of his head, which is strictly Prussian, and which "I am not responsible for, being born with it," Von Stroheim says, and the "Kultur" cut of his hair, which is necessary for the parts he plays, he would be really handsome. As it is, his face is most attractive, with dark-brown eyes that have a merry, sometimes a saturnine, twinkle, a smile, which, though on the screen is so diabolically repulsive, is, in reality, whole-souled and friendly, with a dimple appearing unexpectedly at the corner of his generous-sized mouth. There is a vivid scar across his forehead, gained in a Bosnian campaign, that

One couldn't blame the heroine for yielding to his polished villainy.

The Tyrolean sets for "The Pinnacle" have a genuine foreign atmosphere.

adds a debonair touch to his countenance. He speaks with a slight accent, despite his ten years of citizenship in America, and when he is introduced he clicks his heels, bows from the hips, and salutes stiffly. He reminds one somehow of Mephisto minus the downright wickedness, a Mephisto expurgated, perhaps reformed, but still reminiscent.

"How do you know all about the details of Hunnish depravity?" I wanted to know, and again he appeared a trifle embarrassed.

"Well, you see, I was born in Vienna," he told me. "My father was a count, and my mother, before she married him, was a baroness, and lady-in-waiting to the late Empress Elizabeth——"

"Then you're a count?" I interrupted. "An honest-to-goodness count?"

"A no-'count' is more like it," he said, smiling broadly. "Titles are not worth a pfennig in Austria to-day, and mine has never been worth anything to me; I've been an American citizen too long to care for such baubles.

"But, as I was saying, since my people were of the nobility, I became an officer in the army, and I saw service in the Bosnian campaign and in Mexico. I came over here ten years ago, and I have been everything from traveling salesman to waiter.

"Don't imagine that it was easy for me to get into pictures; it was a long, hard struggle. I had not the American 'push,' and so I went out to the Griffith lot day after day, walking out from town in order to save car fare, and stood there in the hot sun, never trying to speak to a casting director or ask for work. I thought if they wanted some one of my type they would come to *me*. That sort of thing

Continued on page 103

Illustrating the Austrian's technique of flirtation.

Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

The Real Reason for the Dryness.

He sat almost a-grinning while the minister was chinning on the evil and the sinning that was caused by Demon Rum. And when the sermon ended he arose and swiftly wended footsteps to a place they mended thirsty palates for a sum!

But soon this thirsty creature found a far more greater teacher when he went to view a feature at a motion-picture show. The picture showed him plainly how a man, whose bev'rage mainly is Old Bourbon, acts insanely when he'd had a few or so.

He sat and watched unwinking all the havoc wrought by drinking and he did a lot of thinking though, his nerves were all a-wry. He sneaked out looking flurried; somewhat shamed and greatly worried—but to no saloon he hurried—he went out and voted "Dry!"

—o—

Concerning George Walsh.

When pictures of Georgie you seique,
You will find they all give you a peique
At his marvelous muscles,
In hustles and tussles—
The physique of this geique is unique!

—o—

"Soleing Done Here!"

"A Soul in Trust"—(Triangle)
"A Soul For Sale"—(Jewel)
"Auction Of Souls"—(First Nat'l)
"A Soul Adrift"—(Perret)
"A Soul's Crucifixion"—(Broadwest)
"Alien Souls"—(Lasky)
"A Truant Soul"—(Essanay)
"A Branded Soul"—(Fox)
"Twisted Souls"—(Universal)

—o—

A Hopeless Job—With a Hopeless Ending.

Is it possible Carl Laemmle can do the impossible? Says he: "Universal will try its infernalist to lick everybody else on the matter of quality!"

Well, you can't blame a guy for trying—but it seems to us Carl could have grabbed for himself an easier job than that.

However—

Carl also remarks: "we are going to break our necks trying to do still better!"

Ah!—we're with you, there, Carl—go to it!

—o—

Did You Make the Trip?

"Off agin, on agin,—gone agin—Finnegan"—has nothing at all on Paramount, who says of Charley Ray in "Hay Foot, Straw Foot": "You'll die laughing about his troubles, but then you'll come to life and be tickled to death when he finds happiness!"

—o—

Facing Odds.

Dustin Farnum, in "A Man's Fight" wins a woman in the face of tremendous odds.

Dustin is luckier than us. Everytime we try to win a girl she gazes upon our face and hurriedly murmurs "farewell!" Our face is tremendously odd.

—o—

Answer to Correspondent:

"Slivers"—Barefoot, Ky.: They go together. The Gishes, Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford weigh 419 pounds. Their eyes are blue, hazel and brown. Tom Mix's legs got that way from riding fat ponies.

Chaplin was five-feet-four last summer. He's probably higher now. Everything else is. 'By!

—o—

Afraid of Nothing, Now!

"Capt. James Freeman, late of the British army, who was wounded eleven times, gassed three times, and suffered from other horrors of the war, is now supporting Mabel Normand in current Goldwyn pictures."

—o—

"Bruno Now Batting for Dean!"

It has often been remarked that sooner or later Universal loses all its star players. Come to think of

it that wheeze is applicable to all companies. However, Universal, which has been starring a trained chimpanzee, is now making a picture called "The Eternal Triangle," in which only dogs are actors.

Can it be that Carl Laemmle is preparing for the future?

—o—

"Optience."

For the enlightenment of the film critic of the Chicago "Tribune" and others, we wish to state that the word "optience" was hatched in "Fade-Out's" incubator 'way back last May. (Back numbers for sale by all newsdealers.)

We think we coined this word. If not, we at least passed it. Keep the change.

—o—

Maybe Only Live Ones Are Insured.

After hearing that Tom Ince had insured the lives of his stars for $100,000.00 each, we confidently expected our editor to follow suit and insure his hatcher of "Fade-Outs," but strange to say, he has not done so.

Perhaps he never thought of it.

Chances are he never will think much of it.

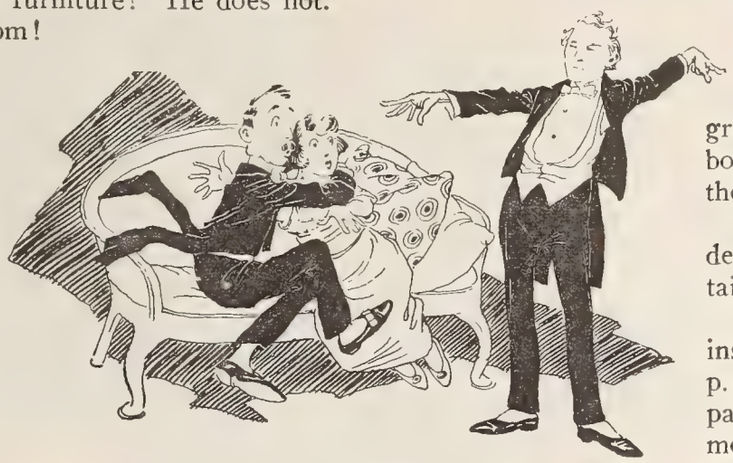
—o—

A Gentle Hero.

Henry Walthall, in "Modern Husbands" catches the villain hugging his (Henry's) wife. Does he promptly smear the rascal all over the furniture? He does not. He tells him to leave the room!

Later on he again surprises the same villain embracing his (Henry's) friend's wife. Does he plaster the wall with the amorous scoundrel? Nix! He orders him to leave the house!

Heavens! We shudder to think what Henry would have done if he'd have caught the hugginist a third time!



—o—

Reducing Expenses?

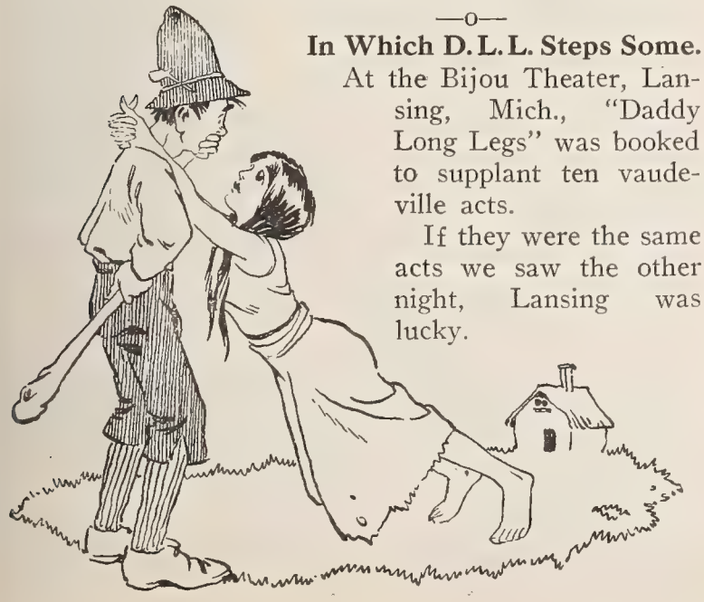
Is "World" trying to trim its pay-roll? In "Through the Toils," Montagu Love plays both the hero and the villain.

—o—

In Which D. L. L. Steps Some.

At the Bijou Theater, Lansing, Mich., "Daddy Long Legs" was booked to supplant ten vaudeville acts.

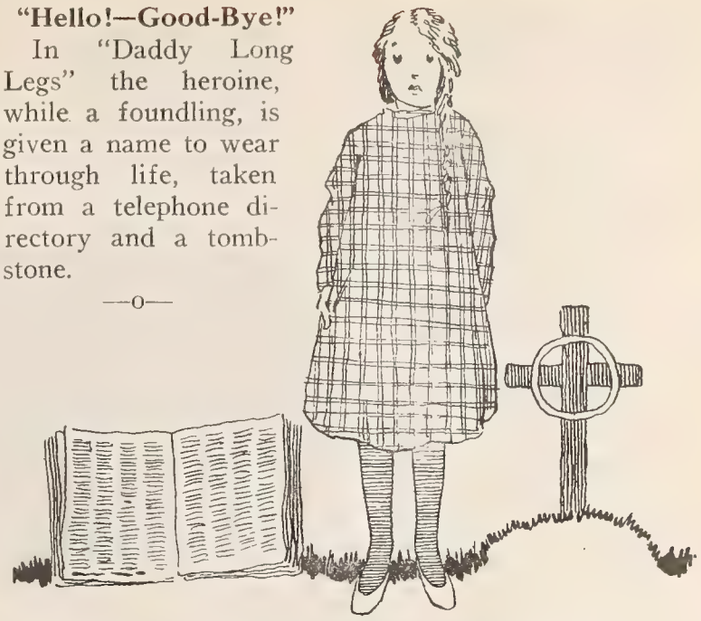
If they were the same acts we saw the other night, Lansing was lucky.



"Hello!—Good-Bye!"

In "Daddy Long Legs" the heroine, while a foundling, is given a name to wear through life, taken from a telephone directory and a tombstone.

—o—



Concerning the Costumes of Sennett's Bathing Beauties.

The ladies call them wonderful,
And the men in glee agree.
But really, in the line of clothes,
There's nothing much to see.

—o—

Doctor E. L. Crusius has invented the X-ray movie—the photographs show not only the bones but the muscles and their action.

This invention holds wonderful possibilities for entertainment.

Wouldn't it be lovely, for instance, on a dull Sunday p. m. for one to darken the parlor, turn on the X-ray movie, and then set down to watch what becomes of the recent dinner?

—o—

Wurra! Wurra!

Lay off of Erin, Oh, Theda, mauvourneen,
Sure, is it some one you're tryin' to kid?
You vamps are the darlints—but YOU a colleen—
Arrah, acushla,—it just can't be did!

Ah, cruel the day! Sure, an' we thought old Ireland has had more than her share of trouble, but—listen to Mr. Fox:

"Theda Bara, in 'Kathleen Mavourneen' will assume the part of a merry Irish colleen, with flying pigtails, clumsy shoes, and roguish eyes."

Well, anyhow, as Bobby Gaylor used to say, we wouldn't miss this picture of Theda's for all the potheen in Ballyragget,—because:

It may be for years and it may be forever
Before a colleen just like Theda we'll view!
So, by the same token, we'll use all endeavor
To see her colleening—'twill be something new!

Continued on page 104

"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

There's no time when he needs one worse than when he's fourteen, and in love. And there's no time when a feller is more pathetic—and funny. So take a trip back to boyhood with Skinny Malloy, and chuckle at this story of his unhappy adventures.

By C. L. Edson

"The dirt wouldn't show in the photygraff," he whined.

LOOK here, son, I believe that you're deliberately planning to spoil the picture."

"No, I ain't, mamma; no, I ain't."

When she called him "son," instead of Wilbur, Skinny Malloy knew that his mother's fighting blood was up, and, in terror of the consequences, the poor lad made haste to declare his utter innocence of any such premeditated villainy.

"Then don't give me any more argument, but take off that shirt, as I told you, and kneel down here by this tub so I can give your head the scrubbing that it's been needing for the last six months. If I didn't do it myself you'd let your hair go unwashed until it was so full of sand and grease and grit that a currycomb wouldn't go through it."

Skinny's spirit really was in revolt, but not against the picture so much as against the humiliation that was brought upon him in the preparations for having the "picture took." Skinny was almost fourteen. He felt that he was too big a man to be stripped to the waist by his mother and forced to kneel down like a trained elephant and scrubbed like any other beast in the zoo.

"The dirt wouldn't show in the photygraff," he whined.

"Oh, no; dirt wouldn't show. I s'pose if you'd take a photygraff of a Senegambian he'd show up in the picture as white as a chiny doll," replied Mrs. Malloy sarcastically as she sloshed the soapsuds onto Skinny's head. The water flooded into his eyes and mouth, and ran in cascades over his bare shoulders to his middle.

"Drop that towel!" commanded his mother.

Skinny had instinctively grabbed a towel and applied it to his tummy to dry the little twinkling drips that tickled him.

Instead of dropping the towel, Skinny began wiping away the tormenting rills.

His mother grabbed the towel, and, jerking it from his grasp, she flung it away where he couldn't reach it.

"Shame on you, you great big lummox. Wiping the water off faster than I can put it on you. You're as 'fraid o' water as a mad dog."

"Ain't neither. If you'll quit warshin' me I'll warsh myself."

"Yes, a fine job o' washin' you'd do. 'Fraid of a little water on your chest."

"Will my chest show in the picture? You ain't goin' to have my picture tooken naked, are you?"

"That's enough of your nonsense!" She thumped the side of his cranium as one thumps a watermelon.

"Ouch, dang it!"

"Stop swearing or I'll wash your mouth out with this soap. If you go to using bad language I'll positively break you of it."

"Well, ma, you're so rough."

"I want you to hush your mouth." She began scrubbing him all the more vigorously.

"You're half killin' me."

"I'll give you the other half of it if you don't quit tryin' to get away from me. I never saw the like o' ye in all my born days. Now quit your pouting; you ain't hurt."

"All right for you," muttered Skinny rebelliously.

"What did I hear you splutterin' to yourself? Look here, Wilbur Malloy, you're just fixin' to get yourself into trouble. Mark my words, if you spoil that picture I'll know that you did it out of pure cussedness, and I'll have your father spank you within an inch of your life. There!" His ablutions finished, she shoved him away and gave him his clean clothes to put on.

A cloud about the size of a man's hand appeared on Skinny's horizon at the threat of a beating if the picture wasn't good. For Skinny had made up his mind that he would simulate the look of a crushed and mistreated orphan when the family group was taken. He had decided to tell the world through that picture how doleful his life had been.

But suddenly another cloud appeared in the sky. And this second cloud brought grief to his parents and the photographer, but it brought a ray of sunshine into Skinny's darkened young life. For the day had suddenly become overcast. An approaching thunder storm was rumbling, and the photographer sent word that no pictures could be taken that day.

"Goody-goody-ghee!" cried Skinny.

"What are you hollering goody about?" demanded his mother. "If you're laughin' 'cause the weather has disappointed us I've a notion to give you a clout that'll make you laugh on the other side of the face."

"I was just sayin' 'goody' because the rain is goin' to help the garden," said Skinny, thinking fast.

"Little you care about the garden; I can't get you to pull the weeds outa them onions. Don't try to tell me you was thinkin' about the garden."

"I meant the fishin' worms," Skinny argued. "It was gettin' so dry in the garden that the fishin' worms was all goin' down, so a feller couldn't find any bait. There it comes now; look at 'er, ma. Gee, it's goin' to be a regular flood!"

Skinny stood by the window and looked out at the falling rain. After the dust and spray of the first downpour had cleared, Skinny looked across to the neighbor's porch, and there his eye caught the outline of a familiar figure. It was the disconsolate face of Her, looking out into the dripping world. Oh, joy! He would invite her to come over and they would play in the garret. While he was signaling the invitation he heard another call. It was Buck, singing out like a rain crow:

"Oh, Skin-nay! C'm'on out."

He went to the back window, and there he saw his chum under a huge umbrella, reveling in the downpour. Skinny waved encouragement to him, but he had no intention of going out to join him. There was better fun to be had indoors when She arrived.

"You can practice your lesson two hours to-day," Skinny's mother announced, "to make up for yesterday, when you didn't practice at all. There's no use of me givin' you them organ lessons if you ain't goin' to practice 'em. It's a nice rainy day, just like you wanted for the garden, and it's just as nice for practicing your music; they'll be nobody to disturb you."

Skinny pretended that he had already gone. Picking up his sister's parasol, he slipped noiselessly out the side door and ran to where Buck was waiting. The two of them motioned to other members of "the gang," who were peering out of back doors and windows, and soon all "the fellers" had picked up umbrellas and joined them.

"Play like it's the flood and I'm Noah," said Buck. "And you fellers are the animals."

"Animals?" repeated Fatty, blinking at the dazzling idea.

"I'm the elephant," said Skinny, seizing preëminence just as the first fellow hollers "I'm pitcher" when they say, "Baseball's the game."

"I'm the giraffe," claimed Fatty, taking second choice.

"Naw, you're the elephant," declared "Noah," and, turning to the other kids, Buck explained his ruling: "Fatty couldn't be nothin' else but the elephant, even if he didn't claim it in time. He couldn't be the giraffe or the hummin' bird, nor anything, because he *ain't built that way.* Fatty's the elephant—and Skinny's the giraffe." Skinny grinned foolishly.

" 'Cause," Buck continued the explanation, "he's long and slim and all freckled like the gi——" Here Skinny gave his chum a friendly chug in the ribs that took the wind out of him.

Skinny's mother appeared in the doorway and surveyed the "animules."

"Can't I stay out here, ma?" Skinny pleaded. "We're playin' Ark. They ain't got enough animals without me."

"You can if you want to," his mother said, suspicionably agreeable. "But there's somebody here that came to see you."

"It's Her!" was the thought that flashed upon Skinny. And he had been trapped in his argument that the gang couldn't spare him. He stood between love and duty. Could he sink the Ark now—scuttle the ship like a mutineer and escape to his own happy island? Why, the gang would never get through roasting him if he should quit them like that for his own selfish ends.

"I'll tell you what!" he exclaimed to the "fellers." "We'll all go in my house while I practice my music lesson. Then we'll all play in our attic; that's more fun."

But it didn't prove so much fun as he thought. The gang was free to play whatever games they pleased when they went inside the commodious home of the Malloys, but Skinny had to play one thing—the hated organ. His mother insisted that he put in the full two hours, in spite of the fact that he had a houseful of visitors, including Her and several of her girl companions.

"Every minute of those two hours you shall practice your exercises," were Ma Malloy's final words. Somehow or other she felt that Skinny's opposition to the photograph gallery had by some hoodoo or voodoo in-

Written from the comedies called "A Rainy Day" and "The Fotygraft Shop," which were based on Clare Briggs' cartoons, "When a Feller Needs a Friend," produced by the Briggs Pictures, Inc., and released by Paramount.

fluenced the change in the weather, and she was determined to work all the rebellion out of his system, so that there would be clear weather for a week to come.

So Skinny thumped the organ keys and watched the clock while the kids played games, and Buck, the smart young rascal, began "showing off" and winning many a smile from Skinny's girl.

At last the organ practice was over, and Skinny joyously led the party upstairs to the ever-enticing garret, at once the Treasure Island of the imaginative and boyhood's cave of the Forty Thieves. The boys began finding old picture books, broken roller skates, a beaver hat, a miner's lamp, and souvenirs of Niagara Falls. The girls instinctively went ransacking the old garment chests, and soon drew out the bridal dress that Skinny's mother had appeared in some twenty years before.

"Oh, look at Birdie!" exclaimed Buck, pointing to The Girl. She had draped her plump little figure in the cloudy witchery of the bridal veil. "Let's play wedding."

"Pops on the groom; I'm the groom!" yipped Skinny.

"I'm the preacher," said Buck quietly.

Skinny cast a gloating glance at his chum and rival, flashing the wordless message: "That's one time when I beat you to it."

And Buck's brown, laughing eyes wigwagged right back: "Don't you believe it. I wanted you to be the groom and me the preacher. You'll do all the work and I'll have all the fun."

So they smothered poor Skinny in a long-tailed coat and a choker collar, and when they had jammed the big beaver hat down over his eyes he felt about as faded, limp, and useless as an actual, sure-enough bridegroom.

Then Buck began shooting the comedy.

"Gentlemen of the jury, this wedding is about to take place. Bridegroom Skinny Malloy, stand up and face the jury. Jury look upon the prisoner. I take for my text this morning the tenth chapter of Paul's pistol to the Episcopalians, entitled: Monkey, Monkey, Bottle of Beer; How Many Monkeys Have We Here?" The crowd began tee-heeing, and Fatty volunteered: "One."

The hat had been ruined and he had done it—so there!

"Aw, cut it out!" mumbled Skinny. He realized at last why Buck wanted to be the preacher instead of the helpless groom.

"The bride," continued Buck in honeyed tones, "is the charming and accomplished daughter of our fellow townsman, Judge Dusenberry. She looked altogether bee-you-tiful and bewitching in her bridal robes of—of—this, that, and the other. The bride appeared resplendent, carrying a bouquet of—of——"

The cumulative effects of Buck's fulsome compliments Skinny was not slow to see. He shifted and squirmed, and began taking off his cumbersome white gloves.

"Whup!" interrupted the parson. "You ain't half married yet. Sheriff, watch the prisoner; he's trying to escape."

"Aw, cut it out!" protested Skinny, reaching up to remove the smothering beaver hat.

"Are you going to desert your bride at the altar?" asked Buck.

The happy bride turned reproachful eyes at the stubborn groom. Skinny saw that he was trapped. He calmed down; there was nothing to do now but to go through with it.

Buck took the boy's hand and placed the girl's little,

dimpled hand within it. Things were going better now for Skinny.

"Birdie Dusenberry," the preacher continued, "do you take Skinny Malloy to be your lawful wedded wife—I mean husband—for better or worse, through thick and thin, up one side and down the other, at the present legal ratio of sixteen to one?"

"I do," sweetly.

"Skinny Malloy, do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you Fido?"

"I do."

"Then tell the jury where you were on the day that this defendant was given poisoned candy by a tall, rough-looking person about the size of——"

The rest was lost in the gleeful squeals of the crowd. Skinny showed that he was entirely fed up on the wedding game. The light of battle flashing in his eye seemed to put this question up to Buck: "Say, are you a pal o' mine, or are you looking for trouble?"

"In conclusion, I pronounce you man and wife," Buck said abruptly. "We will now have the wedding march."

The erstwhile preacher picked up a long wooden curtain pole, and, holding it upright as a baton, he began beating time for the wedding procession to march by. On the upward swing of this clumsy baton Buck knocked a hole in the slate roof.

"Jiminy cricketts!"

The rain poured through the hole like water out of a wooden pump.

"Nixey, kids. Scatter! Somebody'll get a lickin'."

The bunch went scampering downstairs as quiet as mice; there was no hero among them to thrust his finger into the leak and stay there all night like the boy hero who saved the dikes of Holland.

Mr. Malloy was taking a rainy-day snooze on the hair sofa in the room below. He was dreaming he was in the barber shop and the barber was asking him if he would have his hair combed wet or dry. He had just answered dry when he dreamed that the barber drenched him. He woke up, and——

The fleeing visitors were all out of doors. Some of them were indeed halfway home. The last detachment to leave the Malloy homstead tarried a moment at the corner of the house "to hear him yell." But Mrs. Malloy said to the furious pa: "Don't lick him too hard. Remember he's got to 'look pleasant' to-morrow."

The next day was clear and bright. The Malloys repaired to the photograph gallery of "Artist" Bosselmeyer.

"Now remember what I said," Skinny's mother admonished him. "If you spoil the picture I'll skin you alive."

Nothing is more tedious for a boy at the awkward age than to sit around in his Sunday clothes—choker, necktie, and all—waiting for a fussy old photographer to get ready to "handle your case."

Skinny looked out the window and saw his girl go by on her velocipede. A moment later she was joined by Buck. Is Buck flirting with her? A horrible suspicion penetrates Skinny's trusting soul. Buck is really trying to "cut him out" with Her. That wedding incident—the clever banter in which Buck got the best of it—the hole in the roof in which Skinny got the worst of it—who knows but what Buck knocked that hole in the roof *on purpose?*

Skinny slipped out of the "artist's" waiting room and started in the direction of young Buckhalter and the girl. His mind was seething with a delirium of strange heroics; he *must* do something big and masculine—and do it right away—to show that he is the better man! As he strode along he noticed a high-wheeled bicycle leaning against the curb. Still obsessed by his masculine mania, he seized the wheel—although he had never ridden one— and mounted to the dangerous and dizzy height. It seemed to carry him up above the treetops; he seemed like a giant riding to his doom. It meant death, but what cared he for death, since he died for love? Down the slope he swept, the uncontrolled machine going faster and faster. This was the end, but at least he would die at her feet.

Down he bore toward the faithless pair. She looked up in terror, screamed, dropped her hat, and leaped from her velocipede into Buck's protecting arms. Skinny reeled on his iron monster. Across her hat it went, crushing it. Then over the "dashboard" went Skinny, head first, hitting the ground with a dizzying

Continued on page 99

The next day the proofs were ready for inspection.

Even a baby palm is big beside her.

A Flower-garden Girl

By Muriel Andrews

Everybody knows Marguerite Clark is a daisy—and that she needn't pull off the petals of the flower for which she's named and say "He loves me, he loves me not," to learn the state of H. P. Williams' feelings for her, for he's quite evidently the most devoted husband in the world.

You can measure Marguerite Clark by her flower garden. The poppies can't quite reach to her waist, you see, even when she obligingly bends over, for she's much taller than they; just the height of an American beauty, really, and just as lovely. Her hair is the color of the center of a brown-eyed Susan, and her eyes a few shades lighter. And, of course, everybody knows where she got her name.

To put on a primrose-colored dress and sit down to read in a dull-green chair may be a very staid and grown-up proceeding—but it makes the innocent bystander yearn to run for his garden shears, clip the flower-like result, and plant it in his own garden.

Toward the end of the day, when one settles down on the steps of one's California bungalow—used for a dressing room—to wait for one's husband, her thoughts—and comparisons—are likely to smack of edibles rather than flowers. "My husband's a perfect peach," Marguerite confided to us. "He gave me this gorgeous strawberry-blond Chow puppy. And did you ever see the inside of a Chow's mouth—exactly the color of huckleberry pie! My, but I'm hungry—funny, isn't it, when I've just had tea."

We didn't find it so, however, after such an appetizing conversation as that one.

And when it was made public that at dinner there would be served two radishes, which constituted the entire output of Miss Clark's vegetable garden, my appetite rivaled hers. Of course, they were a trifle out of season, and had a flavor all their own, but they really grew—and next summer we may be measuring Marguerite by rhubarb instead of roses.

The Screen in Review

Criticism and Comment on current releases.

By Henry Dunn Cabot

"Evangeline" has been given an excellent production.

THE fall season, judging from the producers' announcements, promises to be an unusually interesting one for the lovers of motion pictures. For it has ushered in the much-heralded "selective-booking" plan by which the exhibitors are allowed to pick and choose from among the "fewer and better" pictures. And of the pictures of this class which I have seen I can think of no finer example than "The Miracle Man."

If Director George Loane Tucker had never produced a good picture previous to "The Miracle Man," this one would send his name down in film history as among the great. For there has never been a more poignant drama related through the medium of the screen than this presentation of the George M. Cohan play—a play, which, on the speaking stage, was quite a failure. Words can hardly do justice to "The Miracle Man." The story tells of four wretched people of New York's Chinatown, whose business it is to trick and relieve honest folk of their cash. They are regenerated through contact with a Patriarch whose creed is Faith, though they set out to use him as a pawn for further ill-gotten money.

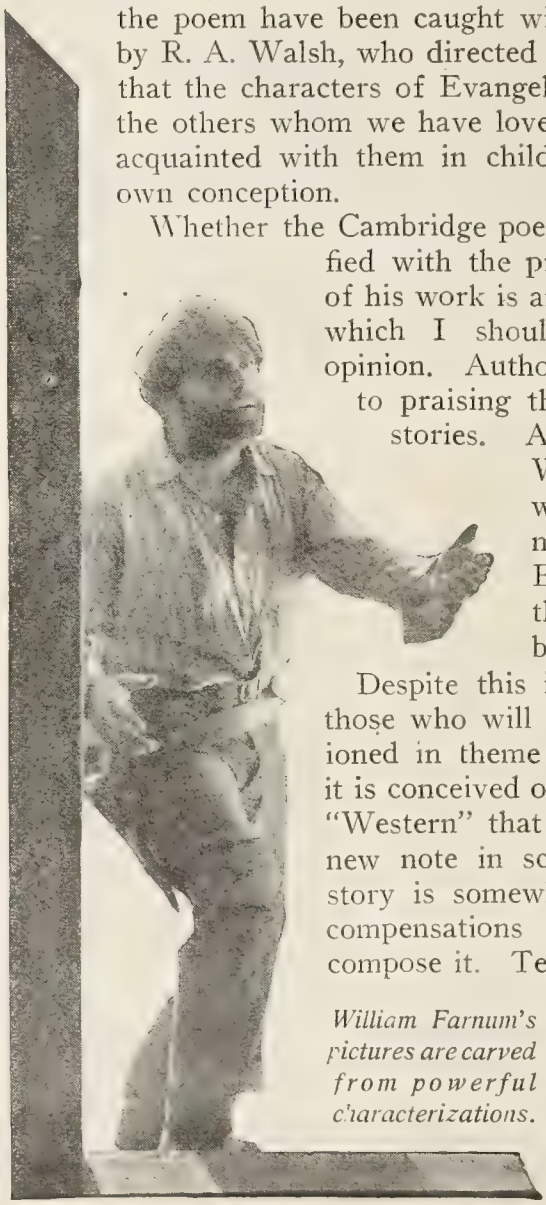
The masterly manner in which the director has piloted his characters through one phase of the picture after another, introducing them first playing one of their games to counterfeit the public, showing them next amazed at the Patriarch's real power to heal, and then under the strange influence that he wields over all, these are passages of drama that hold the spectator spellbound, and sway the emotions at will.

As regards effects, such as lighting, photography, choice locations and the like one must needs search long in the files of all the scenics produced to find a parallel to the artistic presentation of "The Miracle Man." And Mr. Tucker names no star among those in his cast. Well he might, for every player that came under his direction in this work renders a performance that fairly glitters with stardust. Betty Compson, heretofore of comedy and serial repute, appears as the girl, and her beauty and ready adaptability to any phase of work proved a combination that any star, so named, will find it exceedingly difficult to equal. Thomas Meighan, as her lover, scores equally as well, and Lon Chaney's masterly portrayal of the Frog is another of the picture's high lights. W. Lawson Butt, Elinor Fair, Ruby La Fayette, and Joseph J. Dowling, the last named playing the title rôle with impressive dignity, complete the cast with performances that merit nothing but praise.

Really "The Miracle Man" is a miracle picture and my hat is only one of those that will be doffed to Mr. Tucker for making it.

Another picture which I admire for its sincerity is Longfellow's "Evangeline," which has been given an excellent production by William Fox. The beautiful word pictures of the poem have been caught with remarkable appreciation by R. A. Walsh, who directed the play, and who saw to it that the characters of Evangeline, Gabriel, Basil—and all the others whom we have loved so well since we became acquainted with them in childhood—remain true to our own conception.

Whether the Cambridge poet would have been as satisfied with the production which was given of his work is another question, and one on which I should hesitate to hazard an opinion. Authors as a rule are not given to praising the screen versions of their stories. And for that reason "The Westerners" comes to us with an unusual indorsement. For it pleased Stuart Edward White, author of the novel on which it was based.



William Farnum's pictures are carved from powerful characterizations.

Despite this indorsement, there may be those who will contend that it is old-fashioned in theme and treatment. However, it is conceived on so grandiose a scale for a "Western" that it seems to be sounding a new note in screen language. True, the story is somewhat obvious, but it has its compensations in the ingredients which compose it. Telling a tale of pioneer days the story travels straight to its dénouement, sending out measures of suspense and keeping the onlooker's gaze glued to the canvas through its visuali-

zation of the West when argonauts blazed the trail. There is a sweep to it the force of which cannot be denied, for it is punctuated with red-blooded action and embellished with colorful photography. Something of an all-star cast is present to portray Mr. White's sturdy types. There are Roy Stewart and Wilfred Lucas in heroic parts, and Robert McKim, perhaps the screen's most despicable villain (no actor has risen to dispute it), keeping up his reputation in a dastardly rôle. Mildred Manning contributes an appealing charm as the resourceful heroine.

Of Alice Brady's comedy, "His Bridal Night," it can truthfully be said that this is one of the most enjoyable pictures of the year. The mirth-provoking qualities can be gleaned when you make the acquaintance of a twin who runs off with her sister's husband on the wedding night in order to cure that sister of her coquettish impulses. The situations fairly crowd each other for recognition and bounce forward with remarkable rapidity. The sparkle, the ginger, is there in generous doses. The dialogue of the original work is more than once brought out in the crisp subtitles. Here is a comedy which shows the screen going forward—forward to compete with the spoken drama. Of slapstick accouterments there are none; of rare and delicate subtleties and shadings there are plenty. Alice Brady in the dual rôle of the twins gives excellent testimony that she is thoroughly grounded in her art. You will see a new Alice Brady here—an actress who is versatile. And as George Cohan so aptly put it in song—"You'll be laughing when you say good-by."

Journeying to the Fox camp again I find that Tom Mix has forged to the front, has ridden by his Western brothers of the saddle and to-day stands as the foremost exponent of the ranchman, the plainsman, the cowboy, or what you will. He is not content to follow the beaten track, but explores (yes, explores looks like the right word) with convincing earnestness to serve the picturegoers with unique stunts. Still, one cannot call him a stunt actor. He has proven himself adept in portraying emotions. While not a Hart, yet there is something about his work which will not suffer in comparison with the grim two-gun man. His "Rough Riding Romance" is about the most exciting play he has ever contributed. It is not burdened with dramatic moments. In fact they would be superfluous. He has just gone out of his way to provide new thrills for satiated picturegoers. And he must share his laurels with Tony, his horse. The noble steed takes him up and down and down and up a huge staircase and completes several merry-go-rounds in the bargain. And if this isn't enough to start the heart palpitating Mix dashes alongside of a train, lassoes it, and swings himself to a velvet seat which pretty Juanita Hansen is occupying. The picture is rich in thrills and rough-riding romance. And the star accomplishes his feats without any indulgence in heroics. That's what the people like about him. He is human always.

And this can be said of William Desmond, too. This likable screen actor has taken up the cowboy's burdens with a vengeance. Like Mix, he scores his points with a minimum amount of effort, which is to say that he is always

"His Bridal Night" shows us a new Alice Brady.

"Rough Riding Romance" is about the most exciting picture Tom Mix has ever contributed.

"The Miracle Man" is a miracle picture.

natural. A good-natured fellow, he has made his colorful personality felt even though a heap of dramaturgic rubbish has been his allotment at times. He has, in "The Mints of Hell," a Yukon picture which is absorbing and suspensive melodrama. It is a vital and vivid canvas of the frozen North. Everything that goes to make up an Alaskan picture is there: Husky men who live hard; husky dogs that carry the white man's burden across the trackless wastes; men brave and bold; men mean and cowardly; the mushroom mining camp, and the endless reaches of snow. This stands out as quite the best thing that Bill Desmond has ever done. You are sinking deep into the snow with him and wondering if you'll survive. Realistic, I'll say, and so will you.

Frank Keenan appears to have something to say in "The World Aflame." Too much to say, in fact. As the author—as well as the star—he has presented a timely, but talky subject of strikes, discontent, and revolution. And such a subject can be treated in no other way than through the subtitles if the salient points are to be forced home. However, Keenan has a dominating personality and can make drama out of the most mundane idea. "The World Aflame" is not big, but it is Keenan pretty nearly at his best.

And while I'm on the discussion of dynamic personalities a word must be said for William Farnum. He seems unable to forget "Les Miserables." Every succeeding picture to that memorable work has been carved from a powerful characterization. Farnum enjoys overcoming insurmountable obstacles. He must enact heroic figures. "Wolves of the Night" presents him again rising from the depths against a plethora of dramatic but arbitrary scenes. Truths are violated. But that is Farnum's way. He is an actor first, last, and all the time. The picture will please you because it shows villainy being routed through sheer pluck and determination as generated by the star. His sincerity compensates for his lack of repression.

This admirable virtue—repression—which is gradually being acquired by screen actors, is used noticeably by three favorite stars, William Russell, H. B. Warner, and Tom Moore. The first mentioned carries his subdued methods with excellent effect in "A Sporting Chance," as pleasing a bit of outrageous farcical - melodrama as one would want to see. The hero, an apparent victim of a frame-up, is disclosed at the finish as the central figure of a hoax. A certain play has been roasted by the critics, and the press agent has conceived the scheme of proving them all wrong—that the contents of the drama could really happen. So he tries it on the innocent Russell. And it appears as if it could happen in everyday life. A finer piece of pictorial writing hasn't been dished up in some time. It is compact with action. And the steady picturegoer will find himself at odds ends in puncturing the plot. It leans toward a melodramatic development, but the finale shows a farcical twist which carries it under the wire a winner.

Bill Desmond makes his personality felt even through dramaturgic rubbish.

"Secret Service" has everything that makes for good entertainment.

"The World Aflame" is not big, but it is Frank Keenan at his best.

"The Haunted Bedroom" is a marvel of photography and a gem of mystery.

Tom Moore carries "The City of Comrades" on his sturdy shoulders.

Mr. Warner returned to the screen with his quiet demeanor, his grace of style, in a work with which he is familiar. No actor on the silver sheet is more adept at playing the stoic of the desert. He shrouds the character of the French officer who renounces his race to become a brown man with all the mysticism of the East.

Tom Moore's repression finds itself in the warmth that exudes from his personality. His smile is ingratiating and he resembles more closely the fellow in the street than probably any other actor on the screen. He can have poor subjects and good subjects and the poor ones will please as highly as the others. Why? Because you are overlooking plot shortcomings in watching his prodigal display of good fellowship. "The City of Comrades" is not as big as the original, which appeared in magazine serial form. It is a character study—the regeneration of a man who has sunk to the gutter, who is lifted by the gentle influence of feminine sympathy and love. Too little attention has been paid to the characterization with the result that it is mostly subordinated for a romantic spray. Mr. Moore carries the piece on his sturdy shoulders and makes it seem better than it really is.

I was especially interested in Paramount's "Secret Service," with Captain Robert Warwick as the star. His military training with the A. E. F. bears him in good stead as the hero of this endurable drama by William Gillette. His work, too, has mellowed. He has also become a member of the repressive school. The present war may be over and decidedly on the shelf as a screen foundation, but the Civil War still fascinates because it is far enough removed in a historical background as to send out an irresistible glamour. The Southern girl, the Northern spy. Ah—there's a contrast for you—a contrast which never grows old. The picture has everything which makes for good entertainment.

"A Favor to a Friend" portions out a generous amount of comedy.

You wonder what has become of Jack Pickford? Well he has blossomed forth in "Bill Apperson's Boy," a tale of moonshine folk—a tale which is fascinating because its people are fascinating. They live mysteriously, these Southern mountaineers. And because they prefer to live their lives in their own simple way without interference, the outside world is always attempting to explore them. You see a boy here who cherishes the memory of his mother and who cannot become reconciled to his new step-mother until he has cast himself into the fires of tolerance. Conflict is generated in family

Jack Pickford has come forth again in "Bill Apperson's Boy."

"The Westerners" is punctuated with red-blooded action.

Continued on page 93

Over the

Some intimate bits of news about your player friends,

By The

"Come into the Busch gardens, Eileen," said the director—and she did and met her husband.

WELL, my dear, what do you know?" Fanny the Fan settled down beside me at the tea table, and looked around the Palm Room to see who was there.

"Eileen Percy's married to Ulric Busch—oh, I know you'd heard about it, but did you know all about how it happened? Well, that's the interesting thing about it. She'd been making a picture in the sunken gardens at his dad's famous home in Pasadena, you know, and he saw her there, but couldn't seem to manage an introduction, because he didn't know any of the company. That was six months or so ago. But finally he just introduced himself to her over the phone, and she let him come to call, and after she'd known him for a while she promised to marry him.

"And then Lew Cody stepped in and precipitated things. Of course, you can't exactly blame young Busch for going up in the air when he went out to the studio in Glendale one day and found his fiancée in Lew Cody's arms. It was all part of the story, but he raved, anyway; so they gave him a part in the picture. But finally he delivered his ultimatum—said Eileen must marry him right straight off the bat or never, so they hunted up a minister in the telephone book and got married—simplest thing in the world! Now they're on the verge of a trip to the Orient, and Eileen sort of implies that her picture days may be almost over."

"Well, that's real romance for you," commented Fanny, "But right now I don't envy any of these newly weds and almost-engageds—Mary Pickford's the only girl I know whose place I'd like to have. Why, when she was up in Bear Valley making a picture a while ago she wore her hair down and got into old clothes and just played around at large all the time she wasn't working—had the time of her life. Of course, she had to dress up and rush back to town to welcome the fleet, but her little vacation had been such fun that she was ready for anything. And—oh, there goes Priscilla Dean. Has she shown you her flying card?" She hadn't,

Mary cut short her vacation to welcome the fleet.

Teacups

divulged at the five-o'clock gossip hour.

Bystander

and I had visions of some new sort of calling card.

"It shows that she flew for an hour and twenty minutes while she was up in Vancouver, getting over pneumonia," explained Fanny, attacking the French pastry. "I met her out at the aviation field the other day—we know some of the same people there—and she told me all about learning to fly while she was up North. She christened a plane, and flew nearly every day with some of the army aviators, and now she says she's going to buy a plane of her own—that motoring's as tame as tiddlewinks to her now."

"I hadn't heard that—but somebody did tell me that she's going to have her own company," I contributed. "Has a manager who's arranging everything for her. Have you seen Blanche Sweet since she went ballooning? She says it's the most strenuous form of exercise she's ever encountered; even tame ballooning, with the thing fastened to the earth, is wearing. Oh, of course she only did it for a picture, but she says she'll never do it again, picture or no picture.

Blanche Sweet found even tame ballooning wearing.

Dorothy's going to wear that present if she dies of the heat.

"There was something wrong with the ballast, she says, and the thing behaved like a ship in a storm; everybody got actually seasick. Wilfred Lucas was the one that really suffered most, though, according to Blanche. There were bags of sand used for ballast, weighing about eighty pounds each, which he was supposed to heave out with the idea of escaping, and Wallace Worsley, the director, kept hollering to him, 'Hey, Wilfred, throw out two bags at once! Be quick about it!' She surely has an entirely different opinion of flying from Priscilla Dean's. 'Motoring is plenty good enough for me,' she said, when she had finished telling me of her harrowing experiences."

"Well, Dorothy Phillips may have to go up in a balloon, in order to wear her new furs," remarked Fanny. "Two of her admirers took it into their heads to send her gifts of furs—both at the same time. They are very nice admirers, too, I'll tell the world—one of them an Alaskan fur trader, who sent her a perfect silver fox skin, beautifully tanned and prepared. He had once played in a picture with her as an extra, and she had been nice to him. Now he's a rich trader, but he never forgot her. The other fur is a gorgeous Russian sable, which was the present of a major of infantry serving with the American forces in Siberia. He had bought the sable from a fur trader who brought information to the army concerning the plans of the Bolsheviki."

There was silence for a few moments, while we both racked our brains for more tidbits, and then Fanny remarked pensively:

"My, but I do wish these stars would be contented to stay quietly on the ground. I went out in Louise

No wonder the fiance didn't linger in New York, when Emmy was waiting for him!

Glaum's speed boat with her the other day, and thought I'd never live to tell the tale. But she said it was much worse to ride with her when she first began to run it. She said that she thought, just because she could run a car, that she could run a boat, but it seems that she couldn't—she had a bad spill the first time she tried it, but Thomas H. Ince's yacht was trailing her, so they gathered her in and then rescued the boat, which was headed straight for Honolulu harbor."

"I saw Louise the other day, too, but not in her boat," I volunteered. "We went out to the Henry Walthalls' Sunday afternoon. Have you seen that new home of theirs at the Palisades? Well, it's marvelous—you can see both the mountains and the ocean from its front windows, and the Walthall collection of souvenirs and trophies is all on view, too. And that reminds me—somebody out there was talking about Emmy Wehlen's engagement—what do you know about it?"

"Everything," replied Fanny the Fan modestly. "The man is Captain John Parks, and she knew him before he went abroad to fight, but they weren't engaged then. She just let him fight on and on, while all the time, no doubt, his mind was on her, and you'd think he'd have grown absent-minded and missed a German occasionally, but I guess he didn't. And then he came home, and rushed straight through New York and on across country and arrived in the middle of her last picture under her contract with Metro. And as soon as she finished it she and her aunt, who lives with her, and Captain Parks went off to San Francisco."

"Henry Lehrman went up in the air the other day, and he didn't need an aëroplane or a balloon, either," I remarked, as Fanny paused to survey the French pastry. "They called him on the phone at his new studios last week, to tell him that a big party was going to visit the plant late that afternoon. No names were given, but the producer had visions of a call from the City Council or some other awe-inspiring body, and appropriate arrangements were made for their reception.

"Finally Roscoe Arbuckle hove into sight—alone. 'Did you get my message?' he asked.

"'Where's the large party that was coming down to-day?' countered Henry Lehrman.

"Fatty looked himself over for a moment. 'I'm the large party,' quoth he."

"And that reminds me—isn't it nice that Al St. John is a Paramount comedian these days? Really, you know, if he was ever going to learn to be funny he ought to know how by this time, for he's been with Fatty Arbuckle for years and years. He's pretty well satisfied with life, I guess—had the most exciting sort of time when he went to war, and now here he is back again and signed up as a star comedian."

"Speaking of going to war—here's some news about Madlaine Traverse; I had dinner with her the other evening—she and my aunt live at the same hotel, you know, and I was with her on the tank when she sold all those Liberty Bonds and really feel that I know her quite well. And what do you suppose? Well, it was her birthday, and Peggy Hyland had sent her a big cake. And when it was served she drew a third chair up to our little table, cut a piece of the cake, and put it at the empty place. And just as I nearly died of curiosity she told me that it was for an aviator stationed somewhere down South—and he's coming back soon, and—well, it looks pretty interesting, doesn't it?"

Fatty's surely a large enough party for anybody.

"Well, I'm not up on all the new engagements and marriages since I got back from vacationing," I admitted, "but I do know that Rita Stanwood, H. B. Warner's wife, has finally decided to leave her infant daughter at home while she makes pictures. I'm certainly glad she is, too—I remember seeing her in musical comedy way back before she was married, and she's certainly pretty as a picture."

"She'll be almost like a newcomer to pictures," said Fanny interestedly. "By the way, there is a brand-new comer—arriving in a new company, too. It's the Circle C Film Company, a new organization, formed to produce pictures in the real West—Montana and that part of the country. They'll work there late in the fall, and then come back to their Glendale Studio to make interiors.

"There's a brand-new eighteen-year-old

actress who is going to play leads in these pictures. She's been merely playing bits and extras around the Hollywood studios during the past year. Then Frank Lloyd, of Goldwyn, was kind enough to take a test. He found her very interesting and full of talent, and said he would give her a small part in his next Goldwyn picture. In the meantime, Miss Gordon gave the test to E. D. Ulrich, president of the Circle C Company, for a showing, and he at once decided she was just what he wanted for his wild West pictures. Besides being pretty and vivacious and full of talent, Miss Gordon has made herself an expert horsewoman within the last few months, taking lessons of some of the professional cowboys, and now they say no stunt is too difficult for her to try."

"There goes Irving Cummings," Fanny continued a moment later, glancing over my shoulder out of the window. "I wish you could see him play baseball with the kids! He just adores it and them! He and his wife and little boy live right across the street from us, and every afternoon when he is not working, or when he is working, after studio hours, he's out with his little son and all the kids in the neighborhood, playing baseball. He's father to every boy in Hollywood who loves the national game. The other day while playing with his own youngster, he exclaimed:

" 'Well, sonny, eight more like you, and we'll have our own team!' "

"Did you hear what George Beban did this summer?" I asked just then; I didn't want Fanny to think she had all the news. "Well, he went fishing at his camp at Big Bear Lake, and one day a woman who had just joined the summer colony met Beban just returning from fishing, with his string slung over his shoulder, and thinking he was an Italian fisherman, there for profit, asked him the price of fish. He entered into the spirit of it, and charged her a good, round rate. She scolded a bit, but paid it. Then he turned 'round and gave the money to her little boy. The woman got awfully red in the face, Beban says. But the kid recognized him.

"And then it was his turn, Beban says, to get red."

" 'Say, maw!' he said scornfully, 'he ain't no fisherman, he's just an actor!'

"If Clara Kimball Young had known he was going she'd probably gave him her ducks," remarked Fanny. "Oh, hadn't you heard—she has six little Mallard ducklings that she brought from the East with her. Had to bring 'em in the baggage car, of course, and used to go and peek at 'em every time the train stopped.

"But now she says she almost wishes she didn't have 'em. You see, the painful question in her mind all the time concerning them is, 'Shall I eat 'em or pet 'em?' 'Cause of course she just couldn't do both! 'I don't know,' she told me the day she got back from New York, 'whether to leave 'em in the back yard and remain coldly aloof, or whether to let 'em trail me to the studio, become pets and die of old age!' "

"Isn't it interesting that Elsie Ferguson's going to make pictures in England this fall," I observed. "She's exactly the sort of person to fit in with English stories, it seems to me. And what *do* you think about South America's inviting Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin to go down there and make pictures? They say they're going in a specially fitted boat, with laboratories and a projection room and all that sort of thing, and are going to be the guests of Rio de Janiero and Buenos Aires.

H. B. Warner, his wife, Rita Stanwood, and baby Joan—who's old enough to let her mother go back to the movies.

Grace Gordon, star of the new Circle C Company.

Mae of Mamaroneck

By Grace Wynden-Vail

IT'S most tactless to arrive at a house party just as your hostess and her husband reach the very middle of a heated argument. Not that anybody would take one of Mae Murray's arguments with her husband, Bob Leonard, seriously—though they two always

pretend that such a dispute's a matter of life and death. In this case it was an *affaire d'honneur* of the tennis court; Mae had sworn that she'd beat her husband the first day she had time, and she's just done it, to his surprise, and also to hers, as she admitted later.

It's a delightful Mae that you meet at her big home at Mamaroneck, which is on Long Island Sound, just a short motor trip from New York. She's not the Mae of "The A B C's of Love" and "On with the Dance" at all, but a delightful hostess who knows the exact state of her linen closet and keeps an eye on all the inner workings of the household. She plays with the neighbors' children, goes swimming in the ocean, and—as we have mentioned—plays tennis.

And last summer she worked hard even straight through the dog days, making pictures and getting ready to go back to the stage this autumn in a play written for her by Edgar Allen Wolfe. That's the sort of idle, lazy life Mae leads when she's whiling away her time at Mamaroneck.

Norma Talmadge
In "The New Moon"

Here it seems that Norma is being kidnapped. Evidently even the Russians know a good thing when they see it. But then—can you blame them?

Norma Talmadge Film Corp.

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Norma Talmadge

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"When in Rome——"

TSURU AOKI isn't in Rome, of course; she's in Los Angeles, so she's doing as the Angelesians do —withdrawing from her place as leading lady for her husband—Sessue Hayakawa—and becoming a star in her own right. Her new contract is with Universal.

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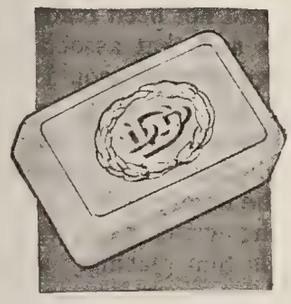

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3845 East Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: — Please send me a trial bottle of D. D. D., the Standard Skin Wash. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

The Fall Market

The fall market for motion-picture scripts looks very flattering for certain kinds of stories. One reason is the opening of the foreign markets for export; for, until European producers have more time to get under way, American-made films will continue to have the right of way in all foreign countries—including the Scandinavian.

Movie plays and yet more movie plays—five reels in length—stories starting fast and moving apace without let-up, are much in demand by the scenario editors.

Right now the market is strong on sex-problem plays, and one reason for this is the foreign market, for the foreign market likes this kind of stuff. It might be noted in passing, too, that the foreign market has nothing on the American market in this respect.

It's the triangle plot that is sure-fire—eternal triangle, it's true, but ever fascinating nevertheless. Plots akin to "For Better For Worse," "Don't Change Your Husband," "Playthings of Passion, "Her Code of Honor," et cetera, are commercially good. Men and women the world over like the domestic-problem play—the peek at the skeleton in the closet of the other family. Not necessarily risque, these plots of the two men and a woman or the two women and a man are highly desirable and appreciated by the movie exhibitor who is not in business for his health.

The Western dramas will continue strong this winter, with the market easier on the old "hokum" Westerns. By hokum Westerns we refer to the dance-hall dramas with Faro Kate winning the tenderfoot. The market wants chaps, roughriding, gun play, and red-blooded battles, but the market wants a departure from the old Western program picture. This is not easy to obtain, hence the high market values. The plot writer who can come across with Western plots devoid of the usual atmosphere, props, and action will have no trouble in selling. These Westerns go strong in foreign markets. A lot of 'em across the bounding billows still think that Indians and cowboys are active just west of Chicago, and they never tire of these productions.

High-class society drama is also in demand, and we predict here and now that the costume or period play is coming into its own again. For the past few years there has been an understanding in movieland that the costume play was not to be done. "The public doesn't care for this kind of stuff," some one remarked in the long ago, and ever since then that remark has been repeated in a parrotlike manner. How do you know the public doesn't care for it? What is more romantic, exciting, or appealing than a good swashbuckling story in book covers? What about the old French romances of Stanley J. Weyman? "The Three Guardsmen," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and others are live ones, even if they are "costume stuff." Some producer is coming across with a good, exciting romance of the olden days and will cash in. So brush up on your early English and French history and be on the ground floor when the time comes.

In conclusion, to those who can plot and plan good screen yarns, the winter months should be unusually profitable. The demand is lively—so get busy!

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

Enter the Notary Public

I saw a plot synopsis recently which had attached to the last page a sworn statement before a notary that the plot had been "executed" by the author whose name was "attached thereto." This was strictly a new one on me. I had encountered the silken thread placed between the fifteenth and sixteenth pages, which, if not removed, was plain evidence that the script had not been read. I had noted the official seals of this and that association of authors, with the dire warnings of what would happen if the plot were molested, but this was new.

Why lug in the notary? The editorial reader, if experienced, can tell instanter whether the plot is original or not. The introduction of the notary public only goes to display the ignorance of the writer as to the ways of the literary market—brands him glaringly as a beginner and probably a troublesome one.

Beginners cannot improve upon the methods of professionals, in writing or in anything else, and professional writers do not do any of these things. Their almost uniform practice in submitting a manuscript is to send it, together with a return addressed envelope bearing enough return postage, *and no accompanying letter or other document.*

Continued on page 84

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It Applies to Movie Plots

I read a newspaper review the other day of a new book on the art of writing short stories, and I was struck by the following paragraph, which I think was extremely well put:

Ironically enough the best thing in the book is a letter from Sinclair Lewis, who rather flouts the pedagogic idea of technique. It is no doubt true, as the author suggests in her preface, that almost everybody can learn to write stories if he studies hard enough and clusters about a classroom—as anybody can learn to play a piano. That's the trouble with most of the story-writers now. They are playing the piano. They have learned the finger movements and play "pieces." What of feeling, imagination, spontaneity—the large outbursts of emotion? Of these things the contemporary short stories are largely dead and damned, being developed to a refinement of artistry and method. The writers are fastidious as scholiasts, and as artificial; bulling tragedies and burlesque, everything out of the craftiness of technique, and thinking it art. . . . There isn't much left that seems to be written with technique or "style" or the canting worship of the "psychological" intruding itself between the author's nose and the paper he or she writes upon. The labor of self-expression is now necessarily sedulous apishness.

That illuminating opinion also applies to motion-picture plot-writing. Many writers of continuity think more of so-called technique than they do of logical plot, action, and situations—more of "atmosphere," so-called, than plot. Many writers of motion-picture plots—not continuity writers—are following "style" and becoming artificial when good clear expression and color and action is the thing desired. One well-known writer of movie plays has fallen into the error of scribbling five pages of word paintings before anything happens. Something must happen—and happen quick—in the average movie production or the audience yawns. Forget "style" and "technique" and the effort to impress the editorial reader with *your* ability and invention, and try and give him a story, a plot, action, clearly and concisely put down on paper.

The Unhappy Ending

We predicted that it would happen—that some one would get out of the beaten track and cash in. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" got three dollars "top" on Broadway, and the line stretching to the box office was a long one. Now the expression, "top," in showman's land means highest prices for seats. There have been "two dollars top" in the movies, but never "three dollars top." The ending of "Broken Blossoms" is tragic. It is devoid of the usual embrace or caress. Griffith took a chance—no, he didn't, either. He just refused to listen to the stereotyped warnings of others, and carried a story to its logical conclusion. There are certain standard "don'ts" in the show business, particularly the movies. They include:

Don't make costume plays—the public doesn't like 'em.

Don't make unhappy endings—the public doesn't like 'em.

Don't start your production fast—the public doesn't like it.

The writer of this department disclaims crystal gazing, but, just the same, I predict that others will be finding out very soon that the public *does* like the very things against which dire warnings are whispered.

The public, I believe, *does* like good costume plays, and the producer that comes across with a costume or period production, with plenty of action and elaborately made, will have a fine commercial proposition. There are too many present-day stories, and variety is needed.

The public, I believe, *does* like the unhappy ending, *providing* the story is carried out logically. If the story is stronger to end unhappily let it end that way. It is better than to warp and twist the plot threads into some artificial fabric to make "happiness" which is obviously impossible and artificial.

The public, I believe, will more and more demand less of the "atmospheric" openings running from a reel to two reels, and, in vulgar parlance, will demand "that something happen, and happen quickly." This has long since been the theory of Mr. Berst, president of United Picture Theaters, Inc., and his theory is being borne out as very good commercially. The short story or the novel that starts action quickly is more likely to be popular than the story or novel which rambles on and on interminably before we get into the plot.

Now I do not want to give my readers the idea that they should set about and write stories with unhappy endings all the time. I just want to point out that if one has a very strong plot that logically and convincingly ends otherwise than in the usual embrace let it end that way.

As to costume plays, they will appear again soon or I miss my guess.

Writing to the Editor

I have discussed in previous issues the writing of letters to editorial readers telling your life history, how badly you need the money, and so on. All such correspondence is useless. But the most assinine type of letter is the jocular, familiar letter intended to flatter the editor. This kind of letter runs along this line:

"Dear Mr. Editor: I refuse positively to write for any star but yours. I consider Mr. Othello Booth the leader of them all, and it makes me sick to see other stars try to emulate him in this sort of play. I am inclosing a story for Othello. It's a lot better than most of the plots I have seen on the screen the past six months. I want you to produce it. If you don't want to pay me for it, all right. I'm satisfield. I just want Mr. Booth to do this plot."

This sort of "hooey" is terrible. The insincerity stands out like a sore thumb. It is not necessary to write a line to the editor. Send him your manuscript and a self-addressed, stamped envelope and let him be the judge. Letters to the editors nine times out of ten cause him unconsciously to classify the writer—frequently to the detriment of said writer. Do business in a businesslike manner, avoid "nut" classifications" and the danger of prejudice before your story is even glanced at.

No Mexican Locale

Now that the Big War is a thing of the past and it seems very difficult to couple the League of Nations with any gripping picture-play plot, the scenarioists' fancy lightly returns to Mexico. Judging from our own experience, a majority of

Continued on page 101

"The Job is Yours— on One Condition!"

"For a long time I watched the new men who came into this business. Some stood still—stayed right where they started. Others climbed—made each job a stepping stone to something better.

"Now, what was the difference? Well, I investigated and found out. The men who were getting ahead had been devoting part of their spare time to study along the line of their work. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The factory superintendent was working at a bench in the shop a few years ago. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room.

"All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

"So out of this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to do their present work well, but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.

"And I'll give you this job on one condition—that you take up a course of special training along the line of your work. Let the I. C. S. help you for one hour after supper each night and your future in this business will take care of itself."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now. Surely the least you can do is to find out what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

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- ☐ Electric Lighting and Railways
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- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
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- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
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- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
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- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
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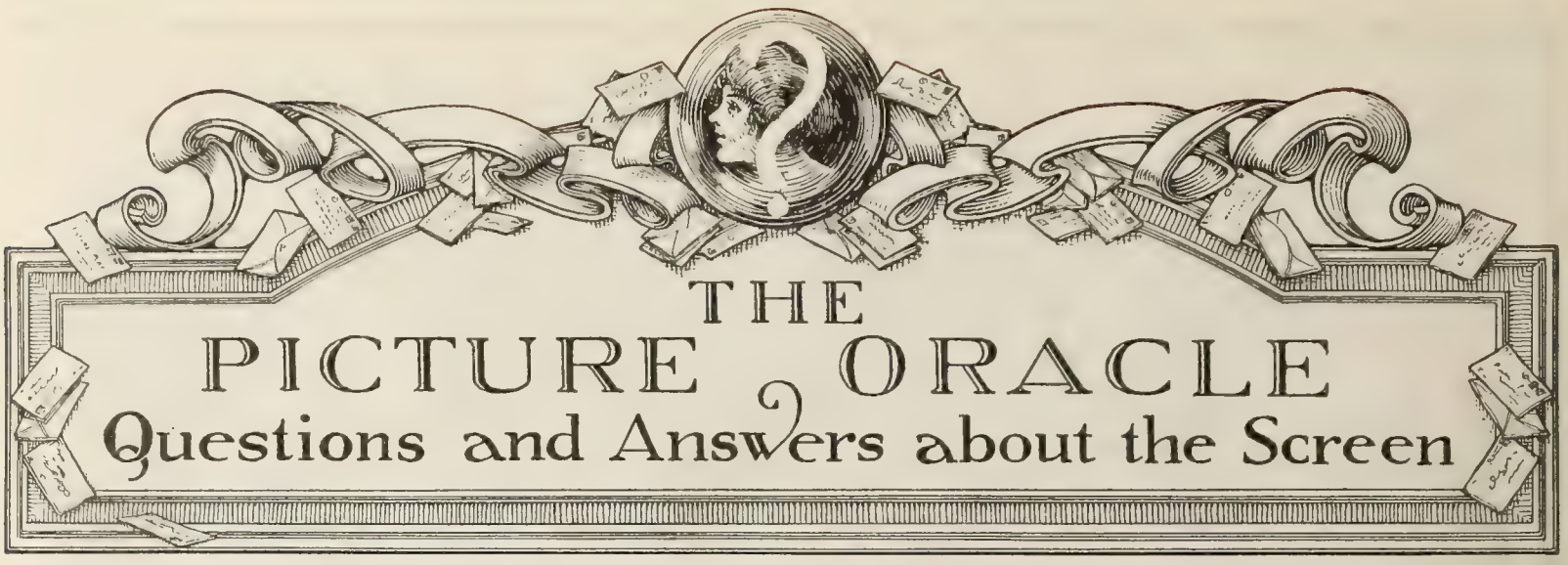

HOPE.—Well, well, well! Here you are again at the head of The Oracle. How many times does this make now? I see from your two letters which I have here that you are still as fickle as ever. You have a new favorite with each mail. How do you do it? From Wheeler to Wally to Charlie to E. K. Lincoln and back to Charlie again. I wonder where you are going to end up —if you ever do end? E. K. has been somewhat of a "flitter about" as it were. Now he's here and now he's there. He keeps me busy keeping track of his whereabouts. He doesn't work for any special firm, working for them all, and always in demand. Dandy fellow, too. Everybody likes E. K. He is not the fellow who played in "Tarzan of The Apes," and is not related to him. The latter is about twice the size of E. K. and his name is Elmo Lincoln. Macklyn and Roscoe Arbuckle are brothers. Yes, it was Enid Markey in the "Tarzan" feature. Gordon Griffith is not any relation of D. W's. House Peters is not playing in pictures at present. So you haven't as yet seen Charles Chaplin on the screen, and you have been a picture fan lo these many years! Tully Marshall was the High Priest in "Intolerance." I see that you are still as much agin' comedies as ever.

M. PAUL L.—Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want.

BOBBIE.—Eugene O'Brien is not appearing opposite Norma Talmadge any more. He is being starred in Selznick Pictures, to be released on the Select program. Olive Thomas' first release for this same firm was "Upstairs and Down," made from the stage play by the Hattons. The Triangle Distributing Corporation are also releasing a series of features Olive Thomas made for them some time ago. The first one released was called "The Follies Girl." Why don't you watch for those? You didn't break any rules.

F. L. L.—Probably long before this you have found your other answer. It's not only the time, it's also that the space is short, and all letters are answered in the order in which they are received. Moral: Get your questions in early, and avoid the rush. Billie Burke was born in 1886. Mary Miles Minter was born in 1902. In the year 1893 both Mary Pickford and Ruth Roland were born. June Caprice arrived on this earth six years after Mary and Ruth. Mrs. Charles Chaplin, pardon me, I mean Mildred Harris, was born in 1901. Eugene O'Brien arrived in 1884. Harold Lockwood died in his thirty-first year.

DAWN M.—You aren't very complimentary, are you? Was that your only reason? Cullen Landis lives in Los Angeles. Ruth Roland has been starring in another serial for Pathé called "The Tigers' Trail." George Larkin played the male lead with her. Gypsy Abbot is not in pictures any more. Gypsy is the better half of Henry King, who directed William Russell in his productions for the American Film Company. Jackie Saunders has been in New York this summer, and announces that she will shortly return to the screen again. She has been out of pictures for the past year looking after her little youngster, Mary Pickford's latest was "Daddy Long-Legs," which was directed by Marshall Neilan. Possibly it is the same girl, and possibly not.

THE ORACLE will answer any questions of general interest concerning the movies which would not require unusually long replies. Those wishing personal replies must inclose a stamped envelope, with return address. Letters should be addressed to: The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct application at a studio. Do not send inquiries concerning scenario writing to The Oracle, but to William Lord Wright, at the same address. Addresses of players asked for will be found at the end of this department.

NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.—Norma Talmadge was born in 1897. No, Charles Ray and Albert Ray are not brothers. They are cousins. Charlie's latest picture is called "The Egg-Crate Wallop," and Albert's is called "Words and Music By——." The former is a Paramount picture and the latter a William Fox release.

ELEANOR O. R.—Almost all of the players mail their photos to the film fans desiring them. Thanks awfully for the time you allotted me, but I didn't need it.

MISS EMMA M.—No, it is not true that Mary Pickford has any children. Harold Lockwood died in October, leaving a wife and a ten-year-old son. Marguerite Clark is in California, and expects to make several pictures for the Paramount program while there. Dorothy Davenport's time is well taken up with her young son, Wally Reid, junior. Yes, Fannie Ward has a daughter. Fannie was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. William Welch and Niles Welch are not related. Mary Pickford's home is in California. She has a great many requests for autographed photos of herself, and it takes her some time to comply with the demand. You will undoubtedly receive yours in due time.

R. P.—June Caprice has been resting for some time. Her last picture was "Oh, Boy!" made with Creighton Hale for Pathé. She started her screen career with the Fox Company.

CURLEY HEAD.—Why bother your curly head with all those ideas? Let time solve such things for you. I don't think you'll be an old maid from your description of yourself. Boys aren't very blind this season. Write to them individually for their pictures. You are evidently going to use quite a lot of stationery and stamps if you carry out your intention.

N. B.—Why the "dears?" I'm not plural. I can't advise you about anything like that. It is entirely in your own hands. Write to the players for their pictures.

E. J. M.—I couldn't guarantee that any of them will write you, but as they have been known to do such things quite frequently, it wouldn't do any harm to write and see. You wonder if Margaret aMrsh is the wife of Houdini? Stop your wondering then, because she is not. He is a newcomer in screen ranks. That is why you haven't seen much about him. Can you imagine a wife trying to keep Houdini from going out nights if he wanted to? I should think that he could make a small fortune from henpecked husbands by simply showing them how to break away.

Continued on page 88

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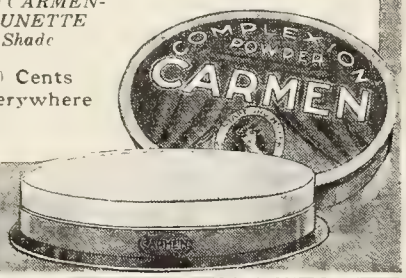

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Flower Drops Toilet Water, better than most perfumes, $1.25 large bottle. Sold by Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; all Liggett Riker Hegeman and Owl Drug Stores and best druggists and department stores *everywhere*.

"ALCAZAR", *the new Spanish perfume*, oz. bottle, $2.00

PAUL RIEGER, 307 First St., San Francisco

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 86

MISS H. L. AND MISS E. C.—Yes, they are a delightful couple. No, Carmel Meyers is not married to Rudolpho de Valentino. In fact, neither one of them is married. Does that ease your mind? Rudolpho is a Spaniard. You had better write to Carmel about parting her hair in the middle and tell her what you think about it. I am quite healthy now, and don't want to take any chances of impairing my health. Pearl White has not been killed. She is very much alive, and has finished her last serial for Pathé, and is now under contract with the William Fox Corporation to appear for the first time in features.

ADMIRER OF THEDA BARA.—It's too late for that now. Carmel Meyers was born in San Francisco, California, on April 9, 1901. Claire Whitney was born in New York City. Peggy Hyland came into this world near Worcestershire, England, the place they named that hot sauce after. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. Marin Sais was named after the county she was born in, Marin County, California. I don't know for sure whether they named the county after her or named her after the county. Louise Glaum was on the stage with Nat Goodwin and other celebrities before she joined the flickering films. Irene Hunt was born in New York in 1893.

R. T.—I don't know where you can get one of those souvenir books now. It is a long time since they were printed.

FRED U.—You are quite right. Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883. "A Knickerbocker Buckaroo," his recent picture, is said to have cost over two hunded thousand dollars to produce. Lloyd Hamilton, "Ham," has been playing in Sunshine Comedies for the Fox Company, but has joined Henry Lehrman's forces, and will be seen in comedies for First National now. Dorothy Dalton is still making pictures for Thomas Ince. "Extravagance" is her latest picture.

PRIVATE 563.—I am sure that Mary Miles Minter would be very glad to hear from you about the incident. I enjoyed your letter very much, and it was no trouble at all for me. Write again when you have a few moments for which you have no better use.

CHANGE YOUR MIND.—I should say you do, so fast that I can't keep up with you. What do you mean by red-headed men? Yes, "Over the Top" was her last picture. Most of them answer their own letters. Madge Evans was born in 1909. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in 1912.

MR. DANIEL R.—You failed to inclose the stamp, so I'm answering your request for Bill Hart's address at the end of The Oracle.

LOUISE D.—Viola Dana is in Los Angeles working at the Metro Studios, where she is being starred. Her correct name is Flugrath. She is four feet eleven inches tall and weighs ninety-six pounds. She has light-green eyes and dark-brown hair. One of her recent pictures is called "False Evidence."

A. H. H.—It only took me one guess to find out who your favorite is after reading your letter. You evidently can't see any one but Mary Miles Minter. She has completed her contract with the American Film Company, and is in New York at the present time with her mother, making plans for her future screen work. She has had three releases since "The Amazing Imposter." They are: "The Intrusion of Isabel," "Mary O'Rourke," and "The Bachelor's Wife." She began her screen career with World, and then went over to Metro, joining the American Film Company upon the completion of her Metro contract. She will now appear with the Realart Corporation, a new organization.

ARTHUR M.—Carol Holloway was recently divorced from Jack Holloway. Yes, William Duncan and George Cheseboro are both benedicts. Ruth Roland was married, but isn't any longer.

RALPH R. W.—May Allison is a Georgia peach. She was educated in Birmingham, Alabama, and Cleveland, Tennessee. Her first stage experience was as *Beauty* in "Everywoman." Later on she had the leading rôle in "The Quaker Girl." She has been with Famous Players, American, and Metro during her screen career. "Castles in the Air" is one of her latest releases for Metro. Write to her for her picture.

LIEUTENANT W. G. R.—The original beauty squad of the Sennett Comedies is rapidly diminshing. Myrtle Lind, Marie Prevost, and Phyllis Haver are the only members of this famous aggregation who are still working on the lot.

BOTHERSOME.—Pearl White is busy making features for Fox. That is her correct name. She was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Olive Thomas is in New York at present making features for Selznick Pictures. Her correct name is Olive Duffy, and she is the better half of Jack Pickford. Your Market Booklet has been mailed to you. Why not write to them and await results?

CONSTANCE'S ADMIRER.—Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 19, 1900. She is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is light brown and so are her eyes. Her latest picture is called "Happiness à la Mode." Alice Brady was born in New York City. She is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Her eyes and hair are brown. Her latest picture is called "Red Head." Of course, the stars furnish their own clothes. Where did you suppose they got them?

KITTY AND JOHNNY.—William Farnum was born in 1876. Yes, Bill's married. Edna and Frank are not related. Albert Roscoe played with Theda Bara in "Cleopatra." William Duncan is a native of Scotland. Yes, he's married. So is Herbert Rawlinson. He was born in Brighton, England, in 1885. Elmo Lincoln is that gentleman's correct name. His latest picture is a serial for Universal called "Elmo, the Mighty."

Continued on page 90

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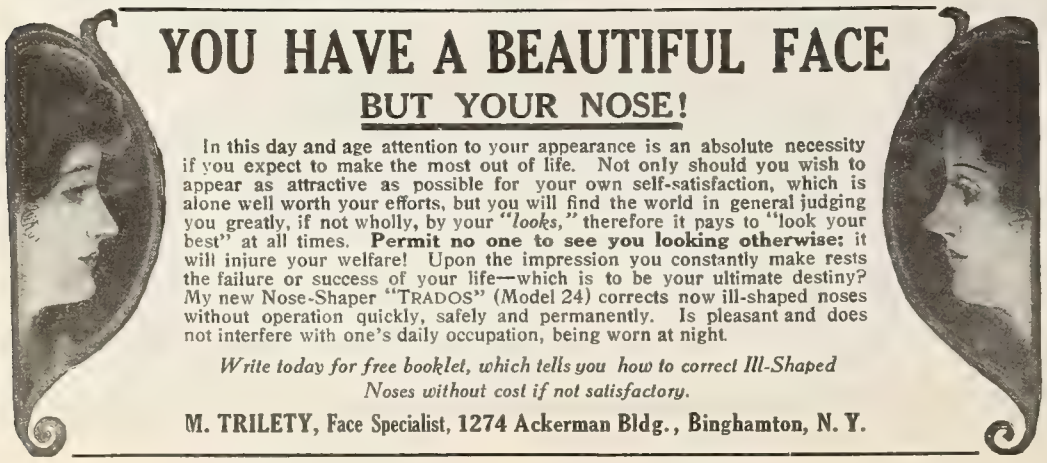

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 88

STARLIGHT STARLIGHT.—Ruth Roland, Kenneth Harlan, and Carmel Meyers are not married. Louise Huff was born in Columbus, eGorgia. Violet Mersereau was born in New York. April 9, 1901, is the date of Carmel Meyer's birth. Doris Kenyon was born on September 5, 1897. Ruth Roland arrived four years earlier. Ruth Clifford is nineteen years old. Jack Mulhall and Monroe Salisbury are New York products. Cheseboro is the correct spelling of the name.

ANTHONY MAZZIE.—Pearl White is not married. You're excused.

HUGH MC N.—Hugh Thompson was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1887. I don't know about that.

R. M. A. W.—You refer to Casson Ferguson. Quite right.

ARLIE.—Just keep up the good work, Arlie, and you'll land at the head of The Oracle yet. The letters are all answered in the order in which they are received, so if yours happens to arrive first it will head the list. You are right. Charles Jackson. Charlie's best work was done in the Lincoln Cycle pictures, in which the late Benjamin Chapin had the rôle of *Abraham Lincoln.* Your letter was shorter this time than usual, but none the less sweet.

RICHARD S.—See answer to J. O.

J. F. H.—Of course you would have to get permission, either from the author or the publisher. It all depends on what rights the author disposed of when he sold his story. For any information regarding scenarios write to William Lord Wright, care of PICTURE-PLAY. He is always glad to help those who want to write.

OLIVE A. K. C. MO.—Casson Ferguson had the leading male rôle opposite Mary Pickford in "How Could You, Jean?" Larry Peyton, who played the Swede gardener whose place Ferguson took, was killed in action in France. He was the first motion-picture actor to pay the supreme sacrifice. Gladden James is still working at the studios around New York. His most recent successful work was with Alice Joyce in "The Third Degree." The majority of the companies are in California, because the climate there is ideal for making motion pictures practically all year round. Mary Pickford's first picture for First National was "Daddy Long-Legs." It was released in May.

BILLIE.—Milton Sills was born in Chicago, Illinois. He is under contract with Goldwyn and appears with Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick.

MARY H. AND CAROLINE P.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. He is married to Dorothy Davenport. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-three years old and unmarried. Yes, that's "Wally's" correct name. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore when away from the camera.

S. B.—You mean Corinne Griffith and not Griffin. She is still making features for Vitagraph. You refer to Alice Lake, with Roscoe Arbuckle. I cannot recom-

mend any special course in screen writing to you.

CHAWLIE.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. She is five feet tall and weighs one hundred pounds. She has light-brown hair and hazel eyes Mary's curls are fastened to her head—by the roots and not by hairpins. Her picture has appeared on the cover of PICTURE-PLAY. There are a great many dark-haired and brown-eyed girls on the screen.

UNCLE BOB.—Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Virginia Lee Corbin is not working at the present time, although still under contract with the Fox Film Corporation.

CHARLES P.—I am sure they will all send you their pictures. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1890. She was the wife of Tom Moore, the Goldwyn star, and they have a youngster four years old. Her screen career began at the Kalem Studios, and then she shifted over to Vitagraph, where she made "Womanhood." She has been with them ever since. She had no stage experience previous to her film work. She was a telephone operator, and then an artist's model for Henry Hutt and Harrison Fisher. She joined the Kalem Company in 1910. "The Engineer's Sweetheart" was her first picture. She also did "When Fate Decrees." She joined Vitagraph in 1916. She is five feet seven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Elsie Ferguson was born in New York City. She was a stage star before she entered motion pictures. She is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes blue. One of her recent pictures is "Eyes of the Soul."

E. M. S.—Write to the stars themselves for their photographs. It is always best to inclose a quarter with your request as photos have gone way up with the high cost of living, and the players receive hundreds of requests weekly.

JAMES L. R., JR.—There is no truth at all in the rumor. Mary Pickford is still the wife of Owen Moore. Julian Eltinge has his own road show, consisting of several high-class vaudeville acts and a company of players supporting him in a short sketch. Dorothy Gish is starring in Paramount photo plays, but makes them at Griffith's Sunset Studios. That is how you made your mistake. Mary Pickford was christened Gladys Smith. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Yes, I think your selection is very good. Lila Lee is seventeen. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. He began his screen career as a heavy, and continued playing such rôles for several years at Essanay. It was not until "Skinner's Dress Suit" came out that he was given a real chance to show what he could do.

B .T. L.—Maurice Costello is in New York. He recently returned to the screen in a Vitagraph picture with Alice Joyce. He has two little girls. Yes, one of them is named Dolores. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in Kansas in 1887. I don't know whether he went to school in Fort Worth, Texas, or not. If he did, he hasn't said anything about it. Lila Lee did not have

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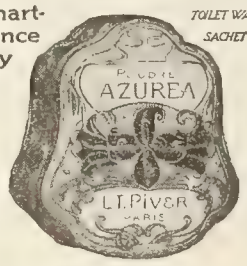

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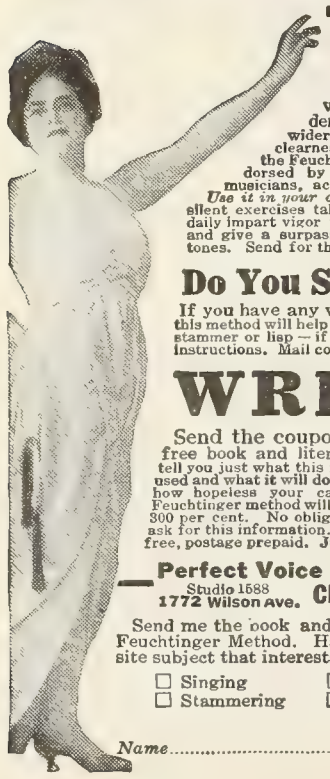

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any screen experience before she began making Paramount pictures. She has been on the stage ever since she's been able to talk. Her last appearance prior to joining the Paramount forces was in Gus Edwards' "Bandbox Revue," which played the Orpheum time, and she was called "Cuddles" Edwards. Larry Peyton was the first motion-picture actor killed in action in France. It depends entirely upon the star as to who appears opposite them. A Clara Kimball Young leading man wouldn't do for Mary Miles Minter. Yes, Marguerite Clark wore a blond wig as *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In fact, she wore two wigs, for she had to wear one to play *Topsy* as well. She has reddish-brown hair. You are quite a reader, aren't you?

CHARLES RAY FAN.—One of Charles Ray's recent pictures is called "The Busher." He is a cousin of Albert Ray's and not an uncle. Where on earth did you get that idea? Two of Albert Ray's latest films are "Words and Music By——" and "Be a Little Sport."

SUNSHINE NAN.—Pauline Bush hasn't appeared on the screen for several years; she has given it up for good. Maurice Costello does a picture every once in a while. His last was with Alice Joyce for Vitagraph. E. H. Sothern is not appearing in Pictures at present. He made a few for Vitagraph at their Brooklyn studios some time ago. Yes, I saw them all, and thought the picture quite thrilling. Pearl White is appearing in another thriller now from the pen of Robert W. Chambers, called "In Secret." "The Lightning Raider" was her last serial. Antonio Moreno is not appearing opposite her. He is costarring with Carol Holloway in Vitagraph serials. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri.

CLEO.—Well, well, well. It has been quite a while, Cleo, since you have been able to drop me a line. You certainly must have seen a lot of ball games and motion pictures if that is why you haven't had time to write me in all that time. However, after such a long letter, I guess I ought not to be too hard on you. Mary Pickford is a Canadian and not German, as you heard. Her real name is Gladys Smith and not Schmidt. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Brother Jack was also born in Toronto. William S. Hart has not married. That was only a rumor you heard about his being engaged and about to marry. Bill is still as free as the air. See answer to Olive A., K. C. Mo. Geraldine Farrar is in California, making pictures for Goldwyn. Yes, Tom Santschi may play with her in some of her releases.

MISS ALICE S.—Your questions already have been answered. Did you miss them? Drop me a line when you get another batch to ask.

H. G. B.—You will have to find that out yourself. I don't know what religion the various film stars are. What difference does it make? Tom Moore is still with Goldwyn. There are four Moore brothers, and all screen actors. They are Tom, Matt, Owen, and Joe. Joe just returned from France. Their sister Mary, who was a Red Cross nurse in France, died over there from Spanish influenza last winter. She had a military funeral, and Joe was present at the time.

SALOME.—Your questions are in keeping with your name. They are very veiled, so to speak. Dorothy Gish was born in 1898. Dorothy Davenport is Wallace Reid's wife and her time is well taken up looking after the welfare of her little youngsters, "Wally," junior, and Billy. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore, and has been for a good many years. Yes, Lottie Pickford has been her old self for several months now. You betcha I'm cheered, and also anxiously waiting for that new batch of questions to come from you.

WILLIAM B.—I would not advise you one way or another about that. You will have to use your own judgment. The majority of the studios are located in California. I am sure that it wouldn't do you a bit of good to write, because the studios receive hundreds of such letters every week from people anxious to break into the film game, and they pay no attention to these communications. If there is any chance at all, it is in calling there in person, because they can tell nothing from a letter—but there's practically no chance!

NEWCOMER No. 1.—Is that a threat or a promise? Wallace Reid was born in 1892. His better half is Dorothy Davenport. You're excused, so don't worry about it. You will find the Market Booklet very valuable indeed.

L. P. E.—Enid Markey seems to have deserted the screen for the legitimate stage. Roberta Wilson is married to an army officer and is not playing in pictures any more. Elmo Lincoln is with Universal. He is featured in their new serial, which is called "Elmo, the Mighty." Grace Cunard plays opposite him in this. June Caprice is playing in Capellani productions. A recent one was a picturization of the musical comedy, "Oh, Boy!" It missed, so try again.

DICK.—I am NOT the editor and don't want to be. Is it such an exceptional thing that you went to a moving-picture show on Sunday? You talk as if it were a great crime or something like that. The part of *Lily Bart* in "The House of Mirth" was played by Katherine Harris Barrymore. *Percy Gryce* was impersonated by Sidney Bracy, and *Mrs. Dorset* was portrayed by Christine Mayo. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. I don't know what she does with them. I will have to ask her the next time I see her. Billie Burke's latest release for the Paramount program is "The Misleading Widow." Charlie Chaplin's last picture was "Sunnyside," a story of the farm. "Wild Honey" is one of the recent Doris Kenyon productions. "The Bondage of Barbara," with Mae Marsh, has been released by Goldwyn. Douglas Fairbanks has written two books, "Laugh and Live" and "Making Life Worth While." Doug has been busy doing some propoganda work for the United States government. You are thinking of Juanita Hansen in "The Brass Bullet." Of course, you may write again. Any old time you want to. You are most welcome.

Continued on page 100

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 73

feuds and an appealing romance balances its dramatic moments. Mr. Pickford is the mountain youth to the life.

No mention can be made of "high jinks" without introducing Viola Dana and Emmy Wehlen, the Metro stars. The former is vital and vibrant in personality. Emmy Wehlen is more quiet of manner and you would not think to look at her that her demureness covers a multitude of feminine whimsicalities. "A Favor to a Friend" finds the star working along the same lines as Miss Dana, except that she applies the taming process to a modern caveman who has kidnaped her and carted her away to his mountain cabin. The picture portions out a generous amount of comedy and while it is obvious this note never intrudes.

C. Gardner Sullivan is one scenario writer who will not have to give up his place to recognized authors. He has concocted in "The Haunted Bedroom," which serves Enid Bennett, one of the most entertaining mystery melodramas that has ever found its way to a camera. It is a tale of a haunted house and you can feel your skin creep with the strange phenomena transacted at night when ghosts and spooks are abroad. A marvel of photography and a gem of mystery. And the suspense is overwhelming.

Pathé's contribution to the mystery field is "The Thirteenth Chair," which introduces a newcomer in Yvonne Delva. While not as strong as the play, and not nearly as compact, still it is mystifying.

Perhaps the most emotional of the feminine stars mentioned is Dorothy Phillips, Universal's Bernhardt. It is her object in "Destiny" to prove the curse of Ambition—that it is a false god to worship now as when Cæsar and Napoleon were guided by it. Degradation, ruin, blighted love, and what not are given birth from it here. A genuine drama to the fifth reel—a drama which points an object lesson with remarkable force. And the sixth reel reveals that the events would have happened had Ambition ruled.

So ends the "fewer and better" pictures which this space allows me to dwell upon. The "more and worse" need not be mentioned.

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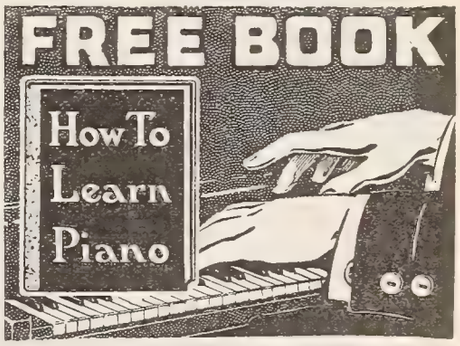

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In a Movie Menagerie

Continued from page 37

of the pen and he looked in at me and he says, 'What the heck are you doing in there with that lion?' 'That's not a lion,' I says back to him, 'that's a dog.' 'You're a lyin'.' He snarls at me. 'Sure I'm a lion,' I tells him—so you see—that proves it!"

I didn't think much of Ethel's reasoning—nor of Lady's, either, for that matter; so I went over to another cage where a sign called my attention to the "African Wild Pig."

"Are you really wild?" I asked the occupant, who had red hair and who was busily rooting in the hay.

"Sure, I'm wild—to have my back scratched." He grunted, coming up to the bars of the cage and presenting a broadside of pork that in a butcher shop would be worth a small fortune. "I'm not really in the barred star class," he went on while I obliged his longing with a stick, "but I'm a trick pig, you see, and very valuable; every time I get out of the cage I go off looking for other pigs—no, I'm not a bit snobbish—and once I got lost for a whole week. Another reason they keep me here," he grunted in a lower tone, "is to safeguard me from those who would be low-brow enough to force me into a domestic career on a platter—there *are* such people, you know. I hope you've noticed the unusual shade of my hair—yes, my dear, it's the new henna shade, and very fashionable; is it natural? Well, Ethel, that lion cub over there, has spread it around the lot that my hair is dyed—but then, she's a *cat*, and no one pays any attention to her!"

Just then I was startled by a weird howling at the left of the gate, a wailing crescendo of quavering "Ah-oo-oo's" that caused an unpleasant tingling in the locality of my spine.

"It's those Russian wolves having a family row," the dyed pig told me nervously. "I'm thankful that I'm in a cage—those Bolsheviks have no respect for stars!"

I passed the gate and paused before a long row of cages, where pale yellow eyes, set over long pointed noses regarded me with cold calculation, and one lady wolf with a Red Riding Hood set of fangs told her husband sotto voce that I was thin, but not too thin to make a Sunday evening buffet supper.

"I understand that you Russian wolves are Bolsheviks," I said politely keeping a respectful distance from the railing outside of the cages. "I am told that you work in Northern pictures——"

"We certainly *don't* work!" A huge gray wolf snapped, making a lunge at his wife who had come to the front of the cage to get into the interview. "We used to work—but that was before we became Bolsheviks. They used us for atmosphere in pictures of the frozen North, but we ate up a whole team of Alaskan huskies once and nearly killed a famous star, so now we do very little except to raise the Knockers' Chorus that you have just heard and criticize the administration of this menagerie. We don't know what we want but we want it badly—Ah-oo-oo-oo."

He broke off with a protracted howl, which was echoed by his comrades all along the line.

"I want to impress upon you that I am of very distinguished lineage." He went on. "I am a direct descendant of Red Riding Hood's famous friend—and will you keep off my feet?" he snarled at his wife.

"I didn't step on your feet!" she snapped back, pulling back her upper lip and baring her fangs.

"You did!"

"I didn't."

"Snap—snap—yipe—ah-oo-oo-oo!"

The family row was on. From adjacent cages friends and neighbors took sides in the argument and added to the commotion by setting up discordant howls and yipes, and hurling themselves against the bars of their cages.

I hastily left the Bolshevik couple to their tête-a-tête, and went over to the section of the menagerie occupied by the Cataline goats, Gadzooks, Luella, and Pinky, who have a corner on the lot—and on smells—and where Arline, the donkey lives, who has an ingratiating manner and a pro-German propensity for pretzels.

Here I met Daisy, the pony, and her son, Peter, who were having lunch—that is, Peter was having lunch, and he, being only three days old, didn't know enough about eti-

quette to stop eating when he was being interviewed.

"I believe that a pony's place is in the stable." Daisy told me firmly. "I am not in favor of a career for mares—I'm strictly domestic—yes, this is my first son,—Peter, dear, wave your tail at the lady—and I am sure he will some day be a great star——"

Daisy was interrupted at this point by a noise which resembled a squeaky pump handle badly in need of oiling, and in an adjacent pen I glimpsed a moth-eaten camel whose hair was coming off in patches, and by her side was a miniature ship of the desert, engaged, like Peter, in the noble art of obtaining a livelihood. He was just fifteen days old and still wabbly in the knees.

"You and your son Peter make me tired," grumbled Lizzie, the camel—and you know it takes a lot to make a camel tired. Now *my* son, Pat, who was born on St. Patrick's day—he has a real heritage back of him! You must know," she went on proudly, "that I am a star in my own right. I was the principal character in 'Bound in Morocco'—yes, Douglas Fairbanks played with me in that picture—he's a very bright boy, I predict quite a future for him. Well, I forsook my artistic career for the simple joys of motherhood, and Patrick is a regular Sinn Feiner—it's simply wonderful how he kicks about everything——"

"*I'm* going to kick in a minute," Daisy warned Lizzie, a dangerous light in her pale-blue eyes. "It's perfectly ridiculous of you to talk about your son, when my Peter——"

"Ladies—ladies" I said beseechingly, but it was no use. There was a Mothers' Convention in full blast, with Pinky, the goat, relating stories of her kid's wonderful appetite, Lovey the Alaskan dog, telling me that her puppies, Juneau and Truckee, could already howl in the approved Malemute manner, and Delia, the lion, snarling a defiance to the world at large that her babies were the most wonderful in the universe and if we wanted to die quick, just try to take 'em away—so I left.

Those stars may be barred from human society, but just the same they have wonderfully human traits—they quarrel so beautifully, for one thing, and they have *such* artistic temperament!

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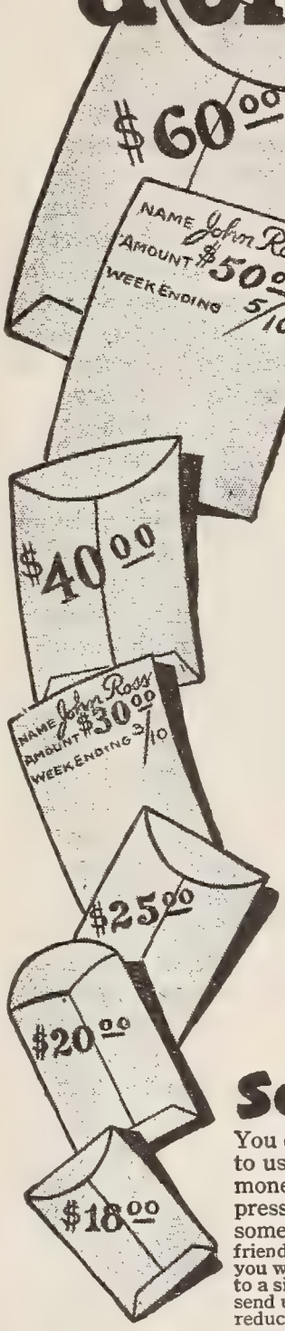

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In Mizzouri

Continued from page 49

Nobody ever did tell the straight story of just how the mix-up happened. It happened too quickly, and the lamps were knocked over when the scuffling began. Mainly what happened was this. Sam yelled: "That's him!" The awkward detective took the man by the collar. The loafers cried: "Get him; lynch him!" and shoved each other forward. The cornered stranger began fighting like a rat; and when the rumpled crowd took an inventory of themselves a moment later, they found the Pinkerton man was dead with a bullet from his own gun in his chest, several of the crowd had sprains and bruises, the druggist's store was wrecked, and the "well-dressed stranger" was gone, decidedly gone from that place.

In fact, even before his assailants had come to and got their bearings, Travers with a few splashes of blood on his face was looking through a window into the home of Kate Vernon. Kate was there alone. She took her battered sweetheart into her own room and washed the blood from his face. "There it is," he said bitterly, "that's the extent to which a jealous country yokel will go to ruin a rival. The whole assault was engineered by that crooked sheriff, by means of a lot of circulars and a hired accomplice posing as a detective. In order to save myself I was forced to kill the so-called detective."

A knock at the door! A cry of "Kate, let me in!"

Kate recognized Jim's voice. Quickly she hid her fiancé in a closet.

Jim knocked again, then opened the door. "I've followed him here, Kate. Will you give him up?"

"Never, you bloodhound! Kill me instead of him."

"Listen Kate—he shot a detective dead in the drug store. A mob is forming and they'll get him, even if I don't touch him. But what I'm after him for is this. In working up this case I learned that he is married—abandoned a wife and baby in St. Joe. Kate, I wouldn't blame him for robbin' a train to get money to marry you. But when a skunk with a wife already on his hands, tries to get you into disgrace—girl, I love you so well that—well, he has *got to die!*" He forced the awful words through gritted teeth.

Kate lived an age in the few seconds that Jim was showing her the documentary proof of Travers' guilt. Her only plea was that Jim should save the man from being murdered by the mob on her own doorstep.

"Because you thought you loved him," Jim replied, "I will try to get his worthless carcass out of here—and safe in jail."

But his promise was more than he could perform. The mob that had got the worst of it in the first encounter with the desperate crook did better shooting in the second mix-up.

"I have refused to run for State senator," Jim was telling Kate as he stopped in front of the house the next day. "And that will give your paw a walk-away You'll all go up to Jefferson City to live durin' sessions of the legislature, and that will give you a chance to meet the kind of men that a girl like you ort to marry."

"Jim," she said tremulously, "don't you s'pose that I know by this time that I've already met the kind of a man for me to marry?"

Mildred Davis, Runaway

Continued from page 45

up to date. And when I use the word "career," it is with all due respect and admiration; for whatever the high-brows think of the movies—and I confess that I myself never go to a picture show unless I'm dragged there by a well-meaning but misguided friend—the fact remains that when a girl fresh from high school can command a salary from five to ten times that of your young professional man or woman, she has a rare gift and is well launched upon a career. This youngster has never played anything but star parts.

I tried, as I watched her, to fathom the mystery of that gift. When she first began to talk, her eyes were as blue as for-get-me-nots. Later, she was showing me her dressing room, which had been a

bedroom when the great old mansion now used as the Rolin Studio was the home of an aristocratic family of Los Angeles, her eyes had gone as gray as a rain cloud. I appealed to the omnipresent Quaker aunt to know if I was color blind.

"Her eyes are sometimes blue, sometimes gray. At night they are black, and sometimes they're brown," was the consoling answer.

"And sometimes," said the owner of the eyes, "they look like brown daisies with little petals radiating from a black center. I think they reflect the color of other things."

But I'll say they were not the color of the things I saw when she opened the closet door—a fetching pair of altogethers known, I believe, as Billy Burkes, of pink silk with ruffles of lace and rosettes of pale-blue ribbon.

The Quaker aunt stood by without a flicker of horror at the sight, for she has learned that a little Quaker girl *can* be as Quakerish as she wishes and still be in the movies.

Later, when I watched them making an act of the new comedy, I found that this pink trifle constituted a part of a dinner costume, for in it the maiden was lingering with a young man at a table on which were fruit and nuts when two dreadful-looking villains burst in and kidnaped her, blue rosettes and all.

On behalf of myself and my bachelor friends, I pray the ladies will adopt this garment as conventional dinner dress.

When the villain unloaded the kicking maiden, quite out of range of the camera, I'll swear her eyes were black. And not only the eyes, but all the features of this unusual face have a mobility that defies all effort at fixing them in your memory.

I'll make a bet with any fan that you can see a hundred pictures of Mildred Davis and pass her on the street without knowing her.

One other thing she told me. Her color for this season is orchid. She has just ordered reams and reams of orchid stationery, and she will write on it with violet ink, for just as long as she possibly can she intends to answer all her letters with her own hand. And when she gets her new car it is to be orchid outside with violet upholstering. It's an easy guess what color her eyes will be when she is writing to you, and driving about in her new car.

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ZaSu Pitts—Both of Her

Continued from page 55

ZaSu stopped to comb out a refractory taffy-colored curl. She was in one of her radiant whimsical moods, and didn't mind in the least what kidding things she said about herself. "After that," she grinned drolly, despite the hard experience, it seemed to me every one looked at me in pity and said 'Poor thing, what chance has *she* got?' Then I went to an agency. They sent me to a certain studio, and told me to ask for a good big salary! And I did, too!"

"How much did you ask for?" I inquired.

"I asked them $12 a week!" ZaSu smiled her dry little smile. "And I got it, and stuck there for a while. Later on I tired of comedy and wanted to go in for drama. I went over to the Lasky Studio and played a bit in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' with Mary Pickford. And Mary was very kind to me. She helped me to get on the right kind of make-up, and she wouldn't let Marshall Neilan tease me about my long legs and goopy arms. You know, I have got goopy arms! Afterward I seem to have been forgotten at Lasky. I did bits other places. One day I went back to the Lasky Studio and was feeling pretty blue. Mary Pickford saw me. They were just casting 'The Little Princess.' She just nodded to me, and then she ran away quickly and began to talk to Marshall Neilan. That's when I got the rôle of the slavey. Neilan, it seems, and everybody except Miss Pickford thought I could only play comedy, but Mary stuck to it I could play drama, and that's how I got the part. Since then I've just been playing bits here and there, until one day Brentwood wanted somebody to play the part of the little country girl in 'Better Times.' Somebody remembered me in 'The Little Princess'—and oh, I had such fun playing *Nancy Scroggs!* Well, and that's all, I guess."

"Just a minute," I said, "Where did you get such a funny name as ZaSu?"

"Well, you see it's this way. Mother has two sisters, one named Eliza and the other Susan. She promised both of them at different times, in bursts of affection, that she would name her first daughter after them. Then when I came, she didn't know what to do; but finally she hit on naming me after both of them—'Za,' for the last part of Eliza, and 'Su' for the first part of Susan. . . . . Yes, all right, I'm ready, Mr. Vidor," she called to the director.

There was one short scene. And then somebody turned on a phonograph in the property room. ZaSu's face lighted into actual beauty. She has two passions—one is dancing and the other is acting. She grasped me around the waist, as she murmured drolly:

"This is the village crawl. Can I have the next struggle with you, dearie?"

Epigrams

TAKE care of the pennies, the movies take all of the dimes.

AN ounce of publicity is worth a pound of brains.

A Miss is as good as her style.

ONE extra on hand is worth two in the Bronx.

A MANAGER is known by the companies he keeps.

TOO many crooks spoil the plot.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

Continued from page 67

wallop, the hind wheel, which went up in the air, rapping him on the head. Death, where is thy sting? Why, right square between the ears where that hind wheel hit him!

Skinny picked himself up out of the débris. He tried to explain, but to no avail. The hat had been ruined, and he had done it—so there!

He was rudely interrupted from his frantic endeavors to right himself in Her eyes by the owner of the wheel. And when that person had finished with him his father appeared upon the scene and led him back to the studio by the ear.

By this time he was quite upset. He was dazed. He took his seat, as directed, and tried to collect himself and "look pleasant."

"Now—all of you—attention—just look here. This way, young man; keep your eye right on the little birdie. Now, one, two, three, steady—all over!"

The next day the proofs were ready for inspection. Mrs. Malloy looked first at her own smiling, motherly countenance, then she looked at pa's dignified, serious features, then at Mary's sweet, girlish smile, and finally at the calflike face of Skinny.

And, oh, what a whaling he got!

"I just don't know what we're ever going to do with that boy. He's the willfulest, stubbornest case I ever saw in all my born days. I don't know where he gets it; it ain't in my family. He must take after his father. Just because I gave him a good scrubbing, and he didn't like it he made up his mind to ruin the picture when it was tooken, and he done it in spite of all I could say or do. It beats me!"

But it hadn't been Skinny's fault. Dazed and upset as he was, he was posing all right until he heard that word "birdie." And at that moment, just as the photographer pressed the bulb, there came before his mind's eye a picture of Birdie Dusenberry, clasped and comforted in the arms of the perfidious Buck. And that was what had spoiled the picture.

Heliotrope Burgy became so affected during the more emotional part of "Heartburn" that she was led sobbing from the theater.

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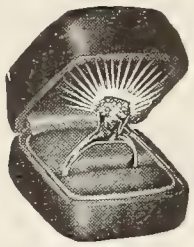

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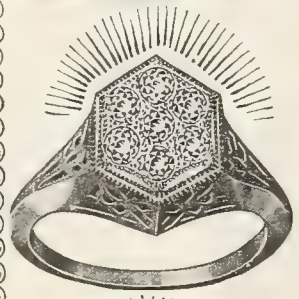

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 92

M. S.—The only way you can find out is to write and see. Yes, the actresses furnish their own clothes. That depends entirely on the kind of a part they portray. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, on September 22, 1893. Alice Brady is a New York girl. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890. Little Zoe Rae Beck was born in Chicago, on July 13, 1910.

BIXBIE.—William Farnum is making his features for the Fox Company at their California studios. William Scott played opposite Gladys Brockwell in "Pitfalls of a Big City." Albert Ray and Al Ray are one and the same. "Be a Little Sport" and "Words and Music By——' 'are his latest releases for Fox. He might if you would write to him. He was born in New Rochelle, New York, on August 28, 1893. He is Charlie's cousin and not his brother.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES

The following addresses are the ones asked for in the letters to which The Oracle has replied in this issue. If you wish to write to any one connected with the screen, whose address you are unable to find here, send your letter in care of either the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Avenue, Los Angeles, California, or of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, same city, and it will be forwarded.

Roscoe Arbuckle and Buster Keaton at the Henry Lehrman Studios, Culver City, California.

Harry Morey, Alice Joyce, and Gladys Leslie at the Vitagraph Studios, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Blanche Sweet at the Willis & Inglis Studios, Hollywood, California.

Thurston Hall, in care of Oliver Morosco, Morosco Theater, New York City.

Alla Nazimova and Viola Dana at the Metro Studios, Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California.

Albert Ray, Pearl White, William Farnum, and Theda Bara at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Marguerite Clark, Harrison Ford, and Vivian Martin at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Pauline Frederick, Mabel Normand, Tom Moore, Madge Kennedy, and Geraldine Farrar at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Charles Ray and Hobart Bosworth at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, Monroe Salisbury, and Mary MacLaren at Universal City, California.

Polly Moran, Chester Conklin, and Slim Summerville at the Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart at the W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Bessie Love and William Duncan at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Sessue Hayakawa, Bessie Barriscale, Earle Williams, and Dustin Farnum at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Alice Brady, Constance Binny, and Mary Miles Minter at Realart Pictures Corporation, 112 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Owen Moore and Olive Thomas at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Ethel Clayton, Sylvia Ashton, and Wanda Hawley at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Billie Burke and Dorothy Dalton care of Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 84

the editors are already receiving many movie plays cast along the Mexican border *Don't do it!* The censors will get you if you don't watch out. You probably know that Uncle Sam has carried along a strange, weird Mexican policy for lo, these many years. We mustn't rile our Mexican brother. And so, when you bring the well-known Texas Rangers or the Arizona riders or the hero or the cavalry men galloping across the border into Mexico to save the weak, defenseless gurrl—well, it won't do. You remember Zane Grey's story, "The Light of Western Stars"? Well, the part when they dashed over the border to rescue the hero was altered. It was changed from necessity. Uncle Sam asked that it be changed. Nothing offensive to our Mexican brother, you know; times are parlous; international troubles, perhaps; so don't do it.

Here Is An Optimist

It is a relief to receive a letter not only encouraging to the editor in the work he is trying to do, but also pledging confidence in scenario marketing conditions. This man never had a plot stolen, nor has he been otherwise abused. The letter is from Mr. William W. Farmer:

Like many others, I have struggled along with but a small measure of success for my efforts. In 1916 I sold my first story, "The Market Price of Love," to Essanay, and this was followed by fourteen produced comedies under the Joker brand of Universal. In all, I have some two score of produced stories to my credit, all being single reelers. I have been treated nicely by Universal and other well-established producers who have purchased my work. I have never had a story stolen. In fact, I know that no producer would steal that which he could buy easily, and, so far as I can recall, I have never felt that my stories were rejected because they were too good. I worked for two solid years before I sold my first single reeler. After that it came easy until I found myself able to write and sell regularly an average of three a month. Then the war came. Joker comedies were stricken from the list, and to my utter surprise, I found I could write nothing but Joker comedies. Sales dropped off, rejections came thick and fast. Like many others, I dropped comedy and set out to capture the big reward in the multiple-reel stuff. My first efforts resulted in nothing but rejection slips. Up to this time I find no demand for my material. At first I did a bit of "swearing" at the editors, and doubted their ability to judge a good story. In fact, I went back to my early days and traveled the same old path over again. Now I have awakened to the fact that instead of learning the new game—and new it surely is, for the writing of a five-reeler and a one-reeler are as different as day and night—I have been wasting my time condemning the editors instead of educating myself in the new game. From this time on I shall dig deeply, and earnestly spend all my time in study and effort, and waste no time in criticizing the ability of the editors to judge my work. Some of these days I shall put a story in front of some editor's eyes that will make him sit up and take notice. The trade journals, in criticizing my old singles, remarked on the novelty of the plot. This is the reason that I sold 'em. I'll make 'em do the same thing with my multiples if study, work, and sanity will help me to put it across. In the meantime, I feel fortified in my work because I managed to write successful singles, and this is the stepping stone that will encourage me to bigger and better things. Your department awakened me. I owe you a debt of gratitude.

Effects of General News

It is strange how the general run of news will affect the average author of picture plays. A big war breaks out, and there is a flood of war stories. Spies everywhere—lots of spy plots. Activities again on the Mexican border. Anticipate a lot of Mexican border stories. I. W. W. and Bolsheviki activities begin, and they are followed by a large number of screen stories based on the activities of these gentry. That, at least, is what can always be expected from the beginner. He or she seemingly looks to the public prints for inspiration. Now timeliness is all right, but when you remember that ten thousand other writers are scanning the same news stories for plot foundations you may realize what the defenseless editor is up against. Purely as a suggestion, I would ask that the ambitious ones refrain from adapting news stories to screen plots; that they cast around for some entirely original subject. The scenario editor will heave a sigh of relief. Believe me, he will appreciate the story on original lines after a day's search through a pile of manuscripts ranging from European spies to the I. W. W.

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New Stars for Old

Continued from page 31

have considerable invention, too. With the assistance of Miss Fair he is giving the screen an entree it has been craving—racy farce.

While writing these paragraphs a newspaper advertisement of "His Debt," with Sessue Hayakawa came to my attention. The exhibitor of a Middle Western town in advertising this production saw fit to lift another player from the cast for a featured position along with that of the star, with the result that we read this line, "Jane Novak also in this picture." The theater manager evidently had reason to believe Miss Novak had a following, and I believe the same. She has been skipping about from company to company as leading woman. Some day she is going to stay fixed as a permanent luminary.

Still another young leading woman who never fails to interest, yet who has not been critically tried in a big part, is Agnes Ayres. She has played in short O. Henry subjects and various Vitagraph productions. When I saw "The Gamblers," with Harry Morey, I wished she had been cast in the leading feminine rôle. She will have her opportunity one of these days, and we believe she will make the most of it.

"Cutie Beautiful" Seymour became famous by her part in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." The character name has almost supplanted her own, Clarine. She testified on a witness stand that a slapstick comedy concern had fired her because she couldn't act. "Are you acting now?" asked the judge. "Yes," said Clarine modestly, "With Mr. Griffith's company." "You win," said the judge, or something to that effect, and the young lady received judgment against the comedy works. I am inclined to believe that the young lady will continue to play the jazz type of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Perhaps, with a thorough schooling under the tutelage of Mr. Griffith, she will become one of our star comediennes. She has beauty and personality, and, as we said, that combination has made many a public favorite secure.

It is manifestly impossible to list all the players who have been doing good work. Almost each succeeding month brings forward a new player of interest. From out of the past twelve months I have selected those that impressed me as being the most likely players of star potentiality. At least, it will be of interest to the film astronomer to keep his glass on Richard Barthelmess, Doris May, Eugene O'Brien, Helen Jerome Eddy, Elliott Dexter, ZaSu Pitts, Jean Paige, Betty Blythe, Robert Gordon, Wanda Hawley, Al Ray, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Jane Novak, Douglas MacLean, and Clarine Seymour.

WE'VE heard a rumor that Charlie Chaplin may win more fame playing "Hamlet" on the stage than he's already acquired in movies.

FATTY ARBUCKLE'S wife—Minta Durfee—is making comedies for Truart Pictures.

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An Hour with a Villain

Continued from page 61

went on for three months, and then one day, induced by an empty stomach, I became bold.

"I saw John Emerson on the lot, making up for *Alvig* in Ibsen's 'Ghosts.' He wore across his shirt front a riband supposed to be a decoration, but which in reality was what the waiters wear in the fashionable Parisian cafés. I told him that the riband was incorrect, and after he was assured that I knew what I was talking about he told me to go ahead and get him a real one. I did, and very soon after that he came out on the lot where I was patiently waiting in the hot sun and told me that he was going to direct 'Old Heidelburg,' and wanted me for his assistant director! "That's how I broke in."

Von Stroheim's later successes occurred in "Draft No. 258," "The Social Secretary," "Panthea," "Hearts of the World," and his big opportunity came in "The Heart of Humanity."

"I am now making a picture called 'The Pinnacle,' for which I wrote the story," he went on. "At least that's the working title. It deals with conditions in the Tyrol four years after the war, and I take the part of a dashing young Austrian officer. I also direct the picture, and——"

He looked at his watch and rose.

"I'm almost due to be on the set now," he said. "I have just time to get into my costume—so if you care to see me in my latest piece of villainy——"

The set in which he was to work was far back on the Universal lot, and represented a street in a Tyrolean village. Several hundred extras, dressed as peasants and tourists, gave the final touch of color and realism to the scene, and all was in readiness for the coming of Von Stroheim, who appeared on schedule time with military promptness and gave crisp commands to set up the cameras. He was dressed immaculately as an Austrian officer—and a dandy. And when he approached, clicking his heels and bowing from the waist, with that stiff salute——

"Heaven knows I'm not pro-German," I sighed, "but your bow *is* wonderful!" He laughed heartily in good American fashion.

"It's supposed to be," he said. "The misguided wife falls for it in the picture, and do you realize——" he continued, sobering, "that all the dash and show cut by the German and Austrian officers is for that very thing? You see, they figure that a woman's heart can be won by external appearance."

"It was for that reason that I made my characterization of Lieutenant von Ebberhart in 'The Heart of Humanity' one of polished brutality, so to speak.

"All ready, Von," the camera man announced, and Mr. von Stroheim assumed his most Hunnish attitude and walked down the street, where the young wife—Francelia Billington—was waiting for him. A pseudo doctor drove up in a rickety carriage to announce something of grave importance to the husband—Sam de Grasse—who, with a brief farewell to his wife, joined the doctor and was driven away. The young wife and the young officer gazed after the vanishing carriage with expressive countenances.

"I will not let you be lonely," the latter murmured, saluting and bending forward from the hips solicitously. "I am at your service."

The blond wife sighed; I knew just how she felt about that bow.

"How kind of you!" she said softly, and their eyes met.

"Cut!" said Von Stroheim abruptly, and came back to the camera.

"How's that for polished villainy?" he asked with a grin.

"Wonderful!" I said. "I should think all the extras would be afraid of you."

As if in answer to my observation, a little tow-headed maid in the volumnous skirts of a Tyrolean child, came running up to him and slipped her hand into his.

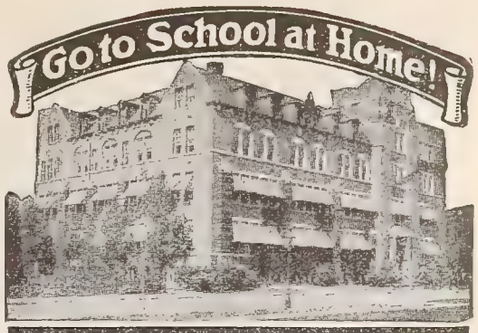
"Hello!" she said sociably, smiling up at him.

"Hello, dear," he answered promptly and mussed up her curls.

"Friend of yours?" I asked, while the child clung tightly to his hand.

"I never saw her till yesterday," he replied.

I have great respect for the snap judgments of children. Von Stroheim can't be such a *terrible* villain.



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Fade-Outs

Continued from page 63

When Pathé decided to devote all their energy to the making of serials, they gave Bessie Love $40,000 to terminate her contract with them.

As the pote says: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's bank roll!"

—o—

In England, motion pictures are used to teach aviators the science of flying.

Wonder if the scheme would work over here to teach certain poseful actors the science of acting?

—o—

Is There An Occulist in the House?

If so, we would like to ascertain if it would be injurious to the eyes to view Theda Bara in "The Light" immediately after watching Geraldine Farrar in "Shadows?"

—o—

A testimonial from Olive Thomas appears in a hosiery ad.: "they fit snugly," chirps Olive.

Ah, yes—HERS do, but—

Well—er—all of us haven't such —er——

Gosh, ain't it warm!

—o—

Items of Interest:

Fatty Arbuckle eats food once or more daily.

Wm. S. Hart can ride a horse.

Mary Pickford received a letter last week from an admirer.

Douglas Fairbanks is inclined to be athletic.

A film comedian named Charlie Chaplin is appearing in comedies of real merit. Watch this young man. He'll be famous some day.

—o—

In Which Mr. Morey Chases Himself.

From Vitagraph publicity: "Harry Morey set a rapid pace for himself in "Fighting Destiny," but in "Beating The Odds" he positively EXCEEDS it!"

—o—

The Steel City.

Speaking of poetic justice, or whatever you call it—the author of "The Best Man," starring Warren Kerrigan, was certainly on the job.

With thousand of cities to choose from, he picked Pittsburgh as the town for the hero to be stolen therein.

—o—

Not Knocking "A D O T G."

A magazine chats thusly of Barbara Castleton:

"Herbert Brenon saw her and gave her a rôle in "A Daughter Of The Gods" with Annette Kellermann. Since that time her progress has been steady."

—o—

An Empty Sandwich.

A two-reel comedy factory advertises its wares as: "they start and finish with a laugh!"

We saw one. It did.

It started with a grin of expectation and ended with a hysterical giggle of relief.

We supplied the aforesaid g and g.

But in between all we could think of were exits and home and mother!

Through the Looking-Glass

Continued from page 53

accustomed themselves to the queer-tasting coffee, goat's milk, and the black, soggy war bread which had been their daily breakfast for nearly a year. As for butter, they had forgotten the very existence of such a luxury.

Into this routine flashed Our Mary. What the plot was nobody remembers, for the big, outstanding scene in that drammar was what Mary ate for breakfast.

It was an ordinary morning layout of cereal, white sugar and plenty of it, thick gooey cream, grapefruit, poached eggs, and dainty slices of toast plastered with golden butter. Never had Mary a more fascinated audience.

"Let's stay and see her eat again!" whispered Miss Red Tabs, the social worker to Miss Tan Tabs, the stenographer. They did, once, twice, again and again.

Four times Mary fluttered through the love scenes. Four times she was wooed and won. But Mary's heart throbs in that film were merely incidental. It was Mary's four American breakfasts that stirred the emotions of her audience to the profoundest depths.

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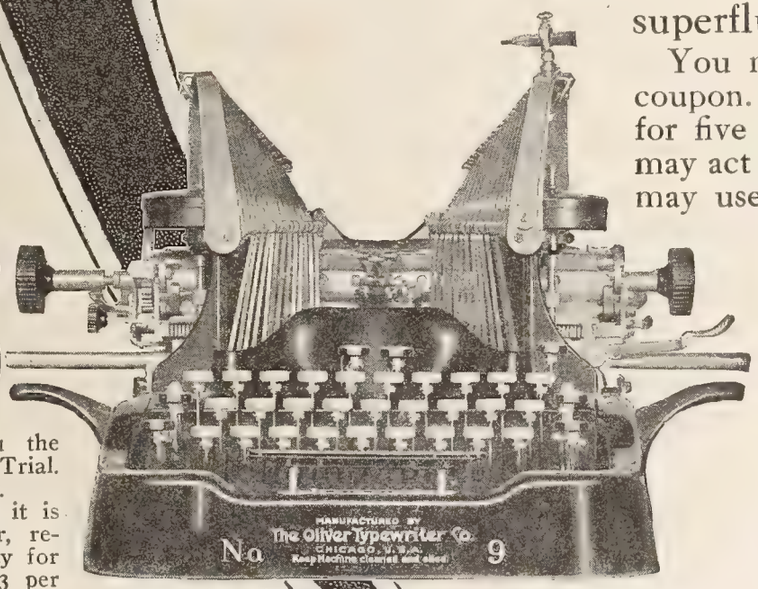

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Vol. XI ©CLB449651 MONTHLY No. 4

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer.
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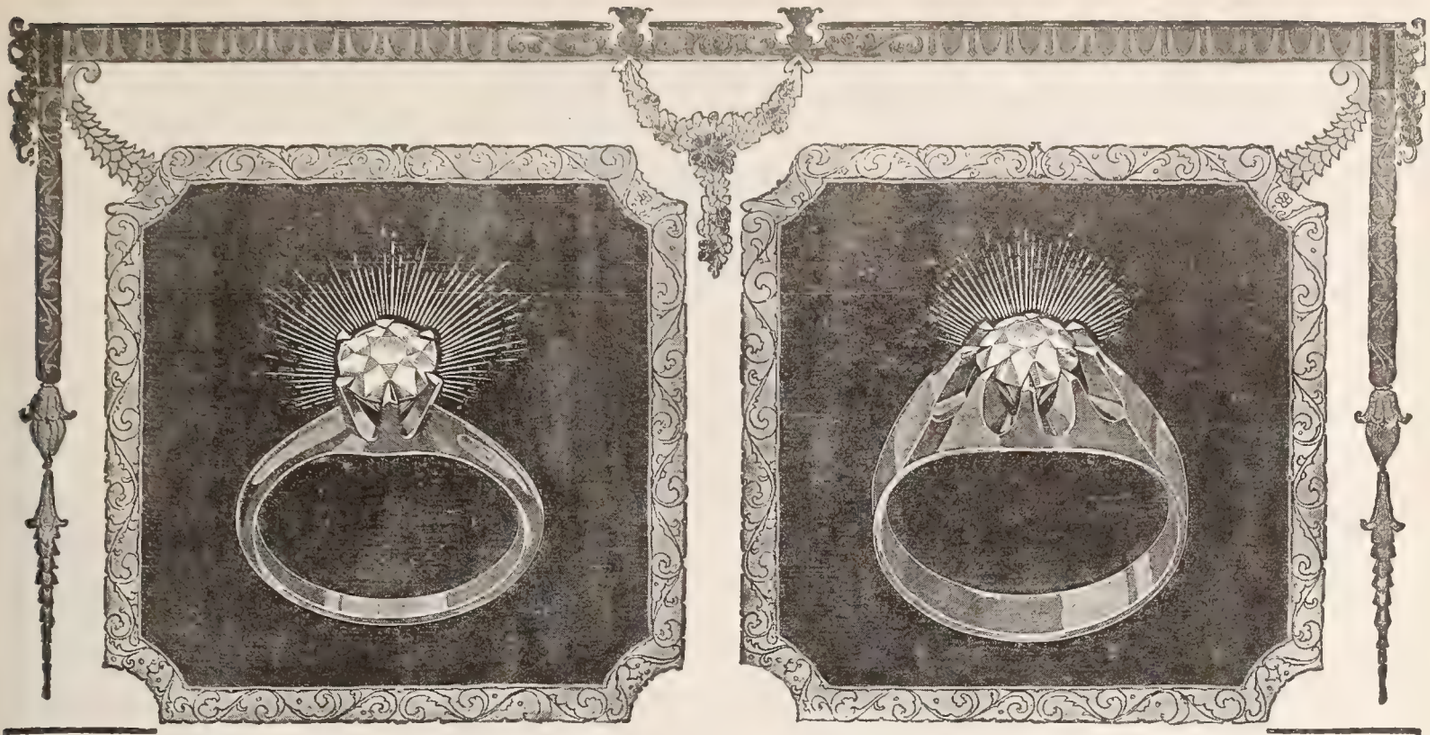
WE like serials immensely. There is something about the thrills, the suspense, the mystery, that brings us back every week, whenever we start attending a serial at the theater in our neighborhood. But we never thought much of serials as *stories* until we saw Pathé's new serial, "Bound and Gagged." We at once procured permission to fictionize it, and the first installment appears in this issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. From the quick get-away, in which the hero undertakes to make his way around the world, starting without a cent of money or a stitch of clothes, it follows out a well-defined plot, instead of just the usual jockeying back and forth between villain and hero. In the second installment, which will be printed next month, the story takes some most surprising turns and has a somewhat unexpected ending.

We have, in preparation, an unusually interesting article, written by a girl who came to New York, determined to break into the movies. It is the story of how she succeeded in getting a foothold, and it traces her course step by step. It was not an easy thing to accomplish, even though she was favored in some ways, and in the end she decided that, after all, the glamour was for the most part imaginary, and that home life looked better than working under the Kliegs. However, this story will be of unusual interest, we believe, to the thousands of aspirants who yearn to make a similar attempt; for it gives definite facts about just how the writer went about it, what she learned from the different persons she came in contact with, and what the conditions of studio employment were, as she found them. This article is scheduled to begin in the following number.

In the same issue we will have some unusually interesting stories about a number of screen favorites, some old and some new.

One of these stories is about Tono Moreno, who has been a great favorite, of late, with serial fans. He was interviewed by Herbert Howe while on a recent visit to New York, and the story which Mr. Howe wrote shows the living, breathing Moreno to the life. We shall also print, after some delay, an article about Mary Miles Minter, who, as you doubtless know, is to appear in a series of much finer pictures than she has ever been seen in before, according to the announcement of the Realart Company, which is now starring her. There will be a story about Will Rogers, a charming chat with May Allison, an unusually interesting story concerning Albert Ray and Elinor Fair, and—the rest we will save until it is all ready to hand to you.



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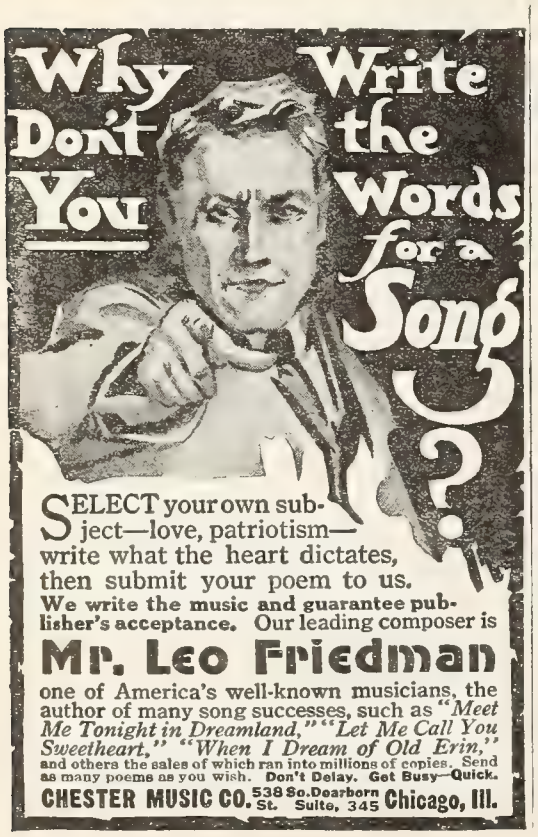

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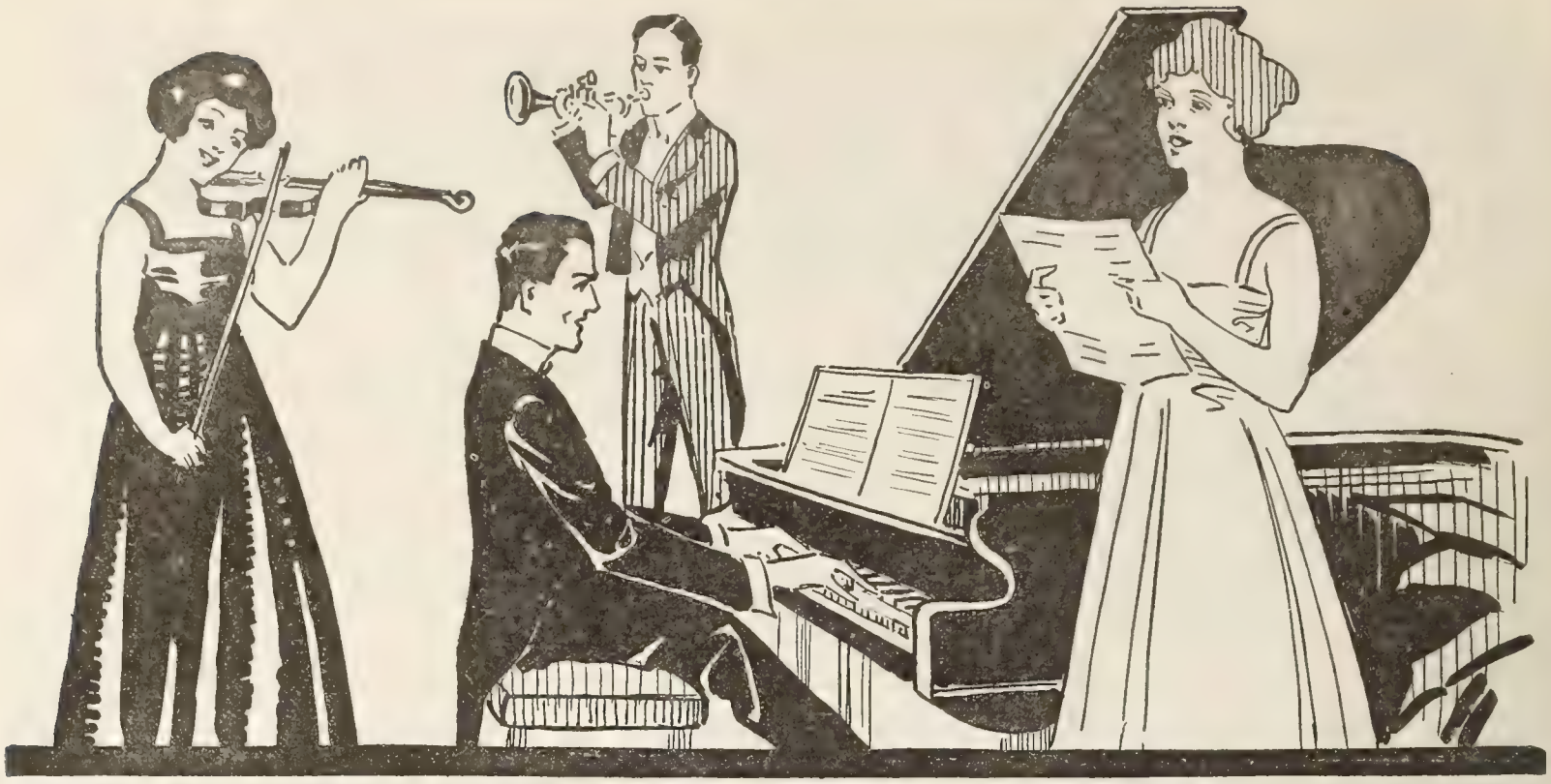

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"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses, as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they REALLY LEARN TO WRITE from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T?

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How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art,* that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is *a real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he *is* not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

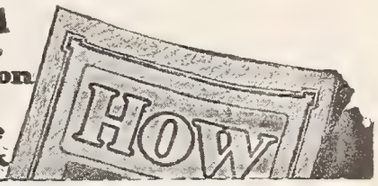
I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



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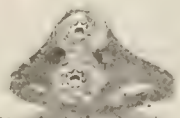

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X7—Superior diamond, set Tiffany style, solid gold mounting. $125.

X8—Beautiful mounting of white gold, combined with green gold; one superior diamond. $50.

X9—Tiffany style set with one fine diamond. $45.

X10—Genuine, hand-carved cameo in hand-engraved, solid gold bezel. $7.50.

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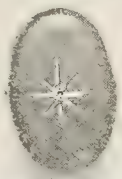

X12—Solid gold, diamond-set tie clasp, Roman finish. $5.

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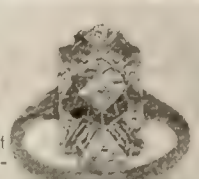
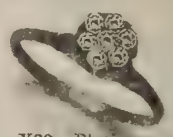


X18—Graceful pattern of white gold 7 perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds. $85.

X19—Twelve dazzling diamonds, platinum set, surround a beautiful blue faceted sapphire. $115.

X20—Ladies' Belcher ring, one fine diamond. $35.

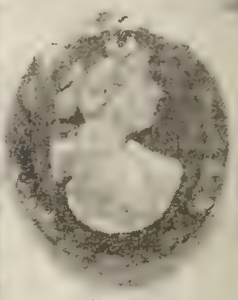
X21—Tiffany style ring; one perfectly cut diamond. $65.



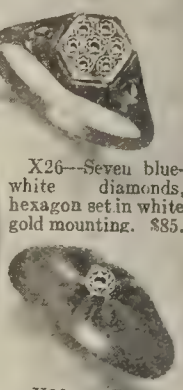
X22—Platinum set 7-diamond cluster. $65.

X23—Genuine coral cameo set with two fine diamonds. $28.50.

X24—One superior diamond in tooth setting. $50.



X25—Genuine cameo brooch in hand-engraved, solid gold bezel. $8.



X26—Seven blue-white diamonds, hexagon set in white gold mounting. $85.

X28—Gentlemen's tooth ring, one fine diamond. $45.

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X31—Beautiful pendant: 47 genuine whole pearls; one blue-white diamond and barque drop; 15-inch chain included. $20.

X29—Flat Belcher ring, one superior diamond. $60.

X33—Gentlemen's massive, seven-diamond platinum set cluster ring. $75.

X32—An exceptionally beautiful pattern of green gold combined with white gold. Brilliant cluster of seven fine diamonds in center; four other perfectly cut diamonds complete the artistic arrangement. $125.

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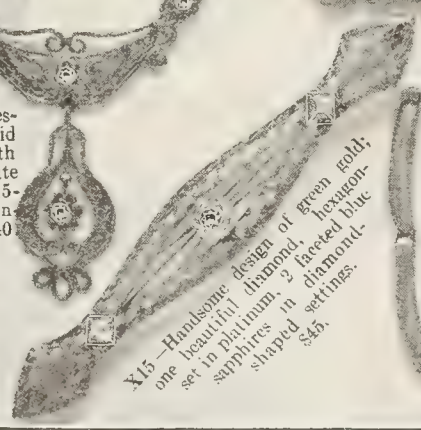

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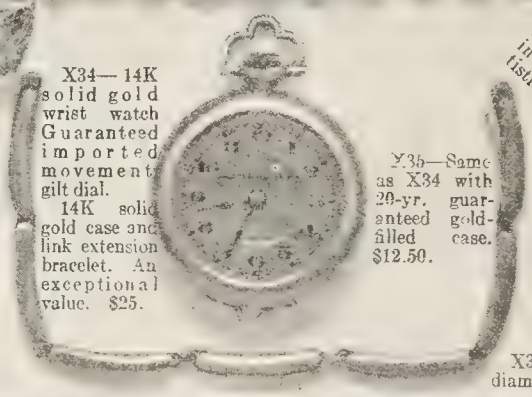

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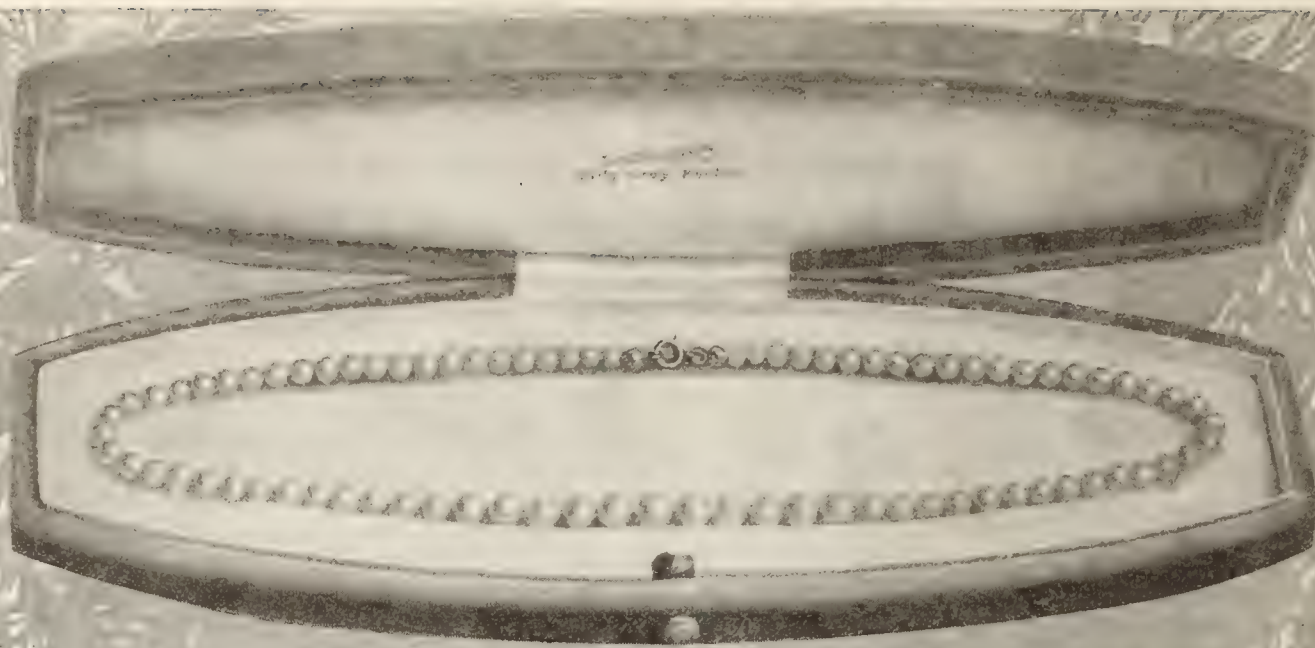

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At Your Jeweler's

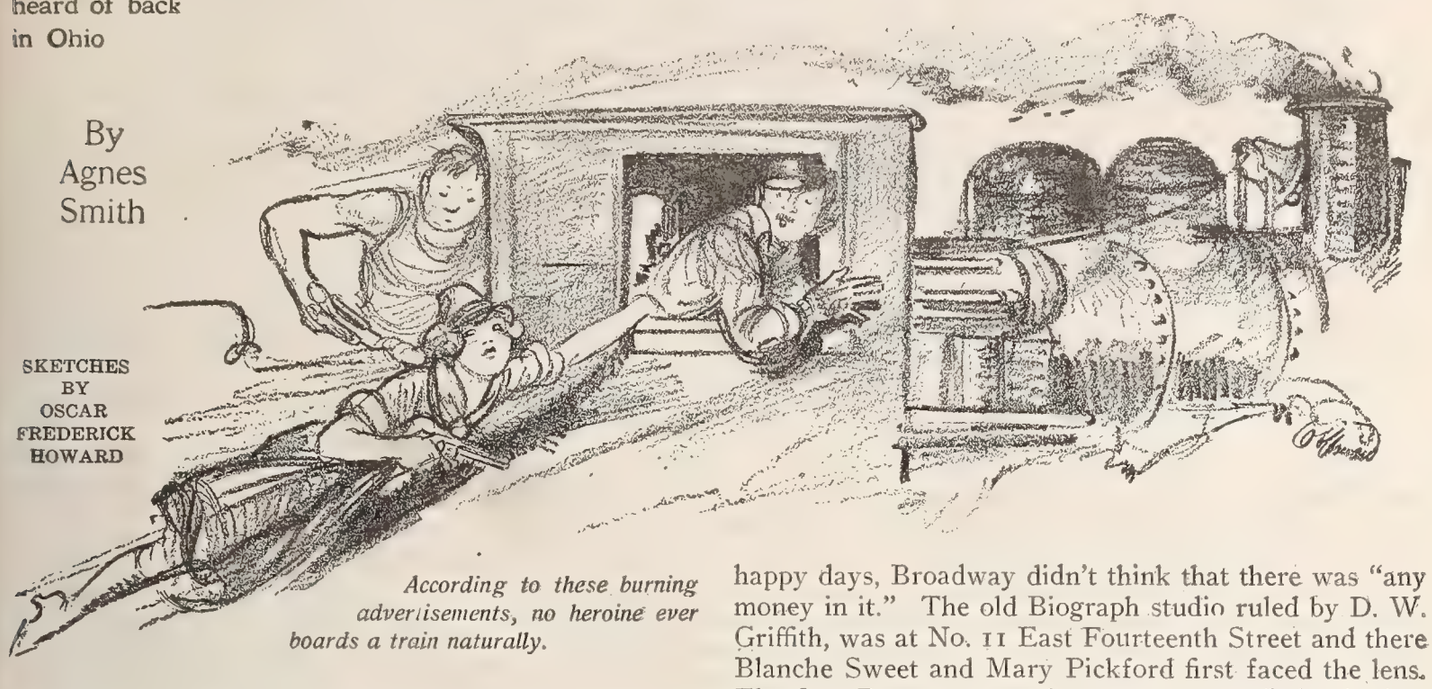
LA TAUSCA TRADE MARK PEARLS

"East Side, West Side, All Around the Town"

Aunt Elizabeth learned that New York has some strange movie theaters, the likes of which she had never heard of back in Ohio

By Agnes Smith

SKETCHES BY OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD



According to these burning advertisements, no heroine ever boards a train naturally.

MY, my," said Aunt Elizabeth, who had come on to New York to visit me, "you folks in the East are 'way behind the times in your motion-picture theaters. Why, you have theaters here that we haven't seen out in Ohio for years and years. I'm surprised, really surprised."

Somehow or other Aunt Elizabeth's criticism seemed a little unjust and I asked her what she meant.

"Well, I just stepped around the corner to see a movie show and what do you think I found? One of those penny-in-the-slot contraptions—a place where you can buy movies just as you buy chewing gum. It was a queer place, sort of like a circus side show. You ought to see our Cozy Theater at home, and the Bijou Dream and the Idle Hour. We have the best mechanical pianos and soloists and all the newest pictures."

"Did you go in the penny arcade?" I asked her.

"Well, no. I just stepped in and looked around, and I can't say that it appeared a very proper place. All the pictures seemed to be about boarding-school girls at play and the frolics of the midnight maids. And there were a lot of young men looking down the little slides. I am surprised at New York."

To clear the name of the metropolis, I explained to Aunt Elizabeth that she had stumbled on the movie in its most primitive form and that, whereas in Ohio, there are movies and movies only, in New York there are penny arcades, plain movies, and cinema palaces. Of all places to hunt for her film entertainment, Aunt Elizabeth had chosen Fourteenth Street for her first excursion!

Rightly enough, Fourteenth Street boasts of "stone age" motion pictures. Fourteenth Street was the first home of the art. It embraced the movies long before Broadway would have anything to do with it. In those happy days, Broadway didn't think that there was "any money in it." The old Biograph studio ruled by D. W. Griffith, was at No. 11 East Fourteenth Street and there Blanche Sweet and Mary Pickford first faced the lens. The first Paramount exchange was opened there when Adolph Zukor and W. W. Hodkingson were merely optimists and not millionaires. William Fox, tired of keeping a shop on the East Side, started the Greater New York Film Rental Company there, and now his two Fourteenth Street theaters are merely molecules in his organization.

So Fourteenth Street still boasts of the penny arcades that had shocked Aunt Elizabeth. They are, however, only lobby adjuncts to the show inside. They are the original "tumbling tin types." For one cent—the "tenth part of a dime," as the side-show barkers might say—you may see penny versions of the Mack Sennett beauties.

These arcades, too, are reminiscent of the days when music and the movies were not yet wedded. If you want music and pictures you must take them separately. You must walk to the row of machines on the other side of the hall and spend another penny to get the jazz accompaniment that logically should go with the antics of the beautiful pink, blue, and yellow midnight frolickers. On one machine you may hear the sextet from "Lucia" which is more expensive because it combines the vocal energy of six persons.

The penny arcade pictures are disappointing.

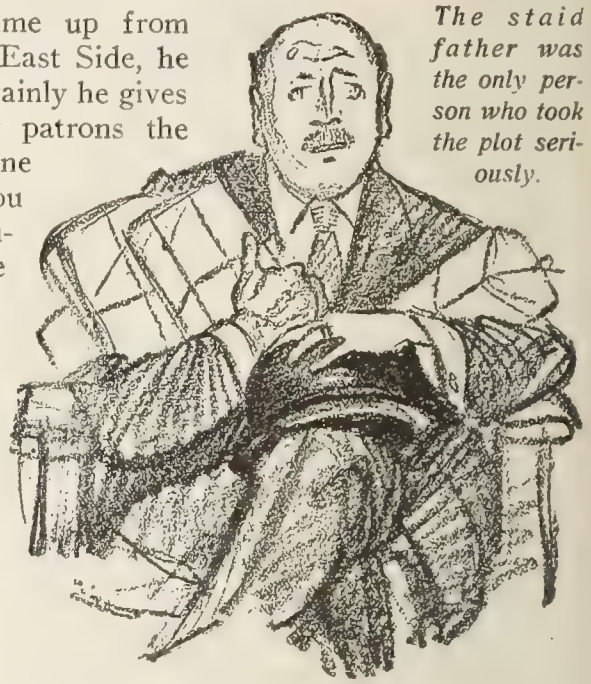
The penny-arcade pictures are mild. If Aunt Elizabeth had waited she would have seen the young men lift disappointed faces from the little slides.

Back of the penny arcade is the real show. Fourteenth Street is the home of the "thrill-less thriller," the home of the hectic poster. According to these burning advertisements, no heroine ever boards a train naturally. She leaps onto the engine. No hero ever leaves a room without clubbing all the other occupants into insensibility and escaping through a broken window. From the posters, you might be-

In Chatham Square we found Chinatown's own theater.

And so the Academy is no ordinary theater. Aunt Elizabeth had to admit that it was more interesting than the Bijou Dream. It was once as brilliant as the Metropolitan Opera House and, although it is old now, it is not shabby. The acoustics are said to be the best in New York. Acoustics do not matter much when the drama is silent. But still, you can hear the hero fall for Theda Bara in all parts of the building. Once I met Miss Bara on a "personal visit" to the Academy and I wondered if Clara Louise Kellogg ever received such an ovation. All the amateur "vamps" in the neighborhood came to pay her tribute.

I have an idea that the Academy is William Fox's favorite theater. Like most men who came up from New York's East Side, he is loyal. Certainly he gives the Academy patrons the best. For one admission, you may see a double show. The orchestra is large and the theater is managed on "uptown" lines. And its big electric sign shines all up and down Fourteenth Street. It is quite the glory of the neighborhood.



The staid father was the only person who took the plot seriously.

"Surely," said Aunt Elizabeth, "this can't be a typical East Side theater!"

And so I took her to see another picture palace with a past—the New Atlantic Garden on the Bowery near Canal Street. It is a large, old-fashioned building that looks more like a film "location" than a film theater.

"The Bowery Theater, next door, is where Edwin Booth played," I explained, as we entered. "In fact, both the elder and the younger Booth played there."

The New Atlantic Garden, recently converted into motion pictures, is now almost as luxurious as the Academy of Music. Aunt Elizabeth was thrilled to hear that it had not always been respectable. After its first days of glory it was converted into a German beer garden. All that is left now of the "garden" is one lone tree, retained by the management out of sentiment. Then when Canal Street ceased to be a German residential neighborhood the theater was taken over by various boxing and sporting clubs. And they do say it was a very dark and sinister place.

On the day that Aunt Elizabeth and I made our visit, the New Atlantic Garden was showing Tom Moore in "One of the Finest." The Bowery audience watched the exploits of the policeman-hero of the story without a tremor. Once in its history, even a celluloid "cop"

lieve that, by attending the show, you could gather enough underworld knowledge to become a Broadway playwright. For the posters promise to "tell all" about the white-slave traffic, the drug traffic and the perils of Chinatown. One theater advertised a "vice exposé" by posters showing District Attorney Whitman and his staff at work. It revived memories of the Becker case. But Whitman now is not only ex-district attorney, but ex-governor.

Inside, the pictures are quite as harmless as the ones shown in the penny arcades. In being juggled about for years, they have lost their plots. The audiences wait for something to happen that will live up to the posters, and then pass out apathetically to try their luck once more at the penny arcade.

Charles Chaplin is the comic spirit of Fourteenth Street. He is on every program. As Aunt Elizabeth said, if he appears in all those pictures he is certainly earning his salary. No day is complete without him. No exhibitor dares not to show his pictures. Two rival theaters vie to see which can print his name in largest letters.

The films are dragged from the dim distance of Chaplin's past. We find Charlie in the Park, Charlie at the Beach, Charlie the Paperhanger, Charlie the Policeman. His adventures are epic and in many canticles, like those of Ulysses or Elsie Dinsmore.

But I couldn't let Aunt Elizabeth go back home with a false impression of New York, gleaned only from Fourteenth Street. And so I took her to the Academy of Music.

"Surely," she said, "this is not the famous old Academy of Music where Clara Louise Kellogg used to sing?"

"It is," I said. "That was when Fourteenth Street and Irving Place was the musical center of New York. Steinway Hall is just up the street and Luchow's restaurant, which wasn't a concert hall, but which was important in musical life, is just across the street."

"I remember hearing," Aunt Elizabeth went on, "about the time that King Edward had a public reception there when he was the Prince of Wales. And now his grandson has been over here. When Lord Renfrew came to the Academy of Music the floor caved in."

"They've fixed it now," I assured her.

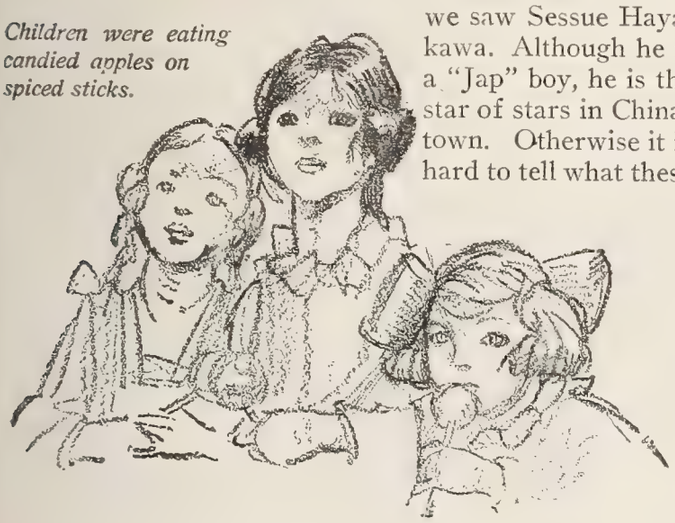
would have sent Boweryites scurrying from the house.

Next door is the Thalia Theater, the home of Italian drama in New York. The Thalia occasionally runs an Italian war picture. Its patrons are never tired of looking at what their kinsfolk did at the Piave. The Atlantic Garden prides itself on speaking nothing but English and this is remarkable on the East Side where Americans speak ninety-nine languages and talk American in ninety-nine different ways. Its posters are in English and so are all the subtitles.

From Canal Street, we walked down to Chatham Square, where we found Chinatown's own theater. Aunt Elizabeth was disappointed to find none of Fourteenth Street's horrors of the "hell pits of Chinatown." Poor old Chinatown has been reformed by the great moral sight-seeing wagon which visits it with the faithfulness of a prim maiden aunt. Every time there is a chance of a lively Tong war, the sight-seeing wagon drives up, laden with conscientious tourists and spoils all the fun.

But the Chatham Square Theater, darkened by the elevated road and surrounded by the Orient, looks picturesque enough. Some of the houses near it might furnish settings for another D. W. Griffith Limehouse story, or another "Miracle Man." For here are boarding houses for Chinese seamen, tea parlors, and an engaging shop called the Long Life Noodle Company, where are manufactured noodles so hale and hearty that they defy the ravages of age.

It was there that we saw Sessue Hayakawa. Although he is a "Jap" boy, he is the star of stars in Chinatown. Otherwise it is hard to tell what these



Children were eating candied apples on spiced sticks.

New York Chinamen like in the way of entertainment. They like Pearl White. They like George Walsh. And they like William Desmond. That they also like that most effete and Occidental actress, Elsie Ferguson, proves that you never can tell.

"What do you suppose a Chinaman thinks about at a moving-picture show?" asked Aunt Elizabeth as she scrutinized the face of a merchant who was sitting near us.

"I give up," I replied.

On Rivington Street, in the Ghetto, we found films served Kosher style. Here we discovered the interpreter. The interpreter is a solemn, scholarly Jewish person. He stands on the side of the stage, in the dark, and translates the subtitles in Yiddish. All this is for the benefit of the old people. The children can read the subtitles loudly and glibly.

"Out home at the Bijou Dream," commented Aunt Elizabeth, "we have an interpreter, too. He is old man Martin. His wife is near-sighted and deaf. You can hear him shouting all over the theater."

Even the interpreter is dying out fast. The Goldwyn Pictures Corporation has its own translator whose business it is to furnish synopses in all the languages of the East Side. These are hung in the lobby so that, after the show, father and mother go out and see what it has all been about.

But alas for tradition! The East Side is not morbid. A salesman whose territory centers in Grand Street told me that "Nellie the Poor Working Girl" drew no tears there. That thrillers left them cold. That "stylish, well-dressed heroines" were immensely popular. That the audiences weren't at all interested in the perils of a big city. That they much preferred the perils of smart society.

We found but one picture that pointed a moral for the working girl. It was received with a grain of salt. When the villain employer lured the heroine into his apartment, when he began upsetting furniture, knocking over statuary, and disarranging tigerskin rugs, two cheerful factory girls laughed derisively.

"How do they get that way!" they exclaimed.

The only person who took the plot seriously was a staid father who had just dropped in on his way home. His arms were filled with bundles that smelled appetizingly of herring and coffee. It pained and frightened him to see such a lovely young lady, no older than his Rosie, being treated so. He was alone in his sympathy. Didn't the girls know that the hero always comes to the rescue?

Aunt Elizabeth was anxious to visit Rose Gordon's Venetian Gardens, situated where Park Row meets the Bowery. She wanted to know who Rose Gordon was.

"She was probably as famous in her way as Edwin Booth," she said.

The girl who sold

In a theater on Rivington Street we discovered the interpreter.

me tickets to see Dorothy Gish, explained that Rose was "just an old sign." Nor could we discover who had conceived the idea of such a thing as a garden in Venice. But the ticket seller did inform me that the "younger Gish kid was a regular scream."

The small, dirty picturesque theater is rapidly dying out. The theaters in the Fox, Moss and Loew circuits are dispensing "class." Under the shadow of the arches of the Williamsburg Bridge is the New Strand Theater, which in appearance is a cross between a California Mission and a Long Island bungalow. It is spruce and modern and has an appeal for the younger generation who call Constance Talmadge "Connie" and Douglas Fairbanks "Doug."

The theater is at its best during the four-o'clock show. The late-afternoon show is like the midnight show on Broadway. As a cabaret draws the tired business man, so does the four-o'clock show offer relaxation to the tired school child. Both are epicureans. They want only the best in froth.

Three little girls sat in front of us.

"Look," said Aunt Elizabeth, "They are eating candied apples stuck on spiced sticks. I haven't seen those for years. I wish I had one."

The picture was not one to interest them. It was a tale of an "Octopus of Wall Street," a wolf of finance. But they watched it with that non-committal expression that children always wear at the movies whether they are enjoying themselves or not.

The Octopus went his tenacious way for four reels. Then came the climax, the smashing, startling, soul-stirring dénouement. The unscrupulous millionaire shot himself, his spirit broken by the bad news ticked to him over the ticker. As he fell, in his agony, he knocked over a handsome mahogany chair and spilled the ink all over his desk.

The audience sits on the beach and drinks lemonade.

The three girls laughed. The laughter of Thomas W. Lawson could not have been more sardonic. The little immigrants from Italy, Poland, Silesia, Serbia, Armenia, Russia—or wherever they came from, saw only humor in the fact that a man who had lost a few million and whose wife had eloped with a stylish person in a dress suit, had been so disturbed as to blow out his brains.

"The Young Bolsheviks," said Aunt Elizabeth.

As the East Side film salesman had said, "You can't tell these people down here nothing. You can't string 'em. They're a wise bunch."

Up on the upper West Side, it is different. Audiences like fiction if it's polite enough. They like a touch of scandal, if all concerned wear expensive clothes. And they like sentiment, if it is piquant. For the matrons of upper Broadway and upper Riverside Drive, having finished the marketing and "straightened" the apartment, like to check the baby in the lobby and watch the eternal struggle of the eternal triangle.

In these theaters the comedy must not be too rough or the drama too sordid. A comedy with Wallace Reid, or a drama with Dorothy Dalton, is about an ideal afternoon's entertainment. They like life and problems. You may hear them murmur: "I knew of just such a case;" "Mr. Edwards is that way—business is all he thinks of;" "Some women have awful husbands;" "She was too young to realize when she married him;" "She did it to save her father;" "Silly woman! Can't she see he's just crazy about her."

The lobbies are large and clean, so the babies have a wonderful time.

Aunt Elizabeth got another surprise when she went to Brighton Beach.

"Now where do you suppose I have discovered the movies?" she asked.

"On a roller coaster," I hazarded.

"Almost as bad," she answered. "I found them in the ocean. I was walking along the beach and I saw a lot of people, in bathing suits, sitting in steamer chairs and looking out into the water. I thought they were hunting for boats or just in love with nature. But when I looked out, what do you suppose I saw? There was Anita Stewart in an evening gown right out in the ocean. The screen is moored just like a boat. And the audience sits on the beach and drinks lemonade. Did you ever hear of anything so lazy?"

"Movies on the beach are not extraordinary," I explained, "you may find movies up in Doctor Christian Reisner's church, movies in the hospitals, movies in the factories, and movies in the prison. You may have your own wedding filmed, you may dramatize your pet system of bookkeeping, or you may demand a camera at an operation. There are movies in the Broadway theaters and you may pay two dollars to see them."

"I may not," interrupted Aunt Elizabeth.

"In fact," I continued, "there are movies everywhere but in the Metropolitan Opera House."

"Two dollars for a movie!" said my aunt, who couldn't get this bit of extravagance out of her mind, "That's too much. Haven't you something just as good for a little less?" she inquired in her best shopping manner.

"There are the box seats at the Rivoli Theater. They cost a dollar."

Continued on page 103

The Glory of "Everywoman"

It takes a lot of people to make it, and the result doesn't belong to anybody but the audience.

By Gordon Gassaway

HELLO, Passion! How are you, Pash, old boy! How's the foot? You see, Passion will go roller skating with the kids, and he turned his ankle yesterday—Irving Cummings, you know—we call him Pash for short. I said to him only yesterday morning, 'Pash, old boy, look out or you'll break your leg,' and he growled back, 'Well, it's too bad if a guy can't go skating without having his so-called friends interfere with his pleasure!'

"Why, hello Vice, dearie, how's your ma? Saw you working for the Salvation Army the other day! How'd you come out? Forty dollars! Well, that's good! Bebe Daniels, you know. Call her Vice, ha, ha! Nicest child in the world—never goes anywhere without her ma!" And the studio ballyhoo, who was showing me around, paused to chuckle.

"Pilgrim's Progress" come to life? Not a bit of it—just a glimpse of the Lasky lot during the filming of "Everywoman." Now, whether or not you saw the phenomenally successful stage version of this modern imitation of an old English morality—so-called!—play, you're going to find the movie version of it worth going to, for George Melford directed it, and when it came to costumes, sets, cast, and similar little details he left nothing to be desired.

Violet Heming, well known as an actress, plays *Everywoman*, who leaves home to search for love. Of course there's a hero, likewise there's a villain, and the story is no less interesting because the former is called *Love* instead of Jack Jones or Claude Dillingwater, and the latter is *Passion*, instead of Fiendish Fitzhugh. The characters are named for characteristics and abstract qualities, and so we have *Youth* and *Beauty* and *Vice*, instead of the usual cast of characters.

And such scenes! There is one, representing a bazaar, in which great, ornamental cages hold girls dressed as tropical birds, among which move flower

Above, Violet Heming as "Everywoman." Left, "The Orchid." Center, "The Mermaid," clad in gold sequine. Right, "The Wistaria." Below, "The Ankle," in silver cloth.

Raymond Hatton as "Flattery."

"Everywoman" herself is a real British beauty.

girls dressed in costumes of the Far East. And the guests in this scene wear evening gowns which would win them a place in any fashion show.

As for the costumes: "Orchid satin, silver net and tulle;" "Yellow velvet and roses, gold cloth and black paradise feathers;" "Mulberry chiffon, silver cloth and dyed peacock feathers." These are some of the notes I took as I strolled through the wardrobe room, where everybody was rushing about frantically in one last spasm before a batch of costumes was sent out. From all the glory of the bazaar scene I went to the coolest spot on the Lasky lot—a little studio dressing room, hung with white cretonne and furnished with white wicker, and talked to Violet Heming, who looked as white and cool as a calla lily, with her golden hair, blue eyes, and fair skin. And I didn't blame the powers that be for holding up the production till she could be its heroine. She was appearing in New York in "Three Faces East," a play which had run on Broadway all season, and was so successful that it bid fair to run on forever. But finally it stopped for breath, and Miss Heming dashed out to the coast and began on the big picture, which was big enough to startle even her, calm Britisher though she is.

Fine feathers and green satin make "The Peacock."

"You're welcome if you're not afraid of a costume epidemic," she told me, waving a slim hand at the maids and dressmakers who were filling all the available space. Well, I was accustomed to that; you couldn't step foot on the Lasky lot without being submerged in costumes and talk of costumes. Everybody, from the lowliest extra up, wanted to tell you what she was going to wear.

Of course Miss Heming's costumes weren't so exotic as some of the others, but they had been especially designed to bring out her beauty. I inadvertently sat on one of them—it looked like nothing but a flock of ribbons—but she politely relieved my consternation by insisting that the costume hadn't fitted anyway, and would have to be made over, so I hadn't damaged it at all.

However, I'd no sooner recovered from one shock than I got another; for, just as I was reflecting that Miss Heming looked just about as satisfactory as any one could, she upset my illusion.

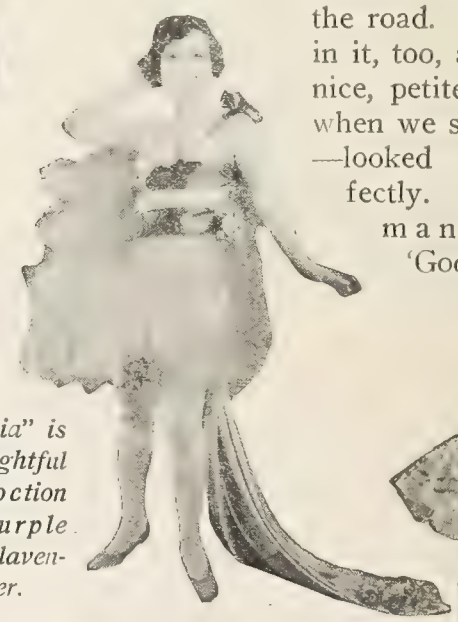
"This warm weather is wonderful to reduce in, isn't it?" she commented. "But it doesn't do me a bit of good, because I'm too busy to take advantage of it."

"But why on earth——" I gasped weekly, "Why, you look——"

"I'm seven pounds overweight," was her crisp reply. "But when I go walking out in the Hollywood hills, along about twilight, just as sure as fate a kindly motorist comes along and offers me a lift. And when I shout above the grinding of his brakes, 'No, my car hasn't broken down—I'm just walking because I want to—yes, I *want* to walk!' my benefactor looks at me wondering how I got away from my keeper!"

"You're a typical Englishwoman, if you love to walk," I remarked, reflecting to myself that I didn't blame any motorist for giving her a lift.

"But I'm almost an American, I suppose. I came over here when I was four," she answered, "and ever since I've been grown-up"—she's all of five feet two—"I've spent much of my time on the American stage. And I've always been concerned about my size, ever since I played in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'," she went on. "I was creating the rôle of *Rebecca,* and before we put the play on in New York, we tried it out for ten weeks on the road. Edith Storey was in it, too, and we were both nice, petite little youngsters when we started off on tour—looked our parts perfectly. I remember the manager shouted 'Good-by, kids!' as the train pulled out—and shouted something very different when another pulled in to New York again some weeks later with us on board.



"The Fuchsia" is a delightful concoction of purple and lavender.

"You see, we'd grown—grown lots, in both directions. We'd had a beautiful time, and were perfectly happy about

This extra belonged to French history, with her pink taffeta costume.

it, but when the big chief saw us he just gave one horrified groan and exclaimed, 'Take 'em away—they've grown ten feet in ten weeks!' Well, it wasn't quite as bad as that, of course, but it was a horrible lesson to me, just the same. And while I'm not afraid of growing too tall for a part, I keep a pretty strict eye on my weight."

Just then a retinue of try-'em-on artists, maids, and pin-pickers-up from the costume department surged about her like an incoming tide, quite excluding me. So I wended my way out across the Lasky lot, past groups of girls talking about the sets in "Everywoman," past men discussing bits of action in "Everywoman," past mechanicians and carpenters arguing about the amount of money spent on the production, and innocent bystanders talking about the beauty of "Everywoman's" star.

The studio ballyhoo was waiting for me as I left her dressing room.

"How about a bite of lunch?" he inquired, "That's where you see 'em all out of their glory—just 'as is' you know, with their grand costumes left behind 'em."

So we wandered off across the lot to the lunch room, where the cast was gathered about the big tables. The ballyhoo was still feeling jovial, and comment on personalities fell as the gentle rain from heaven, though nobody seemed to care.

"Here comes Beauty—Wanda Hawley, you know. Beauty is right for her—no paint, no powder, and a honey wafer and a drop of dew for lunch. 'Can't eat your waistline and have it, too!' she said to me the other day. Oh, Modesty, so glad you're among us again today—was afraid you took cold in swimming yesterday. Didn't know you ever took that suit in bathing. Margaret Loomis, and about the sweetest girl in the world, I guess—— Oh, and there's Monte Blue—Love. Love is right. Everybody loves Monte, and Monte is always in love—not always with the same girl, but always in love. Purity has a headache—just will stay up and dance at those parties.

Noah Beery as "Bluff."

Another engagement ring, Purity? Who's the incumbent?"

You could have made up rather an impressive movie "who's who" just by glancing around the tables. Theodore Roberts was talking Airedale dogs—his hobby—and Edythe Chapman Neill, James Neill, Noah Beery, Charles Ogle, Tully Marshall, Clara Horton, and Raymond Hatton were all trying to give their orders at once. I looked around and saw faces I'd seen on the screen ever so often—and the ballyhoo murmured in my ear names I'd heard quite as often in movieland and hadn't been able to associate with their right faces before. And anybody would have wagered that there were any number of prospective stars among the extras. I'm an old friend of the movies, and I never saw prettier girls!

Do you blame stray motorists for wanting to give Violet Heming a lift?

Presently George Melford appeared on the scene.

"Well, there are a lot of characters who could be added to the bunch," he moaned, as he dropped wearily into a seat in the corner, pulled his hat over his eyes, and ordered ham-and-two-turned-over, meanwhile gazing darkly out at his big crowd of stars.

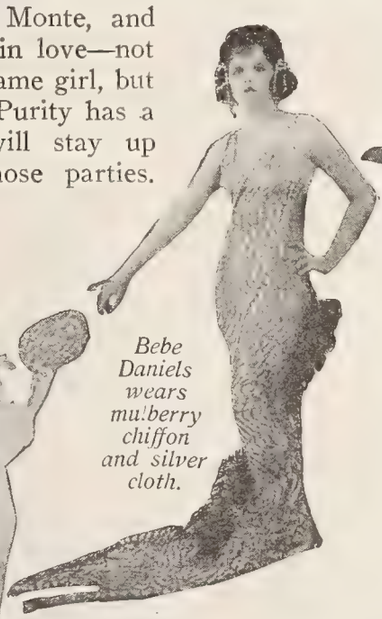
"And their names, I suppose," suggested the studio ballyhoo, "would be Cagey and Always-late-on-the-lot and I-wouldn't work-for-no-such-money and Hog-the-scene——"

"Oh, say not so!" said Mr. Melford, brightening, as Beauty and Vice both smiled at him at once. "Oh, Lord, no—just Brotherly Love and Take-the-scene-dearie-I-don't-want-it and You-look-lovely-darling-how-do-I-look and Stuff——"

"What?" said Stuff, turning quickly, tickled to death to have the director address him. "Were you speaking to me, Mr. Melford?"

"No, no!" sighed Melford, turning back to his ham-and-eggs. "As you were, Stuff—as you were!"

I expect to enjoy seeing "Everywoman." But I don't expect to enjoy it nearly so much as I did seeing it in the making.



One of the birds in the bazaar scene.

Bebe Daniels wears mulberry chiffon and silver cloth.

Wanda Hawley is a pearl-trimmed, pink-satin "Youth."

Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

An Exasperating Interruption.

—"He promised never to kill, but when the bandit brands him yellow—his passion overwhelms him. As he lifts his gun to fire—Triangle presents Jane Miller in "The Unbroken Promise."

—o—

From Disclose to Clothes.

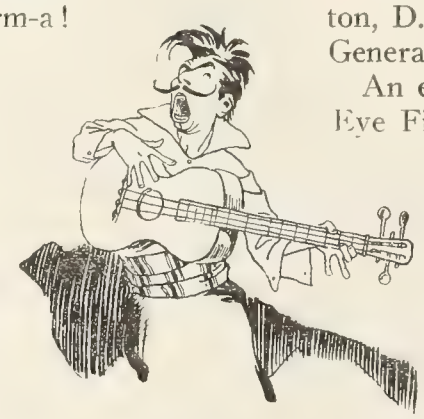
Never, since the apple made clothing popular, has such a deluge of dressing been revealed as is seen in Bessie Barriscale's "The Woman Michael Married."

She begins with a one-piece Kellermann and runs the whole gamut of fashionable feminine attire.

—o—

Imagine This with a Guitar Accompaniment.

Great-a beeg-a da eyes, nice-a da form-a,
In-a my heart she-a raise-a da storm-a!
Dat Tal-a-madge-a da one,
She-a worth-a da mon—
She fine-a ac-a-tress gal—dat-a Norma!



—o

What a Misplaced Letter Will Do

"Two social butterflies, a man and a woman, become soused to the great crisis confronting the world and give their lives in a noble effort to help humanity!"—

Well, sir—when we read that we thrillingly thought that the Wet and Dry disturbance had claimed its first martyrs!

But closer inspection of this exhibitor's ad of "Our Better Selves," starring Fannie Ward, disclosed the fact that a thirsty-minded compositor had slipped one over on a sleepy proofreader.

—o—

With A "High"-Diver, So's To Speak.

From "The Career Of Katherine Bush": "One must see life, she argued, and it was better to make the first plunge with a person of refinement."

—o—

Yum! Yum!

Eric Von Strohein, who so vividly portrayed that ultra-cussed Hun Villain in "The Heart Of Humanity," was beaned with a brick in Hollywood—trun at him by a kid who recognized him from his film characteriover on a sleepy proof reader.

Those last four words impart to us one grand idea.

If a fan, impressed by a player's performance, can hand him (or her) whatever they believe is coming to him (or her)—and get away with it——

Just wait until we meet Mary Pickford on the street!

Dere Mabel:

We have been waiting for someone to take you aside and gently but firmly pour a bit of advice into your adorable ear. As no one seems to volunteer to do so, we'll tackle the job ourself.

Mabel, those idiotic Sis Hopkins make-up and mannerisms are not funny. Put aside that over-painted, mask-like mug, that gaping mouth, the hunched shoulder and the twisted feet—don once again your costume and character of "Mickey"—and we'll all be happy!

—o—

Did It Ever Occur To You?

Of William Russell in "A Sporting Chance," 'twas said: "not one out of fifty who see the picture will ever guess it's finish."

We didn't have to—we saw the last reel first!

—o—

How Can You Explain This?

There must be other queer people in Washington, D. C., beside Congressmen and the Post-Master General.

An exchange-man of that city informed the Bull's Eye Film Corp.—"we cannot get enough Billy West Comedies, the demand seems greater than the supply."

o—

Gosh! How We Like To Be Shocked!

"Abe Martin," in Universal *"Screen Magazine"* asks: "What has become of the girl who used to complain that she didn't have a decent thing to wear?"

Well, Abe—to our prudish mind, some of 'em are at present wearing the opposite—and it sure is scandalous how——

Excuse us—there goes one of 'em now!

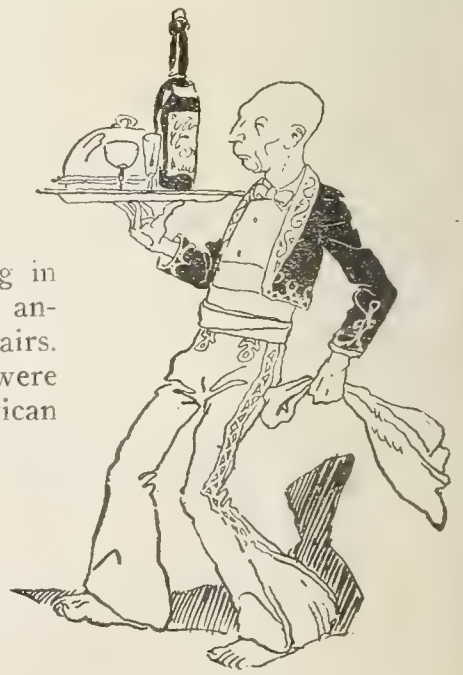
—o—

Bald Butter.

Being a regular star, Hale Hamilton felt he needed a dog, so he purchased one of the Mexican Hairless variety.

Hale says he selected this style of dog in order to avoid being annoyed with shedding hairs.

We wish our café were equipped with Mexican hairless waiters!



—o—

Explaining An Idea.

The manager of the "Frontenac" Theater, Detroit, Mich., put on two Chaplins

at one performance, and then boasted that he had to close the box-office for an hour.

If it is his idea to select a program that will enable his ticket-seller to enjoy a rest, perhaps we can help him a bit.

We can name him three two-reel comedies, (you know the kind), and if he attempts to run 'em all on the same bill—it will not be necessary to open the box-office atallatall!

—o—

Aw, Let's Make It A Jack-Pot!

"Johnny, Get Your Gun!" (Artcraft)
"Johnny on the Spot" (Metro)
"Green-eyed Johnnie" (Nestor)
"Oh, Johnny!" (Goldwyn)
"John Glayde's Honor" (Frohman)
"John Needham's Double" (Bluebird)
"Johnnie Go Get 'Em!" (Christie)

—o—

Wasted Woe!

"The End" of Chapter Eighteen of The Seething Serial left Hortense the Heroine hanging by her manicured over a cañon about two miles deep.

All that week we mourned over the fierce finish of Hortense!

We just KNEW that fall would break every bone in her family!

You may imagine our surprise and delight upon learning in Chapter Nineteen that——

All she broke was her fall!

—o—

Scaring Away The Wolf.

In Theda Bara's "La Belle Russe," her husband paints a picture "to keep the wolf away from the door."

D'ja notice the painting?

Yes—wasn't it!

He should have set it out in the hall-way where the wolf could see it!

—o—

Be Keerful, Hiram!

Regarding "The Hornet's Nest," Vitagraph asks: "what would you do if a pretty girl sought you out and asked you to help her out of her difficulties?"

By Gum!—one of 'em tried that there slick trick on us when we went to the city!

We just hung onto our watch and hollered: "Police!"

—o—

We're Getting To Be a Regular Critic!

We dropped in to see a Pathé Review, a portion of which was devoted to "The South African Bushman At Home."

As near as we could tell he seemed to be a better actor than the other bushman, but not nearly as pretty and charming.

—o—

Random Remarks—

(Suggested by Current Titles.)

"A Place In The Sun"—Where the milk-man always leaves our cream!

"The Unpainted Woman"—After her complexion was caught in the rain-storm!

"I'll Get Him Yet!"—The cootie hunt!

"The Man Who Turned White"—Pearl's cameraman!

"Tell Your Wife Everything"—we did—just before we went to hospital!

"'Twas Henry's Fault"—All these Ford jokes!

"Prudence On Broadway"—That's where you need it!

"A Sage Brush Hamlet"—Nogales, Ariz.

"A Dangerous Little Devil"—Villa.

"One Against Many"—Fido and his fleas!

—o—

Statistics.

If all the chuckles occasioned in 1919 by Chaplin were bunched together, they would make a commotion compared to which Niagara Falls would be as a whisper.

And if all the grins that your acrobatic idol grinned during the past year, were placed end to end, they would form a dental chasm from Douglas, Ariz., to Fairbanks, Minn.

—o—

The idea of taking the famous Bathing Beauties along with the film, "Yankee Doodle In Berlin," made a hit with everybody except certain of the more ossified censors. One of these iconomachists in an Iowa town, after reading the ad.—"the girls appear in interesting divertisements"—notified the exhibitor that the ladies must wear rain-coats over their divertisements or there'd be no show!

—o—

Very Simple.

A film company tells amateur scenarioists that they are willing to consider stories but not literary idiocies.

Well, how is a writer to know if he's bugs, or not?

We'll tell you.

If the company rejects the play, he's crazy.

If they accept it, they're crazy.

And if we go to see it, we're crazy!

—o—

Result Of The Two-Page Lay-out.

One of the longest shots ever made is disclosed in Bill Hart's "Square Deal Sanderson." It is so long that it has to be

Continued on page 104

Charlie Chaplin flies his own.

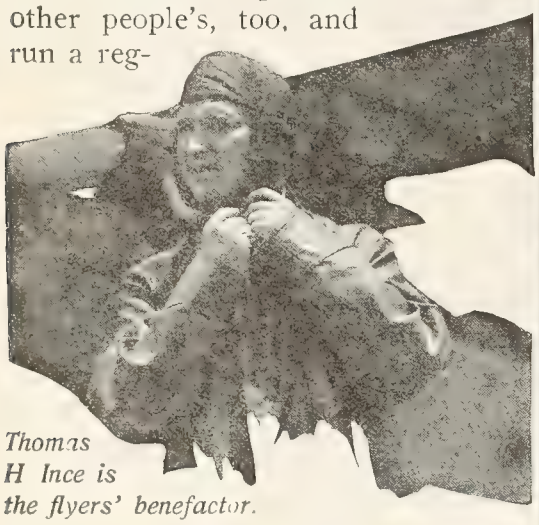
The Sky's the Limit

By Barbara Little

I'LL wager that you've often said "Well, *what'll* they do next?" after reading about the exploits of the movie stars. Well, here's what they're doing not only next, but now—flying. Some of the stars not only own their own planes, but own other people's, too, and run a regular taxi service for the general public—a dollar a minute while in the air being the modest charge.

Thomas Ince, being a public-spirited citizen, has gone a bit further and not only offered a prize of fifty thousand dollars to the first aviator who crosses the Pacific, but furnished the field for contestants to start from. It is at Venice, California, and when it was dedicated, aircraft of all kinds assembled from the neighboring camps and balloon schools, to be in at the christening.

Trixie Friganza frequently "flies high."



Thomas H Ince is the flyers' benefactor.

You know Priscilla Dean, of course; you ought to know Grace Kingsley, who writes about her—and others—in this magazine.

Sydney Chaplin contents himself with managing the business end of his aëroplane taxi company—but Cecil De Mille, head of a similar organization, acts as chauffeur for his friends occasionally. Priscilla Dean learned to fly under favorable circumstances — two young army aviators proposed to her during the course of instruction. Oh, you'll hear a lot about the flying stars from now on.

Below, Cecil De Mille and Jean MacPherson in flying togs.

Bound and Gagged

Romance, thrills, and adventure, with a sprinkling of humor, are the ingredients of this story, retold from the Pathé serial, just released.

By C. L. Edson

IT is strange how fate sometimes takes the threads of purpose spun by persons utterly unknown to each other, twists and twines them together, and weaves them into a fabric that has in it all the laughter, tears, joy, anguish, and peril that go to make up the romance of life. For example:

On a certain night, Don Estaban Carnero, a Spaniard, shot and killed his cousin Carlos, in Brazil, taking from his body a parchment, the ancient charter of the kingdom of Cordillera, an ancient principality in the Pyrenees.

On that night, a beautiful and mysterious art student was abducted from Paris and spirited away toward that same kingdom.

And on that night, Miss Margaret Hunter, of New York City, broke her engagement to Mr. Archibald Alexander Barlow.

How the weaving together of the chains of startling events set on foot by each of the circumstances affected the destinies of all the principals involved, we shall see.

"It isn't that I don't like you, Archie," Margaret was saying, as she stood facing the astonished young millionaire in the drawing-room of her uncle's home. "I do. The trouble is——"

"The trouble is," he began, as she hesitated, "that you've become infatuated by this tramp poet, Oscar Glade, whose only stock in trade is that he once hoboed his way across part of the country."

"At least it shows that he was able to battle his way without the aid of wealth," she retorted. "It shows that he is a red-blooded man."

"If that's the sort of a test you want," Archie exclaimed, "I'll go him one so much better that he'll be put completely out of the running. I'll start without money—*without even a stitch of clothes*—and make my way around the world in six months—if you'll marry me after I've made good!"

The girl's eyes flashed in sudden admiration.

"I'll agree!" she said. "Uncle Willard," she continued, addressing the steely-eyed financier who had just entered the room, "I have just broken my engagement with Archie. It will be resumed if he completes a task he has promised to undertake. Perhaps you'll be good enough to act as a referee in arranging with him the conditions which he should comply with."

"I imagine this is the way an oyster would feel without a shell," he said.

The eyes of the financier narrowed at her words. Secretly he had been counting on finding a way to add to his fortune that of the care-free young clubman after his niece's marriage. As Margaret explained the project his mind began to work rapidly. He saw another and speedier way of gathering in the tempting bait under this new turn that things had taken. With a bland smile he agreed to act as referee.

On the following day Willard Hunter and Archibald Barlow entered a small empty room in a dingy building. A few minutes later the elder man left, carrying a suit case containing the clothes which Archie had taken off.

"Now remember," Hunter said in parting, "you are not to use your money, name, or influence in any way. We'll trust to your honor for that."

"You may," Archie replied gravely, closing the door.

He waited until the other's footsteps could no longer be heard. Then he cautiously opened the door and peeped out.

"I imagine this is the way an oyster would feel without a shell," he said, shivering a bit, and stepping back into the room. "However, old scout, you've got a better brain than an oyster. Now, get it to working—quick. Ah!"

His eyes had fallen on the window curtain. He hastily tore it down. With teeth and nails he fashioned it into a rude smock which he slipped over his head, then pinned together with some nails which he tore from the loose woodwork. This, at least, was a start. Though not clothed, he was at least decently draped.

Cautiously he tiptoed out into the hall and up a flight of stairs. A plasterer was at work in the building and, having gone out on an errand, he had left his overalls rolled up in

a corner. With a suppressed cry of delight Archie seized them and put them on. A garbage can next caught his eye. Rummaging in it he found—wonder of wonders!—a pair of old broken, dilapidated shoes.

"Now if I only had a coat," he mused. "And I've got to hurry, for the last boat for Europe this week leaves in two hours, and I've no time to lose."

Peering about he noticed a dingy sign on the wall of the hallway informing visitors in the building that a tailor had his shop in a room on the floor above. He started to tiptoe up another flight.

Now it happened that at this moment Don Estaban Carnero was nervously pacing the floor of this shop, waiting for the tailor to press his coat which lay on a chair by the door. Don Carnero's nervousness was due to the fact that within the lining of that coat was secured that priceless document, the charter of the kingdom of Cordillera, which, by a roundabout way, he was taking with him back to Europe. Fearful that political enemies might be trailing him, he had fastened it in the coat, and, not daring to let the garment out of his sight, he had taken it to the obscure shop, where he could wait while the coat was being pressed.

As he stopped before the tailor to ask impatiently how much longer he would have to wait, Archie reached the door of the shop which stood ajar, peeped in, and saw the coat. Cautiously reaching in, he seized it, turned, and fled down the stairs, putting it on as he ran.

Carnero gave a cry of alarm as he saw the coat disappear from the room.

"Get that coat!" he cried to the husky youth, nephew of the tailor, who was loafing in the shop. "I'll give you two hundred dollars for its recovery!"

The gangster—for such he was—sprang to his feet and was off. But by the time he reached the street he saw Archie rounding the corner on the rear end of a motor truck, bound for the river front.

There was nothing for the Spaniard to do but wait. And wait he did, cursing fate and reviling the tailor. Half an hour later a battered figure entered the room. He wore a pair of battered, broken shoes, a smock made of a window curtain and a pair of plasterer's overalls. Also he had a black eye.

"The coat!" cried the Don.

"Coat be hanged and you along with it!" the gangster roared. "The coat's on board the *Cadiz,* along with my clothes and my gat that that guy took away from me when I jumped him down at the docks. In an hour it'll be on the way to Spain."

What he had said was true. Not for nothing had the young clubman learned jujutsu. By means of it he had turned the tables on the gangster, and had made him exchange clothes with him.

"So the tramp poet is trying dirty work," he mused, as he looked himself over with a broad grin, quite satisfied at the turn things had taken, since he was now much better clad, and had a gun in the bargain.

So far, fate seemed to be taking care of Archie. Having gained an entrance to the hold of the ship by seizing a loaded truck and wheeling it on board, as though he were one of the stevedores, he stumbled into the laundry room where, among a pile of soiled linen, he found a jersey belonging to one of the crew. It took but a moment more for him to exchange the gangman's trousers for a soiled pair of ducks. He was now much safer. To all appearances he was a member of the crew. Just as he was about to leave he caught sight of the coat he had taken off.

"That's too good a coat to leave," he said to himself, as he picked it up. "Besides, it might come in handy. Now for something to eat."

It would hardly do, he thought, to try to join any of the crew's messes. He would at once be detected, imprisoned, and sent back. But another way was open. In his college days he had heard tales of students who had crossed the ocean on cattle boats, and he remembered stories of how the cooks had befriended them, provided they showed a willingness to work.

Now it happened that between a certain second-class cabin steward and the pantryman of the second-class dining saloon on the *Cadiz* there had been a feud, dating over a period of some months, and springing from some obscure cause connected with a Liverpool milliner. The steward was a large, strong man, who should have been working in a locomotive plant. The pantryman was a decent and worthy fellow, but slight of stature. So, when the steward, warmed by a few drinks taken just before sailing, thrust his head in the pantry and announced that he was coming back in a few minutes to cut the pantryman's mustache off to mail to the milliner for a souvenir, the poor pantryman was thrown into a fit of trembling.

He was still shaking a few minutes later when Archie boldly entered the pantry, sat down and began to peel a pan of potatoes

By means of jujutsu he had turned the tables on the gangster, and had made him exchange clothes with him.

which stood on the floor. Ordinarily he might have sent Archie on his way. But it occurred to him that a third person in the room might possibly deter the steward from his threatened outrage, so he gave his attention to a kettle that was boiling over on the stove, while Archie, taking advantage of the situation, went on peeling like mad.

While the pantryman for the moment remained absorbed in his work, the evil face of the steward suddenly appeared in the little pantry. With his attention fixed on the pantryman, he failed to see Archie, who shrank back, and then started to his feet, as he saw the steward seize a long bread knife and start toward the pantryman.

Nabbing a huge frying pan, Archie dealt the steward a blow that sent him reeling out into the passageway, stunned, but not knocked out. The dazed steward was collecting himself, considering whether or not he should return and give battle, when he saw the captain of the ship and some other officers approaching, and he fled. Archie was about to follow, when the pantryman, who had looked out, stopped him and cried, "Get behind the door!" And a moment later the ship's officers entered the pantry. They were accompanied by Don Estaban Carnero, who had taxied to the dock, booked passage, and had rushed to the captain with a description of Archie, and the information that he was hiding on board the *Cadiz*.

"Seen anything of a stowaway?" asked the captain sternly.

"No, sir," answered the pantryman. "The steward was just in—no one else."

As soon as their footsteps were out of hearing, the pantryman hauled Archie out from his hiding place and clasped his hand.

"My friend," he cried, "I ask no questions. For the favor of your breaking the skull of that great bull for me you may have anything I possess. Name what you want."

Archie scratched his head. "I'd like to find some way to complete this trip in peace and safety," he replied. "Perhaps——"

"I will fix you up!" cried the pantryman. "All you need," he whispered excitedly, "is some respectable clothes. This coat you are carrying will do. I'll get you the rest. Then you can mingle with the passengers in greater safety than if you tried to hide. I'll see that you have food, and you can bunk in my stateroom."

Now, while Archie was being fitted up, Don Carnero, frantic over the failure of the search for the stowaway, had gone to the purser's office to study the passenger list, to see whether this might give him a clew to the political enemies whom he believed to be the cause of his troubles. One name attracted his attention. It was that of Rodrigo de Tubal. Aha! A Spaniard. He would spy on this fellow.

Having noted the number of this passenger's room, the only other Spaniard on the ship, he stationed himself outside it. Before long, the door opened, and a gentleman with a heavy black beard, and wearing gold Oxford glasses, stepped out.

Narrated from the Pathé serial

"Bound and Gagged"

produced from the original story by Frank Leon Smith and acted by the following cast:

Archibald Alexander Barlow, Geo. B. Seitz
Margaret Hunter . . . . . Nell Burt
The Princess Istra . . . Marguerite Courtot
Don Estaban Carnero . . . . . Harry Semels

The bearded man made his way toward the place in the main cabin where the ship's stenographer was stationed. At that moment Archie happened to be passing by, confident in his newly acquired garments.

"Do you write English and Spanish?" Don Rodrigo asked in a loud tone.

It was Archie's opportunity. As he saw the stenographer shake her head he stopped, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but perhaps I can be of assistance. I have a very fair knowledge of Spanish, and——"

"Then come with me," said the Spaniard.

As they turned back toward Don Rodrigo's stateroom, Carnero, who had been watching, silently followed them.

"Let us make ourselves at ease," remarked the Spaniard, as he closed the door. "It is very warm, don't you wish to remove your coat? I beg you to make yourself at home."

With a sigh of relief, Archie replied that he did, and having done so, inquired as to what service he might render.

"I shall ask you to make a translation of this letter," he asked. "I am traveling around the world, and my secretary was taken sick just before I left."

"If I could take the job," began Archie eagerly.

"You may—if I find that you have the necessary qualifications," replied the other. "I have a double stateroom here. Perhaps you could work better alone, if you care to step into the adjoining room."

With a sudden feeling of elation, Archie seized the papers he had been given and hurried through the door. "This will turn the trick!" he cried under his breath. "Around the world! What luck."

He was just finishing his translation, when he heard, in the adjoining room a sudden sound of something falling. Hastily opening the door he saw the body of the Spaniard, lying unconscious, while through the porthole a dark object suddenly whisked and disappeared.

A bottle of ammonia stood on a chair near by. Pouring some of the contents out on his handkerchief, Archie held it to the Spaniard's nose. In a moment he had revived. As he struggled to rise, the black beard slipped from his face, and to his amazement, Archie recognized the features of his valet.

"Hopley!" he cried. "You old brick! What on earth——"

"I'm sorry, sir," replied Hopley. "I meant all for the best. I made so bold as to make some inquiries and I learned of your undertaking. I thought I could help you secretly without your violating the terms of your agreement. I saw that your coat needed pressing badly, so when I got you in here I maneuvered to attend to it. I was just finishing the job when some one thrust a pike pole through the porthole, struck me over the head, and that's the last I remember."

"Then it was the coat that I saw going through the porthole," cried Archie. "That's funny," he added in a puzzled tone.

"Not so funny," said Hopley, as he rose, "for see

Continued on page 84

Rearranging Memory's Wood Box

Betty Blythe sorted out the sticks in hers before she went West to work in a Goldwyn-Rex Beach picture.

By Louise Williams

Reminiscent of her Paris days.

YOU'VE heard the old saying, "Put a log in memory's wood box for me," haven't you? Well, Betty Blythe is changing the contents of her box—not discarding the old memories, exactly, but just moving them around and sorting them out, finding that the ones she hasn't wanted to look at for a long, long time aren't so unhappy as she'd thought, and that the happier ones are nicer than ever.

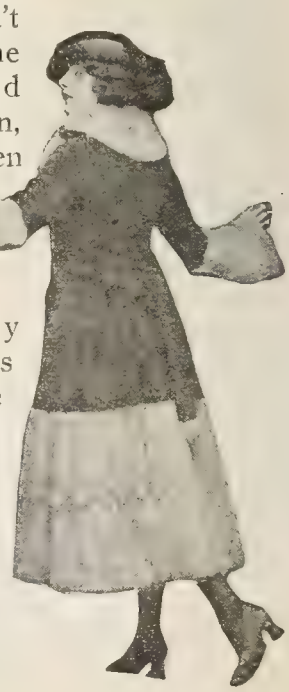
The unhappy ones are centered in California, where she lost her family a few years ago, and when the chance to play in Rex Beach's "The Silver Horde" came along she thought she'd have to refuse, because she just couldn't go back West. But Betty told me that, especially after she'd talked the story over with Mrs. Beach, she decided that she ought to make the effort and go.

And she went on to tell me how she's been getting ready for this trip; not about the lovely clothes she's been buying—I'd heard of them from other sources for Betty has just been asked to pose for some fashion pictures in her new gowns. But she talked of other preparations—about how she's been spending a lot of time sitting in the big window of her tiny little living room, looking way off over the city, and just thinking. And because she's a genuine philosopher they were the kind of thoughts that build up a real background for everyday life, not the kind that just speculate and wander around among other people's affairs and never get anywhere.

Her red scarf makes a most becoming headdress.

Of course Betty Blythe had some nice memories to sort out and think about and contrast with the less pleasant ones—for after she was educated at the University of California she had a year in Paris, as you probably know, and that made all sorts of nice things to think about—regular pine cones to take out of the wood box and toss on the fire of less gay memories, to make it flare up more brightly.

"I love California, naturally," she told me, playing with the end of the long red chiffon scarf that was knotted around her dark hair. "I was very happy there. But you know how it is when you go back to a place where every place, every little nook in the city reminds you of somebody who—well, who isn't there any more and won't ever be. I haven't thought about my old home for a long time just for that reason, but while I've been sitting up here in this little corner looking down over the city I've come to see how unhappy things can be discounted by happy ones, and I'm going out to Los Angeles now with a lot of brand-new sticks to put into my 'memory's wood box', that will help me see the good things about even the unhappiest old ones. That sounds complicated, doesn't it?" She smiled just then, and when Betty Blythe's dark-blue eyes smile at you you're sorry she's ever grave. "Well, what I mean is that when



you tuck a memory away because it's unhappy and you feel that you can't bear to look at it, if later on you tuck a happy one alongside it, and then take them out together after a while, you find that perhaps they have a lot in common, and that the unhappy one wasn't so bad as you'd thought. Don't you see, maybe you tuck away the memory of an awfully good time, which made you feel compassionate toward those who weren't enjoying life at that particular moment, and when you put that recollection along with another of a time when you were awfully blue and needed compassion, they fit in together beautifully. I've been rearranging all of mine that way."

She had been making nice little memories for other people that afternoon before I arrived; the room was literally filled with photomailers and pictures, which a maid was busily sorting out and carrying away, while in the midst of things sat Betty at her little desk, with a knitting bag of letters dangling from the back of her chair, trying to think of things to write on her photographs before she signed them.

Thinking up "sentiments" for the three little chums.

Betty's tall and very stunning, as you'll recall.

"Three little girls, all chums, want pictures—and I mustn't write the same thing on each one's picture, yet I don't know any 'sentiments!'" she lamented. "If you were ten years old what would *you* want me to say on a picture I sent you?"

"Oh, just say anything," I urged, but she promptly remonstrated with me.

"That wouldn't do—I want those children to remember me as somebody who was willing to think of them specially," she explained. "And this is such a warm day that I can't think of a thing—except 'When this you see, remember me.'"

And, banal as that little old bit of doggerel is, it's the line you can't help thinking of when you look at anything of Betty Blythe's—even her most inconsequential little belongings are distinctive, and she has a way of doing things that is all her own. For instance, that afternoon, after she'd signed dozens of pictures, she slipped out of her dress and into an ivory-colored tea gown, and with her red scarf wound about her head she was unique indeed—a refreshing sort of picture to take out of one's mind when everybody in the world seems to look and think just exactly alike! And the memory of that visit is one of the nicest sticks in any "wood box."

She doesn't look like a lion tamer!

Lion-Hearted Marie

She's too fond of animals for the comfort of the casual caller at her studio.

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

OVER the Hollywood hills sped Marie Walcamp's canary-colored racing car. I followed it—straight into a den of lions. I'm not speaking figuratively, either.

It was most unexpected. We just strolled out on the set, and all at once there was a lion facing me. It was bad enough for him to be there at all, but to have him coming toward me at a steady pace, with a certain unpleasant something gleaming in his eyes, made my knees decidedly wabbly. And then into the midst of my misery penetrated the voice of Marie Walcamp, who had led me into this place of horrors.

"This is dear old Cæsar. Isn't he nice? Why, you aren't *afraid,* are you? He wouldn't hurt you; that is, unless you let him see that you are afraid of him."

Trusting that Cæsar's eyesight was bad at that particular moment, I retreated to what I supposed was a safer spot, and encountered Susie Jane. Now Susie Jane, who was formally introduced by the valiant Marie, was a leopard, and if you're anything like me you know that, while "strong doors do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," there's some comfort in having either one of them between you and a leopard who positively crunches every time she looks at you sidling nearer all the while.

"Just keep on walking. Don't let Susie Jane think you're afraid; she's so sensitive." The Walcamp voice was absolutely plaintive, as if the only thing in the world worth considering was Susie Jane's feelings. Now I had come out there to have a talk with Marie of the serials, and I intended to get it, but I couldn't help wondering how my family happened to let me take up such a dangerous business as interviewing.

Somehow my own feelings were a more vital matter to me [illegible] then than even the sensitive leopard's, and never in my life have I been more grateful for anything than I was at that moment to Mr. MacGowan, the director, for the arm which he kindly offered me. Possibly he came to my aid because he feared I'd faint in Susie Jane's vicinity and embarrass her. Whatever his motive, I was overwhelmingly thankful for his aid.

Sally has such beautiful teeth.

We walked miles, it seemed to me, though after we'd

This is great fun—for somebody else.

reached the roped-in area for which he was heading it didn't seem so very far. And from that safe distance it was really exciting—safely so—to watch "the adventuress of the cinema" go through some scenes.

Now I'd seen some of the Walcamp serials on the screen, and had found some of the episodes wildly exciting, but it seems to me that the parts of "The Lion's Claws," which they did that day, were the most thrilling things I'd ever beheld. Of course it's possible that I was somewhat prejudiced, though.

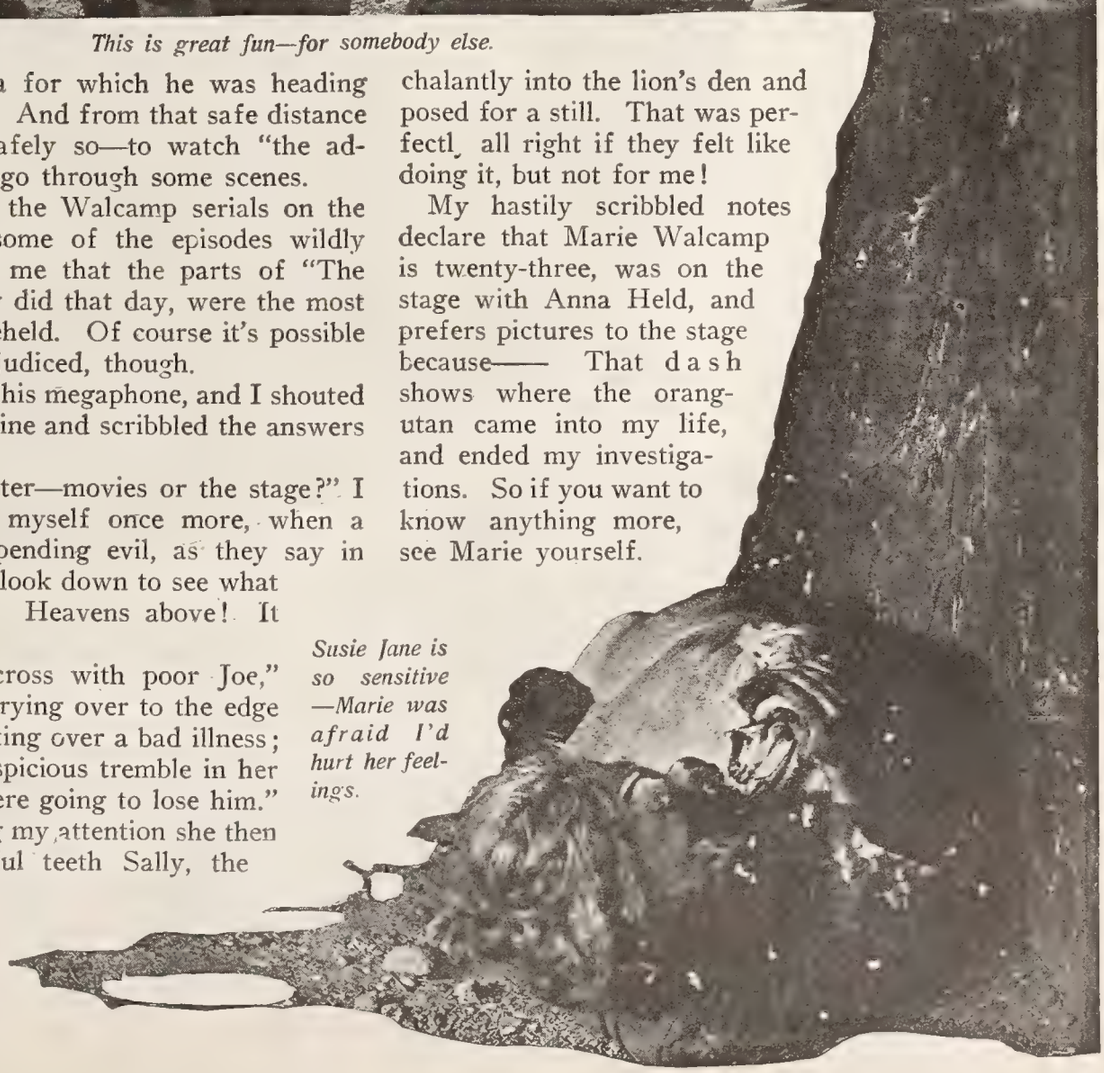
Mr. MacGowan lent me his megaphone, and I shouted some questions at the heroine and scribbled the answers in my notebook.

"Which do you like better—movies or the stage?" I called, feeling quite like myself once more, when a dread premonition of impending evil, as they say in the melodramas, made me look down to see what was tugging at my skirt. Heavens above! It was an orang-utan!

"Oh, please don't be cross with poor Joe," urged Miss Walcamp, hurrying over to the edge of the set. "He's just getting over a bad illness; we—we"—there was a suspicious tremble in her voice—"we thought we were going to lose him."

Just by way of diverting my attention she then showed me what beautiful teeth Sally, the lioness, has. But my voice was still wavering and my knees shaky when three of the men in the company and Miss Walcamp strolled nonchalantly into the lion's den and posed for a still. That was perfectl, all right if they felt like doing it, but not for me!

My hastily scribbled notes declare that Marie Walcamp is twenty-three, was on the stage with Anna Held, and prefers pictures to the stage because—— That dash shows where the orang-utan came into my life, and ended my investigations. So if you want to know anything more, see Marie yourself.



Susie Jane is so sensitive—Marie was afraid I'd hurt her feelings.

He Once Bossed Dave and Mack

By J. B. Wave

THAT isn't Wallace McCutcheon's strongest claim to glory, but he modestly maintains that it's one of the chief ones.

"Of course, it was more or less just accident," he explains. "I was working for my father, who, after making those moving pictures that you saw by dropping a penny in the slot and turning a crank, graduated into making movies on a more pretentious scale. And at one time when I was directing for him D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennet were among those present."

That was ten or twelve years ago, and as McCutcheon's only thirty-four now you can see that he was rather a youngish director. Unlike the men he directed, he didn't stick to pictures, but, being "a versatile cuss," he went on the stage, and appeared in a number of big productions. Then the dance craze hit the country and Wallace as well, and with the famous Joan Sawyer as a partner he showed the rest of us how to do the tango.

When the war came along he changed his dancing pumps for trench boots and joined the British army, and by the time this country went into the war he had been retired because of his wounds. And now he's returned to his first love, the movies, and as *Frederick Vaux*, of the United States secret service, he recently found in the Pathé serial, "The Dark Secret," a rôle that just suited him. He plays opposite Pearl White. And his friends say his work in this thriller is more likely to make him famous than is the fact that he once bossed D. W. G. and the inventor of the flying custard pie.

"It's a corking part," he told me enthusiastically. "Lots of mystery about it—I give you my word, sometimes I've hardly known myself just what *Vaux* was up to! He's one of those fellows folks call 'intriguing'—nice word!—who pack an automatic, wear a monocle, and—well, you can imagine what kind of a secret-service man Robert W. Chambers would put into a serial, can't you? He certainly did a good job when he wrote this part, and I've had such a good time playing it that I'm sorry to return to everyday life when I leave the studio."

The Fighting Colleen

A whimsical tale of strange things that happened in Cobblestone Alley.

By Mary Denham Monroe

SHE was a fighter, was "Puggy" Malone, a funny, sunny, happy, scrappy slip of an Irish colleen who sold newspapers on a busy corner and lived in Cobblestone Alley.

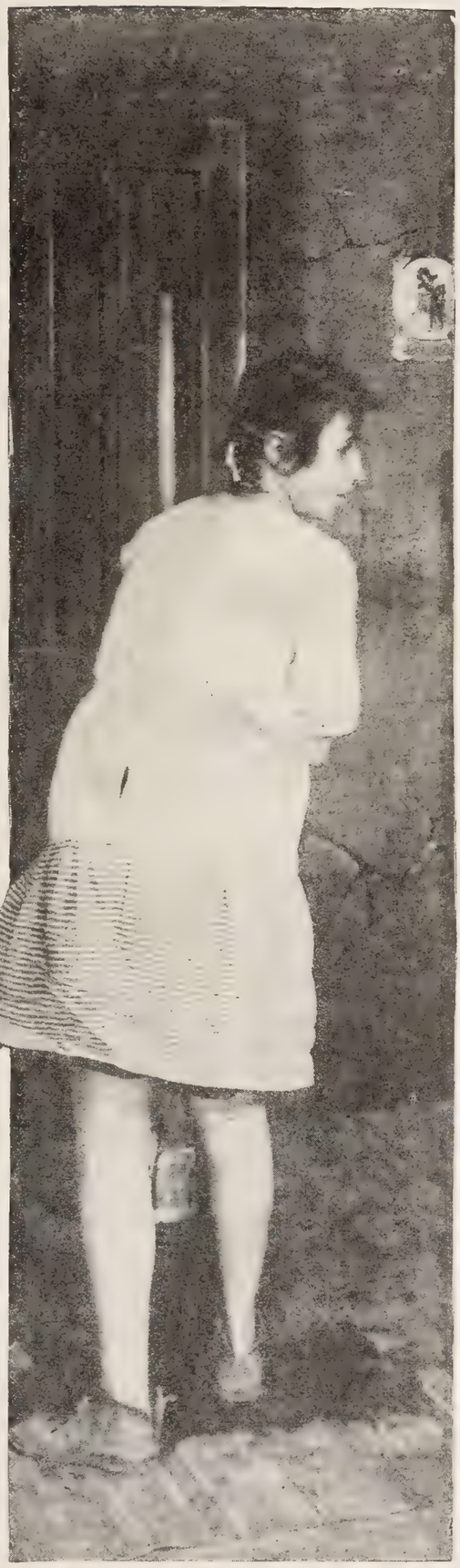
"Sure and I can see nothing so bad in Cobblestone Alley," she would declare when dwellers in Flaherty's Flats told her that the newspapers which she could sell but could not read, were full of the "turrible slum conditions."

Puggy did not see the squalor, the filth, the miserable poverty of the Alley. It had always been home to her, there was always a bit of a laugh going around, a little news to gossip about, some one to cry over and help out, or a love affair to watch with eager interest. For it was her home, and squalid, dirty, miserable though it was, it was warm and sweet and vivid with love, laughter, and tears.

Puggy had a little bit of a room, in the janitor's flat, she had a little red-haired, blue-eyed prettiness, less than a little education. But she had a good deal of something else, a mysterious something. In high society they call it "verve." Most of us know it as "pep." In Cobblestone Alley, they don't call it at all. But they recognize it just the same. No daring newsboy ever invaded Puggy's domain. It was a bit of Cobblestone Alley tradition, that Puggy had actually "sassed" the mayor of the city.

It was not only tradition, it was really true. Mayor Wall owned "Charity Flats," the only decent living quarters in Cobblestone Alley, and Puggy's mother—she was dead now—had been his janitress. The mayor, on his one "slumming" visit to the Alley had been eager to appear charitable in front of his companions—one in particular who was a newspaper reporter—but he had couched his offer of help to Mother Malone in unfortunate terms.

"Charity is it you're offering us?" an angry, red-haired wisp of a girl had blazed at him. "Charity to us that work as hard as we do! Charity is it!"



She had lived in the janitor's flat for six years.

Then had followed the denunciation that was still history in Cobblestone Alley.

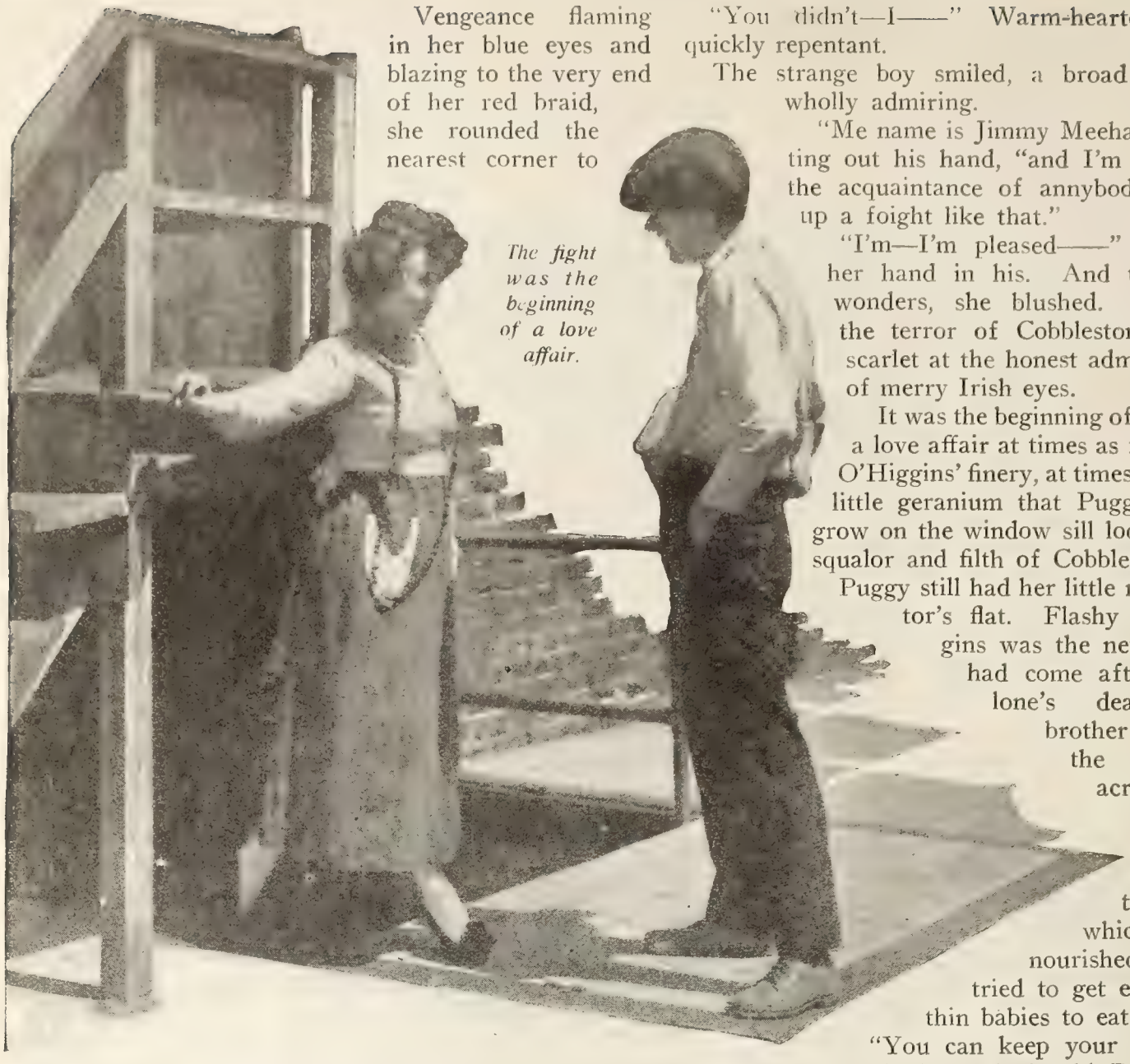
Even months afterward, Puggy could not recall the incident without little flashes of anger.

"Talking to me poor mother—God rest her soul—like that. Sure, I hope Stanton beats him for mayor. Hanging around afterward talking to Maggie O'Higgins secretlike he was, too. He's a fine mayor, Mayor Wall is. I hope Stanton beats him."

If the mayor had known he had an enemy in Cobblestone Alley, he would have smiled indulgently. As unimportant as a grain of sand or a flutter of straw was this red-haired colleen to the mayor. But a grain of sand in the eye can make even a mayor blink and everybody knows what the last straw did to the camel.

Puggy had little time to nourish a grievance. Hers was a busy corner, selling papers kept her mind and her thin little legs equally lively. Every regular customer she knew to smile at, to have his paper ready and waiting. One of them she liked best of all. Mr. 2726 she called him, because she did not know his name, and that was the number of his automobile license. Every night as he drove home he stopped to buy his paper from Puggy. He had a friendly smile and once, when his car spattered mud on Puggy's pile of papers he bought the lot from her.

On one particular spring day, Mr. 2726 had bought his paper as usual. But a good many of Puggy's regular customers had failed her. One after another appeared with a paper already bought. At last the explanation dawned on Puggy. Somebody was on her beat. Did the intruder have no fear of death? To encroach on the sacred territory of the Terror of Cobblestone Alley?



The fight was the beginning of a love affair.

Vengeance flaming in her blue eyes and blazing to the very end of her red braid, she rounded the nearest corner to find a strange boy selling papers, actually selling papers on *her* corner. He did not hear her as she crept upon him stealthily. When, just as she was upon him, he did hear and turn around, it was too late. He was bigger and stronger than Puggy, but he went down under her sudden, electrifying attack. Once she had him down, she pummeled him unmercifully. At first, the stranger struck out with a wiry blow or two but when he realized that his assailant was a girl, he struck no more, protecting himself as well as he could from her assault.

"Ye will, will ye! There—take that—and that—and——"

The prostrate body stiffened suddenly, jerked itself out from under her and Puggy felt her shoulders gripped firmly. Amazed indignation lent her even more vigor than before but she could not strike again. The muscular hands on her arms were like a strait-jacket.

"Sure is it crazy you're gone or is it just a bit of exercise?"

"You know," accused the angry Puggy, stamping and kicking at him. "You were looking for trouble when you came onto my corner—you—you——"

"Stop your scrapping, will you, now? I didn't know it was your corner or I wouldn't have come."

"You didn't—I——" Warm-hearted Puggy was quickly repentant.

The strange boy smiled, a broad friendly smile, wholly admiring.

"Me name is Jimmy Meehan," he said, putting out his hand, "and I'm pleased to meet the acquaintance of annybody who can put up a foight like that."

"I'm—I'm pleased——" the girl placed her hand in his. And then wonder of wonders, she blushed. Puggy Malone, the terror of Cobblestone Alley turned scarlet at the honest admiration in a pair of merry Irish eyes.

It was the beginning of their love affair, a love affair at times as funny as Maggie O'Higgins' finery, at times as wistful as the little geranium that Puggy tried to make grow on the window sill looking out on the squalor and filth of Cobblestone Alley.

Puggy still had her little room in the janitor's flat. Flashy Maggie O'Higgins was the new janitress who had come after Mother Malone's death. Maggie's brother was janitor of the Flanerty Flats across the alley, the most wretched, unsafe, insanitary building in which thin, undernourished mothers ever tried to get enough for their thin babies to eat.

"You can keep your old room," the new janitress had told Puggy, "if you'll help me with the work."

Puggy was glad to stay although she did not like Maggie. She was a little curious about Maggie; Maggie always had so many gay clothes, such rich foods on her table. When Puggy's mother had been janitor, janitoring had not paid so well.

"How did you come to know the mayor?" Puggy had asked interestedly one day.

"I don't know him," Maggie denied quickly. "Never laid my two eyes on him."

"Why I thought I saw you talking to him that day he came down here to look over Charity Flats."

"Not me," said Maggie.

Puggy would have thought she must have been mistaken, would have forgotten all about the incident if it had not been for Mr. 2726 and the fact that that very day she became a detective.

She had just come home from selling her papers and was picking her way through Cobblestone Alley. It was squalid, pitifully dirty, miserable beyond words, but Puggy was not thinking of this. She stopped to joke with one ragged urchin, to fling a bantering compliment to a woman washing near an open window. She was to "walk out" with Jimmy that night, and the very dirti-

"The Fighting Colleen"

Narrated from the Vitagraph picture based on an original story by Gerald C. Duffy, and presented with the following cast:

Alannah Malone.....Bessie Love
Jimmy Meehan.....Charles Spere
Stanton Colby..... Jay Morley
Mortimer Wall.....George Kunkel
Maggie O'Higgins.....Beulah Clark

ness and dinginess of the wretched tenements were rosy-hued to Puggy. Oh, there are times when life, being young and in love, has it all over Cobblestone Alleys.

Just as she was turning in at her own door, she saw a man, obviously a "gentleman," more than a little out of place here, walking slowly down the alley. He was looking up at the fire-escapes, down at the great hollows where dirty water stood in puddles, at all the filthy misery of the Flaherty Flats. The two met at Puggy's door, the shabby little newsgirl glanced up, the immaculate gentleman looked down. Both smiled in sudden recognition.

"Why, it's the paper girl!" said the gentleman.

"Why, it's Mr. 2726!" said Puggy.

Then they both laughed. The man sat down on the rickety steps and Puggy sat down beside him.

"Live here?" asked Mr. 2726.

"M-hm," said Puggy. "What're you doing here?"

"Oh, just looking around a little. So you live in the mayor's model tenements?"

Puggy suddenly remembered the mayor's one visit.

"Yes," she admitted. "I don't like him, though."

The man grinned.

"Neither do I," he admitted.

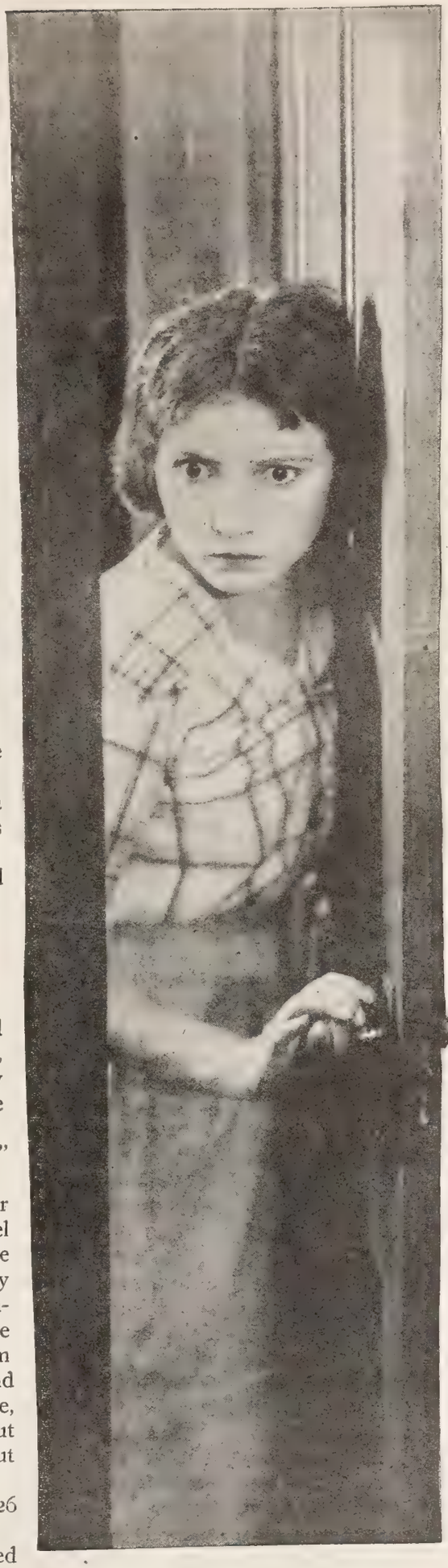
"I hope Stanton gets elected next month," Puggy went on, with the street urchin's ready knowledge of politics. "I'd like to see Mayor Wall licked."

"Have you lived here long?" Mr. 2726 inquired.

"Six years," said Puggy. Her regular customer seemed to feel that he had found a friend. He sat for some time, leading Puggy on to talk of one thing after another. Never had she had a more attentive listener. She told him about her mother's dying and Maggie coming to take her place, she told him about Jimmy, about the neighbor baby's croup, about Maggie's fine clothes.

"And who is Maggie?" Mr. 2726 inquired.

Puggy told him. He seemed strangely interested in Maggie, in her having a brother who was janitor of the wretched Flaherty Flats.



Her heart stopped beating—it was a Black Hand letter!

Encouraged by his flattering interest, Puggy told him even about having thought she had seen Maggie speaking to the mayor. It was fun to gossip with such an appreciative listener, one who received a trifle like this with such interest. She could have talked on all night. When Mr. 2726 rose to go, he said:

"Miss—what is it? Oh yes—Miss Puggy, I'm going to turn you into a private detective."

"To a private detective!"

"Just that. I want you to remember and tell me everything out of the ordinary that happens in Cobblestone Alley. Will you do it?"

"Sure," said Puggy. But she was bewildered. She began to wonder if so handsome a gentleman as Mr. 2726 could be "queer." It was undeniably queer for anybody to take such an interest in Cobblestone Alley.

There seemed to be an unusual amount of interest taken in Cobblestone Alley by others, however. Groups of gentlemen came and went frequently. Jimmy said they had something to do with the coming mayoralty campaign.

"The papers say a lot about the Alley being a disgrace," he explained, "and about the mayor's flats being the only decent building here."

"I hope Stanton gets it," Puggy declared again. "I'd like to see Mayor Wall put out."

Nearly every night, when Mr. 2726 stopped to get his paper he would ask Puggy for her report. All the raciest, newsiest gossip of Cobblestone Alley, she saved up for him. She could never tell, though, what would interest him. He paid almost no attention to her excited account of Mrs. Dulaney's tipping over the "furriner's" fruit cart and being taken up in the patrol wagon, or to her vivid report of Jimmy's having licked the champion of Dusenberry Square. But when she told him of having seen Maggie counting over a pile of money the night before, he roused to amazing interest.

"What was she doing with it? Where did she get it?" he asked.

"Search me," said Puggy. "She was counting it and figuring something on a piece of paper.

And he did not drive away until he had made sure that Puggy could tell him nothing which would throw any light on this unimportant trifle.

"Honest," Puggy confided to Jimmy a few days later, "I more'n half believe he must be in love with Maggie. Every night he stops and asks me stuff, mostly about her. The other day he got me to point her out to him. And he acted so surprised and just stared his head off at her."

"Does he stop in his auto and talk to you every night?" Jimmy demanded disapprovingly.

"M-hm."

A sudden light broke over Jimmy. His eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"It's *you* he's in love with!" he declared. "Don't you have nothing more to do with him."

Puggy laughed gleefully. Jimmy must be very, very much in love with her to be so jealous. She would not promise and every evening when Mr. 2726 drove past and stopped, she stood and told him the latest gossip of Cobblestone Alley. And because Puggy was feminine, when she knew that Jimmy was glaring at her from his distant corner, she talked longer and more laughingly than usual.

"If anything unusual should happen," Mr. 2726 said one afternoon, "I'll want to know about it. I'm busy working on the election and I may not be coming along nights now, till it's over. But here's my address. Will you let me know?"

"Sure," said Puggy.

Mr. 2726 was strangely interested in it.

But nothing did happen. Day after day went by, the election was now only two days away. Of course, there was the East Side picnic, but she had already told Mr. 2726 about that and that she was going to it with Jimmy. This interesting piece of news had made no impression, he had seemed more interested in the fact that Maggie went over to the Flaherty Flats a great deal to talk to her brother.

It was late when Puggy reached home after the picnic. The history of a city may depend upon a half hour. If Puggy had not stayed to partake of a last bottle of ginger ale, Mayor Wall might have been reelected.

But Puggy did stay, she did not arrive home in time to see Maggie O'Higgins writing a letter, in the room off Puggy's tiny bedroom. She did not see Maggie called away for a moment, leaving her unsealed letter on the table. Neither did Puggy see the neighbor's baby creeping over the floor, reach at the dangling tablecloth like a kitten playing with a string. The inkbottle crashed to the floor, the letter fluttered down beside it and the baby's thin little hand splashed into the ink and then pushed the white letter about the floor. But Puggy knew none of this. If she had, her heart would not have almost stopped beating as it did, when she pushed open the door to her shabby little bedroom and found lying on the floor, a letter. Breaking its whiteness was an unmistakable black hand!

Puggy stood for a moment staring at the threatening looking envelope. Then she put her hat back on and dashed out of the janitress' flat. She was bound for the home of Mr. 2726. If a "private detective" was receiving Black Hand letters, it was high time her employer knew of it.

"Hi, Puggy, where're you going?"

Puggy did not even hear Jimmy's call. He stood staring after her, and then dark suspicion came into his eyes. He followed her.

Puggy stopped for a moment outside the house whose address Mr. 2726 had given her. She had thought he was probably rich—to Puggy, everybody who owned an automobile was rich—but she had not dreamed of such a house as this. She scarcely dared ring the doorbell. But Puggy's Irish daring at last come dancing back and she asked the dignified-looking butler to see Mr. 2726. She was ushered into such a room as she had never seen before, a room with thick soft carpets and silky curtains.

"Well, Miss Puggy!"

At the sound of Mr. 2726's friendly voice and the welcoming smile in his friendly eyes, Puggy forgot her awe of the thick rugs and silken curtains.

"Sure and it's Black Hand letters I'm getting!" she said, passing over the big envelope with its thin black hand.

The man looked at the envelope a moment, then drew out the letter, not a Black Hand warning at all, but the letter Maggie O'Higgins had written. He read it through hastily first, then with a sharp exclamation, again, very slowly. When at last he looked up at Puggy, his eyes were shining.

"We've won, Miss Puggy, we've won!"

"Won?" Puggy repeated bewilderedly.

"Your friend, Mayor Wall will never be mayor again after this evidence comes out."

"But what——" the puzzled Puggy began.

"He has been taking graft money through all his term from the owner of Flaherty's Flats. I've been pretty sure of it—no insanitary, hideous place like Cobblestone Alley could have remained in this city without protection. His own 'Charity Flats' where you live are just a coat to cover up the other crooked work."

"Put—but what about Maggie?"

"The go-between. When you pointed her out to me, I recognized her; she used to be Wall's housekeeper. Her brother is Flaherty's janitor. This letter is to Wall and it settles the election. We've won, Puggy, you and I! We've won!"

"We've won!" Puggy stared for a moment at the face of Mr. 2726. And suddenly, blurred newspaper

Continued on page 101

The Little Gem—and Jim

By Jim's Wife

With the hero still in my mind I'd hear Jim call, "I put the potatoes on. Let's rustle supper right along!"

THE movies," a good-looking chap standing near me was saying, "make me tired. I'd like to see every motion-picture theater run out of town."

I moved a little nearer, anxious to know what had caused his violent disapproval.

"Oh yes, I like to go, myself, occasionally," I heard him admit, "and they're all right for the children now and again. But they are simply ruining my wife. They put all sorts of sentimental notions into her head, she goes around for days, imagining herself some poor, persecuted hero-wine. Nothing I can do for her pleases her; she's discontented with everything. I do the best I can and yet——"

That was all I heard. He was such a good-looking man—he looked really "good," I mean, as though he'd get up on a cold night to heat the baby's milk or wear his four-year-old straw another season to buy his wife steel slipper buckles—that I just wanted to go over and pat him on the shoulder and say:

"Don't you worry, she'll get over it!"

I knew what was going on in his house as well as if one of the walls had been taken down and I had been watching it like a stage. Because I have gone through that very thing myself. I imagine a good many other women have.

There is a silly streak in the best woman living, a silly, romantic, sentimental streak. Sometimes it comes out when she is only fourteen or fifteen—she wants to run away and be an actress; sometimes it lies dormant till she is forty or fifty—then she is one of the kittenish spinsters who fancies that the handsome young minister who brings her home from a Dorcas Circle meeting, is in love with her.

In our town, most of the girls marry rather young. I was nineteen when I met Jim and inside of six months we were married. Little Jim and Nancy both came along within the first four years of our married life, and they were two of the most adorable babies that ever made a tired woman out of a young girl. At the age that the average city girl is going without her lunches to buy clocked silk stockings and hand-made waists, when she is meeting Harry for lunch and trimming over her hat to go to the theater with Leonard, I was making rompers for little Jim and fixing barley water for Nancy.

Jim and I were happy and successful. We paid the last installment on the house, we had plumbing put in, we bought a lawn swing and a piano. When little

WE talk glibly about the influence of the movies, but how many of us really realize just how strong that influence is; what an important part they play in countless thousands of lives, like the one which is laid bare in this story.

This story, by the way, we believe will call forth a respone in the heart of every woman who reads it—and it should be very enlightening to a good many men—like Jim.

Jim was four, big Jim had another raise and we were on easy street, so to speak. I bought the first spring suit I had had since my trousseau wore out, and we had a high-school girl in three times a week to take care of the children. After five busy, worry-full, strangely happy years, I had my first breathing space, my first chance for the silly streak to crop out.

We picked up some of the good times we had had to drop, joined a Five Hundred Club, went to some of the "young people's" dances, began to go to the movies. Jim loved the Wild West films, would laugh uproariously at the comedies, and liked simple love stories. I suddenly discovered a strong taste for the heavy emotional dramas, but Jim did not like these at all.

"Nix on the weeps," he would say. "Wake me up when Ben Turpin shows up."

So afternoons I would go to these emotional pictures, either alone or with Beth Porter, my next-door neighbor. There is a wealth of feminine psychology in the old joke of the woman who goes to a sad play and comes out, red-nosed, declaring:

"I've had the most wonderful time. I used up six handkerchiefs crying."

Every woman, sad or cheerful by nature, loves an occasional vicarious weep. Quite often Beth and I would come out of the Little Gem, powdering our pink noses, declaring in husky tones that the play was great. I would walk slowly home, going over the picture in my mind. The heroine always wore beautiful clothes, the hero was faultlessly tailored, there was nearly always a conservatory or a ballroom or a tea or, at the very least, a limousine somewhere in the picture. Our town had none of these things and I would go over them, too, with a half-envious pleasure.

I felt the happy tears come to my eyes—he had remembered!

Sometimes Jim would have gotten home ahead of me. With the picture of the hero, handsome, usually wearing evening clothes, still vivid in my mind, I would find my husband in his shirt sleeves, sprinkling the sweet peas.

"Hello, Jess," he would call. "I put on the potatoes. Let's rustle supper right along. I'm hungry enough to eat raw beefsteak."

It was coming down to earth with a thud.

I suppose sooner or later every woman runs up against the sort of things that she has never had in her own life. She may see them in the home of a richer neighbor, or when she travels. I had done very little traveling and there were no wealthy people in our town. Jim, hoping to "buy out the business" in a year or two, already planning on a "car" for next summer, was one of the most promising of the younger citizens. I was thought to have "done very well" in marrying him. If it had not been the movies, doubtless something else would have opened my eyes to the fact that there are other kinds of life besides the matter-of-fact, humdrum existence that Jim and I were leading. But it happened to be the movies that did it.

Beth and I went to picture after picture; I saw racing cars and roadsters and limousines that made the automobile that Jim and I had planned to get, look cheap and "small-towny" to me. The actresses wore clothes that took away all my pleasure in my new spring suit. When Jim talked about putting a fireplace in the living room his enthusiasm irritated me. He seemed to feel that all our eight-room house needed was that fireplace in order to be a second Versailles.

"I hope some day we can have a beautiful home, Jim," I said wistfully. I was seeing in my mind again the sweeping line of the country home that had been in the afternoon's film, a country home, many-awninged, terraced, with a billiard room, a ballroom, kennels.

"Sure," said Jim, "that would be fine. I must say, though," he glanced about our twelve-by-twenty living room with large approval, "that when you think of the place we started out in, this looks like *some house!*"

"Oh, Jim!" I said reproachfully.

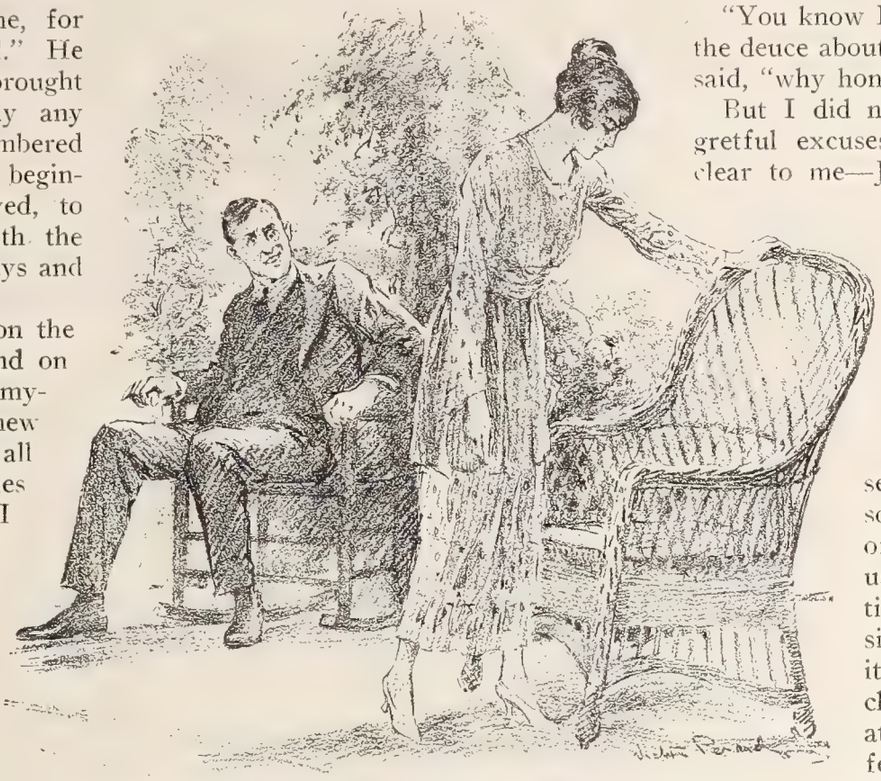
That was the difference in our outlook, I thought. I compared our present home with the one we ought to be having, Jim with the miserable little three-room cottage in which we had begun our married life.

Dissatisfaction, once the seed is sown, grows fast. My pleasure in our new prosperity had once been equal to Jim's. But I had something to compare it with, now, Jim did not. And the difference in our points of view raised a strange little barrier between us. Jim began to feel that I was unappreciative, discontented, I felt that he was lacking in ambition.

But the lack in my own life which I suddenly began to feel most keenly, was the lack of romance. During our six months courting time, Jim had been an ardent lover. But with his sickness the first year, the babies coming

so fast, he had settled into a matter-of-fact manner toward me. He was always kind, affectionate, but not in the thrilling, romantic sort of way that I was beginning to want. His most endearing name for me, for instance, was "old girl." He practically never brought me flowers or candy any more. He never remembered my birthday. I was beginning to feel aggrieved, to compare my life with the lives of women in plays and pictures.

My birthday was on the twentieth of May, and on that night I dressed myself in a pretty new frock, and cooked all Jim's favorite dishes for dinner. And I fairly prayed that he would remember the date. To my surprise and joy, he came home a little early. And he brought the most beautiful flowering plant to me. I do not know its name, but it stood five feet high and was covered with glowing pink blossoms that filled the whole house with fragrance.



"You're putting on weight, old girl," he said, and romance was sent flying.

"Oh Jim," I said, "and you brought it for me!"

"Sure," he said.

He did not notice my dress, nor speak of the day. But all through dinner the sweetness of the rosy blossoms filled the air and I would feel the happy tears coming to my eyes. Jim had remembered!

"I'll do the dishes," he suggested after dinner. "You look all fussed up—can't get that dress dirty."

"Isn't it—a pretty dress?" I asked, hungry for flattery.

"Sure," he said.

After the children were put to bed, we went out on the porch. Jim seated himself in his big armchair of wicker and impulsively I crossed over in the fragrant dusk and sat on his knee as I used to do so often the first year we were married. He put his arm about my waist tenderly. Fireflies flashed through the syringa shrubs on the lawn; it was very quiet.

For several minutes we sat in silence. Then Jim shifted a little.

"You're putting on weight, old girl," he said. "Oh, that's all right, don't get up. Just try the other knee for awhile."

I crossed the porch to my own chair, all the romance suddenly sent flying.

"Glad you liked the plant," he went on. "The old florist on Main Street's selling out. I happened to go past this morning and they were practically giving stuff away. I bought a lawn mower, too."

"And—and you didn't remember—you didn't bring the flowers—because it was my birthday!"

"Oh, the dickens!" Jim's surprised exclamation told me the truth. "Say, it is, isn't it? Jehosophat, Jess, why didn't you remind me?"

"I didn't want to remind you," I said coldly. "If you don't care enough to remember——"

"You know I've been worried like the deuce about that cement job," he said, "why honestly, I'd——"

But I did not even hear his regretful excuses. It was suddenly clear to me—Jim did not love me any more.

After that, the movies had a new appeal to me. I saw myself in the place of every abused, unloved heroine. I began to dramatize myself. When Jim made some little slip, instead of laughing it off as I usually did, I would retire behind a crushed silence and brood about it afterward. Two little children can be trying at best and I began to feel that I was making a martyr of myself for mine.

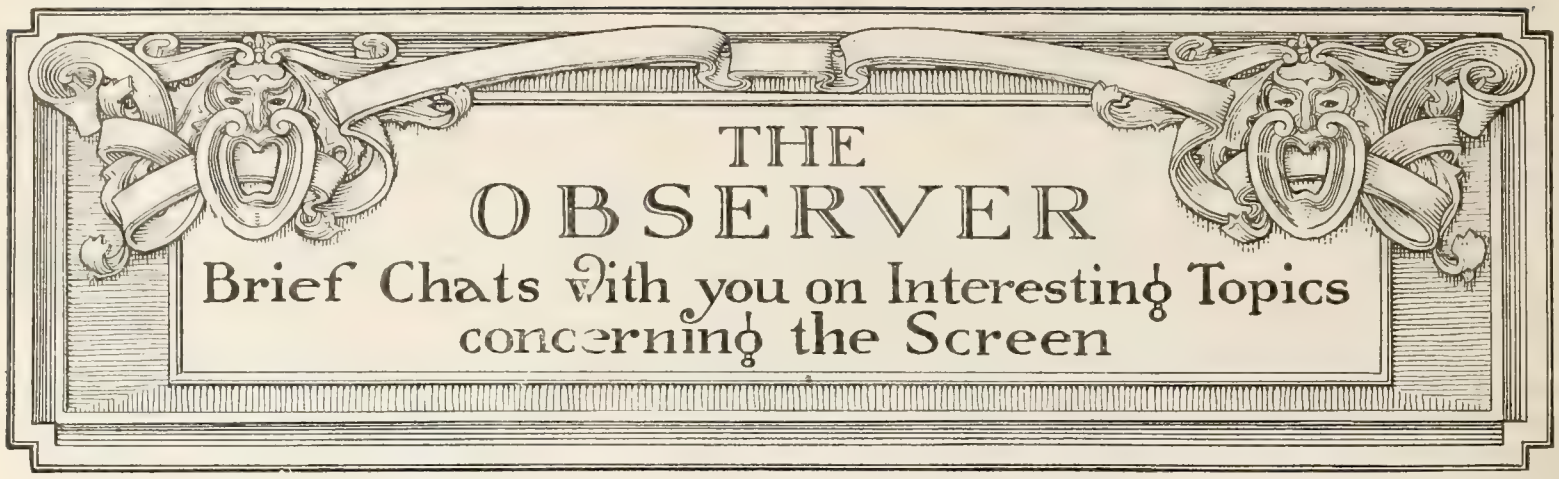
I went to the Little Gem three or four times a week. At least, one of these times the picture would be a more or less unhappy one—at least, until the end. These were the pictures I enjoyed the most. I was really rather unhappy and I found a certain grim pleasure in making myself more so. I would brood over my limited life in our little town. I would see myself more and more hurt by my husband's coldness. I would dream of having my unhappy life change to one of sunset and love, as the ones in the pictures did.

Of course, my dissatisfaction was founded upon facts. Our town was a dull little place, the children were often trying, Jim was prosaic, unromantic. But things were much as they had been a year ago; they were really better, now, and I had been happy then. Then I had not begun feeling sorry for myself. Now, having once pictured myself in the rôle of misunderstood wife, I found a mournful pleasure in playing the part. I deliberately fed my own unhappiness.

It was nothing on earth but the eternal feminine silly streak coming out at last. My husband felt the difference; he blamed the movies for it; said I was getting foolish, sentimental notions. I replied coldly that he did not understand me. Both of us were right. As I look back now, I can hardly understand myself. And I did have foolish sentimental notions—I fairly wallowed in sentimentality.

I do not think it was the fault of the movies, however. If it had not been the movies, it would have been something else. The girl who goes through this stage of romantic fancies, of self-pity, when she is sixteen, is fortunate. People smile tolerantly at her youth and that is all. The woman who begins pitying herself at

Continued on page 98



What the Public Wants

They tell a story of a motion-picture salesman who wrote to an exhibitor in a very, very small town, "We've got Caruso for a picture." And the exhibitor wrote back, "That opera isn't very well known out here and if you want to get the picture over you'll have to put a big star in it."

And a good many folks laughed about it. But it was a tip worth taking, the fact that there were people who thought Caruso was an opera.

The Caruso picture was the world's greatest flop. Nobody wanted to see him, although the picture was by no means a bad one, and Caruso proved to be a rather good comedian. So loudly did the exhibitors complain about the first Caruso picture that Famous-Lasky, the producers, did not release in the United States the second of the two that Caruso made. Only in Italy and France and other Latin countries would the people go to *see* Caruso, the greatest opera singer of our generation, who sings for ten thousand dollars a night.

Cecil De Mille started to produce Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." New York knows this play. But the country in general doesn't. And so an exhibitor down in Texas wrote in, "What is this Admiral Crichton, a war play?"

It was a straw that indicated the drift of the wind, and De Mille promptly set about to choose another title, and Barrie's title isn't going to be depended upon to carry the picture.

These incidents show how quickly the producers respond to public demand.

Several other interesting conclusions may be drawn from them. One is that even the most astute producers cannot always foretell what the public will reject. Another is that the tastes of the sophisticated, highly educated persons are not the determining factors in deciding questions pertaining to picture production. The producers want to give the public what they think the greatest number of people who attend their shows want. As fast as that taste is improved pictures will improve, and not much faster.

Where We Disagree

Ask any ten persons in what respect they think that screen productions can stand improvement and the majority of them, we believe, will reply, "They ought to have better stories." Pin these persons down to details, however, and you would have them disagreeing hotly among themselves as to which stories should be used and which discarded. The same sort of good scenic effects, lighting, and camera tricks appeal practically to every one. Good acting is almost universally appreciated. But when it comes to what makes a good story—you'll find almost as many opinions as there are persons. It is that fact that makes the life of the producer such a hard one. And the exhibitor, too, for that matter.

The Case of "Mickey"

Consider, for a moment, the case of "Mickey," the Mabel Normand picture that has been one of the big successes of the year. "Mickey" was a product of "Mabel Normand's Own Company," the first five-reel picture she made after withdrawing from the Mack Sennett-Keystone two-reelers.

It cost a pile of money, and when it was offered for sale, nearly two years after its completion, New York didn't seem to care much for it. It was given just an ordinary showing in New York, ordinary advertising, and it had an ordinary run. Comparatively few movie patrons saw it.

New York doesn't remember "Mickey" as being anything at all extraordinary. The exhibitors who showed it did not do exceptional business.

But outside of New York it has been a sensation. In Chicago it ran in nearly every theater that could get it, and Chicago still is talking about it.

Why?

One reason is that it was advertised better outside of New York. New York still was in the throes of the "star system" and the exhibitors didn't believe that Mabel Normand, ex-Keystoner, would draw big crowds. So they put it on just like any other picture and let it go at that.

"Greatest in the World"

The Capitol Theater in New York had not yet opened when this was written. Reports have it that it will be the finest moving-picture theater in the world. It will seat more than four thousand persons and the weekly "overhead" will be more than twenty thousand dollars. That is, the gross receipts must be that amount before the theater begins to make any money.

At present the weekly gross receipts of the Strand, Rialto, and Rivoli average less than ten thousand dollars each. It's about time New York was catching up with the rest of the country on moving-picture theaters. Folks have had an idea that New York led. But it doesn't. Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles, I believe, seats more than the Rivoli or Rialto.

Chicago, where the finest houses are "neighborhood"

theaters has a number of cinema palaces as excellently appointed as any in New York. Grauman's in Los Angeles, the Stillman in Cleveland, Newman's new theater in Kansas City—name almost any city and you can find there places where the people can see the same pictures, in as luxurious surroundings, as well or better staged than in New York.

That's a great thing about pictures. The same show, as far as the film is concerned, goes everywhere. And no city has a corner on the geniuses who conduct the theaters.

Chicago as a Picture Town

We must hand it to Chicago as a moving-picture city. The fans discriminate. The best pictures play to big business and the bad ones fail. That's the highest compliment we can give to the fans.

A thing that has helped bring this about in Chicago has been the fact that Chicago newspapers were the first to realize that America is moving-picture mad; that the folks want expert opinion in their newspapers as to the pictures; that bunk publicity won't do. Nearly all the Chicago newspapers conduct excellent motion-picture departments, with reviews that are worth while.

New York is just beginning to get into line. Behind time again.

Picking the Theater

The star is losing his box-office power. Not that the star is passing, but now it is possible to get people to go to see a good production, whether the actors are well known or not.

For a long time the name of the star was a trademark by which you selected your pictures. You bought your show much as you buy your soup or your pickles.

You knew that Mary Pickford's pictures or Charlie Chaplin's were usually of a certain standard, so you bought the Pickford or the Chaplin brand.

Gradually, however, you learned that there often were good goods which came bearing strange labels. Sometimes your grocer says, "This is a new coffee and it's very good. Won't you try it?" If you have confidence in the grocer you do, for if he is a sensible grocer he doesn't fool you.

The same with pictures. Every now and then your dealer, the theater manager, says, "Here's a picture without a star in it, but it's a bear. Have a look." If the manager tells you true you're taking a step away from your allegiance to the star system. You're casting your vote for the production, not for the star.

If a manager is a good showman his patrons will place more and more confidence in his judgment. We all like to go to the places that "nearly always have a good show."

Am I right?

How do you pick the place you're going to-morrow night. Do you take the theater's word for it, do you go to the theater you think is the best? Do you choose a picture because you believe the story is good? Or are you still picking them by the name of the star?

Let's hear from you. Won't you?

Another Request

When you have finished writing that letter, won't you please add a P. S. telling which recent screen stories you have liked best? And which were worthless? And why?

A Prophet With Honor

William Lord Wright has recently shown that he has an uncanny knack of calling the turn on the trend of picture production. First he announced that it was about time for some wise producer to put out a film that would have a logically unhappy ending. Not long after "Broken Blossoms" appeared. Then he began to prophesy that a good costume play would do well now, despite the general prejudice against costume plays. Forthwith appeared "Evangeline," and we understand that others of its kind are to follow. Yes, we know that he *might* have had advance information on the plans of the producers of these pictures. But we also happen to know that he did not. It was simply a case of a man thoroughly knowing his business and being able to sense the trend of it. By the way, we're going to prophesy something: That is, that not many costume plays will be made.

What About Stories?

In asserting that there are a heap of good stories made into good pictures, we never forget that there are a mighty big lot of worthless, absurd, unintelligent stories getting on the screen. And there always will be.

There is no way to stop the output of mediocre stuff, whether it is drama, literature, shoes, hash, horses, or human beings.

They've been making stories and books and plays for a long time. There are enough good ones for the person who knows where to find them, but they're not all good. In fact, the majority of them are not worth reading or seeing. You have to use care in selection of anything whether it is a new hat, a husband, or a motion picture.

The Motion-Picture Versions

The Observer believes that there never will be a picture version of a play or a novel that will entirely satisfy those who have read the story or have seen the play.

Nor would a fiction version of a picture be entirely adequate to those who have seen the original, unless it had been made from a really great book.

The story as it first reaches us is the one we like best. The characters are the ones we feel are the real ones and we will accept no substitute.

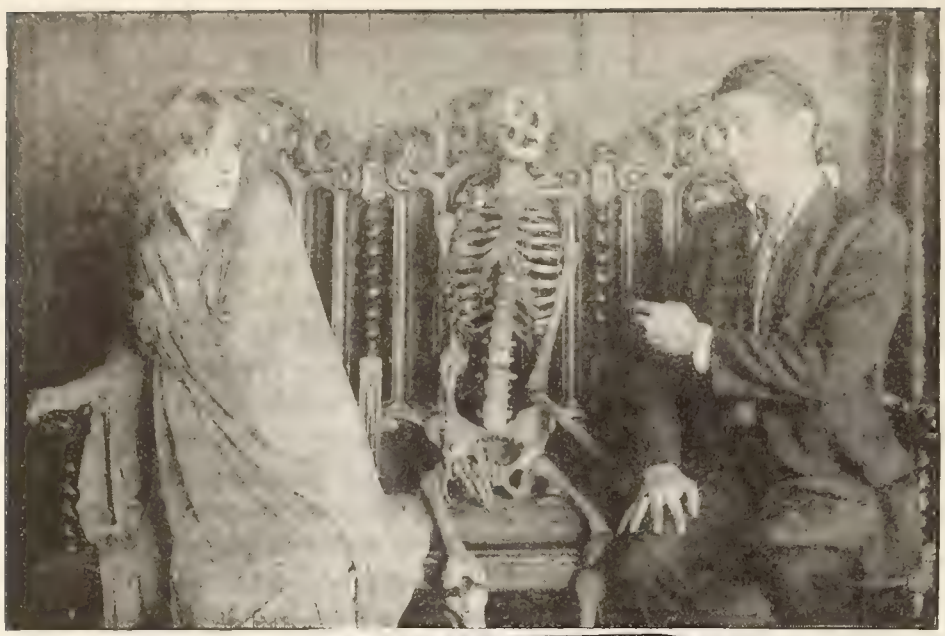
Changes are necessary in order to adapt a tale to a new medium. Our favorite chapters in a novel often are left out when it is put on the screen. The heroine doesn't look anything like the girl we had imagined her to be. The big scene on the screen isn't at all pictured the way it was done by Howard Chandler Christy in the frontispiece of the book. There is stuff in the picture that never was in the book and, all in all, we're disappointed.

While our friend who sits beside us and who never read the book thinks it's a wonderful picture.

Eight Rooms

It was a wonderful apartment at the World Studio, but oh, dear!

By Jane Mc



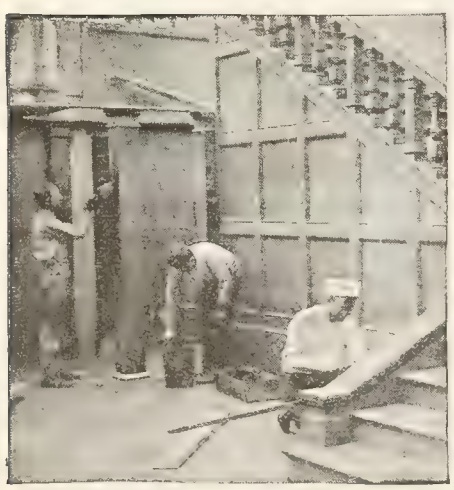
Miss Hammond and Mr. Metcalf discussing the "family skeleton."

The plans are drawn.

Making the doorways.

Up go the walls.

A bit of fancy decorating.



The painters get busy.

IF you are a married woman, you know—— Now wait. That depends. If you live in a village or a small city, you *don't.* If you live in a big city, you *do.*

Well, what I started to say was, you know how I felt the day I met Earl Metcalf. It was that disgusted-with-everything feeling you get after you've been apartment hunting for three days—a feeling of being miffed, just a little, at your husband because he can't support you in the style to which you would ilke to become accustomed, coupled with a fear that he will be a little miffed at you when you give him another cold supper and report that, no, you haven't found anything yet.

He certainly picked a dubious time to ask me over to the World Film Studio to see a wonderful set, consisting of a completely furnished eight-room apartment.

"I'm sick to death of apartments! I've been house-hunting all day. I'm so mad——" I started on a regular tirade, but I didn't finish. There *is* a certain fascination about going anywhere with an actor, and no honest woman can deny it.

So we took the ferry over to Fort Lee and then trolleyed out to the World Studio where Mr. Metcalf was working. From the outside it looks like any other studio; they all look like greenhouses with their huge glass roofs. Inside, once we got past the office boy and the doorkeeper—this is easy when you're the leading man—we found ourselves in a huge, barnlike, glass-ceilinged room which was so large that the entire eight-room apartment occupied just one corner.

"You're house-hunting!" accused a girl's voice directly above us.

I gasped and craned my neck—one doesn't look for angels even in a moving-picture studio. And it was a very human sort of an angel we saw. June Elvidge was working on a tiny stage that had been set up on stilts fifteen feet high, in order to get a particular effect. Her scene had just finished and we helped her down the steep ladder.

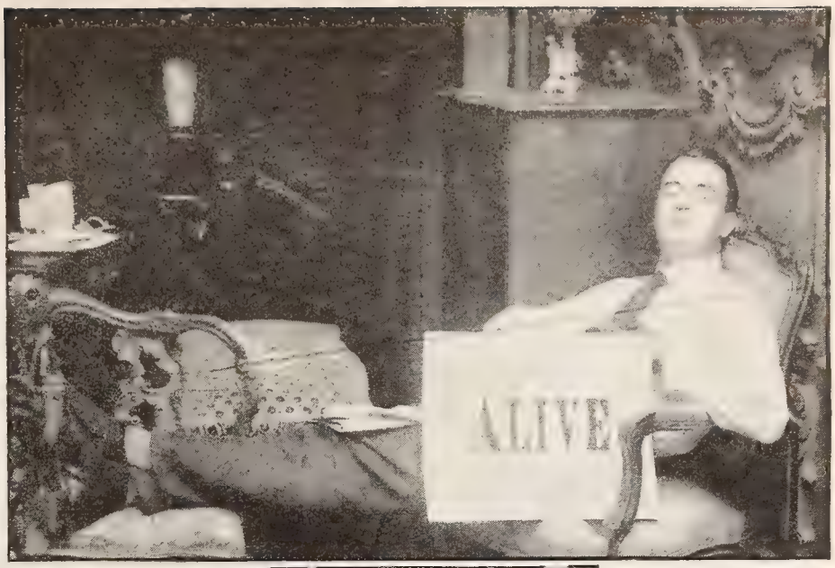
"Every one's crazy about the new apartment," she said from firm ground, "so I know where you're going. It isn't my apartment, though, it's Miss Hammond's."

She strolled over with us, however. Just outside the drawing-room of the only vacant apartment within commuting distance of New York, Miss Virginia Hammond, herself, appeared, the lady for whom the whole of its gorgeousness had been erected. It is the home in which the heroine of "The Battler" (Miss Hammond's and Mr. Metcalf's new play), is supposed to live.

and a Bath

that they built for "The Battler" the rent they wanted for it!

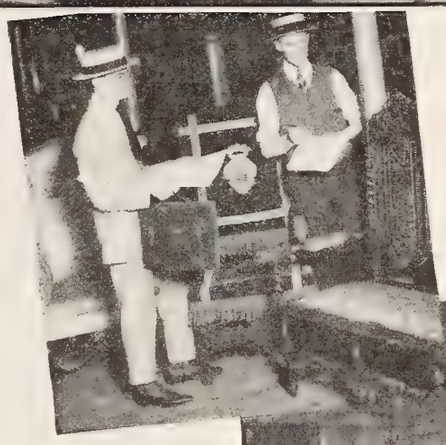
Naughton Baxter



"This is a new sort of apartment finding," Miss Hammond laughed. "If you don't find the kind you want, have it built."

"Just look at the dining-room furniture," Miss Elvidge commanded, "it's pure Adam."

And it was—every detail in that eight-room apartment, built in a week by men regularly employed by the World Film Corporation, was worked out completely and in the most exquisite taste. The rooms were arranged as they would be in a perfectly appointed apartment, the furnishings were exactly those that a charming young matron with an unlimited checking account would select. Mahogany and wicker flower baskets, the paintings hung on the walls, the rugs so soft that a two-hundred-pound carpenter clumped across beside us without making a sound, the carving over the fireplaces, the crystal and silver on the buffet—there was nothing to indicate that we were not calling in some charmingly furnished home. Miss Hammond, resting for a moment, her gray velvet dress and soft light hair vivid against the dark carved background of her chair, might have been pouring afternoon tea. And Miss Elvidge with her close-fitting little feather toque and smart dark-blue frock was a guest for whom any apartment would brace up and look its dressiest.



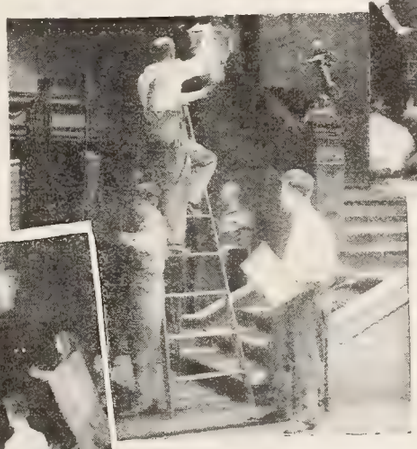
As if any one would take Earl Metcalf for a dead one!

Selecting the furniture.

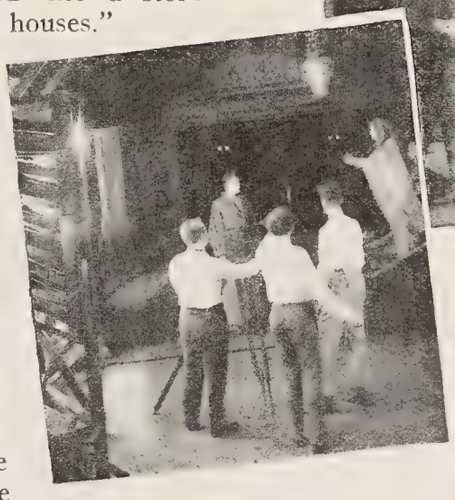
Next, carpets are laid and ornaments put in place.

"Or, if you don't happen to like this apartment," Miss Hammond went on, "they can build you any kind you like—or even a house if you prefer. Of course you've seen the storerooms where the—the raw houses are kept."

I had not, so we crossed a part of the big bare studio up some stairs and into a storeroom, literally full of "raw houses." They were really just canvas walls, scenes that had been used and then stored away for future use with the most—well if the Germans hadn't given the word such a bad name—I'd say the most efficient foresight in the world. Pick out the kind of a room or a house you want, a slum tenement (carpenter, turn to the S's), or an old-fashioned castle (castle walls, of course, are filed under C), and the walls are right there, ready and waiting. There seemed to be acres of walls, paneled and papered, tapestried or raftered, walls for parlor, bedroom, or bath, for poorhouse or bank, each in its own place, waiting to be made into a house.



Then the lamps are hung.



At last the scenes are taken.

And you see it like this.

"And after you've picked out the walls you like," Miss Hammond explained, "gotten your apartment set up, so to speak, then comes the furnishing."

She led the way out of the part of the storeroom that contains nothing but walls into what might be the furniture department of *Continued on page 100*

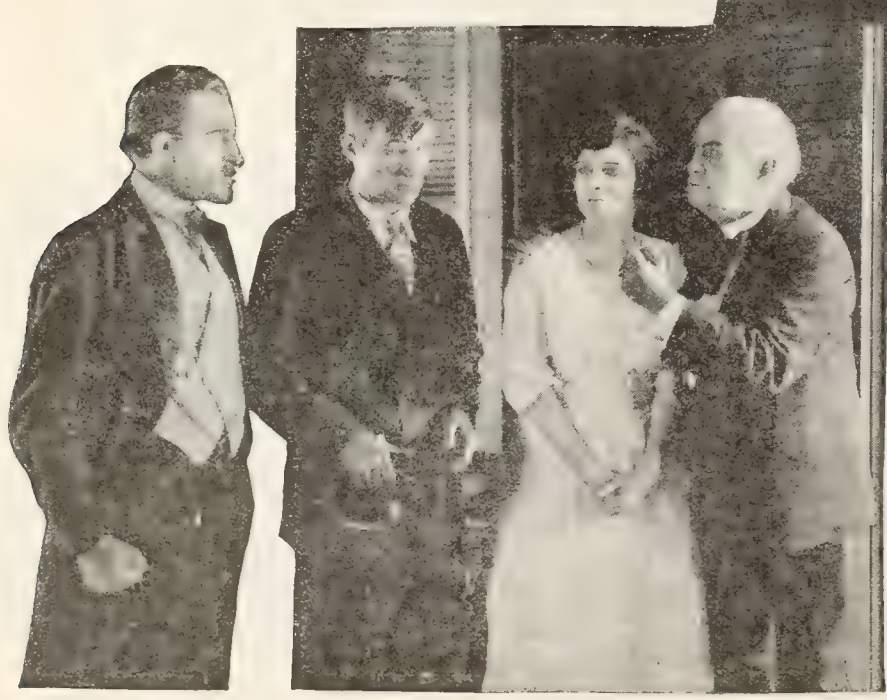
"Almost a

Here you are;
Will Rogers—star.
The tale complete,
We hope—

By
C. L. Edson

Sam takes a job
At teaching school;
Unkempt and homely
As a mule.
And 'cause he's common,
Plain and human,
He's boardin' with
A washer woman.
He even plunges
In the suds,
And helps her wash
The dirty duds.
At other times
He's just as hearty
In mixing at
A social party.
O-ho, you dames!
You kissing games!

Sam Lyman was a timber hand,
Way down in wild, old Alabama;
Upon the dock we see him stand;
A figure fit for melodrama.
For all the world's a play, y'know;
And all of us are actors in it;
Well, Sam was born to lead the show;
The plot will thicken in a minute.
Take one last look at happy Sam,
Before Fate lands the knock-out slam!



The plot here thickens
Like the "dickens."
For, in a forfeit game, our Sam
Is booked to marry Eva Mack,
In make-believe, the merest sham,
They thought—but it turned out a fact!
A new-fledged preacher tied the knot,
And, lo, the thing was legal. What?
A stir, a most tremendous stir.
The Villain, Zeb, in accents hoarse
Exclaimed: "I 'lowed to marry her;
That fool must give her a divorce!"
Said Sam to Zeb: "You snarlin' cur;
The matter's strictly rests with her!"

Husband"

A Goldwyn play—
You'll find, below,
Retold in rhyme—
a treat.

"The matter doesn't rest, at all,"
Zeb answered, bitterer than gall.
"And what I'll do
  Is, go and yank
  My money from
  Her daddy's bank.
I'll start
A run;
Her dad
  Will see,
That he is done
  A-foolin' me!
I'm not th' goat,
(Now get me Stephen)
I'll *get Eve,*
Or I'll *get even.*"

He set
Night riders
Onto Sam;
They stripp't
And whip't him;
Cowardly clan.
Meanwhile
Zeb's prank
Disturbed
The bank;
For *he* drew out a mammoth sum,
And cried: "The bank is on the bum!"
The run began, the bank looked sick,
Till Sam thought up a better trick.
He hastened to an upstream town,
And shipped a boat o' money down!

Blacks toted in
The cash, in bales!
(The first sack
—cash; the rest
Were nails.)
It fooled
The crowd;
It stopped
The run;
Zeb's game
Was copped,
His day was done.
So Sammy kept
The bride he'd won.

Will Rogers played
The humspun fella;
Peg Wood, the lucky
Cin-der-el-la.
And who—you ask—
Composed the screed?
None other than
Ol' Opie Read.
There's talent, eh? and brains to spare.
Yer right; this picture is a bear.

"Well, *What* Do You Think of *That!*"

Perhaps you will make no such exclamation upon looking over these two pages; we're hoping, though, that you will, for we believe these pictures and the facts concerning them are rather striking and unusual.

Directors often work from perilous perches. Observe, for example, Maurice Tourneur. This cut shows but the top of a tower built on a huge barge anchored at sea, from which he directed "Victory," from the Joseph Conrad novel.

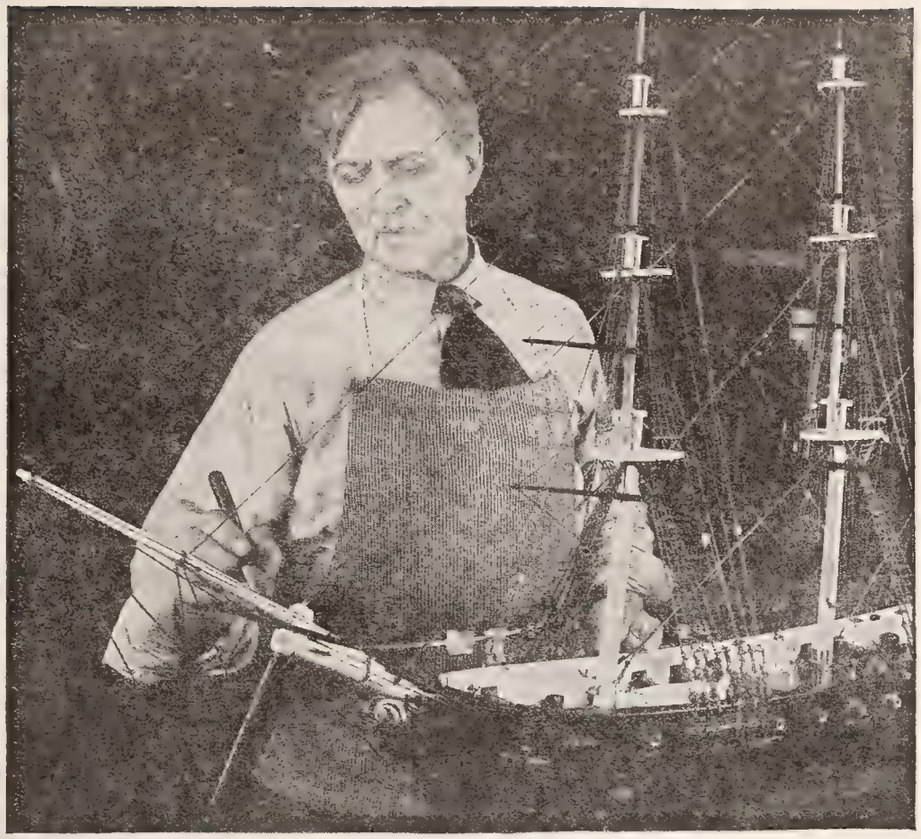
The Pathé committee looked up in amazement. George B. Seitz, director of the Pearl White serials, had coolly suggested that they make him the star of their next serial, "Bound and Gagged." And all the film acting he had done was to play, in a pinch, a small part in one episode of "The Black Secret." "Well, then, I'll pay for making the first episode," Seitz volunteered. "If it's bad, turn me down and I'll pocket my loss." The committee agreed. The episode was made. "Finish it!" they cried. "We want it!" Sporting blood had won. Before becoming a serial director, Seitz was a successful writer of fiction. The interesting story of "Bound and Gagged," which we believe will begin for him a great career as a serial star, is begun on page 37 of this issue.

Charlie Chaplin is so popular in Spain that a bullfight is no longer complete unless an actor, who imitates "Charlot," as they call him, gives a Chaplinesque burlesque of the cruel sport.

During the dry months storm scenes have to be made artificially in California. This scene, from a recent J. Warren Kerrigan picture, was made on a fine, bright day.

Doris May is one of the very few women stars who is a real gymnast, as you can see.

A model ship, which he used to play with at his grandfather's home in Marietta, Ohio, and which he now keeps in his dressing room, gave Hobart Bosworth the idea of running away to sea, when a boy, and started h.m on a career which included working successively as a truck driver, professional prize fighter and wrestler, cowboy, a clerk, landscape painter, stage and, later, screen actor. He has written nearly a hundred screen plays, and has directed an even greater number. He is, of course, an athlete, being equally at home on horseback, in the water, or with gloves and rapiers. He is six feet tall, weighs two hundred pounds, and has the light hair and blue eyes of an old viking warrior. Bosworth will be long remembered for his production of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf." He will soon be seen as another sea captain in the Ince production, "The Man Behind the Door."



You've wondered how they take those pictures showing the action of a directly oncoming motor car. Well, this picture of Douglas MacLean and Doris May explains it.

Most of us would hardly care to adopt a lion cub for a pet. But Peggy Hyland did, as you'll observe.

Fred Stone may be a comic-opera comedian, but he's no comic-opera strong man. This picture of him "bull dogging" a steer is the real thing.

"Like a Million Dollars"

That's how the job of playing "Huck Finn" looked to Louis Sargent.

By Louis Gassaway

WITH that sweet-voiced director of directors, Cecil B. De Mille throwing the fear of Thespis into a hundred brown and naked extra ex-bootblacks comprising a background for Tom Meighan and Bebe Daniels on a nearby set, and the pulsing life of the Lasky Studios eddying about us, Louis Sargent, fifteen-year-old superman of the flickers sat down on the back steps of Jeannie MacPherson's office and told me how he just hated to be selected for the titular honor in "Huckleberry Finn," a film which you are doubtless aware is one of the Paramount-Artcraft "fewer and better."

Oh, yes, he just hated it! Like any kid hates jam.

Put your subject at his ease, say the good books on "how to interview though it kills you," and so I tried a fresh and comradely air with Louis which got over just about like the Germanic invasion. Not that he is "stuck up" about having a contract with Lasky at all, but I was given to understand that I was addressing a player who takes his work seriously, and that any interviewer who thought he was going to get flip about it was in the twenty-cent section with a ten-cent ticket.

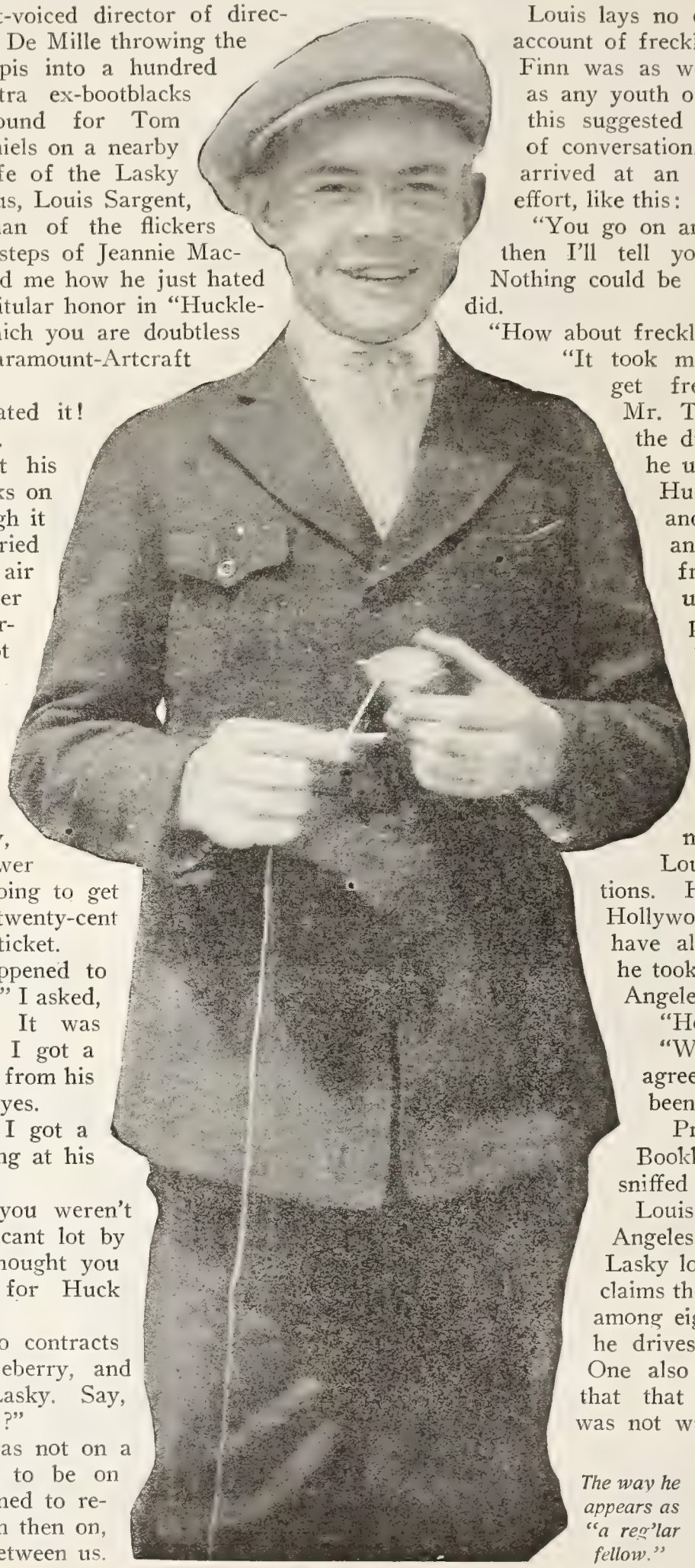
"How come you happened to get into pictures, Louis?" I asked, kind and gentlelike. It was the wrong attack, and I got a pitying "poor fish" look from his very wide-awake blue eyes.

"Stuck around until I got a job," he replied, glancing at his wrist watch.

"Oh," I said, "So you weren't picked up out of a vacant lot by a foxy director who thought you were 'just the boy for Huck Finn?'"

"No, sir. I had two contracts before I started Huckleberry, and now I have one with Lasky. Say, are you on a newspaper?"

I explained that I was not on a newspaper, but trying to be on a magazine. That seemed to relieve his mind, for from then on, all restraint was over between us.



The way he appears as "a reg'lar fellow."

Louis lays no claim to fame either on account of freckles or warts. But Huck Finn was as well warted and freckled as any youth of his generation, and so this suggested itself as a likely topic of conversation. By this time we had arrived at an equable distribution of effort, like this:

"You go on an' ask me questions, an' then I'll tell you," he had suggested. Nothing could be fairer, so I did, and he did.

"How about freckles?"—from me.

"It took me forty-five minutes to get freckled every morning. Mr. Taylor did it. He was the director. Up on location he used to holler 'All ready, Huck?' Then I'd say 'Yes' and come out of the tent an' he'd say 'Not a darned freckle' an' then we'd sit under a tree while he poked freckles on me with a stick of paint.

"I tried for three days out in the sun to get freckled but it wasn't any use. I just got all sunburned, and three teeny ones on my nose."

Louis has scholastic ambitions. He has absorbed all the Hollywood schooling his years have allotted him, and besides he took a few months in a Los Angeles business college.

"How come?" I asked.

"Well," he said, as per agreement, "I might not have been any good in pitchers."

Provident young man. Bookkeeping is not to be sniffed at when all else fails.

Louis was born near Los Angeles, just about where the Lasky lot stands at present. He claims the distinction of being one among eight young Sargents, and he drives the family automobile. One also gathers the impression that that business-college course was not wasted, when it comes to signing contracts and seeing that everything is as it should be.

"How did you like playing 'Huck Finn?'"

He sniffed, ducked his head, looked at me to see if I was kidding, swayed his short, stocky frame in its knickers and then propounded this query in reply:

"How'd you like to have a million dollars? It looked like about that much worth of fun to me. It was reg'lar play to wear old clothes and then get slicked up—only that wasn't so good—an' watch Tom Sawyer fool Nigger Jim—an' everything."

Again Mr. Sargent glanced at his wrist watch. I gathered that there was an engagement somewhere in the offing. There was. He had to go and get a new suit of clothes.

"Long pants?" I asked.

"Not yet. Ma won't let me. Can I take you into town?" No, I had to see some other Lasky stars, first, so he started to depart. But he came back to where I stood.

"Tell 'em I'm a reg'lar fellow, will yuh? I like to swim an' ride an' I like athaletics. I got a bar at home an' a trapeze. So long."

He was gone this time, in the Sargent automobile, bound for a new suit with knickers.

"It was reg'lar play to wear old clothes—'n everything."

Ordinary "boy"—young America as he is painted by Booth Tarkington—is Louis. Out of hundreds like him, he would stand out no more prominently than a grain of sand on the beach. But—and here's the thing that put him over with a bang in the "Huck" rôle—he has really remarkable powers of make-up, and an acting ability that is far above the ordinary. He did not say so himself, of course, but those who work with him did.

As I started off across the lot in search of the other stars I had in mind to see I thought, "Like a million dollars. Gee! I should think it would."

AFTER THE MOVIES

WHEN I go to the movies,
I'm glad, when I come out,
To see the shops and trolley cars
And people all about.
I'm glad to stroll along the street,
With nothing to affright,
And greet the big policeman
Who keeps us safe at night.

My home's most unpretentious,
But I find it very snug,
For no villain's in the closet
And no corpse upon the rug.
My husband snores upon the couch,
A sight I oft regret;
But—I do not find him dining
With a dangerous brunette!

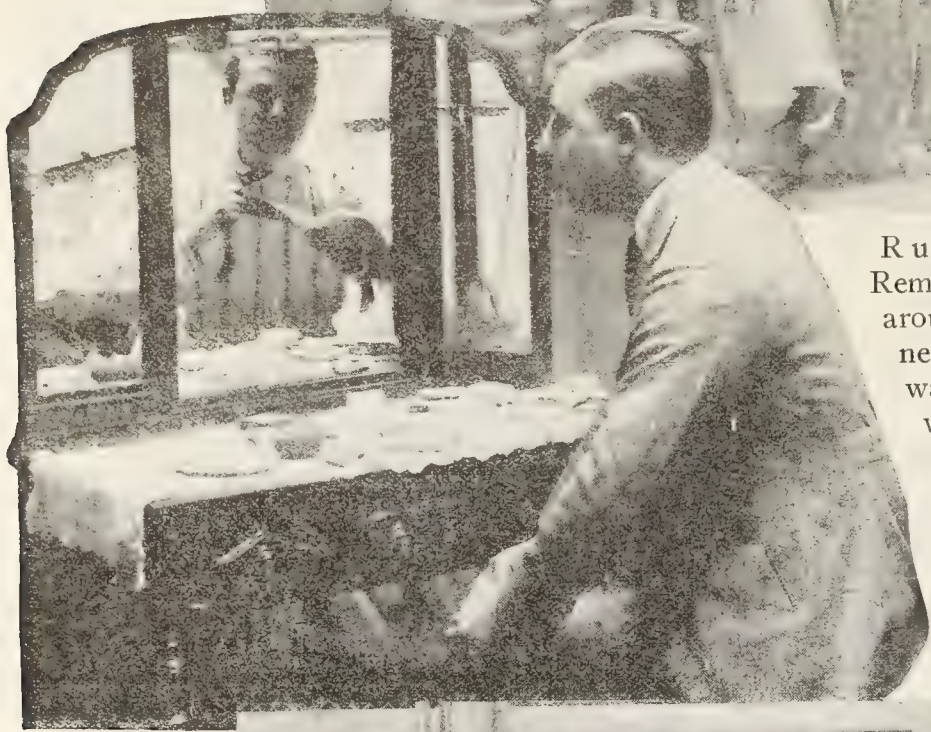
He's growing 'round the waist-line
And his hair is getting thin,
But he won't make me a cat's-paw
To rope his victims in.
And I can't heave with emotion
When my lover's told to leave,
For I haven't any lover,
And I don't know how to heave!

When I go to the movies,
I'm glad I'm commonplace,
For there are so many trials
That I'll never have to face.
And when my life seems drear and dull,
I can the Fates forgive,
For I do not have to live the lives
The shadow ladies live.

RUTH CROSSMAN.

Since Mystery Plays Are All the Rage

Here are three one-act bits, written and produced by World Film's camera wizard, C. J. Duprez.

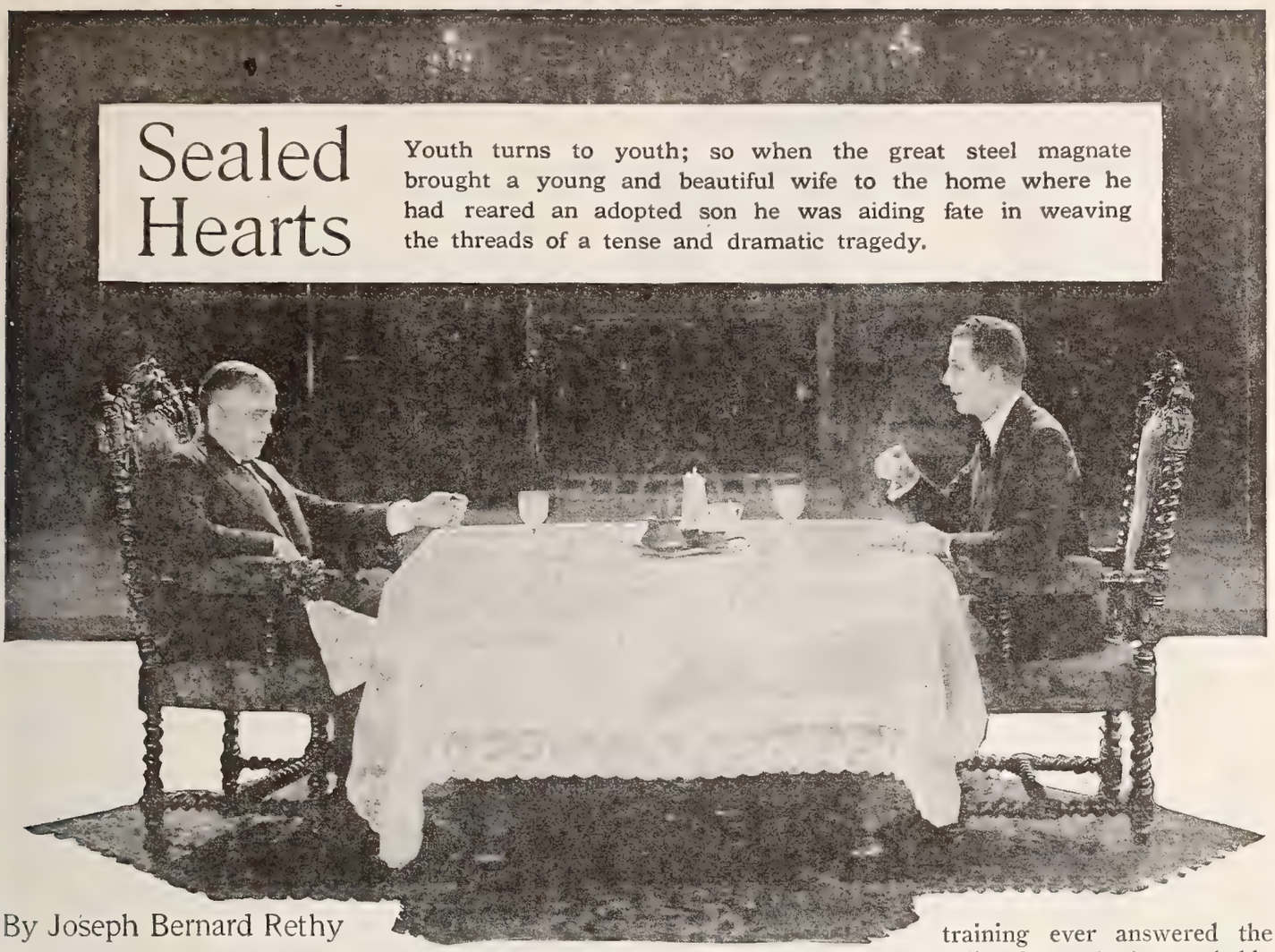


Rubye De Remer peeps around the corner of the set, watching herself act with Tom Carrigan and Stuart Holmes.

Hugh Dillman, coated and serene, observes himself in the mirror, coatless and angry, struggling with a scarf.

June Elvidge gives a complete cabaret performance, and is the audience as well.

Can you figure out how it's done?



Sealed Hearts

Youth turns to youth; so when the great steel magnate brought a young and beautiful wife to the home where he had reared an adopted son he was aiding fate in weaving the threads of a tense and dramatic tragedy.

By Joseph Bernard Rethy

FROM now on we'll think only of the works."

Frank Prentiss, head of the immense Prentiss steel works, spoke the words gently, for he knew what an ordeal the boy, his adopted son, who sat across the long table from him, had been going through.

"Yes, dad, only the works," said the young man, a little huskily, but forcing himself to smile. "Only the works. I'm sorry. I——"

"It's all right," interrupted Prentiss kindly. "We all have to learn. I'm glad you've come through the fire and shown yourself to be true steel. Now I know that no woman will keep you from completing the task of taking over the burden which I have borne so many years."

The burden was the management of the immense chain of steel plants which the old magnate had built up. Steel had been his god, his master—his slave. It had been his life. And now he was preparing to retire in favor of the boy whom he had loved as he would have loved a son of his own.

Only one fear had he had during the years in which he had watched the boy growing into young manhood—the fear that some woman might divert his stepson from the work he was preparing for him. Frank Prentiss knew that had he followed the paths of pleasure he never could have won his place in the world of industry. He knew that if the boy whom he was training ever answered the call of youth he probably would not be willing thereafter to hold himself in the harness, and to keep his thoughts only on steel.

But now the crisis had passed. The young man, innocently enough, had been about to fall victim to the charms of a fascinating but unscrupulous woman when the elder Prentiss had saved him by proving her to be a trickstress. It had been a hard blow for the boy but now it was all over.

Jack kept his word. From that day he lived only to concentrate on steel, and as he buckled down to his task Prentiss watched his stepson with tremendous pride. The dream of his life was being realized. The works under Jack would thrive and prosper even after the death of the founder. But the pace was beginning to tell on the older man; there were times when he forgot important figures and formulas; there were times when for moments his mind seemed a blank. More and more he turned to Jack, who responded unfailingly. The young man observed with anxiety the signs of weakness. He knew that Prentiss needed rest and a change. He suggested golf in the afternoons. But his father laughed.

"My work is all the relaxation I need," he insisted.

But at last there came a day when the doctor prescribed a complete rest. It was one thing for the doctor to order this. It was another thing for old Prentiss to obey. The boy understood how to act.

"Sealed Hearts"

Written from the picture based on an original story by Eugene Walter, and produced by the Selznick Pictures Corporation with the following cast:

Jack Prentiss.....Eugene O'Brien
Frank Prentiss.....Robert Edeson
Kate Grey.....Lucille Stewart

One day he insisted on a tennis match with Kate.

"Dad," he said, "you've got to get completely out of harness for a while. You must go where there is no machinery, no hustle, no business of any sort. Go somewhere where you will be absolutely undisturbed. I'll run the old shop all right."

"I know you will, my boy," Prentiss replied, "but where can I go and not feel bored?"

"Why don't you go up to the Greys for a visit? He is your old classmate," Jack suggested. "He has invited you again and again."

The advice of Jack was eventually taken. Prentiss wrote to Edward Grey, who was delighted at the idea. Grey was apparently a prosperous business man in a typically American small town. He had an ambitious wife, two girls, and a boy. He had to provide careers for all of them. As a matter of fact he spent more money than he made. Outwardly all seemed smooth as silk. He had a period house and period furniture and a limousine that resembled a Rolls-Royce. He gave dinner parties and belonged to the clubs. They lived with all the splendor of the rich, except that they were really not rich. As a matter of fact Mr. Edward Grey was on the verge of bankruptcy. But everything went along boomingly. The children, with the exception of the oldest daughter, Kate, were in the social swim. Kate alone seemed to realize that she was living in a house whose walls, at any moment, might crumble about her head. It was upon such a household that the great Frank Prentiss descended.

"Ed," said Prentiss on arriving at the Grey home, "you must excuse me from any social activities. Most of the time I'll have to stay in my room. Doctor's orders. I hate to admit it, but the fact is I'm a convalescent."

"What you say goes," Edward Grey replied. "We'll consider you one of the family. The whole house is at your disposal."

Somewhat to Prentiss' surprise, he began to enjoy his vacation. Every one tried to please him. But it was Kate who was really interested. She liked the powerful character for himself. And he sensed the disinterestedness of her acts. One day he strolled out into the garden. It was late afternoon, and Kate was carefully pruning a rosebush. Prentiss walked quietly toward her.

"How does it happen that you're so much more domestic than your brother and sister?" he asked. "You don't seem to care for society affairs."

"We are not as rich as we pretend to be," she replied with engaging candor, "and some one has to keep things running."

He did not reply, but he liked her for that bit of self-revelation. They spoke of inconsequential things, the weather, the people about them, the prospects of the roses. The twilight crept over the land. They still talked. They were unaware that two persons at that moment were talking about them. Those two persons were Mr. and Mrs. Grey, to both of whom the same thought recently had occurred. That thought was this: what a wonderful thing it would be for them if Kate were to marry Frank Prentiss. All their troubles would be over. George could go to college; Marjorie to that very expensive and fashionable boarding school. And that note of the Second National would be met. Mr. Grey would be solvent again. That night Frank Prentiss picked up the steel-trade paper, which he secretly had sent to him. But he was not interested. For the first time since he could remember he was not absorbed by the news of the technical world. There were alien thoughts assailing his brain. Strange that—— At that instant he heard knocking on his door.

"Come in!" Mr. Prentiss called out curtly.

The door opened and Kate entered bearing a tray on which reposed a bowl of broth and some dainty slices of toast. There was a smile upon her face, a smile that went at once to Prentiss' heart.

"Take this and eat it while it is hot," she said in a laughing tone of mock authority.

Then he heard the swish of silk as she withdrew—heard the door close after her. He wanted to call her back. He took the spoon and slowly stirred the broth. As he tasted it a look of wonder flashed across his face. He leaned back in his chair. Ah! he thought, how pleasant it was to be served by a good woman, and particularly when that woman was so beautiful and so charming as Kate. Other thoughts, thoughts that were enchantingly new to him, swept across his mind. Then a look of bitterness flushed his face. In an instant of divination he had realized all that he had missed in life. Life without love was a failure! Now, when he was an old man, the truth of that remark burst about him. Was it too late? He thought of Kate. He lifted the rose she had given him and kissed it.

The next day just after lunch he took a walk with Kate. They came to a little wood near the lake. There was a bench there underneath a great oak. The ironmaster led Kate to it. They both sat down. For a moment no one spoke. Then Prentiss turned to her. His eyes shone brightly. His cheeks were flushed. He took her hand in his.

"Kate," he said simply, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

The girl's face turned pale. She quickly withdrew her hand. She seemed stunned, shocked.

"You are the only woman I have ever loved," he continued with that characteristic directness. "I never dreamed that women like you existed. Marry me and let me spend the rest of my life caring for you."

"You don't know what you are saying," Kate answered. "Why, that is impossible. I like you very much. I admire you for your character and for your achievements, but marry you? I am shocked, Mr. Prentiss. I had no idea you would propose to me."

"Kate," Prentiss persisted, "don't tell me 'no.' Think this matter over very carefully. I am going away in a few days—back to the plant. You will write me. Do not say 'no' now. I beg you to think it over."

Kate was touched. She did not love him, knew that she would never love him. But she did not wish to hurt him unnecessarily.

"When you get back to your plant," she promised, "I will let you know my answer." She knew what that answer would be. It would be a decided "no."

When Kate reached the Grey house late that afternoon the family was sitting on the porch. The couple were greeted effusively. Prentiss at once retired into his room. As soon as he was gone the rest of the family surrounded Kate.

"Did he propose to you, sis?" brother George demanded.

"Kate, you are a lucky girl," Mrs. Grey remarked; "every one can see he is crazy for you."

Marjorie clapped her hands. "A millionaire for a brother-in-law," she murmured delightedly. "That's great!"

"What did he say, Kate?" Mr. Grey queried, looking straight into his daughter's eyes.

"He asked me to become his wife," Kate said calmly.

"And of course you accepted," Mrs. Grey declared.

"Of course *not,*" Kate answered bitterly, understanding for the first time in her life the shallowness and the extreme selfishness of her family. "When I marry, I'll marry the man I love, rich or poor."

Her statement created a sensation. The four united against her in furious protest. She was a bad daughter, an ungrateful sister, a selfish and unreasonable girl. Kate listened to them with bitter fortitude. Her father's last remark cut her the deepest.

"If you don't marry him we are ruined," he said angrily, "we'll become the laughingstock of the place. Here is our last chance. For if you must know it, I am down and out."

With a face as white as chalk she went to her room, threw herself upon the bed and wept as though her heart were broken.

The next day Mr. Frank Prentiss left the Greys. Every one but Kate saw him off at the station. When the Greys returned home they began a fresh bombardment upon Kate. They put it up to her. The education of her brother and sister, the business of Mr. Grey, the very home in which they lived depended upon her marrying Mr. Prentiss.

In the end, after a terrific struggle with herself, Kate determined to accept the millionaire. On that very afternoon arrived an ardent appeal from Prentiss renewing his plea. The family, like a group of vultures, gathered about Kate. She threw the letter to them. They read the proposal greedily. What would she do? She sat down at the desk and in their presence wrote to Prentiss:

"Yes."

She handed the note to her father after signing it. Then she walked out of the library. In that instant all her love for her family died. Mr. Grey at once sealed and directed the letter to Prentiss.

It was a very hard task for Prentiss to tell Jack about his proposal to Kate. But when her answer arrived Prentiss did so. And Jack was overwhelmed. He felt that his father had betrayed not only him but the whole works.

He looked straight into the older man's eager eyes. "She cannot love you," he said coldly. "She is marrying you for your money."

That went home. He saw the old man wince. It touched him deeply. After a mighty effort to master himself he went over to Prentiss, put his arm about his shoulder and said, "Forgive me, dad. Perhaps I'm wrong; I only hope so."

With almost boyish eagerness the old man clutched Jack by the arm. Then his face broke into a smile as he began to describe *her* to Jack.

After a very expensive and elaborate wedding at the home of the Greys, and after a honeymoon that was all bliss to Prentiss and horror to Kate, the great steel king brought his bride home. Jack greeted her with studious politeness, but she could feel the hostility within his heart. The appearance of a mistress in the Prentiss house was a novelty, indeed. Kate made an excellent hostess and housekeeper. She tried to be friendly to Jack. But he resented her presence. He would not be trapped by a woman's kindness.

There is a law in nature, however, that no one can defy. That is the law that like turns to like. Youth turns to youth. And though Frank Prentiss did all he could to appear vigorous and young, the fact remained that he was getting on in years.

One day he insisted upon a match with Kate on the swift earthen court. Jack watched the determined efforts of his father moodily. He knew that such violent exercise would not do the old man any good. In the midst of the game Prentiss stopped.

He would torture them day and night by spying upon them.

"What's wrong, dad?" Jack asked, hastening to his side.

"Nothing wrong," Prentiss hastily replied, trying to appear at ease, although obviously suffering, "just a twinge. It will pass away in a moment."

"Dad, you'll have to stop," Jack insisted, backed up by Kate. "This sort of thing is out of your line. Take it easy."

Without a word, head erect, admirably concealing his agony, Prentiss walked away. "Would you like to finish the game with me?" Jack suggested courteously.

"If you care to," Kate responded.

The two began a swift, eager match. They were well paired. Instead of the leisurely Prentiss, Kate now found an opponent who compelled her to exert every ounce of energy. Her blood rose to her cheeks. Her eyes glowed brightly. This was real sport. Suddenly Kate gave a little cry, and fell to the ground. Jack seeing her fall, leaped over the net and bounded to her side.

"I'm afraid I have sprained my ankle," Kate said ruefully. "I can't stand up."

"Then I'll have to carry you in," Jack declared sympathetically.

He lifted her carefully in his arms, and she placed one arm about his neck. The perfume of her hair, the impact of her lithe body, the pathetic helplessness of the girl, moved Jack strangely. He carried her into the house, explaining to his father what had happened. But a furious, unreasoning spasm of jealousy gripped the elder man at the sight of his son and wife so close to one another.

From that day the atmosphere in the house swiftly changed. Prentiss became more suspicious each week. Through the green eyes of jealousy he twisted each little act of Jack's into something hostile to himself. But his very watchfulness and unreasoning jealousy only fanned the mysterous, unspoken longings in the hearts of Jack and Kate. At last she broke the torturing silence.

"Jack," she said almost hysterically, "I do not see how I can continue to live here any longer. I am too miserable. He is torturing me to death."

"I know you are unhappy," Jack said, profoundly touched, "but why did you marry him?"

"I married him because my family wanted his money," Kate confessed. "I never loved him. Now I hate him."

Then she told Jack the circumstances that led to her marriage. A wave of pity swept over him. He saw Kate suddenly in a new light. She was a martyr. Instinctively his hand reached out for hers. Silently their fingers intertwined in sympathy.

"I am sorry that you came into this house," said Jack at last. "You and dad and I are the tragic victims of fate. What are we going to do?"

She shook her head. "I don't know," she answered. "We must try to do what seems right."

With a look of intense pain and a little gesture of despair she turned away. As she entered the hall she saw Prentiss in the doorway.

"And so you hate me!" he said coldly. "You hate me! You—my wife!"

For a moment Kate stood speechless. To explain was useless. The scene that followed was burned into her soul. It ended when the elder man, in a furious rage, struck the boy whom he had loved and reared, in the face with his cane.

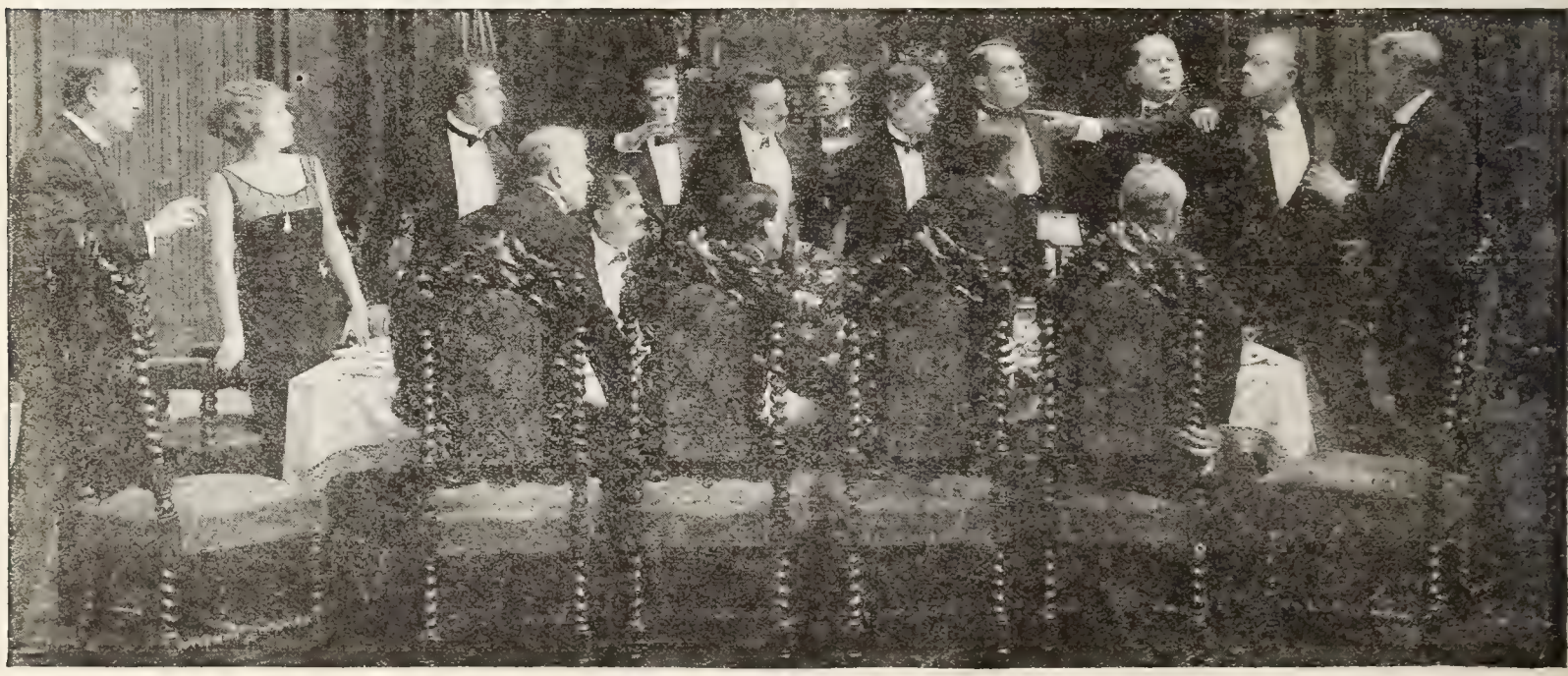
To outward appearances the matter was smoothed over on the following day. But inwardly the green-eyed monster was working greater havoc than ever within the heart of the elder Prentiss. Sick and maddened, he determined upon a course diabolical in conception and fiendish in execution. He would torture them day and night by spying upon them, clearly showing his suspicions. Not an hour of the day but in some way they would feel the fangs of his revenge. He arranged to give a dinner in his home to his business associates with both Kate and Jack present. At this dinner, it was his purpose publicly to brand both. The evening of the dinner arrived. The guests were seated about the great table. As Kate entered the room Prentiss walked over to her and led her with an air of proprietorship to the head of the table.

"Gentlemen—my wife," he exclaimed proudly.

Kate sat down beside him, very white and beautiful in her soft evening dress. She bowed graciously to the men about her. At that instant Jack walked in.

"You are late, my boy," declared Prentiss with apparent benevolence, "but there is always a place for you—your usual place—by the side of my wife."

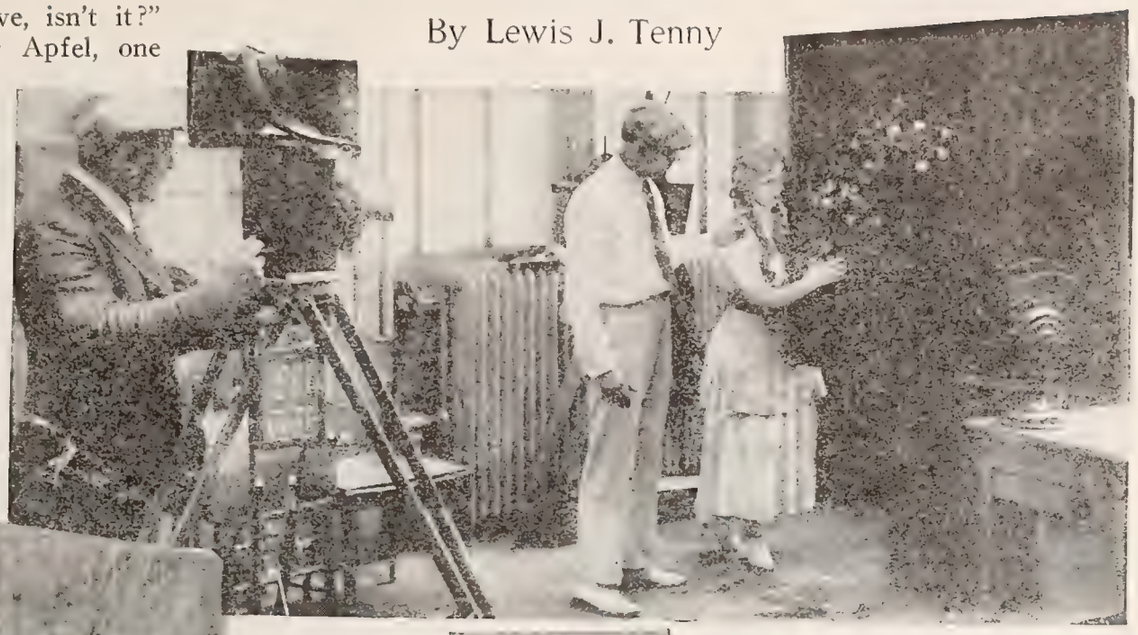
Continued on page 105



Imagination's Spur

By Lewis J. Tenny

"PRETTY expensive, isn't it?" I asked Oscar Apfel, one of the directors at the World Film Studio, as I stood watching him at work making an animated title. An animated title, as you probably know, is one in which a bit of action, suggested by the text, but having nothing to do directly with the story, is shown on the screen simultaneously with the title.



"Expensive? I should say so," he replied. "To-morrow morning I shall start out with a company of seventeen persons, representing medieval characters, and take a few feet of film showing them traveling along with horses, donkeys, goats, and a bear—something like the Canterbury pilgrims. Only a few seconds of that scene will be shown—just enough to illuminate the sub-title, 'The Magic Road to Anywhere.'

"I suppose there are a hundred sub-titles in this picture we're making, and each one means a separate little production. But it's worth while because it stimulates the imagination, and that's what people want when they go to see pictures. It has another value in keeping action going all the time."

These pictures show how animated titles are made. In this one a few feet of film were taken showing the roses, which were given movement by the electric fan, while the girl's hand first grasped the stems, then turned to show the blood coming from the wound made by the thorn. The film was then rewound, and exposed again to photograph the lettering.

Gail Prim, Jonas' daughter who is a thorn in the side of her stepmother.

Gail Prim Miss Evelyn Greeley

Rehearsing the Rehearsal

Douglas MacLean puts as much pep into the preliminaries as he does into the picture itself.

By Thomas Shepherd

This is lots more fun than hanging over a drawing board.

IT was rather on the Elizabethan order, that set, and the properties should have had little signs saying "This is a miniature"—it looked strangely like a whisk broom—and "This is a tree," so that the audience wouldn't take it for a kitchen chair. However, I was all the audience there was in the Ince Studio that morning, and Douglas MacLean and Doris May and the rest of the company were too busy to care whether I knew what was going on or not.

"What's the idea?" I asked MacLean, as he finished a heated argument over the proper way of carrying a bouquet and adjourned to the sidelines with me. "Where's your camera?"

"Oh, this is a rehearsal," he explained. "We won't shoot anything for a week yet. We go through the whole picture this way, with everybody making suggestions, and then the director looks over the finished product, smooths down the rough edges, and we shoot the picture. The sets aren't even done yet." And for the next ten minutes I listened while he enthusiastically rode his hobby, explaining why this system of rehearsals was better than that in which each scene was run through just before it was done with the camera.

"Now, suppose," he went on, "that a scene from the very climax of the play was the first one to be shot. Suppose that we hadn't had any rehearsals at all, and the director, when everything was ready, suddenly yelled: 'All right, scene 223. John, you're swearing mad at Henry. You come bursting in at that door and give us about twenty feet of anger.' John

You can learn a good deal from such a rehearsal.

may not know whether Henry has wronged his daughter or sent him a comic valentine. There are actually cases of that sort, where the actors don't even know what the story is about. This way we get well into the characters before we begin taking the scenes. And, after all, this is simply the way they rehearse on the stage, you know, though I suppose it does seem odd, since it's so seldom done in the studios."

It did seem a bit odd, because, though, as a rule, the actors are informed as to what the story is about, it's quite true that they don't often rehearse the entire play beforehand. But I thought the idea sounded like a very sensible one, and I liked MacLean's enthusiasm.

If you've seen MacLean and Doris May in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," you've encountered that enthusiasm; for a man of Scotch descent he comes dangerously near being impetuous. And earnest—well, I don't wonder that when his Methodist minister father tried to argue him out of going on the stage the effort was unavailing

"Father thought engineering was more in my line," MacLean explained to me, "so I went to Northwestern University and Lewis Institute, in Chicago. But billboards had it all over drawing boards so far as I was concerned, and when I was lucky enough to meet Daniel Frohman I told him that I was crazy to go on the stage, and he sent me to John Emerson, who was making a production right then. Emerson offered me a part in a road show, but I decided to go to a dramatic school instead. And after that Maude Adams engaged me to play in 'Peter Pan,' and I was well started on a stage career—with father reconciled, but always hoping that I'd give it up some day and go back to engineering. "There was no chance, though—I stuck to the stage, and finally began sandwiching motion pictures in with my other work—when Alice Brady made her first picture, for World, I made mine, too, as her leading man. Later I was in a lot of Famous Players-Lasky productions, and now I'm not doing anything but pictures."

As he talked on I felt sorry for that father of his—for it's rarely, if ever, that a brown-eyed young man with as strong a chin as Douglas MacLean's gives up when he's once on the way to gratifying a cherished ambition. He's of Scotch descent, even though he was born in Philadelphia—even has a brother-in-law named "Willum" Ferguson, which certainly is Scotch enough for anybody, though such a relationship isn't exactly direct. And when you add the MacLean brand of earnestness and enthusiasm to Scotch determination you might as well argue with an army mule as with that combination.

"Of course these comedies that Miss May and I are doing aren't exactly like work," commented MacLean. "Both 'Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave' and 'What's Your Husband Doing?' are delightful little stories, and we had a corking time doing them. And if I could go back over them and show you which parts came out in our first rehearsals, I'll bet you'd be interested in seeing how they worked out when the director got hold of them."

And off he went to rehearse his rehearsal of the new picture once more, as intent on what he was doing as if the camera had been grinding right then. Maybe I'm wrong, but I'm betting that if the rehearsal had been filmed instead of the real picture the result would get more laugh than even a MacLean-May comedy does—and some day perhaps a daring director will give me a chance to prove it.

The whisk broom was a bit of Elizabethan scenery.

The Screen in Review

Comment and Criticism on recent releases.

By Harry Dunn Cabot

"The Gay Old Dog" is excellent in cast and story.

HOW do you like your movies—with a message or a story, or just with a star? The time has come when you can indulge your preference on this score, and this season, when more than one of the big producing companies are advertising authors as well as players, the current pictures can easily be divided into two classes—those which entertain because they're a vehicle for a big player, and those which have a story that claims equal importance with the star.

For instance, Pathé has recently released "The Gay Old Dog," based on the story of the same name by Edna Ferber. I venture to state that two years ago, when this story was hailed as one of the best of the year, not a picture company would have appreciated its screen value, because neither the producers nor the public was ready then to accept a picture in which the cast would have to be subordinated to the story. That it can be done successfully now shows what a step forward the movies have taken.

As *Jimmy Dobbs,* who becomes "The Gay Old Dog" in an attempt to find on Broadway the happiness which a deathbed promise to his mother deprived him of earlier in life, John Cumberland gives a performance which could not be improved upon. Cumberland's long stage career has taught him to get both subtle humor and a delicate sort of pathos out of such a rôle, and shows how satisfactory a good part can be on the screen when it is played by a man whom it fits perfectly. Yet the story is more important than is Cumberland's acting. It's intensely realistic—sometimes you feel as if you'd removed one of the walls of your neighbor's house and were watching the wheels of the family life go round. You might have known in your home town the lonely bachelor who, burdened with three old-maid sisters, tried in vain to marry them off so that he would be free to marry the girl of his choice. The humor and pathos of his attempts, the satirical twist Fate gives his life when it's too late for him to find happiness, and the use of the ending which the original story has, makes this a picture which is really unusual. For *Jimmy Dobbs* meets his first sweetheart again only to find her happily married; he realizes that spending money on Broadway doesn't mean happiness, and we leave him at the end of the picture facing a lonely old age. Any other ending would have made "The Gay Old Dog" flat and unconvincing.

That this ending was used is significant, in view of the fact that in another current release, Vitagraph's "The Gamblers," the director has dared to break the rule, "No unhappy endings!" Based on the successful play by Charles Klein, this is a strong story, affording Harry Morey many opportunities for good work. As a member of a Wall Street group which has manipulated the funds of a bank for its own uses and faces ruin with detection, Morey has a big rôle. And when, dealing a pack of playing cards to decide which of the group shall assume the blame for its illegal acts, he himself draws the high card, he is the center of a highly dramatic scene. Of course one can't help hoping that somehow punishment will be averted, but as in the play, the hero faces imprisonment at the end.

Harry Morey is given an unusual rôle in "The Gamblers."

Another long-cherished rule goes by the boards in Universal's "Sundown Trail"—which, incidentally, made us sympathize with Bill Hart, for we're sure he'd have liked to appear in it. But Monroe Salisbury has first honors in this highly dramatic play, which ignores the ban on historical pictures and shows a cross-section of life in the gold-mad days of '49. Salisbury capably plays the part of a gentleman miner who refuses to enter the matrimonial circle of his friends when they import the girls they left behind them, and moves against a background that is dramatic, picturesque, and rich in action and romance.

Hart does the same thing in his new picture, "Wagon Tracks," for, departing from the West of to-day, he appears in a tale of earlier frontier days. A Mississippi River steamboat is the setting for some dramatic scenes, and as a guide for the wagon trains that follow the Santa Fe Trail Hart has a rôle strengthened by both tragedy and pathos. The

"The Sunset Trail" is a

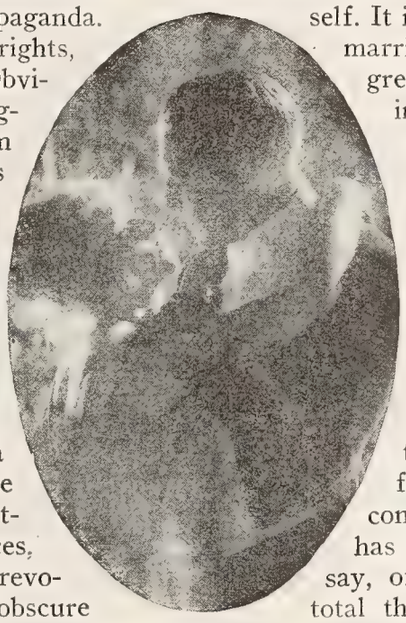
familiar Hart material is used, of course—it would be impossible to subordinate the Hart personality to any story however good—but in this case it is woven into a vivid and absorbing tale which is something more than merely a wild and woolly Western melodrama.

Theda Bara is defying tradition, too, and stepping out of her customary vampire rôles in "Kathleen Mavourneen." We feel that it must have taken a lot of courage on her part to throw off her usual mantle and appear as an Irish lassie, pure of heart and sentimental to a degree far removed from the soul-destroying rôles which she usually assumes. If you can forget the Theda of the past you will like her in this new atmosphere, though she does not suggest an Irish girl even for a moment. But any star who can burst the bonds of her environment even for the space of one picture deserves commendation, and the picture itself abounds in Irish atmosphere and is entertaining quite apart from the star's part in it.

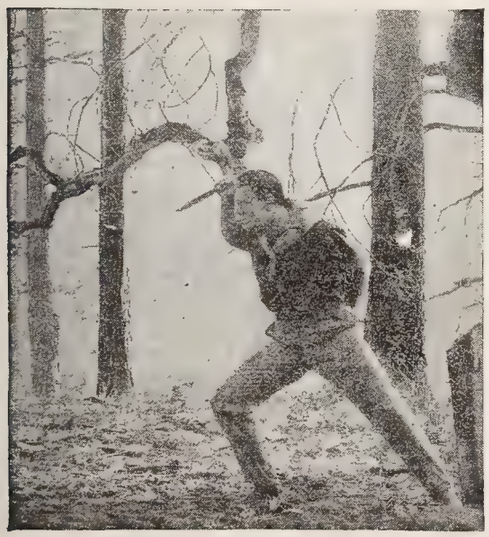
Typically Fairbanks-ian is "His Majesty the American"

But to get back to our classification. High in the list of those with a message—too high, in fact—is "The Volcano," which is mere picturey propaganda. It is sponsored by the dean of playwrights, Augustus Thomas, yet it falls flat. Obviously striving for a moral, full of flag-waving, it argues against Bolshevism through all its agitated footage. It is timely, of course, has a big title and a big author, and Leah Baird as its star, but it takes its place as one of the ineffective editorials of the screen.

And high in the list of plays with a featured star and no message at all is Douglas Fairbanks' first picture made under the auspices of the United Artists, "His Majesty the American." It's a three-ring Fairbanks' circus, with the ever-smiling Doug shown as first assistant to New York's fire and polce forces, as a successful participant in a Mexican revolution, and first aid to the king of an obscure Continental kingdom, to whose throne he is the long-lost heir. The plot is frequently lost, strayed, or stolen, but nobody cares, because its hero has such a good time doing his favorite stunts. It will not make new recruits to the Fairbanks' forces, but it will gain anew the admiration of the old ones.



"The Lottery Man" features Wallace Reid.



tale of the days of '49.

Another purely entertaining picture is "The Lottery Man," a Paramount-Artcraft release in which Wallace Reid is featured. The central character in this picture—which is based on a successful play—is a young newspaper man who conceives an idea that will bring circulation to the daily and an increased income to himself. It is a lottery with himself as the prize—the marriage prize! The idea is seized upon as great by the head of the newspaper and immediately put under way, with great success—and then the lottery man has the great misfortune to fall in love himself!

Naturally, this precipitates a hazardous situation for the lottery man. Thousands of women, entrants in the contest, clamoring for his hand, and the only one he wants refusing to clamor. It is a comedy situation from which the utmost has been derived by the producers—and the handsome Reid fellow. Suffice it to add that true love conquers over all lotteries before the picture has completely run its course. We should say, off-hand, that the laughs in this number total the number of women who entered the contest. And that was a lot. Who wouldn't pay a dollar for the privilege of being Wally Reid's wife? Goodness!

So many good stage plays are being adapted for the movies this year that it's hard to find a picture whose characters haven't trod the boards before they took the screen. Billie Bub Burke found an admirable vehicle in one of them, "Billeted," which has changed its name to "The Misleading Widow," with Billie as the charming, convention-defying young heroine. Full of moods and caprices, she has a captivating rôle as the delightful young "widow" who dares to flout the conventions by inviting two unknown army officers to spend their leave at her home—only to discover that one of them is her husband. The picture, like Billie, bubbles with spontaneous mirth, and its heroine jumps from the frying pan into the fire with all the grace in the world. The officers are played by James L. Crane and Frank Mills—actors who know a thing or two about farcical values, and keep the picture up to top notch. The story doesn't quite claim equal values with the star in this case, but you can't overlook it by any means.

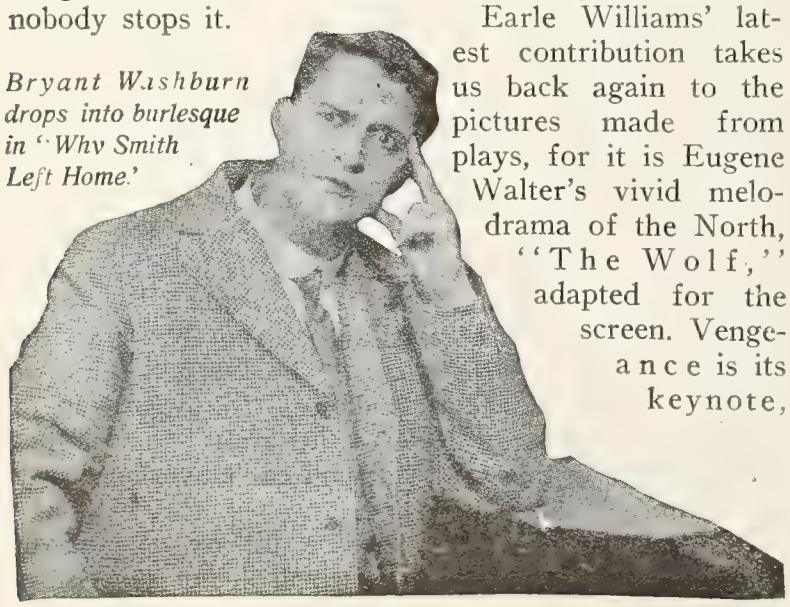
Along comes another amusing bit of comedy in which the star is everything—which is not surprising,

Bessie Barriscale is seen against a vivid background in "The Woman Michael Married."

since she's Dorothy Gish. "Out of Luck" furnishes her with a "Little Disturber" type of rôle, which is about all one needs say about it. As a superstitious heroine, who believes in signs, cards, and the magic of a rabbit's foot, she plunges into spirited farce, which leaps forward on its hectic way when Dorothy sees the moon over her left shoulder and sees a black cat cross her path. And, of course, she wears orange blossoms when the picture ends and the final fade-out is shown.

The much-advertised Eugene O'Brien picture, "The Perfect Lover," also presents a star and not a story; not unexpectedly, of course, since this is O'Brien's first appearance as a star. Probably it will disappoint you. The title suggests a sort of modern Romeo, but in reality the plot is only a mild thing, relying heavily upon a great deal of false sentiment. As an artist the hero is fêted and worshiped by society—and then the innocent fellow finds that he has to "Pay and pay and pay"—in the language of the wronged heroine of old-fashioned melodramas. O'Brien is natural and acceptable in a part which a "screeny" actor would have made impossible, but he is worthy of better material than he has been given in this instance.

And, speaking of "screeny" actors, J. Warren Kerrigan lays himself open to that indictment in "A White Man's Chance," in which, in the garb of a Spanish grandee, he puts down another of his comic-opera rebellions—which he and Doug Fairbanks know so well how to do. The picture is characterized by three things—Kerrigan's smile, tricky eyebrows, and carefully studied romantic postures. It is interesting only in spots—and shows what the picture with a star rather than a story can be when nobody stops it.



Bryant Washburn drops into burlesque in "Why Smith Left Home."

Earle Williams' latest contribution takes us back again to the pictures made from plays, for it is Eugene Walter's vivid melodrama of the North, "The Wolf," adapted for the screen. Vengeance is its keynote, and as *Jules Beaubien,* Mr. Williams waits six reels to exact it upon the head of the man who wronged the girl—thereby disposing of the suspense which is the vital element of the play. However, the picture has a rich setting which compensates for the lapses in the action, and the picture is adequate as a vehicle for Williams.

A pioneer in the use of the movies as message bearers is the well-known woman director, Lois Weber, whose "Hypocrites" raised such a storm a few years ago. The uplift movement has never swamped her, for her messages have always been centered on such faithful institutions as the heart and the home, and that she can handle them ably is demonstrated in a simple little picture, "Home," featuring Mildred Harris Chaplin. It is very human and appealing, and fits the star's wistful personality admirably. The heroine learns to appreciate the value of her own very plain little home, where love, faith, and happiness are found, by visiting in a pretentious mansion from which they are absent. It is not a big story, yet it is impressive, and shows Miss Harris as a capable artiste.

"The Other Half" presents its message most convincingly.

Another simple message is delivered by Mitchell Lewis in "The Faith of the Strong." Lewis is an actor who stands alone in his study of the Canuck, and has done so ever since he gave us his memorable characterization in "The Barrier," a bit of work which has confined him to similar rôles. Faith is the message behind his latest picture, which is a rugged tale of the woods and of primitive men.

And a message—that of brotherly love—is far more ably presented in King Vidor's latest production, "The Other Half," featuring Florence Vidor and ZaSu Pitts. Here we have Capital and Labor in their age-old conflict, but for once this vital theme is made the subject of rich dramatic entertainment instead of everlasting argument. This is a picture which really has something to say, and says it so well that the message is driven home without effort.

The story is worth repeating. A captain and a corporal return to civil life after the war. The former strikes the apex of prosperity which destroys his moral fiber; the latter hits the level in the work-a-day world. And when accident overcomes him—he works in the factory of the captain's father—his erstwhile friend refuses assistance, which brings the respective sweethearts of the men together. The wealthy girl's interest is so aroused by the entreaties of the other—notice the message here in the minor plot?—that she refuses to marry the young financier. She will write editorials on a newspaper. And one of her articles opens the eyes of her uncharitable fiancé and he sees the light, while the corporal's eyes are literally opened at the same time. Unique? Decidedly! But human and convincing withal.

Mary Pickford goes down into the slums, too, in her newest picture, "The Hoodlum," but if there's a mes-

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HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

Regarding Original Plots

Many observing writers have written of late to inquire whether the day of the original screen story is nearing its end. They ask this because they have seen in the fall announcements so many pictures listed for the coming season, based upon magazine stories, books, and plays. One correspondent calls our attention to the fact that nearly all of Paramount-Artcraft's forthcoming productions are screen adaptations of big literary and dramatic successes, that Metro offers a similar list of productions by big authors and playwrights, that Goldwyn has a formidable array, and so on.

It is true that a few of the big producers are practically confining their productions to the works of writers of fame and reputation. But the same thing is true of a few magazines. That doesn't mean that there are not plenty of other markets—and good ones, too—in which the beginner of the professional writer of no great reputation, is more than welcome if he brings the sort of stuff the editors want.

Personally, I think that a picture company which refuses to produce a story unless it has already appeared in print is making a grievous error.

Of course, there is value in the name of a popular author, in the title of a serial that has appeared in the *Wednesday Evening Gazette* with five million circulation, but what value there is in demanding that the gripping plot, "Her Sacrifice," appear first between the covers of the *Bon Ton Magazine,* and be read by perhaps ten thousand, before it can be filmed—well, it passeth my understanding.

Producers Want Them

But the main question is, are there, or are there not, companies who still want original plots? And the answer is, there are. Our latest market booklet, which was gotten out a few weeks ago, gives a long list of them. In it one or two producers frankly admit that most of their productions are based on published works of note, but, nevertheless, they want to be listed as being interested in seeing all the original material that is being submitted. They realize that otherwise they might miss a golden nugget. I could name a long list of forthcoming productions by different companies based on original stories purchased from outside writers. Incidentally, the market is strong just now for serial plots. If you have a good plot for a serial photo play—one devoid of masked marvels, chemical phenomena, etc., send it to Universal, Pathé, or Vitagraph and it will receive attention. Remember we said *good* material. Such material is scarce; that is why the market is strong for it. The difficult thing is to teach the outside writer what good material is. Often what seems good material to the writer, and to his friends, is hopeless from the producers' point of view.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

What One Producer Says

There are a great many producers of motion pictures in the field, and the fact that a few of them are making a great drive on published works does not mean that all the rest are following suit. There would not be enough published stories suitable for filming to go around.

A. J. Berst, president of the United Picture Theaters, Inc., who is a representative producer, commented on this question recently in the following enlightening way:

"I shall continue in the market for strictly original stories so long as there are any. By this statement I do not mean that we refuse to consider magazine fiction or novels. We do. Some of our greatest successes have been filmed from book stories. Just the same, it pays to read the manuscripts that arrive in the office. Occasionally we find a very good original story. If the author wishes to reserve his short story or book rights well and good. What we want is the motion-picture rights and it makes no difference to me whether the plot has ever appeared in print or not.

"I have found from experience that about one script in fifty is worth serious consideration. From our Pacific coast offices we have received just four original plots in the past five months. Of these four plots, I have retained two. They are original stories and better than the average magazine story or novel.

"Many of the book plots are bought principally for the main title and the name of the author. It stands to reason that the name of Rudyard Kipling has poster and publicity value. The same applies to other well-known authors. More often, however, the carefully written original movie plot, presented with an eye to the capabilities of our stars, written by an author of inventive talent, will stand up better than the average novel or short story. The latter carry plots, more or less strong, but hidden away in a wilderness of words."

"Not Yet Discouraged"

We like to get letters from beginners in this department. Send along your experiences and observations for the help of others. If you come in others will also. Here is one from "Not Yet Discouraged:"

"I am one of the thousands of amateurs who are trying to break into the writing side of the movie game, but have never sold a plot although I have been writing them for over three years. That, however, does not worry me, as I only write to satisfy the longing to write. I have my own typewriter and all it costs me is my time and the small expense for postage, paper, envelopes, etc.

"I have grown up with the movies, first starting with the one-reel pictures when they were in such demand many years ago and writing them longer as mind and imagination developed, until now I can put enough action in a play to bring it up to five reels. You hear the producers cry out that amateurs should write their play around some particular star. Suppose they did, sent the story to the company having that certain star, and the story was refused, what then? Laid aside on the shelf useless, of course.

"Have taken your magazine ever since I first started to write. I don't always get time to read is right though, so I read the 'Hints for Scenario Writers' first, then 'The Observer,' and the rest when I can find the time. I like the way you give us amateurs the cold facts in the 'Hints for Scenario Writers,' and let us shed the tears about the true conditions. It is better than for us to think that writing for the movies is easy."

As to Credit

Five years ago we waged a campaign for screen and poster credit for authors. Now that credit is given as a matter of course. The thought has occurred to us that credit where credit is due is not yet entirely adjusted for fairness to all concerned. Let us go on the "inside" and see how the average photo-play story is handled before it is put in production. In many instances, others than the author of the original idea and the author of the continuity are entitled to credit. We see on screen and posters that "Kneedeep in June," in five parts, was written by Jennie McGish, and the scenario prepared by Hector O. Scribble. All right. But list to this inside tale of what really happened.

Miss Jennie McGish submitted a synopsis to the Doorknob Film Concern. It carried a good, novel basic idea and perhaps one or two good situations. The rest of the synopsis, including the main title, was of no earthly value for any purpose. The director, the star, and the scenario editor thereupon met to confer on the story. They suggested a lot of new business to the writer of the continuity. This business was incorporated in the scenario.

Now listen some more! Hector O. Scribble, the perspiring scenarioist, may have belonged to either one of two classes of that *genus homo*. Perhaps he was one of those who think they "know it all," or possibly he was one of those canny ones who do their best and depend on Providence for the rest. In any event Hector appeared, let us say, after a week's seclusion—or more—with a "temporary continuity." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—whether Hector knows it all or whether Hector is canny—this temporary continuity is strictly "temporary" in every meaning of the word. It is more or less fair—generally less.

This scenario then was read by the director—if one by this time has been engaged—by the star, by the scenario editor, and by his assistant. Then it was earnestly and systematically torn to pieces, more new business invented at this second conference, the continuity shortened, and new effects suggested. The chances are that Hector's script consisted of a reel and a half of atmosphere before anything happened, so that action had to be put in right from the start. Hector then went home and finally emerged again with an entirely new continuity of which at least a third and perhaps two thirds of the ideas, business, love interest, drama, and comedy was suggested by others.

To sum up: In my experience, with a very few exceptions, I have found that the original story consists of an idea only; that the original continuity, or scenario, consists of mechanics only; that subtitles, business, originality, suspense, etc., are often suggested by director, star, and scenario editor, or others who may be qualified to sit in and offer their suggestons at the conference.

The two credited on screen and poster get well paid for their work, and the invention is furnished by the others who get no extra pay and no credit. Yet they are co-authors of both the continuity and the original story.

Think it over.

As to Carbon Copies

Your remarks regarding writers sending more than one copy of stories out at once, alarms me a little. I have just done that very thing, though with no idea of making a possible buyer bid up.

Some of my stories have been kept so long—three and four months—two were never returned—as to be useless. They come back, if not soiled, so shop worn as to make it necessary to rewrite them, which often I am unable to do. Sometimes my interest in the story has waned, or there is no longer a demand for that kind of a story. I have written letters to studios, asked if my story had been received and no answer is ever given. But after two, three, or four months the story comes lagging back. One studio denied ever having received a story from me, and refused to read my copy for fear, they told me on the phone, the original had been lost and fallen into other hands, and they would not run the risk of duplication. I asked the postmaster to trace it and, after three months, it was found in that same studio. Tucked away by some careless person, I presume, and forgotten.

An agency that sells stories on commission told me they do not permit the studios to keep their stories for more than a week; then they go and get them. But we cannot do that. We just have to wait until our produce has gone to seed in some studio and comes back with its value gone. One of the most prominent producers has had a story of mine for four months and he has ignored my letter asking if he ever received it.

Now, these are not small fry that have done this to me, but big producers who ought to be above that sort of laxness. I would not dream of sending out numerous copies of a story on a gamble, but how can we beginners get anywhere if we cannot get our stories back? I have too much sense to mind having a story rejected, but I certainly resent having my stories kept months and months and then returned with printed slips asking for more stories.

In commenting upon the above letter from Sarah Waters we remember about six years ago when writers wrote to us protesting that the movie producers "stole their stories." With others, we worked very hard to overcome this widely spread suspicion and I think, succeeded. It will again be revived to the detriment of

Continued on page 102

"Author—Author!"

THE first time that was ever shouted at me was in a dance hall in Alaska, when a bunch of miners tied their dogs in the keno room next door, and yelled so loud at the end of my first act that the dogs cut loose and began to fight. That broke up the show—you can't let a hundred dollars' worth of property get chewed up for mere drama." Rex Beach laughed at the recollection, and patted the dogs that were following him as he showed me over his place at Arden, on the Hudson. "I went up there with the first rush in 1897—had been studying law, but in Alaska I took a chance at anything that came along, till I got hold of some good property and cleaned up."

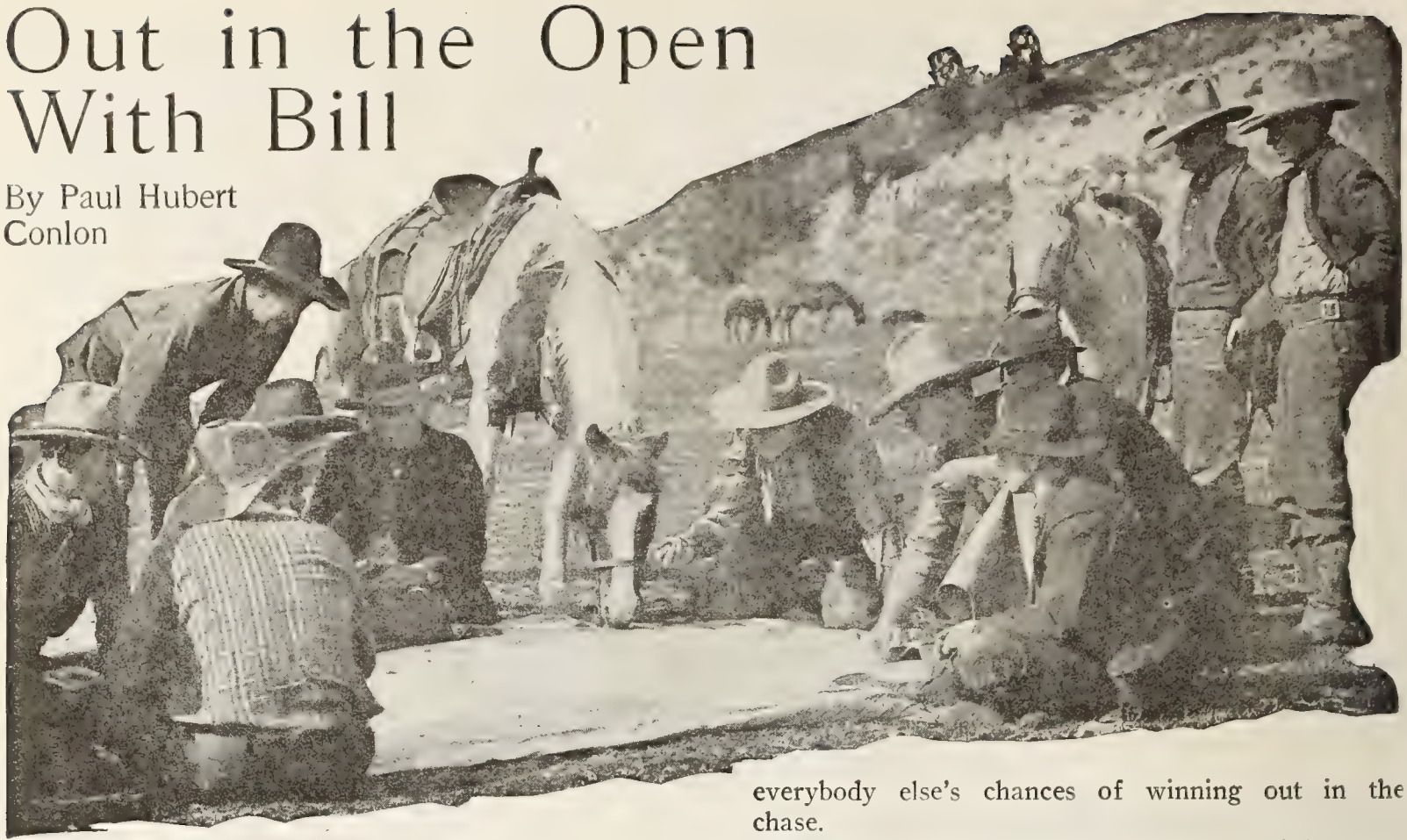
It was those days in gold-mad Alaska that furnished him material when he began to write stories, some years later—and now the movies are profiting by them, for Rex Beach, as president of Eminent Authors' Pictures, is putting into practice his belief that an author ought to take a hand in the dramatization of his stories, and "The Girl From the Outside" and "The Silver Horde" show Alaska as it really was—not as a director thinks it might have been. They'll be as realistic as the fight in "The Spoilers," made from his story, which set a high-water mark in movies years ago.

Nor will Alaska be the background for all the Rex Beach pictures; in fact, it's possible that the colony of primitive Indians which he visited in Mexico last winter may find itself embodied in one of his tales.

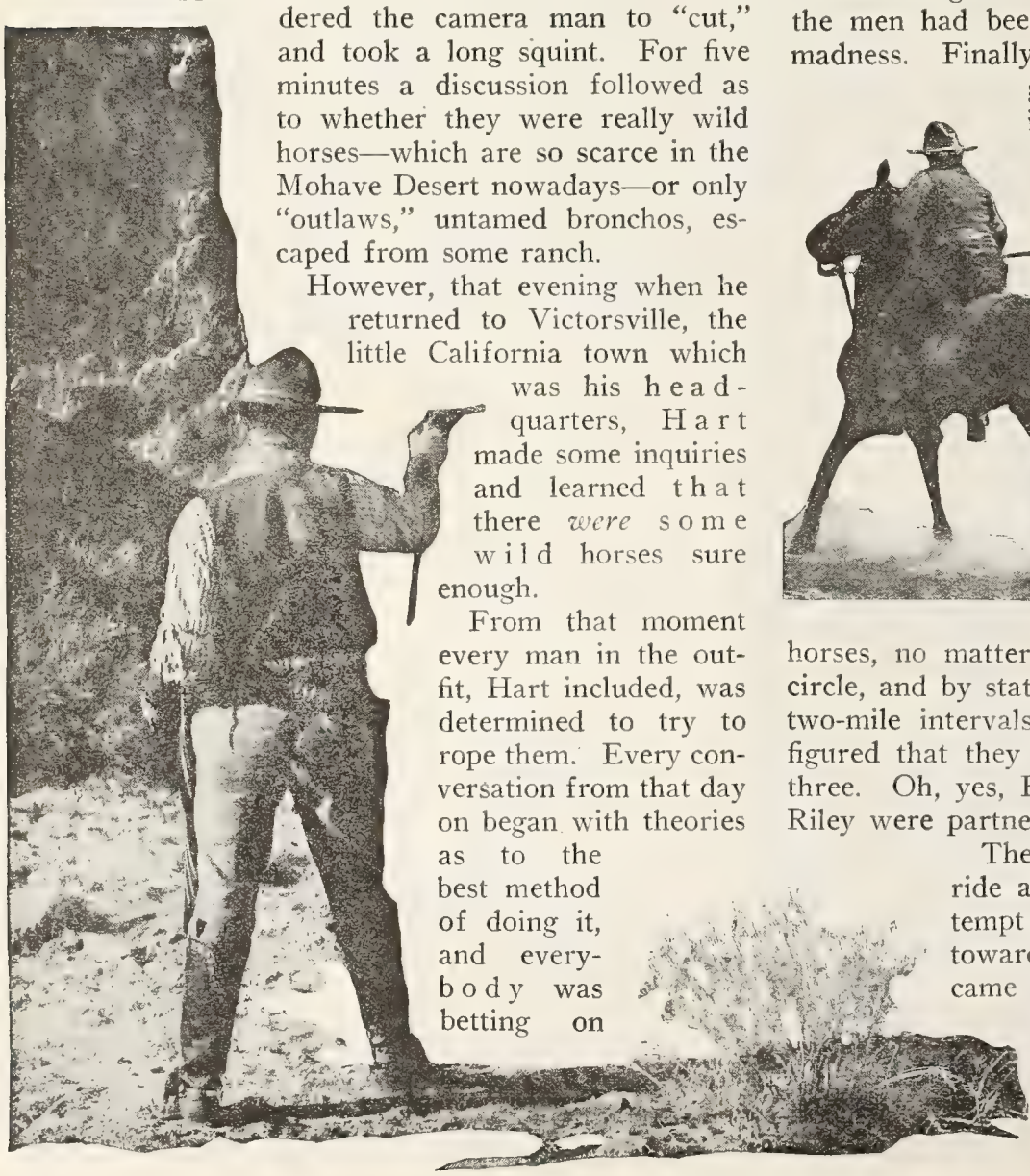
And next time the cry of "Author!" calls Rex Beach before an audience it'll be his own fault—for he's been the moving spirit behind this movement to let an author supervise the screening of his own stories, and movie audiences will soon appreciate what he's done for them.

Out in the Open With Bill

By Paul Hubert Conlon



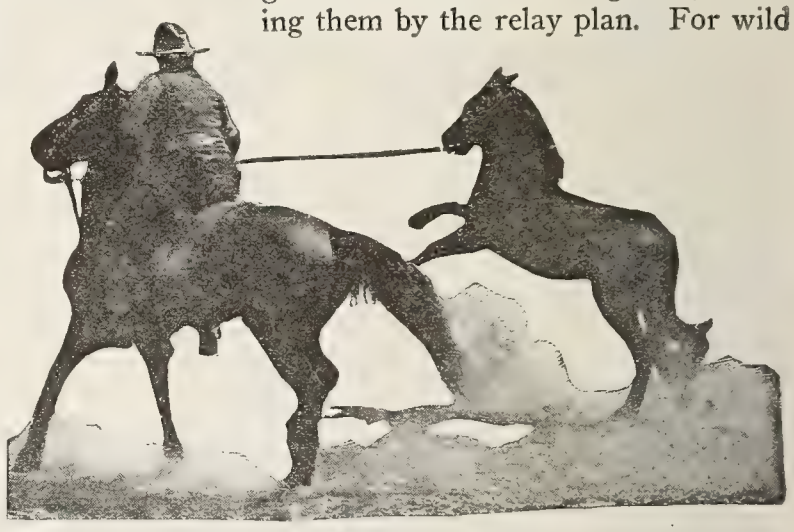
WILD horses—three of them—silhouetted against the sky line! At the news of it Bill Hart dropped his dice, scrambled to his feet, ordered the camera man to "cut," and took a long squint. For five minutes a discussion followed as to whether they were really wild horses—which are so scarce in the Mohave Desert nowadays—or only "outlaws," untamed bronchos, escaped from some ranch.



However, that evening when he returned to Victorsville, the little California town which was his headquarters, Hart made some inquiries and learned that there *were* some wild horses sure enough.

From that moment every man in the outfit, Hart included, was determined to try to rope them. Every conversation from that day on began with theories as to the best method of doing it, and everybody was betting on everybody else's chances of winning out in the chase.

But the week dragged by with the wild horses still at large, though picture making went on at a brisk rate; the company worked so fast and so earnestly in its zeal to get through that the director wondered if the men had been afflicted with some sort of desert madness. Finally, the scenes all shot, they agreed to go out after the horses together, catching them by the relay plan. For wild



horses, no matter how far they run, always go in a circle, and by stationing men on horseback in pairs at two-mile intervals on a fifteen-mile circle, the outfit figured that they could round up at least one of the three. Oh, yes, Hart took a hand in it; he and Slim Riley were partners.

The plan was for each pair of men to ride after the horse easily, making no attempt to catch it, but merely driving it on toward the next pair of men. But when it came Hart's turn the horse was quite evidently getting worn out, and headed eagerly for the sheltering cañons near by.

"We'll never get him if he turns in there!" shouted Riley, spurring

his own mount. Hart sped along on the other side, and presently two lassos went cutting through the air from either direction, and after a brief struggle the horse was theirs.

They rigged two hackamores on his head in order to lead him back to camp without injuring him, and then turned homeward—not really proud of what was just good luck, of course. Anybody could have done it, they assured the rest of the outfit casually, but their grins of honest pride weren't so easily obliterated.

That wasn't the only interesting feature of the location work done for "Wagon Tracks," however. There was a big round-up of five hundred cattle, which kept everybody's hands full for a while, and in between times there was rarely a dull moment; a little thing like risking life or limb in some wild stunt meant less than nothing to the Hart cowboys. There was plenty of work, too, and everybody took a hand at his share of it. William S. set a good example—he's always ready to help the assistant "props" carry a heavy load or to rustle some forgotten necessity. And Ann Little, who was leading lady, was no less willing, and consequently stood ace-high with every cow-puncher in the outfit.

Incidentally Hart tried to get away from his Western rôles a while ago; not that he wanted to desert them, but he feared that the public in general was getting tired of always seeing him against that same old background. So he began varying his locations. "Shark Monroe" was a sea picture. "Branding Broadway" he did partly in New York. Then he turned westward again, stopping in Chicago to make "Breed of Men" at the stockyards, and then went on to San Francisco, where both the Golden Gate and San Quentin prison were called for as backgrounds for "The Poppy Girl's Husband."

By that time his mail was assuming even more stupendous proportions than usual, and nearly all the letters took the same trend. Indignantly the fans were asking why their Bill had deserted the wild and woolly West. Wasn't he going to make any more "regular" pictures? A perfect storm broke around Hart's ears when he got back home and read that deluge of mail, and those who were on hand at the time say that his smile got broader and broader as he waded through the heap of letters, for those protests were after his own heart.

So just as soon as he could get at it he began a regular "wild-and-woolly" release—the kind the fans call a real Hart picture. And as soon as he finished "Wagon Tracks," the one which took him to the Mohave Desert, he started on another Western. But following that comes one laid in New Orleans, for Bill wants to please every one.

Transplanting a Family Tree

HEDDA NOVA thinks her family tree grew in the wrong country, and, while we admit that she has reason to believe she's right, the way she puts it is all wrong.

"When I danced on the stage, and later, when I first made pictures, I always said I was Russian, of course," she told me. "Being born in Odessa and having my people Russian settled the matter, I thought. But since I've made 'The Spitfire of Seville' I've learned that I'm really Spanish as far as feelings go. Look at these pictures of me in that play and see if I don't look just plain Spanish."

We did, and we feel sure that she's wrong. Spanish she may be in temperament and looks, but she's way off when she thinks that she could possibly look "just plain" anything.

Over the Teacups

Order gossip with your tea and muffins and this is what you'll hear.

By the Bystander

Thomas Santschi has the "Have your own company" fever.

The Haworth Pictures people enticed Edith Storey back to the screen.

"Fewer and better" is Henry Walthall's slogan nowadays.

I THINK it's scandalous!" Fanny the Fan, being nearly an hour late for her appointment with me, sought to divert my attention thus when she finally arrived. "Everybody has either a brand-new company or a new aëroplane, and all I've got to show for my allowance is an evening gown copied after one of the ones in 'Everywoman.'"

"I'll believe nothing that you tell me about new companies," I declared firmly, leading the way to my favorite nook in the hotel tea room. "Last time I saw you, you swore that Priscilla Dean was leaving Universal, and then, when I'd rushed around and told everybody I knew, I learned that she was all signed up with them for years to come."

"Well, I got that straight from somebody who knew all about it," declared Fanny, not at all abashed. "Why don't you move over to that side? Then you can see every one out on the street, and I can see the lobby. That's better. Well, this news about new companies is true, honestly. Thomas Santschi has one, and so has Henry Walthall—he's always wanted to be in the 'fewer-and-better' class, you know, and now he's going to do it."

"Edith Storey's back here, too—did you know that?" I volunteered. "She's to be with Haworth Pictures, you know—between her and Sessue Hayakawa they'll have a corner on Oriental pictures, it seems to me; she used to be great in those spooky foreign rôles."

"Well, I didn't know who was here, but I do know all about Catherine Curtis' company—you know, she played *Sammy* in 'The Shepherd of the Hills'—and she liked doing it so well that she went home to New York and got her father, a New York capitalist, and a lot of other financiers interested in this project of hers. Why, she even put in her own money! And now she's probably going to act in the company's productions, though she's more interested in the business end of the matter, and

One of the few disheveled moments of Irene Castle's life!

know, on the brand-new Carlyle Blackwell Productions; he says that's why he has to have such a big car and drive so fast going out to his home at the beach at night—he can't afford to waste time driving any slower. There's a brand-new excuse for speeding for you!"

"Well, I don't believe anybody will be driving a car by this time next year," declared Fanny gloomily—she's just bought one, you see, after saving her allowance for a year. "Why, flying's a perfect craze even now.

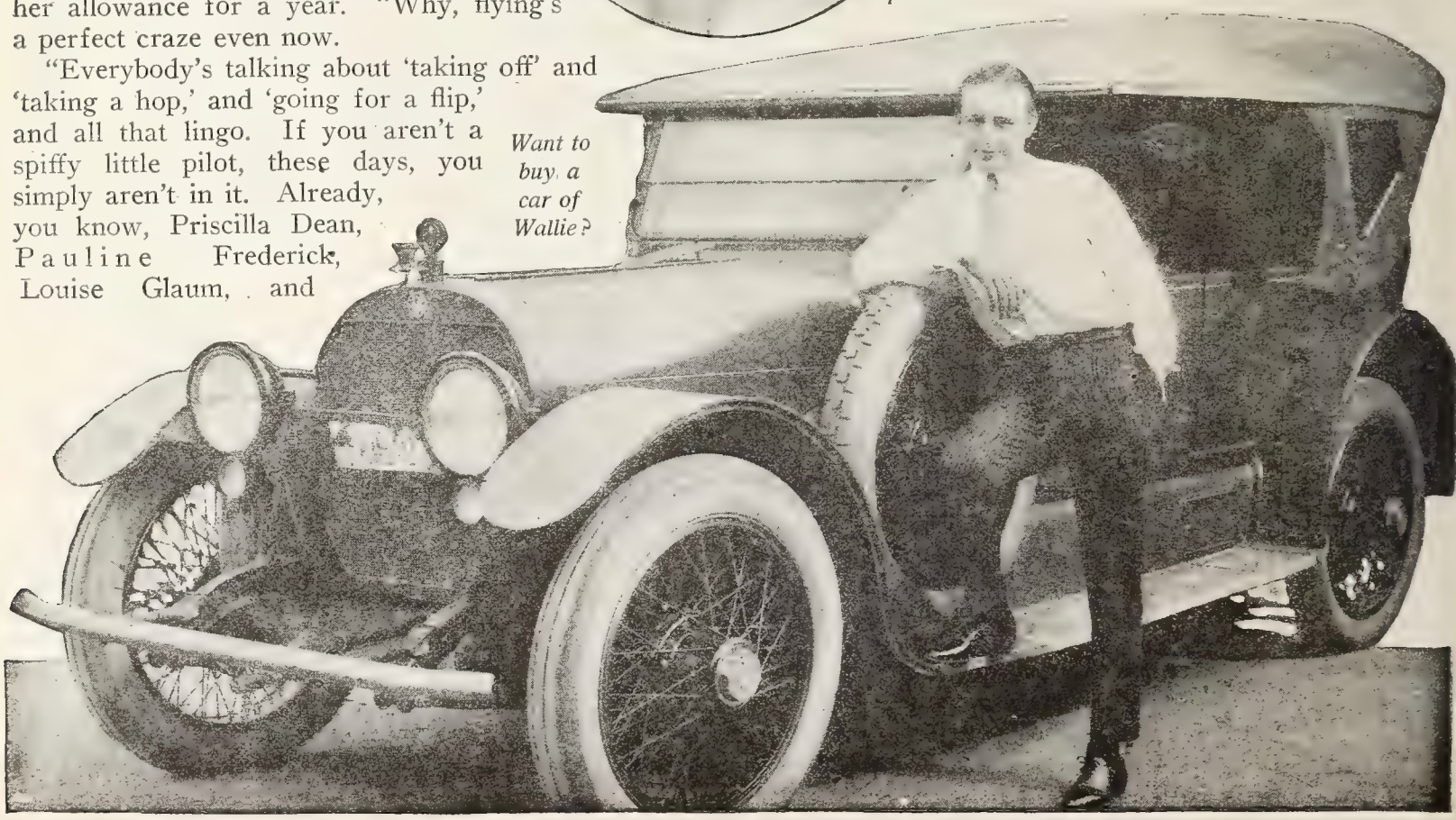
"Everybody's talking about 'taking off' and 'taking a hop,' and 'going for a flip,' and all that lingo. If you aren't a spiffy little pilot, these days, you simply aren't in it. Already, you know, Priscilla Dean, Pauline Frederick, Louise Glaum, and Kathlyn Williams, among the women, are studying for licenses.

"How nice and convenient it will be, too! Mary Pickford can take a hop over to her orphan asylum without being mobbed. And when a bore chances to drop in on Mabel Normand, she can just leap into her bright-red flying machine—I'm sure it'll be bright red—and take off into the empyrean, calling back to said bore—with her fingers crossed, of course—'Oh, say, beloved, I'll be back in half an hour!' Pauline Frederick just dotes on making four or five parties a night, and how nice when she can flit from door to door, and merely drop her cards in the front yard when she goes calling. We're getting nearly as casual as that, anyhow. Peggy Hyland would just naturally have a kitchenette fitted up with a nice tea service, and serve tea and cakes with one hand while she worked the joy-stick with the other. It won't be safe for Will Rogers' enemies when Will begins to soar, because he can lasso them from his airplane and dangle 'em along behind—and Bill Hart will lash sister Mary to the mast and go for a cross-country flip before breakfast.

"You know, Charlie Chaplin has one now—says he's going to name it 'Hamlet,' because he always wonders, when he takes off, whether he's 'to be or not to be' back at the studio next day. And what fun Lew Cody will have when he can sail away into the clouds and be all alone with his little mustache."

"There goes Jack Pickford," I announced from my vantage point, as a roadster went whizzing down the street. "What a stir it made when he signed up with Goldwyn. They say he hated to come back West

Ann Little's mascot is a hermit at present.



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and leave Olive Thomas in New York, but he's got his sisters and mother and baby Mary Rupp here to console him so I don't see that he deserves much sympathy. But he's glad to be making 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come'; his mother bought the rights to it for him when he was still making pictures on his own hook, and it's to be his first Goldwyn picture."

"Wouldn't it be funny to have your mother give you the rights to a picture, instead of a new car or a vanity box or something like that?" mused Fanny, fishing in the depths of her bag for a powder puff. "By the way, have you seen Rhea Mitchell up close since she had her nose made over?"

"No," and I craned my neck to get her view of the lobby.

"Well, she's perfectly beautiful—and she no sooner got out of the hospital and home than she was engaged to appear in a society serial opposite King Baggot, at the new Burston Studios."

"These changes in appearance are too much for me," I lamented. "I hardly knew Pauline Frederick with her hair bobbed. Oh, yes—she really did have it cut, but, of course, she has that kind of hair that you can part just anywhere and go swimming or motoring in without having it look any the worse for wear."

"Here's a queer little snapshot of Irene Castle that I got the other day," was Fanny's only response, which led me to believe that she'd heard my news before, but was too polite to tell me so. "You know how spick and span she always looks, and what gorgeous clothes she always wears. Well, she had taken off her puttees to readjust them between scenes, and her director, Charles Maigne, dragged her before the camera—funny, isn't it?"

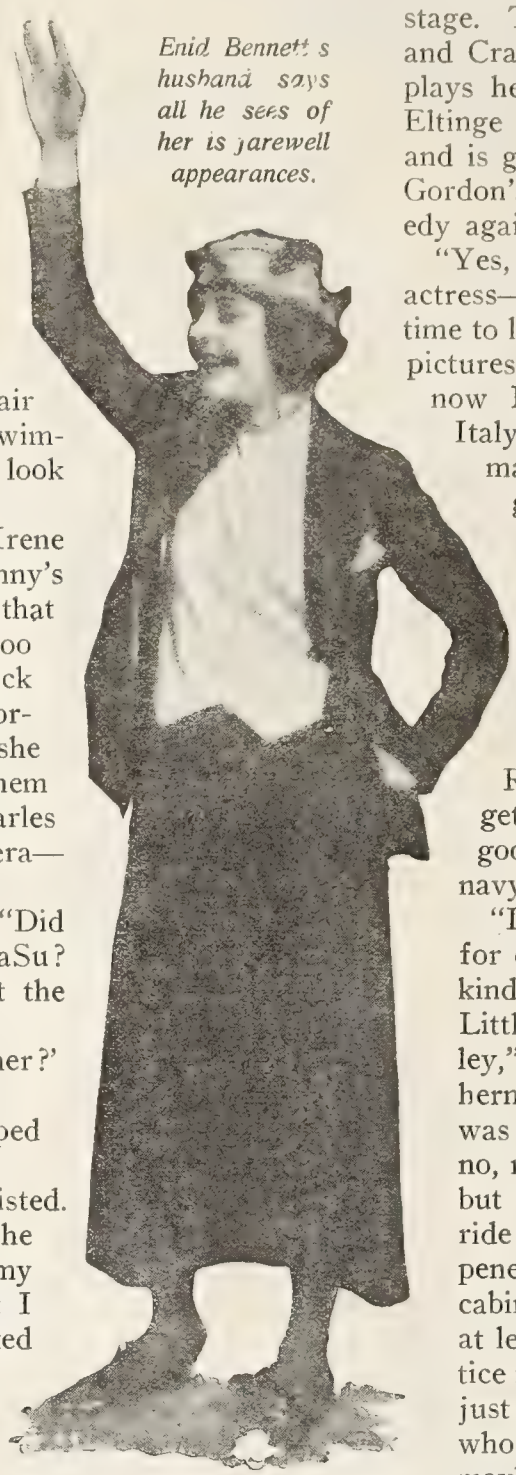
"Worthy of ZaSu Pitts," I answered. "Did you hear about Nazimova's sending for ZaSu? Well, she did—said she wanted to meet the heroine of 'Better Times.'

"'What did you do when you met her?' I asked ZaSu.

"'Oh, I don't know—guess I just skipped around some.'

"'But what did you say to her?' I insisted.

"'Nothing much,' ZaSu confessed. 'She said all the right things, of course, but my mouth was so dry with excitement that I couldn't speak at all; even when she asked me to come to her home and have tea with her I couldn't answer. I guess she thinks I'm an actress of the silent drama all right!'"



Enid Bennett's husband says all he sees of her is farewell appearances.

"Bought a new car of Wally Reid yet?" asked Fanny as the second installment of tea and muffins arrived. "What—you hadn't heard that he's gone into the automobile business? Oh, yes, indeed—he's in it, though he's a silent partner. You remember that trip East he made a while ago, before he began 'Hawthorne of the U. S. A.'? Well, on the way back he stopped with another man in Connersville, Indiana, and finished all the arrangements, and now business is flourishing, with the other man taking care of the working end of it. When a man can go into business and let somebody else do the work he's an artist in more ways than one!"

"Wally's always been that," was my only comment. "Aren't you excited over the news that Otis Skinner is going to 'Kismet' in movies? I am; it was such a wonderful thing on the stage, and Skinner has never made a picture before—or if he has, I've never heard of it."

"I think he was one of the actors who wouldn't monkey with movies at all, at all," answered Fanny. "Well, things seem to have turned right around now—people are going from the screen to the stage. Thurston Hall's back on Broadway, and Crane Wilbur is in New York, selling plays he's written, and acting, and Julian Eltinge says he's through with pictures, and is going abroad with his revue. Kitty Gordon's left the screen to do musical comedy again for a while, anyway."

"Yes, and Metro is importing an Italian actress—Bettina—who refused for a long time to leave the stage. But she made some pictures for a film company in Rome, and now Metro plans to have a studio in Italy—a regular American one—and make pictures with her there till she gets accustomed to our methods, and then bring her to Hollywood."

"Well, speaking of 'furrin' parts, don't you wish you were Marie Walcamp?" sighed Fanny longingly. "Think of going to Japan just to make a serial! Really, if you want to see the world, getting into the movies is just as good a way of doing it as joining the navy nowadays."

"I don't see the need of going abroad for excitement, when you can have the kind of startling adventures that Ann Little did right up here in Bear Valley," I answered. "She discovered a hermit up there, you know, when she was working in 'Lightning Brice'—oh, no, not while she was actually working, but when she was taking a horseback ride between scenes. She just happened to come across this old man's cabin—Ann said she expected to find at least a miser or a fugitive from justice in such a deserted spot—but he was just a perfectly calm and sane old chap who'd never seen a movie, and thought maybe some day he'd go to town to see one and get a drink of whisky. Well, Ann broke the news of prohibition to him gently, and took him back to camp with her, and that night when they all went into the little projection room to run off the day's 'takes' she took her hermit along. And when he went back to his cabin he swore that the picture had been so exciting that he didn't need a drink which ought to sound well in an advertising campaign, oughtn't it?"

"I should say so," said Fanny, as we left.

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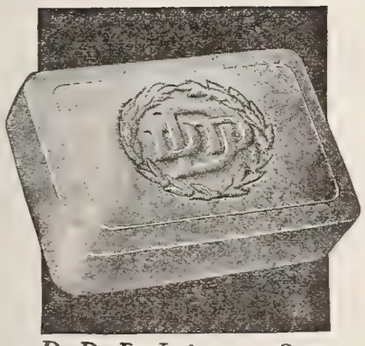

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Bound and Gagged

Continued from page 39

what I extracted from beneath the lining before I started to press it." And he held up the ancient charter.

Together they examined the document.

"Why this thing is a valid title to a throne!" cried Archie, after they had translated it. "No wonder that fellow is after it. And to think that I thought that a hobo poet was making all the trouble for me. Well, if that Brazilian nut thinks he's going to get this away from me now, he's wormy in the shell! I'll take a hand in this! I'm going to head for Cordillera just to see what's going on there!"

"I suppose I may accompany you, sir," suggested Hopley.

But Archie shook his head. "No, old friend," he said. "I'm not going to give up my expedition. This will just be a quick stop-over. So you see, we'll have to part company, for I'm going to live up to the agreement. It's a bit tough, though," he added regretfully, "I can't say that I care much about bunking with that pantryman."

As he started back toward his quarters below he was stopped by Carnero.

"I have an important message—a Marconigram that recently arrived, addressed to Mr. Archibald Alexander Barlow," the Spaniard said in a low voice. "I believe that Mr. Archibald Barlow might alter his plans if he knew the contents of that dispatch, for it concerns the safety of Mr. Barlow's personal fortune. Mr. Barlow is in possession, I believe, of a document which does not belong to him, which can be of no possible value to him, as it is of value only to the Princess Istra, to whom I was taking it when I was mysteriously robbed of it. I offer in exchange for that document the Marconigram I mentioned."

He waited, watching Archie intently. Archie was thinking fast. If his fortune was in danger—but no! This probably was a trick—a trick of the tramp poet perhaps to make him reveal his name and thus break the agreement.

"I do not know Mr. Archibald Barlow," he said coldly, as he turned and went below.

Scoundrel that he was, the Spaniard spoke the truth when he told about the Marconigram. It read:

ARCHIBALD A. BARLOW, S. S. *Cadiz.*

Your financial interests are being attacked, and you may be ruined. Please abandon dangerous mission and return by first boat. MARGARET HUNTER.

Margaret Hunter had seen by the newspapers that an attack was being made on the Barlow holdings by a clique of financiers. She had learned from her uncle of how Archie had gotten away on the *Cadiz.* She did not know that her uncle had engineered that attack; but she knew that she repented of her part in the affair. So she secretly sent the message, which would have changed the destinies of several lives had Archie received it. Fate, however, had planned otherwise.

When the vessel landed at Barcelona, the pantryman O. K.d a voucher for forty dollars for Archie, and he had received that sum from the purser as wages for his pantry work. Moreover, he had made some money by furnishing a writer on board the ship with some valuable material. So, being well-fixed financially, the adventurous young fellow hired a mule and set off for Cordillera. Gendarmes stopped him and searched him, but he palmed the parchment before their very noses and they didn't see it. He spoke such excellent Spanish that they accepted him as a South American, and told him they were on the lookout for a villainous American who was sneaking into Cordillera bent on mischief. Archie proceeded into the heart of the city and placed his mount in a livery stable. Before he had gone half a block a cry from a balcony arrested his attention. It was a cry for help, and the voice was feminine. He looked up and saw a pretty señorita. She motioned to him.

"There's nothing I do better than swarming up a balcony to a second-story window," Archie said. And a moment later he found himself in the room with the young lady. The room was comfortably furnished; there was no other occupant.

"I beg pardon," Archie said, "but I thought you were in trouble. But I find there is nobody here to annoy you; it is my mistake."

"There is no mistake," the girl said, in the rich Castilian accents of the aristocracy. "I am a prisoner."

"Prisoner?" Archie asked smilingly, "What could they convict you of—aside from being too good looking to live?"

She smiled lightly, "I am guilty of being the Princess Istra."

"Great heavens!" Archie exclaimed. He remembered that name—the Spaniard had mentioned it. He groped in his pocket for the ancient charter of the House of Istra.

"I can help you, princess. I've got your long-lost family document right here in my pocket. Yes, señorita, I have arrived in time to save the old homestead. They were going to foreclose on you and make the old kingdom a republic forever, eh? Well, I've got the papers, señorita, I've got the papers. We'll kick these cheap republican greasers out, and the old homestead will be a kingdom again—a kingdom all your own—we'll revarnish up the throne and——"

"Your offer is so kind," the princess replied gratefully, "but I do not want the throne. I do not want to be a real princess. That's the trouble. I have been kidnaped and brought here to be forced onto the throne. There is to be a coup d'état; they have plotted a revolution."

"Great Jupiter! You're a born democrat! And who are the plotters who are trying to wish this pasteboard crown on you?"

"The chief of them is Don Estaban Carnero."

"O-ho!" exclaimed Archie. "Why, I know him—I know Don. We're old college chums, you might say."

"Then you know that he is only using the royal blood of Istra as a foil to put himself in political power. He is using me as a necessary tool which he can fling aside once he has entrenched himself in power."

"I could guess that."

"And you are his chum, his friend? Then you are one of his party?"

"No, indeed, fair lady. I'm a party all by myself. I'm a sort of surprise party."

"A surprise party? I do not understand."

"That's an American institution—I guess they don't have such things in the polite old land of Spain."

"If you are not a Carnerista, what brings you here?"

"That's rather a long story,"

Continued on page 97

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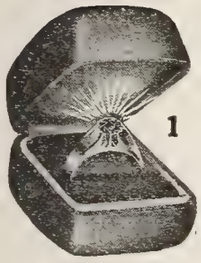
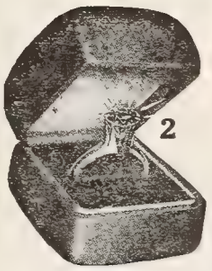


Flat Belcher Ring
Solid gold mounting, with wide flat band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem. Price $16.50; only $4.50 on arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.
(See Cut No. 1)



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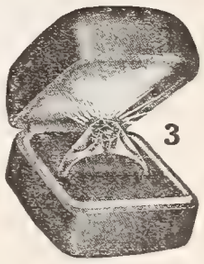

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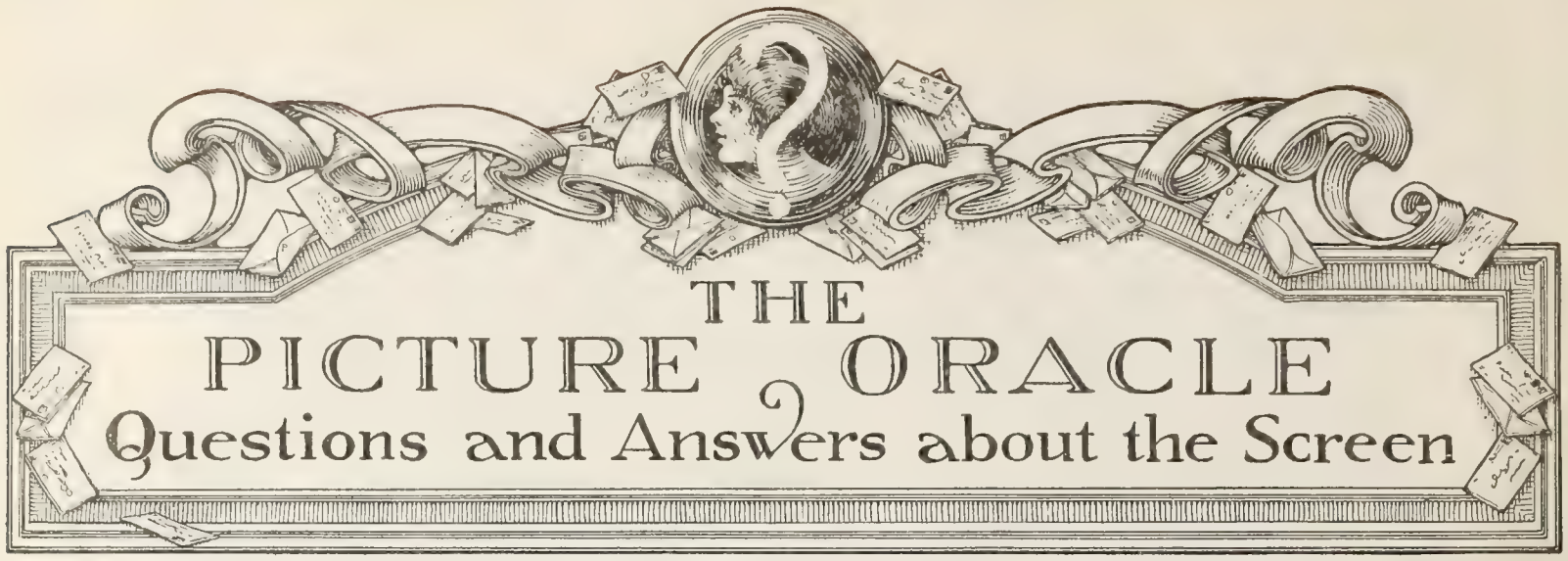


LISTEN! all ye readers of The Oracle. I'm quite as sorry as some of you seem to be that of late I haven't been able to answer as many letters in these columns as usual, and this time I think you'll find that I've done much better. Once in a while even an Oracle has to knock off, you know, but I'll promise to do better in future. Only remember this. If you don't see the answer to your letter as soon as you expect, just remember that as the movie business grows The Oracle's mail grows, and sometimes we get more letters than we have space for. But, don't forget to write! I don't care how many letters come. I'll read 'em all, and answer as many as I can, and, of course, the more interesting the letters are, the more interesting the answers will be. And now I'll turn my attention to:

JIMMIE K.—So you want to be a comedian, and think you would be a riot on the screen because you make all the kids in your town laugh at your funny jokes? Why don't you let them read them right out of the book? They'd probably get over just as well. You are entirely wrong about the way Mack Sennett broke into pictures. He was not a stage director at all. He started his career as a boilermaker, but always had a hankering for the stage, and would sing continually at his work. Suddenly he left Canada, and journeyed down to New York City, determined to get a job with a stage troupe—and he did. He landed a job as chorus man with Fred Mace's "Piff Paff Poof" Company at the Casino Theater. During a layoff he got a job playing extras at the old Biograph Company, and worked his way up until sponsored by Griffith, who had just made his success, he was given a job directing comedies. The rest you know. Now, does that sound anything like your version?

KATHLEEN VICTORIA AUSTRALIA.—Well, this is a time a fair flower of Australia came within one letter of being at the head of The Oracle. Pearl White is through with serials, and is doing features for Fox. She was recently married to Wallace McCutcheon. She was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Stuart and Helen Holmes are not related. Mary Miles Minter is now starring in Realart Pictures. Her first release will be "Anne of Green Gables." One of Viola Dana's latest features is "Please Get Married," and May Allison's "Fair and Warmer." Louise Glaum was born in Maryland and May Allison in Georgia. Harold Lockwood died of the "flu," but not Mary Pickford. She is still hard at work, having just finished "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, junior. Marguerite Clark was born in 1887, and June Caprice in 1899. Fannie Ward was born in 1875.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

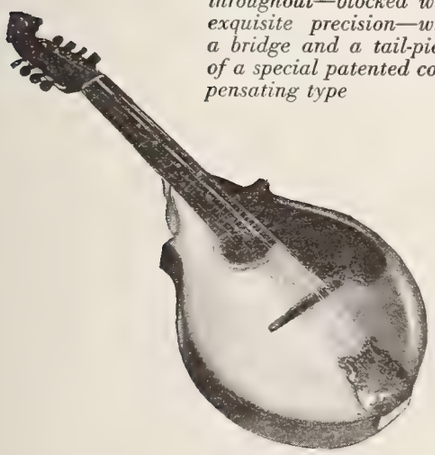
Mildred Harris was born in 1901. Carol Holloway was born in 1892, Madge Evans in 1909, Carmel Meyers in 1901, Mary Miles Minter in 1902, Anna Little in 1894, and Viola Dana in 1898.

MISS E. B.—Your favorite, Constance Talmadge, is the younger sister of Norma and the older sister of Natalie. Constance was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 19, 1900. That doesn't sound very foreign, does it? She started her career playing bits at the Vitagraph, and finally did comedy leads with Billy Quirk. When sister Norma went with the National Film Corporation—so did Connie, and she began playing in comedies opposite "Smiling" Bill Parsons. She's been following sister Norma ever since. Norma went to Griffith's, and so did she; Norma started starring for Select, and so did she. Norma then went with First National and so did she. Whose move next? "The Temperamental Wife" is one of her latest, Wyndham Standing playing the leading male rôle.

IDA MAE.—Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. "The Iron Test" has been finished and released for some time. His latest serial is "The Perils of Thunder Mountain." I have not counted up the exact number of pictures he has appeared in, but the first chance I get I'll count 'em up for you. The serial has fifteen episodes of two reels each. Remember Steve Brodie took a chance and got away with it. Why not write him and see? See answer to Kathleen Victoria Australia. I don't think Antonio would like it if you called him pretty. A woman is either pretty or beautiful, but mere man can only be handsome at the most. Carol Holloway has been with Pilot, Lubin, N. Y. M. P., American, Fine Arts, and Vitagraph. Mary Pickford's correct name is Gladys Smith. She has been in pictures since they discovered film. Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby. Mary Miles is in New York, and Mary is working in California, so they don't see anything of each other. Yes, Pearl White always wears a blond wig. Her natural hair is auburn and very pretty, too.

CARMINETTA.—William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on July 4, 1876. He was educated in Bucksport, Maine. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are blue. Bill can do most anything in the athletic line. Fishing is his greatest hobby. He began his stage career with his father's stock company when he was fifteen, playing in "A Prince of India." He was starred in "Ben Hur" for five years. At one time he and Bill Hart were playing in the same company. He co-starred with brother Dustin on the stage for two seasons in "The Littlest Rebel." His screen career commenced with Selig, for whom he did the never-to-be-forgotten "Spoilers." He then joined the Fox forces, and has been starring for them ever since. "For Freedom," "The Man Hunter," and "The Jungle Trail" are recent Farnum releases. Bill Farnum is one of the screen's most popular stars, and a regular fellow if there ever was one.

Such fun—and it's an accomplishment that's really worth while



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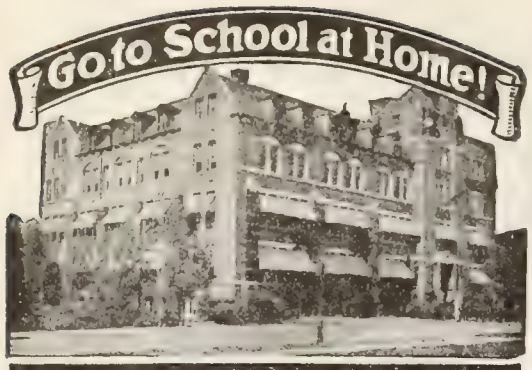

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 86

B. O. B.—You refer to Margarita Fisher's picture, "Money Isn't Everything." Yes, comparatively new. Fred Stone did three films last year for Artcraft. They were: "The Goat," "Under the Top," and Johnny Get Your Gun." All three have been released. He has been making some new ones this summer. His hair is black. Marshall Neilan was an actor for several years before he started in to produce features himself. He was with Biograph, Kalem, Selig, and Famous Players. He made his biggest success playing with Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford, and starring in "The Country Boy" for Famous Players. Neilan is the one who created the characters of *Ham* and *Bud*, and made them one of the most popular combinations of screen comedy. He has directed the most successful Mary Pickford productions, and his latest one with the popular Mary, "Daddy Long-Legs," is one of the best things that she has ever given the screen. He is now with the First National. Constance Talmadge was born on April 19, 1900. Charlotte Burton is Mrs. William Russell. She has not appeared with him in any of his late releases for the American. "Up Romance Road" is the last picture in which she had the leading rôle opposite her husband. Winifred Westover is his leading lady at the present time. George Walsh is one of the best all-around athletes in pictures. Your letter wasn't at all monotonous. What made you think it was? Quite the contrary, I should say.

A. T. K.—Ruby de Remer was born in Denver.

CHAPLIN AND HARRIS.—Charlie Chaplin's latest picture for First National is called "Sunnyside." Mildred Harris was last seen in "Home Sweet Home." She is not playing in pictures at the present time, but will before very long.

E. M. R.—You must have sent the letter to the wrong address, and it will probably be returned to you if your name and address were on the envelope. Richard Barthelmess played with Marguerite Clark in "Bab's Burglar." Some of your questions are kind of foolish, and sound as if you were trying to kid some one. Are you? Drop me a line again when you think up a new batch.

LEE H. J.—Ethel Teare is the comedienne's name and not Tearle. She is not related to Conway Tearle, the leading man. Yes, Syd Chaplin played several parts with his brother Charlie in the latter's First National Comedy, "Shoulder Arms." June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, on November 19, 1899. Her eyes are blue. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in May, 1883.

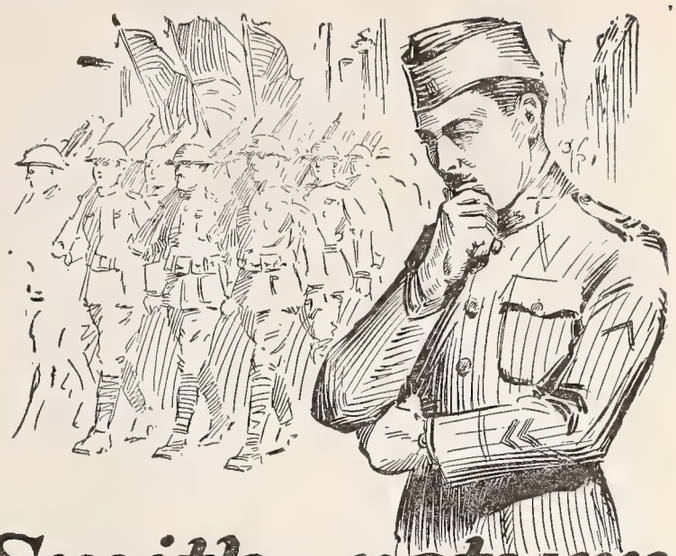
JACKIE OF THE HULAS.—You haven't been writing as often as you usually do, so I suppose you are lagging in your correspondence once more. King Baggot has just started to work on a new serial for the Burston Company, which should be ready for release shortly. His latest feature is the Metro production, "The Man Who Stayed At Home," taken from the stage play of that name. It is a trifle late in arriving, but is very well done. Jean Southern is not playing in pictures any more. No, Mary Pickford hasn't any children. Her sister Lottie has all the children in the Pickford family, a little baby girl. Mary Pickford Rupp is her name. Grace Cunard's latest picture is the Universal serial, "Elmo The Mighty," in which she plays opposite Elmo Lincoln. I'll be on the lookout for Billie's letter.

A READER.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. Your other questions have all been answered elsewhere this month. In private life Corinne is the better half of Webster Campbell, and she is still being starred in Vitagraph plays. You're entirely welcome.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Where did you dig up that one? You must have been looking for the biggest one you could find, eh? So you don't care for the kind of Russia you saw in "Rasputin?" Neither does anyone else. You don't want snow on the ground in Russia twelve months of the year, do you? Yep, I agree with you that he ought to have dipped the quill pen in the ink, but maybe he thought it was a fountain pen, and was near-sighted. No, Paramount and Goldwyn are not connected in any way. They're what you might call rivals. Robert Harron only did one picture with the Goldwyn firm, and that was "Sunshine Alley." William A. Brady has nothing to do with the Fox Film Company. What ever put that notion into your head? What do you mean by "Fox directing for World?" The stars read practically all the letters they receive from the film fans. There is no chance for them to hear applause from an audience, and the only way they can find out if their work is appreciated is by the fans' correspondence. You bet they read them. You certainly crowded a lot of words on your pages. Why don't you try writing a larger hand?

MAIMEE.—It was Albert Ray and not Charles you saw in "Words and Music By——". Charlie is with Ince and Albert is with the Fox Company, who produced this picture. They are cousins—not brothers. Yes, he reads all his mail, and I'm sure he would send you one of his photographs. See the end of The Oracle for the address. Mary Miles Minter's pictures will not be released by Pathé any more. She is now starring in Realart photoplays, and will be seen under that banner hereafter. No trouble at all.

JUNE.—It has been some time since you have adorned The Oracle. Where have you been? You forgot to say. You were right in your surmise that "The Coward" was an old picture, but you were very foolish in missing it. This was the picture in which Charlie did such splendid work that they made him a star. So you see, it's of unusual interest. Why do you continue to call me Jimmy? You must be convinced



Will Captain Smith return to Floorwalking?

There are thousands of men like Captain Smith who, before the war, were occupying relatively unimportant positions in the business world. Then, in a few months after the call to colors, they were holding commissions in the army. Millions of others found their way from positions in all walks of life into the various camps, where intensive training quickly turned a nation of business men into the world's finest fighting machine. It almost seemed incredible—but what this array of business men and workers did as "their bit" is now history. What took Germany forty years to prepare for was done in a few months by America. This record was made possible only by INTENSIVE TRAINING.

Though Captain Smith may return to his old job of floorwalker, it will be only for a short while—time enough to complete a course of intensive training in some line or other that will make him mentally fit for a better paid and more responsible position. He knows that intensive training will do this for him just as surely as it qualified him for a commission in the army.

Intensive training made him a leader of men. It enabled him to give orders instead of taking them. It enabled him to think, act and reason for himself and do the thinking for those under him—often a matter of life and death. No! Captain Smith couldn't be content in his old job, because he knows how to get a better one.

The War's Great Lesson

Every man who stepped from his job in civil life into an intensive training camp has learned a valuable lesson—a lesson that will make him a better business man if he but has the will to win. These men have witnessed the wonders of intensive training—have seen the metamorphosis in their own individual lives as well as in those of others, and it is but natural to assume that, if intensive training in military matters performed such wonders, it must have the same beneficial effect when applied to business. The history of business and of business successes points unerringly to the assistance rendered by intensive training.

Since the armistice was signed, and more particularly since the American troops began to arrive home, there has been a noticeable increase in the number of enrollments for intensive business training in all lines of endeavor taught by the American School. Thousands of men who were simply "getting by" instead of "getting on" before they joined the colors, have learned a lesson and they are not going to be content with the poorly paid jobs they held in the past. This fact is proved by the great increase in students who are availing themselves of American School training. In a few months these students who are now applying intensive training as a solution of "how to get on," will be

After seeing what a few months of intensive training did for him from a military standpoint, he, and thousands like him, are going to avail themselves of the same method as a means of self-betterment in business life. There's proof below that it's the only way to secure promotion and much better pay.

able to qualify for the goal they have in mind. The spare time hours they devote to this training will bring them rich rewards in the form of bigger pay checks, better positions and more congenial work. The result of such training cannot be otherwise, for trained men are the scarcest commodity on the market.

An Investment Without an Equal

If you think for a moment that there is another investment that can equal the time and small amount of money spent in intensive training—get out your pencil and do some figuring.

If a course of intensive training in your chosen line costs you from $50 to $100—and your spare time—how much would that money earn for you if invested in stock? From three to ten dollars per year would be the limit, wouldn't it?

The same amount invested in intensive training will double, treble or multiply your earning power several times, because it makes you a better business man and makes those who employ you aware of that fact. There's no sentiment in determining salaries. You get paid for what you can do—and that depends solely on what you know.

Your spare time does not earn you anything NOW—so you can't charge anything to a course of intensive business training but the actual cost of the course. If the result of this training only increased your earning power by ten dollars a week—and that is a conservative figure—you would net FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOLLARS a year from a small investment of cash and spare time. That is a small gain when compared with actual returns reported by American School students, but small as it is it serves to prove that there is no other investment in the world that pays so well as a trained brain.

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that I am of the stronger (?) sex, and that James is my name. Well, everyone is welcome to his opinion. We had an interview with Charles three issues back. You didn't miss it, did you? Charlie, of course. Julian Eltinge has finished his stage tour, and is going back into pictures again. No, I don't just glance through the letters I receive and note the questions, avoiding anything else. The Oracle letters are just the same to me as a letter from a friend, because I consider all my Oracle readers friends of mine, and I enjoy all their letters, whether they ask any questions or not. Hope and Cleo are all right as far as I know. Hope heads the list this month, and reports that she's O. K. Haven't heard from Cleo as yet, but she'll probably show up later on.

PAL.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. Mary Miles Minter has not been on the stage since she began her picture career a few years ago. Constance and Norma Talmadge are sisters. Norma is the older. Crane Wilbur is back on the stage at present, playing the male lead with Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." "By Right of Purchase" was adapted from the book of that name. Mary Pickford has light brown hair, not red. The Essanay studio several years ago used to be at Niles, California, when G. M. Anderson, who did the "Broncho Billy" pictures, was in his prime. I receive letters from all over the world, wherever motion pictures are shown.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA ADMIRER.—The part of *Jimmy Nelson* in "The Bride's Awakening" was played by Ashton Dearholt. Lew Cody played the role of *Richard Earle.* Anna Q. Nilsson had the feminine lead opposite George M. Cohan in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." If you do not mean Dick Barthelmess you refer to Frank Thomas, who took the part of Harry Lindsey in "Nearly Married." William Scott played the leading role opposite Gladys Bockwell. Mae Murray is now making pictures for Paramount. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are man and wife. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. June Caprice arrived in the United States ten years later. New York City is the birthplace of Elsie Ferguson and Chicago, Illinois, that of Clara Kimball Young.

CECELIA W.—Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Baby Marie Osborn was born in 1911. Ruth Roland was born in 1893. Billie Burke arrived on this globe at Washington, D. C., in 1886, and Theda Bara came to life at Cincinnati, Ohio, four years later. There is not any set rule as to what size an actress should be. It's what they can do. I can't help you a bit in regard to that.

G. G. W.—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Mary Pickford has started to work on the first production for the United Artists program. It is called "Told in the Hills," by John Fox, Jr. Douglas Fairbanks' latest release is "His Majesty the American." Anita Stewart's eyes and hair are brown. Louise Lovely was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1896. She has blond hair and gray-blue eyes. Yes, Charles Chaplin is married to Mildred Harris. I thought everybody knew that. I hope you do.

VIRGINIA COLLIER.—Charles Bryant played the leading male rôle opposite Nazimova in "Eye for Eye." He also plays opposite her in real life, being her hubby as well as leading man. Alla Nazimova was born in Yialta, Crimea, Russia. Sounds like a breakfast food, doesn't it? You certainly have a bunch of favorites.

PEPIE WYOMING.—You have done wonders for your age and education. I am sure that Madame Petrova will be glad to send you one of her autographed photos. She was born in Warsaw, Poland, and was on the stage abroad and in America before she went into pictures.

A. M.—You certainly seemed to enjoy "Be a Little Sport." I thought it was a corking comedy-drama myself. What do you mean "is that his own hair?" Of course it is. Albert Ray and the Al Ray who played opposite Enid Bennett in that picture you saw a long time ago are one and the same. He is now starring in Fox features. Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. William S. Hart has not retired—yet.

MISS W.—Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. He died of influenza last October. Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses. I am sure they will send pictures. Better inclose a quarter to make certain.

A MOVING FAN B. E.—There are "newcomers" coming all the time, so you are not alone. Pearl White is through with serials. She is now making features for the Fox Film Corporation. Her last serial was "In Secret," by Robert W. Chambers, just released by Pathé. Your list of favorites is quite lengthy, but well chosen. If you are six feet six, weigh about two hundred, and a good mixer like Jack Dempsey, you might take a chance. Even with all the above qualifications it would be rather risky.

MISS M. W.—I cannot advise you regarding scenarios, but William Lord Wright can, so send your questions to him in care of PICTURE-PLAY, and he will gladly answer them for you. For a list of the studios, and their scenario wants, send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet.

MISS TALL TIMBER.—Thanks for all the good wishes for PICTURE-PLAY and myself. They are greatly appreciated. Sidney isn't working in pictures at the present time.

DAW-GONE.—That's her correct name. Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1902. She was educated at the West Lake School. She is five feet two and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and four pounds. She lives in Hollywood, California. You might write her and see. Look at end of The Oracle for addresses.

FRANK B.—Hale Hamilton is with the Metro Company. His latest release is called, "In His Brother's Place."

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- ☐ Marine Engineer
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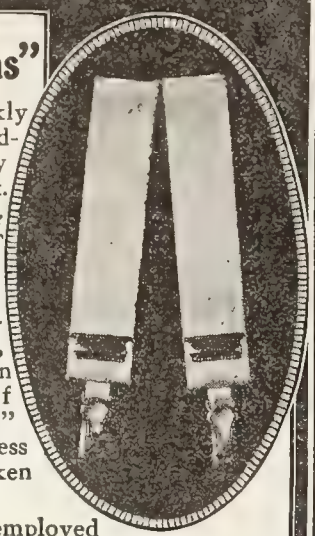

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LLOYD S. HOUSTON.—Write to the Metro Company regarding the photograph. What did you do with the rest of your letter? It wasn't with the first part when it arrived. See addresses below. Mary Pickford's first picture was "The New York Hat," a Biograph production. "Wildflower" was Marguerite Clark's.

FLORETTE B. J.—See addresses below.

HATTIE BELLE.—Yes, Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters, and there is another sister, Natalie, who plays in pictures once in a while.

MILDRED G.—What do you mean you'd like to be an actor, Mildred? Are you a male impersonator or something? They always need girls in motion pictures, but the girls must have some experience. I'd advise you to stay close to home and mother, where you are sure of three meals a day, which you won't be so sure of if you decide to go into pictures.

DONALD P.—I have never heard of the officer you mention appearing on the screen. He might have used a different name in the films. That is Violet Palmer's correct name. She was born in Flint, Michigan, in 1899. Yes, she has been in a goodly number. She was with Kalem, Lasky, and Fox. See addresses below. Those were mighty interesting cards you sent me, and I shall put them with my collection. I guess you will be glad to get back in the States again at that, eh?

E. STRAKA.—Your friend is not with the Fox Film Company on the Pacific Coast.

I WANNA NO.—All right, if you insist. Mary Pickford's latest picture is "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, Jr.

INQUISITIVE PEGGY.—Eugene O'Brien opposite Norma Talmadge. There are two chances to your being allowed to visit the motion picture studios in New York: a chance that they'll let you, and a chance that they won't—with the accent on the *won't.* However, Steve Brodie took a chance. Don't give up hope, you may yet hear from her. She was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1897. She entered motion pictures at the Vitagraph studios at the age of fifteen with no previous experience.

Z. I. M.—Dissolves are made by taking a scene, and then rewinding the film in the camera a short ways on the scene, and then grinding on the scene you want to dissolve in to. When a director wants his characters to run at an exceedingly fast pace, the cameraman turns the crank slowly, which accomplished this. The same person appearing in a scene twice at the same time is done by double exposure. There are several companies who make cartoon comedies for the screen, and employ cartoonists for this purpose. Why don't you get in touch with them? Mary Pickford is very well, thank you.

K. C. B.—Write to Olive Thomas. Yes, the battle scenes in "The Greatest Thing In Life," were taken in Europe. D. W. Griffith spent about a year "over there" getting battle stuff for "Hearts of the World," "The Great Love," "The Greatest Thing In Life," and "The Girl Who Stayed At Home." Robert Harron is twenty-five. The strong man you refer to in "The Warrior" is Maciste, who was the giant in "Cabiria." He is in Italy at present making pictures. A serial called, "The Liberator," and featuring Maciste is now being shown. The W. H. Productions is not connected with William S. Hart. They are merely reissuing old Mutual and Triangle productions. The Shorty Hamilton pictures you refer to were made by the New York Motion Picture Corporation, and released by Mutual; then reissued by W. H. Productions.

MAZIE BLOOM.—George Cheseboro had the male lead in the opening episodes of the serial, "Hands Up." He went to war and George Larkin took his place. Theda Bara is an American. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. "The Lure of Ambition" is one of her latest pictures. Sarah Bernhardt is in France.

S. C. O. ATHENS, ALABAMA.—Pearl White wears a blond wig in her pictures. Her own hair is auburn. Mary Pickford is very much alive. She is now in the California mountains making some exterior scenes for her latest feature, "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, Jr. Ethel and Marguerite Clayton are not related. Theda Bara was born in 1890. Who are Madge Evans' parents? Why, Mr. and Mrs. Evans. Who did you think? Billie Burke's hair is red. I don't see any resemblance between Gloria Swanson and Alice Brady. Florence La Badie died as a result of injuries she received when Daniel Carson Goodman's car overturned near New Rochelle, New York. Mae Marsh is not dead. She has a little baby girl just a few months old called Mae Marsh Armes. Tom and Owen Moore are brothers. There are two more brothers in the Moore family. They are Joe and Matt. All are on the screen.

THOMAS N.—Write to the stars you mention personally.

JACK-Q-LIN.—Don't ask me how to get into the movies, and don't ask my advice. That's the one question I can't answer, as you'll see by the rules. To be frank with you, that job you have in the restaurant looks awful good to me, with all the food about you within reach. If you tried the movies the food might be much harder to get. William S. Hart has not retired. He's still working hard as ever.

A READER OF THE PICTURE ORACLE.—You probably refer to Lydia Mary Meades. See the end of The Oracle.

THEODORE R. D.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1st, 1902. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds.

CHAPLIN FAN.—Charles Chaplin was born at Fontainbleau, France, of English parents on April 16th, 1889. His father and mother were touring the Continent with a vaudeville company at the time. He made his first appearance on the stage in a coster song entitled, "Jack

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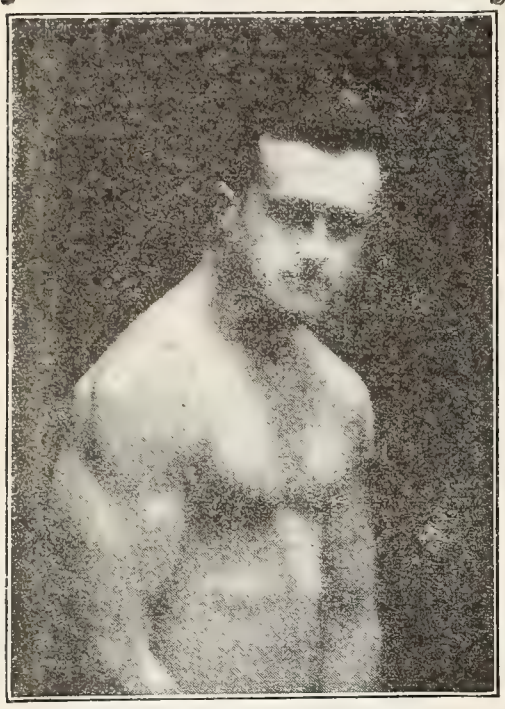

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Jones." Shortly after this his father died, and his mother took sick, so Charlie and his brother Syd were sent to a home for boys for a short while. His first stage appearance after his debut was made in "Yorkshire Lads." He came to America in 1910 with Fred Karno's "A Night In a London Music Hall," at $50 per week. Two years later he appeared in a sketch imported from England called "The Wow Wows." It was in this sketch that Mabel Normand saw him while in New York, and wired Mack Sennett about him. After he finished the season he joined the Keystone Company at $175 per week. Now—well Charles has nearly all the money in the world. His latest release on the First National program is "Sunnyside."

BILLIE BAY.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1st, 1902. Mary Pickford is making pictures for the United Artists, known as the "Big Four," namely, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. Her latest picture is "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, Jr.

914.—You are quite right about both Miriam Cooper and Margery Wilson in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." Look it up in the dictionary, which gives a thorough definition of it. However, you are right in your conception of it. The scenes for the Universal serial, "The Red Ace," were made in California. How are motion pictures thriving in Sweden these days?

F. F.—Charles Ray is six feet one-half inch tall. Wallace Reid, Bryant Washburn and Albert Ray are all six feet tall. William S. Hart raises the lever to six feet one inch. Francis Ford is five feet eleven inches tall.

JOSEPHINE W.—Florence La Bodie died in 1917 from injuries received in an automobile accident. She was twenty-three years old. She was not married. Vernon Castle was killed at an aviation field in Texas in 1918. Those are their correct names. George Walsh is the husband of Seena Owen. He was born in New York in 1892.

E. M.—Nazimova was born in Yialta, Crimea, Russia. She is five feet four inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Black hair and blue eyes. Thanks for all the compliments.

S. E. W.—Albert Ray was born in New Rochelle, New York, on August 28th, 1893. "Love Is Love" is his latest feature for the Fox Film Corporation. "The Egg Crate Wallop" is the title of Charles Ray's latest picture. Both live in Los Angeles. They are cousins, not brothers.

R. E. W.—The Mack Sennett Weekly is published for the sole purpose of aiding exhibitors who show the Sennett comedies, and for publicity matter to be used by the different publications.

THE BIG SIX.—Your letter was most interesting, but since you have written it William S. Hart dropped out of the "Big Five," with the result that it has dwindled now to "The Big Four." I agree with you that Marguerite Clark is an exceedingly popular little lady, and would look very fitting in with Chaplin, Fairbanks, Griffith and Mary, but there may be reasons which we know nothing of which prevent that. For example, it has been reported that, having an adoring husband, she is leaving the screen this fall to retire into domestic life.

E. W. L.—Yes, Douglas Fairbanks has had two releases since "Arizona." They are "A Knickerbocker Buckaroo" and "His Majesty the American." "The Sheriff's Son," with Charles Ray, was released several months ago. "The Girl Dodger," was the picture before that. George M. Cohan only made three pictures. They were released by Artcraft. Roy Stewart's latest picture is "The Westerners." "The Marriage Ring," and "The Firefly of France," were 1918 pictures. Roscoe Arbuckle's picture was called, "Love." His latest is "A Desert Hero."

LAFALOT.—I think probably that your letter must have gone astray, as I am sure you would have had Norma's photo long before this if it had not. Why don't you write to her and tell her about it, and I am sure that everything will come out all right. You may have addressed your letter wrong. Sorry to hear that you are laid up, and hope to hear that you are well and strong again in your next letter.

BUFFALO MARIE.—Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls—not in Niagara Falls. Kay Laurell did one picture for the Goldwyn Corporation, an adaptation of Rex Beach's "The Brand." Yes, Monroe was born there.

A NEVA GERBER ADMIRER.—Your favorite was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1895. She is playing leads opposite Ben Wils at present. Her screen career began with Edwin August in "The Awakening."

THELMA RICHARDS.—Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. He received his education in Madrid and in the Catholic Sisters' school in New York City. He came to the United States at the age of fourteen. He started his screen career as a type, but soon was playing leading roles. He went with Vitagraph in 1914, playing juvenile leads. He is now with Vitagraph doing serials with Carol Holloway. His latest is called, "The Perils of Thunder Mountain," and is a snow serial. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. His stage career began with his father in a vaudeville sketch, "The Girl and the Ranger," written by his dad, too. His screen career has been with Selig, Vitagraph, Universal, Majestic, and Lasky. He played opposite Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman," "Carmen," "The Devil Stone," and "The Woman God Forgot." He has just completed "The Lottery Man" for the Paramount program and has gone off on a six weeks' vacation, having just signed up with Lasky for five years more. Upon his return he will start in to work on "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," the stage play made famous by Douglas Fairbanks. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He plays the violin, saxaphone, banjo, and many other instruments, not to overlook the well-known ukelele.

DORCHESTER FAN.—The weather is just fine at this time. I never heard of a picture by that name. Where did you get it? You will find all the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Yes, Lillian Gish had the leading rôle in "The Greatest Thing in Life." Robert Harron had the leading male rôle.

BABE.—Casson Ferguson is playing at the various studios in Los Angeles. Polly Moran has finished her tour of the Orpheum circuit and is back in her home at Los Angeles. She is going to make some more comedies for Mack Sennett before resuming her vaudeville engagements. You had better inclose a quarter to be on the safe side. Harry Spingler is now out on the coast playing with Goldwyn. Harry's best work was done with the Fox Company at their New Jersey studios.

M. M. R.—Carol Holloway was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1892. William Duncan is a native of Scotland. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His hair is dark brown and his eyes dark blue. Edward Earle was born in Toronto, Canada. He is five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, on September 22, 1892. She measures five feet three inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes gray. Grace Darmond is half an inch taller than Dorothy and weighs one pound less. She has light blond hair. Earl Williams was born in Sacramento, California, on February 28, 1880. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds. He has black hair and dark brown eyes. What are you compiling—a table of weights and measures? Carol Holloway is playing with Antonio Moreno in "Perils of Thunder Mountain," a serial being released by Vitagraph. It has snow for its background, which is a great relief in this kind of weather. Tom Mix was *Chip*. "Girls" is one of the latest Marguerite Clark releases to be issued by Paramount.

BUZZY.—So you think your sex is being slighted, and that a man ought to appear on the cover of PICTURE-PLAY more frequently? That is entirely up to the editor, and I suggest you write to him about it, as your request would have more weight than mine. We argue too much as it is. Douglas MacLean is with Thomas H. Ince, and is being costarred with Doris May in a series of pictures, the first of which is the stage comedy "What's Your Husband Doing?" The pictures will be released by Paramount.

J. O.—I'm awfully sorry, but I honestly can't tell you how you can become a picture star, and *no one else can, either*. Even an Oracle has its limitations. It takes all my time running the Oracle department without trying to operate an employment agency at the same time. Nearly one-third of all the hundreds of letters I receive ask me if I can't place the writer in some studio as a motion-picture player.

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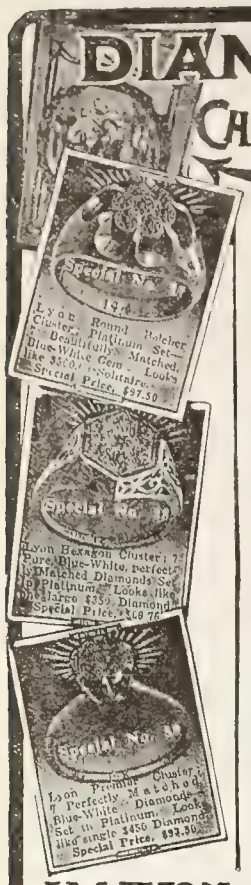

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MRS. MCL. B.—Peggy Hyland is the girl you refer to in the picture.

LOUISE B.—See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

NELLIE H.—Ditto.

L. C.—You can reach any of your favorites by writing to them at the addresses given at the end of The Oracle.

MISS BERNICE R.—Where do you send for the "Market Basket?" You must mean the Market Booklet. Write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY, inclosing six cents in stamps, and he will mail you a copy. It contains a list of all the motion-picture companies and tells you what kind of stories they are in the market for. I am sure you will find it very helpful.

F. J. N.—Yes, it is the same Florence Turner who was with Vitagraph eleven years ago. Florence was practically the first well-known motion-picture star, and was known as the "Vitagraph Girl." She looks better now than she ever did before. For some time she devoted nearly all of her time to war work, but is now an active member of the Los Angeles screen colony. She has bought herself a nice home in Los Angeles and will stay there. You certainly are an enthusiastic admirer of hers.

CHAPLIN FAN.—Charlie Chaplin's latest picture for First National is called "Sunnyside"; and it is his first since "Shoulder Arms." Charlie takes a world of time on his pictures, but they are there like a million when he finishes with them.

TOOTS.—"Loving Oracle" is a brand-new one on me. You are the first to pin such a label on yours truly. Maybe you'd change your heading if you knew me. Slapstick comedy is a polite way of saying "rough house." Throwing pies, rocks, kicking people, et cetera. Sorry you didn't like it. I did. "Vicky Van" is one of her latest Paramount releases. Her hair is golden red, and her eyes are blue. So you haven't forgotten your two favorites, Charles Ray and William S. Hart? One of Charlie's latest pictures is called "The Busher," and "The Money Corral" is a recent Bill Hart offering.

SANDWICH, ILLINOIS.—William S. Hart is in California at present making his Artcraft features at his Los Angeles studios. He is not going to desert the screen for another year, having recently made an announcement to that effect, so you will have another twelve months in which to see your favorite.

I ADOR A. M.—Antonio Moreno is doing serials with Carol Holloway for Vitagraph. Their latest is called "The Perils of Thunder Mountain." Sounds real thrilling, doesn't it? It is. Yes, they receive their mail personally, as you call it.

B. C.—Does that stand for your initials or how old you feel? Harrison Ford is the gentleman's name and he has not as yet been ensnared by the wiles of Daniel Cupid. So you think PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE is so entertaining? That's fine! I hope you'll tell your friends the same thing.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1919:

State of New York, County of New York, (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Treasurer of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation, composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Annie K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer,
of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1919. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 239, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

Addresses of Players.

THE following list, which is changed each month, is made up of names selected from the month's inquiries. Taken collectively these lists give a cumulative directory of screenland's players. If you wish to write to any player which you fail to find in this directory, in any of your numbers of Picture-Play Magazine, you may address your letter to the player in care of either Willis & Ingalls, Wright and Callender building, Los Angeles, Cal., or in care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, and it will be forwarded.

Margarita Fisher at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Constance and Norma Talmadge at 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

ZaSu Pitts and Florence Vidor in care of the Brentwood Film Corporation, 4811 Fountain Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and Richard Barthelmess, care of D. W. Griffith Productions, Longacre Building, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Louise Huff and Mollie King, care of American Cinema Corporation, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Douglas Fairbanks at the Fairbanks Studio, Melrose at Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Norman Kerry, care of Alan Dwan, Culver City, Cal.

Neva Gerber, 217 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.
J. Warren Kerrigan, 1425 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
Ethel Clayton, Monte Blue, Bebe Daniels, Tom Forman, Houdini, Gloria Swanson, Douglas MacLean, and Mildred Reardon, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.
Billie Rhodes, 1704 St. James Court, Hollywood, Cal.
Herbert Rawlinson, Lambs Club, New York City.
Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon, care of Blackton Productions, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.
Katherine MacDonald, 127 North Manhattan Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

Bound and Gagged

Continued from page 84

Archie replied. Then he rapidly explained the wager he had undertaken.

"I have had good luck so far," he said in conclusion. "Here I am, out only a little over a week, and I am one-fifth of the way around already. If I make it in time, he girl I love has contracted to marry me on my return."

"How beautiful," said Princess Istra. "It is so grand, so romantic to make such a journey for your sweet. I hope you will not fail. I scarcely dare ask you to stay and help me now; it might detain you."

"I have a day or two to spare. What do you want me to do?"

"Get me out of here—back to Paris—away from the clutches of this unscrupulous plotting politician, Don Carnero."

"I'll undertake to do that," Archie vowed gallantly.

At that moment the door opened and in walked the redoubtable Don himself, scowling heroically.

"I have overheard your promises, Americano. You have pledged one lady that you will return from your globe trotting in sixty days; you have promised another to give her of your time a day or two. You shall redeem neither of your pledges. Carlos! Juan! Filipe!"

At the call, three ugly-looking men stepped into the room.

"Bind and gag this fine hero so he cannot squeak. Put him in a skin jug, carry him to Mindao dungeon, and see that he is deposited in the deepest, dampest cell. If that cell is now occupied, let it be vacated. This guest is an old college chum of Don Carnero, and he shall have my best accommodations." The triumphant plotter drew a pencil and tablet from his pocket and wrote an order which he gave to Carlos. "Give this to the jailer. When he is through with him you may do with him as you please. It will not matter."

(To be concluded in the January number.)

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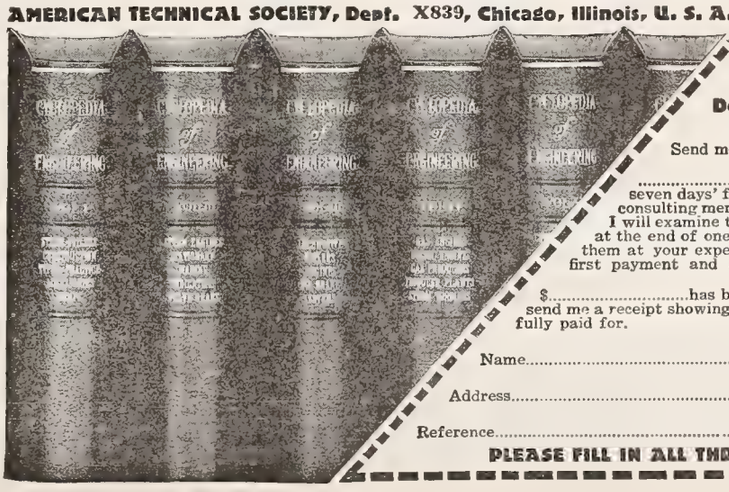

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The Little Gem—and Jim

Continued from page 51

twenty-six, with a husband and two children, is playing with fire.

One morning we had a real quarrel across the breakfast table. It began with a trifle, it ended with Jim's saying—well, Jim and I have agreed to forget what we said then.

All the forenoon, I went about my housework feeling myself the most abused girl in the world. In the movies, a wife misunderstood, neglected, as I was, would have found some way out, I thought. I could see no way—I would have to live on in a town that bored me, with a husband who no longer loved me. I dropped great tears of self-pity on my duster. That afternoon Beth and I went to the movies as usual.

I do not remember the name of the play we saw that afternoon, but I do remember every detail of it. In the beginning there was a wife, misunderstood, whose husband did exactly the kind of things Jim did, ate onions, went to sleep in his chair, forgot her wedding anniversary—committed every one of Jim's sins of commission and omission. And she left him and married the other man. Before the end of the play, she was more than glad to go back to her first husband.

I left the theater and walked homeward, thoughtful. I wondered if that would be my case, too; if, perhaps, these things that worried me so much were not the little things, after all. I fancied myself leaving this town where I had grown up, where all my friends lived. When it came right to the question, would I be any more eager to do so than Jim? I thought of myself as married to some other man—— Suddenly, I remembered the night that little Jim was born—the doctor had laughingly declared that it was harder for Jim than for me. Disconnected visions flickered before my eyes, bits of our life together, the time that Nancy had had the croup when we had fought together for our baby, our first dinner in the new house. There are a few bits of stark reality in every life that cannot be touched by mawkish sentimentality.

Jim was not at home when I got there. I remembered that he had gone over to the next town to see about buying some lumber. I went about the tasks of getting dinner, my old common sense slowly coming back. The living room *would* look nice with a fireplace; I might have reminded Jim that the next day was my birthday, I decided.

When it was seven o'clock and Jim had not come, I began to be a little worried—what was keeping him? At half past, I gave the children their supper and put them to bed. Then I walked down to the gate to watch for him. The minutes dragged along and no Jim. The memory of our morning's quarrel came back to me—suppose something had happened to Jim, with that between us.

Suppose something had happened to Jim! The sudden fear came over me like a chill. I found myself straining my eyes trying to see his familiar figure coming down the dusky road, swallowing over a lump in my throat. I could see him sprinkling the sweet peas, mending a leaky faucet in the kitchen, going down to look at the furnace on a cold morning.

I thought of life without Jim, never to see him coming home again! In the desolation that swept into my heart, every bit of mawkish sentimentality vanished.

Suddenly, in the distance, I heard footsteps. It was almost dark, but as I hurried down the road I could just recognize the familiar figure.

"Oh Jim!"

He was explaining what had kept him—I did not hear the words. The sound of his voice; the warm comfort of tucking my arm in his!

"You—you aren't mad at me yet, are you?" I asked.

"Lord, no. I——" Jim hesitated—nice speeches were not in his line—"I'm not mad at you, old girl."

"Old girl!"

Suddenly all the romance in the world was in those two words. Let the movie lovers clothe theirs in fine speeches—theirs was pretense—mine was real.

We still go to the movies. Jim still says, "Wake me up when they start the comedy!" Beth Porter and I often go in the afternoon and have a wonderful time crying over the persecuted heroine. But there is no more sentimentality. I decide how I can copy the star's dress in thirty-nine-cent voile, I dry my eyes and powder my nose. And I go out, thanking Heaven that I've got Jim to go home and get dinner for.

The Screen in Review

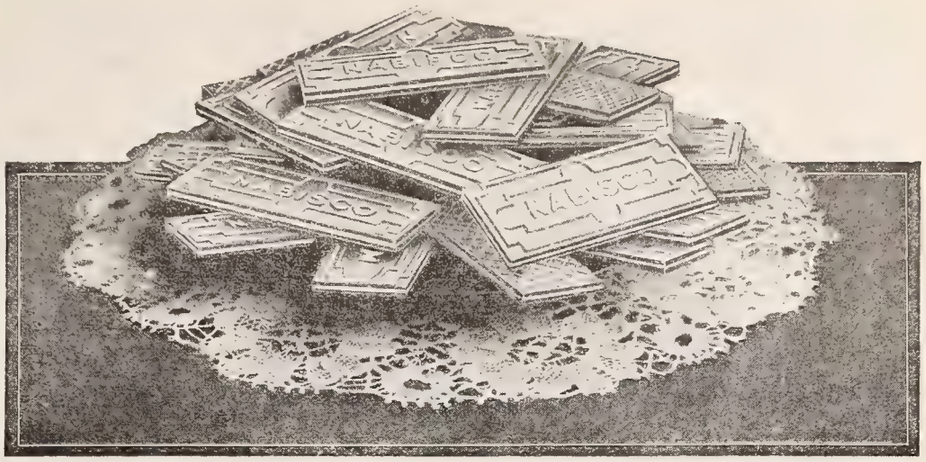
Continued from page 72

sage here, everybody is too busy watching Mary to find out what it is. Sacrificing her delectable attractiveness in the rôle of a ragamuffin, she leaves the home in which, as a little daughter of the rich, she is living when the picture opens, and, as the result of having a father who is interested in sociological investigation, hies her to the tenement districts. There she shoots craps, dodges the cops, and slides down a coal chute—all lots of fun for Mary. And romance makes its bow in her life before she is rescued from her lowly environment.

Sociology plays a part in Nazimova's new picture, too—for as "The Brat," a slangy waif of the New York waifs, she is picked up and taken home by a sociologically inclined novelist who wants to use her vulgarisms and misfortunes in a book. Nazimova selected this story for herself and personally took a hand in adapting it to the screen, and she has made the heroine a pathetic, touching, humorous little figure, struggling so bravely for happiness that the spectator is too interested to analyze the story and pick out its absurdities. Nazimova has reached the heights of tragicomic acting in "The Brat," and we venture to prophesy that you will like her better in it than you did in her recent spectacular offering, "The Red Lantern."

Bessie Barriscale appears against a showy background in "The Woman Michael Married," which should appeal strongly to those who like to see this star in the rôle of a society woman. The picture is not notable, but it is satisfactory, and should increase Miss Barriscale's popularity.

It is unfortunate that we are beginning to brand the releases of so consummate an artist as Charles Ray as "his usual type of picture." Not that Ray's pictures aren't good—but, in some guise or another, he is always the gawky country boy. In "Bill Henry" he plays perfectly the part of an unsuccessful peddler of electric vibrators who finally gets a job as clerk in a country-town hotel and, by trying to help somebody else, makes a lot of money out of oil land. It is a slight story, but the personality of the star lifts it above the average.



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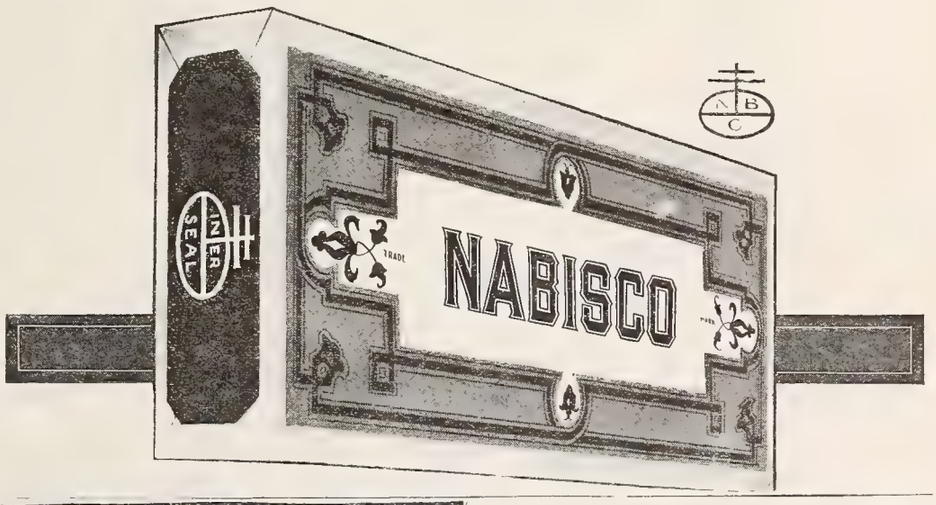

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Eight Rooms and a Bath

Continued from page 55

any well-fitted department store. The furniture in the studio storeroom is quite as varied, there is quite as much of it, and it is quite as systematically arranged. We walked down between rows of rocking-chairs, past a file of dressing tables, another of sideboards. There were children's high chairs, invalids' wheel chairs, and babies' cradles. There was finely upholstered furniture and some that must have come from the slums.

"Of course, every new picture has to have some brand-new furniture or fittings of some sort," Miss Hammond said, "but it does seem as though almost everything that could be needed is right here."

There was one case full of telephones, wall and table telephones, dainty white-enameled instruments for a boudoir, English telephones, the kind, you know, that have both the receiver and transmitter on the same bar and into which you ask politely "Are you theah?" instead of bawling "Hello!"

"I don't see what any well-regulated home would need that you couldn't find here," observed Mr. Metcalf, who had been trailing quietly along behind. "There's everything from doormats with 'God Bless Our Home' on them to a matchbox for the kitchen." He picked up one of the latter so natural that it would make any kitchen scene look real—I'll bet you can remember a time when your own kitchen had one like it—a cat made of sand paper with gilt letters advising everybody to "Scratch My Back." "And meet our friend Bones," the leading man advised suddenly, as we rounded a corner.

Miss Hammond and I gave two loud gasps and retreated. There was a skeleton.

"To keep in the closet," Mr. Metcalf said persuasively. "Every up-to-date apartment has one, no home is quite complete without."

We refused to pay any more attention to him and went on downstairs to where we found Miss Elvidge playing with a bear. He was in a cage, of course (which didn't look any too strong to me), and he was waiting to play his part in another scene. In spite of a pessimistic caution printed beside his cage, "Don't monkey with the bear!" she was poking a slim pink forefinger between the bars. We insisted on her coming away with us.

It seems that at the World Studio it isn't safe to leave an apartment a minute without impressing upon the minds of the sceneshifters that it is to be left intact. Otherwise, the instant you turn your back, some industrious souls are likely to come along and break it up into walls again and file your living room and front hall away in the storeroom. Scenes that are still to be used are carefully labeled "ALIVE." It was a bit of a shock to come back to "our apartment" and find Mr. Metcalf enjoying a brief noonday rest, stretched out on two of the chairs and protected by one of the big signs. It was so unnecessary, too. Nobody would ever think he was a dead one.

The casting director happened along just then, to look over this particular apartment. I glanced longingly through its spacious rooms, light, airy, eight of them together and not one on an air shaft, and I recalled the third floor back that one apartment-house superintendent had intimated might possibly be for rent next spring. Its rooms were so tiny that it wouldn't be safe to crowd in another coat of paint and its outlook was as interesting as the scenery from a subway train. Then I looked back again at the library with its paneled walls, the correct little reception room, and the gracious dining room. I thought of the acres of walls in the storeroom any of them could be made up into a three-room-kitchenette-and-bath while you were thinking about it. Of course, Fort Lee is rather far away from New York for a commuter, still——

"What would you charge to build me a nice, cosy little apartment?" I asked.

The casting director's eyes wrinkled all up in friendly, twinkly little creases.

"Well, this one cost us about twenty thousand dollars," he said, "but we might be able to get you up something simple, but homelike, that we could let you have—with studio floor space for—well, say four or five thousand a month."

And there you are! There is no way out of the apartment situation.

The Fighting Colleen

Continued from page 48

photographs flashed before her eyes. She turned upon him breathlessly.

"You're Stanton!"

The other candidate for mayor smiled and bowed. And at that moment, Jimmy Meehan entered. He had trailed his sweetheart to this house and with the jealous lover's instinct had guessed whom she came to see. He, too, had asked for Mr. 2726.

Jimmy was not seeing the thick carpets or the hangings. His Irish eyes were snapping with anger. He walked across the floor and shook his fist at the next mayor.

"No fellow can take me girl away from me without a foight!"

The amazed Stanton looked down at the scrappy little Irishman. He stared for several moments in bewilderment, then the explanation dawned upon him. His friendly eyes twinkled. He turned to the plucky little colleen, standing so bravely in her shabbiness on his thick velvet carpets. There was no laughter in his voice. It was respectful, serious. He spoke to the angry Jimmy.

"That, sir, depends upon the lady. We will leave it to her. And may the best man win."

The two looked gravely at Puggy, the tall, well-tailored man, the shabby little newsvender. Puggy's honest Irish eyes never wavered.

"I'll have to tell you, Mr. 2726, sure, 'tis no chance at all that you have with me. I—I—sure, 'tis Jimmy I love."

And, good sport that he was, the next mayor bowed as gravely as any discarded lover. He turned an unsmiling face to Jimmy.

"Jimmy Meehan," he said, "you are a lucky fellow."

Jimmy knew it, he had known it long ago, from the first moment that the terror of Cobblestone Alley had fought him right into loving her. He could not be a bit surer of his luck even when he heard that Colby Stanton was going to give both him and Puggy an education and a running start in life—just having Puggy was enough for an Irish lover. But he was grateful and when the crowds outside Stanton's house on election night burned red torches and shouted madly for the new mayor, Jimmy and Puggy, watching it all from the inside, held hands a little tighter and cheered for Mr. 2726.

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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 74

the entire industry if some of the reputable concerns do not reorganize their scenario departments. Sarah Waters' letter is just one of scores which we have received. There is no excuse in holding a story three months unless the author is advised of the fact. This is our advice to the beginners who are justly complaining.

Send one story to one company at a time. Retain a carbon copy. Never fail to send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your manuscript. Wait six weeks. Then write to the scenario department asking for information as to the story, calling attention to the fact that you inclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope. Wait another week.

Then if your inquiry is ignored send a registered letter to the Scenario Editor in question notifying him that you are making another copy of your script and are submitting it to another company. Keep a carbon of the registered letter. You will have observed the ethics of the writing profession; if they are seriously considering your plot this action will bring an answer and in any event, blame for any confliction in production plans, etc., can be proven against the offending company.

I think the old Lubin plan is a good one: The editor acknowledged the receipt of every script by a postcard which was printed a form something like this:

"We asknowledge receipt of your story ———— and same will have our careful and prompt attention."

Such a form saves correspondence, and satisfies the author that the cherished story has arrived safely and is being considered.

It is a fact that many beginners send stories to companies not in the market. Those companies, however, could at least return the stories promptly, providing return postage is inclosed. It is good business in more ways than one.

Plot Construction

One of our readers asks us to give her a sample of plot construction. Space forbids going into great length on a subject like this, on which a volume could be written. But we can point the way for the beginner in writing to study plot construction. First go to your public library and ask the librarian for books on fiction writing and play writing and read what they say about plot, for the basic principles of plot are the same for story writing, whatever the form. If you want an example of a plot masterpiece read "The Woman in White" or "The Moonstone" by Wilkie Collins, who was a genius at plot construction. Those two books are still furnishing plots for many stories. I believe that the basic plot of "The Moonstone" has been done over a thousand and one times—worked over both in fiction and in picture plays.

Individual Advice

"Do you think it possible to do justice to a five to seven-reel detailed synopsis in much less than two thousand words? I have had considerable experience in condensing experimental reports of a narrative nature and I find that I can do best with three thousand words for seven reels."

In reply to this inquiry from F. La Main, we would ask since when has the author designated the number of reels in the movie production? We receive so many of these inquiries in which the author coolly names the commercial length of the picture, ofttimes rushing in where even the producer treads gently. There is a lot of discussion in any studio whether a production shall run five reels, or six reels or seven reels. There are differences of opinion as to commercial lengths, too. Some exhibitors ask for five-reelers exclusively and six reelers as the limit. They claim that seven and eight-reel pictures presented with a comedy, or a news weekly makes too long a program for more than two shows daily. The exhibitor claims his audiences like a diversified program, say a five-reeler, a comedy and a topical, and this is impossible when seven and eight-reelers are shown. It is not for the free-lance author to worry about the number of reels. Put over the best synopsis that is in you. Put in all the business, situations, etc. Then if the producer likes your idea he will decide whether it will carry five reels or eight reels. And why fuss about the number of

words? Use a sufficient number of words to tell your plot clearly and concisely. If it will go over in fifteen hundred words, well and good. If it takes three thousand all right. But be clear and don't be "wordy."

You'll Want This Book!

FOR some time we have had in mind getting out a small booklet containing brief, concise information intended to answer practically all the questions which arise in the minds of the beginner. Such a booklet, we believed, would enable us to furnish much more information, and much more complete answers than we could possibly do in individual letters, since having answered thousands of inquiries, we have found that the same fundamental problems bother practically all beginners. We have just had printed this booklet, which we call "Guide Posts for Scenario Writers," and we believe that it will be of considerable assistance in pointing the way to anyone who is just taking up screen writing. It will be sent to any address for ten cents in stamps. To any questions concerning screen writing which this booklet does not answer, we will always gladly reply with a personal letter, as we have in the past, provided that a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. We are particularly interested in the problems of writers who, having been at work for some time, either feel that they are approaching success, or wonder why they are not.

"East Side, West Side, All Around the Town"

Continued from page 30

At the Rivoli, Aunt Elizabeth was deeply impressed.

"I wish I had worn my white gloves," she said. "Even the ushers wear them. And all this music beats our mechanical organ. I do believe that the conductor of the orchestra is a real foreigner. They are singing opera songs in French. Dear, dear the curtains are real chiffon. No wonder the tickets are a dollar a piece. This building is certainly handsome. It looks like a church or a hotel or a public library. But I like it here and I suppose I could get used to it. However, I guess you never meet any one you know the way you do at the Bijou Dream at home. Still, if I lived in New York, I certainly should like to rent one of the boxes for the season. It's quite as stylish as the Metropolitan Opera House, and I should probably get more fun out of it."

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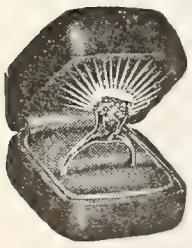

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KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 35
Masonic Temple Chicago

Cecil B. DeMille, director general of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, will shortly begin filming the famous biblical play, "The Wanderers." Prominent members in the cast will be Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels.

Fade-Outs

Continued from page 35

A Squeezed Scenario.

Here is what a trade paper did to Paramount's "The Love Burglar"—

"The story concerns a young society idler who went to a tough saloon in search of his brother, and after taking his money away from him, sent him home."

We adore brevity—but, Gosh!

—o—

Try Again, Emma!

Emma-Lindsay Squier, the "than whomest" of all screen interviewers, says that Fay Tincher would look like a gold mine in any costume.

Emma, we've seen a lot of gold mines, and knowing Fay, we're betting your wrong.

Gold mines, Emma, are sprawling, noisy, soily, unkempt and uncouth—and, in general, most unpretty!

—o—

Thoroughness Hooks Up With Godliness.

Some years ago, when Sennett subsidized a pie foundry to supply his comedians with ammunition, we were deeply impressed with the prodigality of production.

But Famous Players-Lasky have pulled a stunt that makes a picayune piker outa Mack.

With the fact in mind that most of their pictures contain a wedding-scene, and having become weary of constructing temporary chapel sets—they bought Christ Episcopal Church, Twelfth and Flower Sts., Los Angeles—just to have it handy for the hitches!

—o—

Why Editors of Movie Magazines Go Insane.

(Being a few of the queer things that turn up in the daily grist of letters.)

"—I'm going to call at your office as soon as I reach New York for you to get me a job as an actress"

"—Are Mary Pickford's curls her own?"

"—And please send me photographs of Pearl White, Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, and the man who writes the Fade-Outs."

"—I'd like you to get me a pass to a movie studio."

"—Please send me the names and addresses of all the movie actors and actresses in the United States.

"—Here's a scenario I wrote in twenty parts. I hope you can use it."

"—The poem I have written has two hundred verses but I could easily add more to it. If you like it I will send it all to you. Here's how it starts off:

O, sweet Theda Bara, pride of
us all art thee!
We love thee and go to all thy
pictures we can see!

—o—

We Wish We Were Foolishly Beautiful!

Said Louise Glaum: "If I ever marry again, he will be a homely man!"

We handed her one of our cards.

Slowly tearing it up, she continued: "When I say 'homely,' I mean of that type which is so intelligently homely that one says, after a time, 'Isn't he a splendid looking man!'"

That let us out.

We're just plain homely!

—o—

Keeping The Ushers Busy.

This from the program of a Chicago theater:

"Ushers will see that patrons do not leave their feet in the aisles."

Which, coming on top of the "Poppy" company's ad that: "our comedies will make 'em roll off their seats with mirth"—

Leads us to believe

That the ushing business will soon be picking up!

—o—

What Happened to Truth in Duluth.

Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

If so, we can tell you the present abode of the souls of Ananias and Baron Munchausen.

They are both reposing within the bosom of the manager of a Duluth, Minn., film theater.

List to the peep of his publicity palaver in advertising "The Heart Of Humanity":

"The Biggest Show On Earth! Ten Times Bigger Than "The Birth Of a Nation'! A Million Times More Massive Than 'Intolerance!' A Billion Dollar Show!"

'Tis fortunate this bird had probably but a Fourth Grade education. If he'd ever heard of such words as "quintillion," "decillion," etc., he would have murdered Truth entirely, instead of merely maiming her!

Sealed Hearts

Continued from page 66

Jack understood very well the meaning of those words, uttered in that bland fashion. He felt a sudden chill of apprehension as Prentiss rose, with a face as hard as steel, and lifted his glass. Evidently he was about to propose a toast, and Jack knew what to expect.

"To the woman who loves me—my wife," he was saying.

And then he continued his toast, casting a look of intense hatred at Kate.

"Who loves me so much that she even loves my son."

As he said this his eyes swept the circle of guests with an expression of triumphant malignity. Only Kate and Jack knew the insane delight Prentiss was getting out of the situation. His next words came forth like the hiss of a serpent:

"Loves him even as I love him."

Jack now stood up. He sensed what the old man would say next. Leaning over toward the older man he whispered with an intensity that startled Prentiss into something like his own self.

"If you dare say another word I'll kill you," he threatened.

The expression on Prentiss' face suddenly changed. A look of physical fear and of intense physical suffering took the place of the sardonic grin. He shrank back, trembling. Jack turned to the guests.

"Gentlemen," he said in a quiet significant tone, "my father is not well. I must ask you to leave. I am very sorry."

Prentiss stood swaying against the wall. There was a childish smile upon his lips. Evidently something had snapped in his brain.

Jack saw that the end was near as Prentiss sank into his chair. But before the indomitable ironmaster died he regained for a few seconds his former self. On recognizing Jack a sweet, good smile flashed across his withered lips.

"My boy," he murmured, love shining in his eyes, "my boy, forgive me—and—be good to her."

"Daddy," replied the son, tears streaming down his cheeks, "don't go. Stay with me."

With a gesture indicating the great plant beyond the window, the old man sank backward. There was a little sound in his throat. Then he lay very still.

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"Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder."
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THE DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE is going to conduct a $10,000.00 prize-story contest. It will give $5,000.00 to the person who submits the best 70,000 to 80,000 word detective story, $3,000.00 for the second best, and $2,000.00 for the third.

ALSO, the DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE will gladly negotiate for any of the stories that are considered available.

SHOULD any author submit a story which does not take the first prize he may withdraw it from the contest, if he so desires.

THE decision as to the rating of the stories will be rendered by three judges. These judges will be the two distinguished authors, Arthur B. Reeve and Albert Payson Terhune, and the editor of the DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE.

IN order to be considered in this contest all stories must be received by January 1, 1920.

REALIZE that you do not need to be a writer of detective stories to have a winning story in this contest, nor do you have to be an "author" at all, for that matter. Do you know that one of the best writers of detective stories to-day had never written a story of any kind till, on a dare, she wrote a story which was one of the most successful of the year?

ALL stories should be sent to the DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE, Prize-Story Contest, Street & Smith Corporation, publishers, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., who will be very glad to furnish any further particulars.

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Do you know that many Moving Picture actors and actresses get from $500 to $5000 a week? Many young ladies and young men working for small wages could do just as well if they knew how. This book will teach you everything from start to finish. Also tells how and where to apply for a position. Gives the addresses of all the studios and managers and tells everything in detail. It is a pleasant and profitable profession and the demand exceeds the supply all the time. We will mail the book to you for 10c and 2c for mailing.

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William P. Carlton, who recently signed a one year contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, will appear in "The Copperhead," starring Lionel Barrymore.

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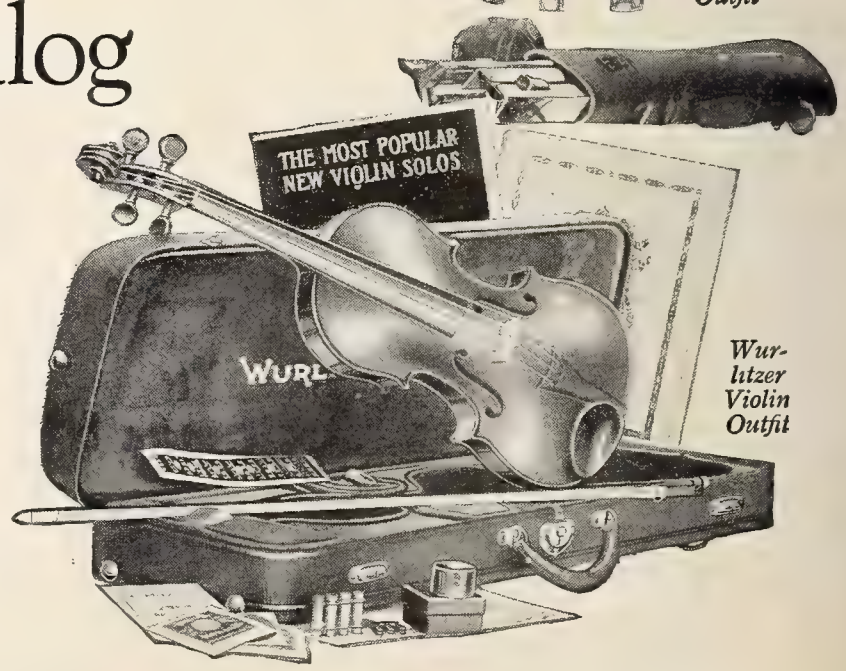

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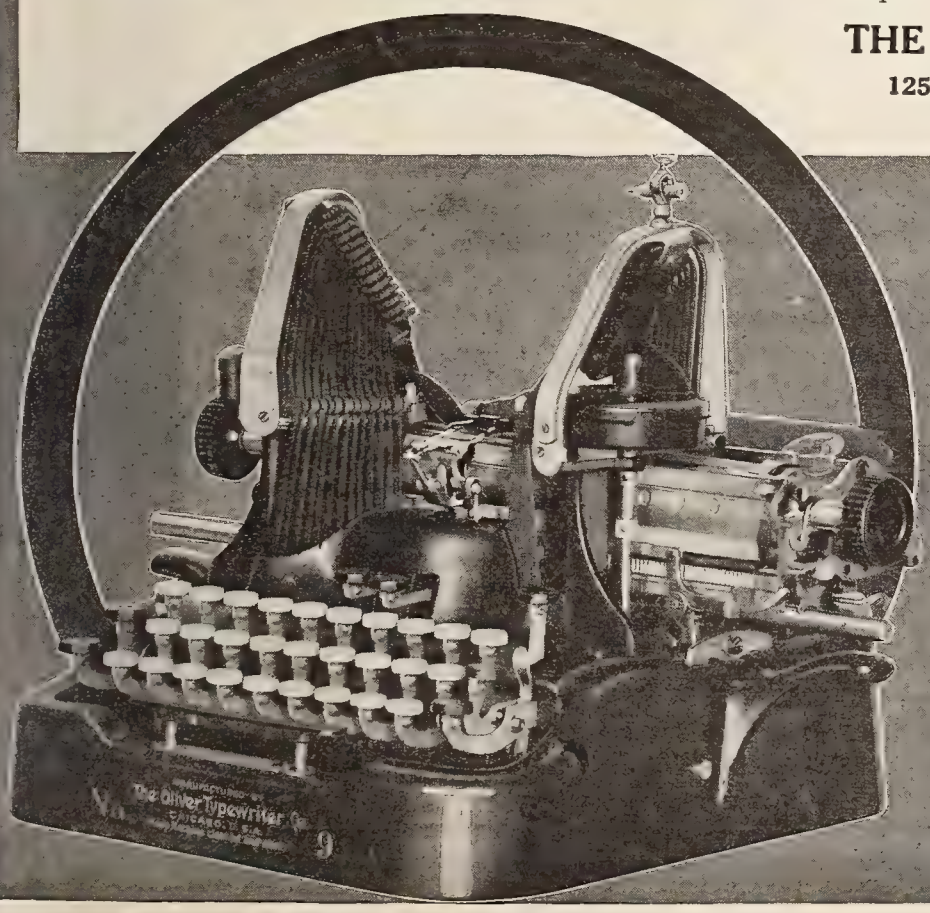

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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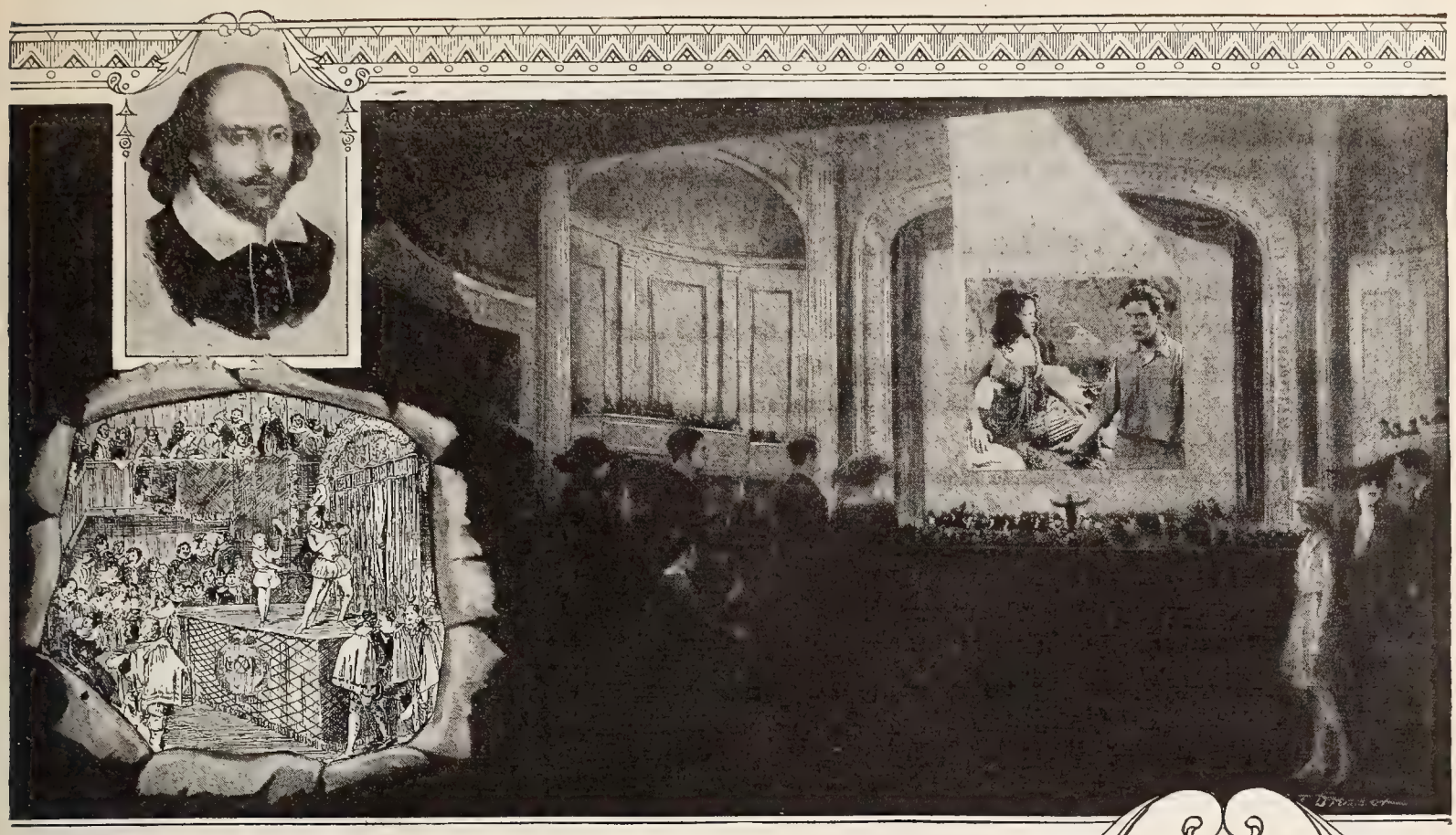

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THERE is nothing more interesting in all human experience than the story of a young person who faces adventure, overcomes difficulties, and finally achieves some worth-while object.

While talking recently with Cullen Landis, it occurred to a member of our staff to ask Mr. Landis to write for us, his own story of how he worked up through an adventurous career to his present position as one of the "stars of to-morrow."

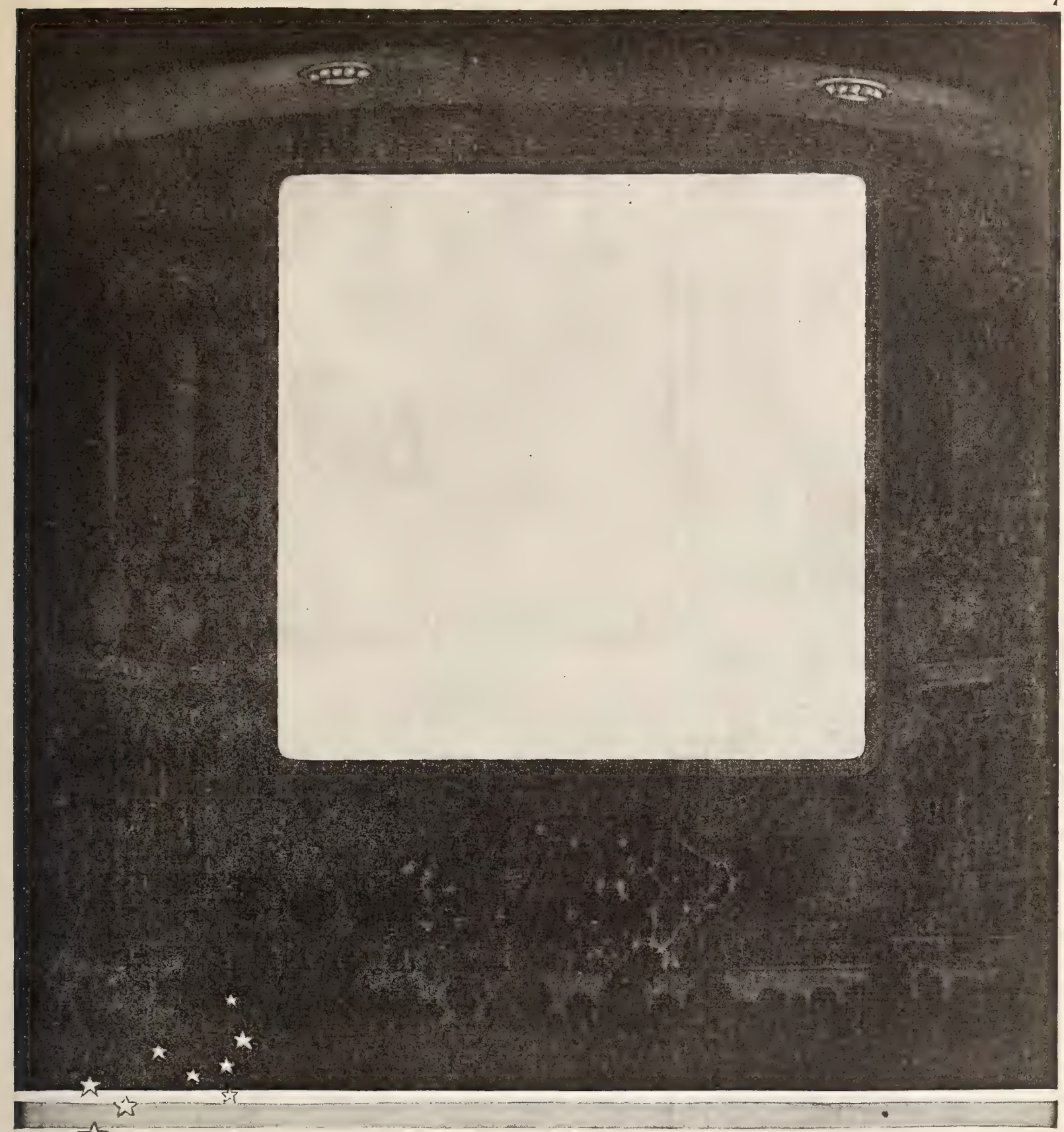
So interesting is this "autobiographical solo," as the author calls it, that we decided to follow its appearance in this issue by a series of similar brief autobiographies in succeeding numbers, each a bona fide story telling exactly how the player overcame his or her difficulties. The second in the series, which will appear in the following issue, will be by Tom Moore. Our intent is to show to American Youth how American Youth has made good in the fifth greatest industry.

There are to be several unusual and timely features in our next issue, to which we would like to call especial attention. One is a story of the gorgeous gowns displayed in the lavish De Mille productions, and of how they are designed to emphasize the distinctive points of beauty of the women who wear them. It is a striking and unusual talk on feminine attire by the woman who has charge of that particular work.

Another "different" type of article is a story of the perils of the cameramen who from the observer's perch in aëroplanes film the records of great events for the Pathé News, that great news-gathering agency which encircles the globe. Since the war, news photography from aëroplanes has become as regular as our aërial mail delivery. But it is likely to be much more exciting and perilous at times. The story of these "aërial reporters" will help to increase your thrill when you see their work on the screen.

Many of our readers showed us by their letters that they were interested in Herbert Howe's article, "New Stars for Old," which appeared in a recent issue. Of even greater interest, we believe, will be a film forecast which Mr. Howe has written for our next number, in which he outlines the tendencies of the screen for 1920.

There are to be many other features which we should like to speak about here, but space forbids. On account of the recent labor difficulties, which forced our entire plant to shut down, it will be necessary to issue PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE more frequently than monthly, in order to make up for lost time. We urge our readers, therefore, to watch the stands for our next few numbers, so that they may get each issue on its first appearance.



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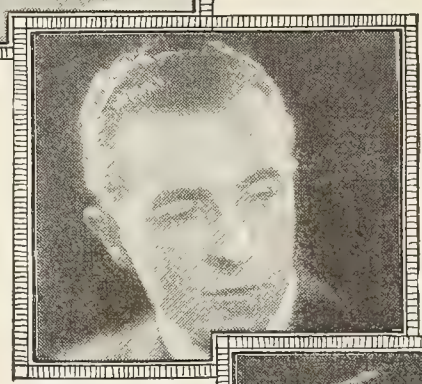
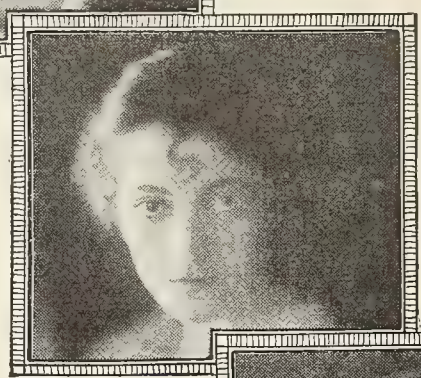
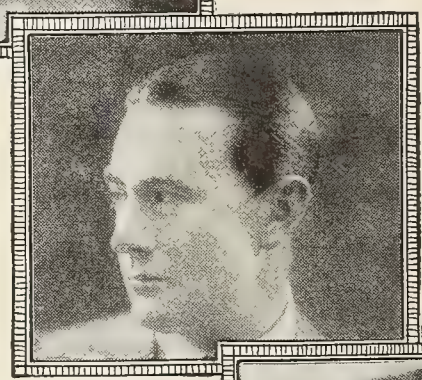
OLIVE THOMAS



EUGENE O'BRIEN



ELSIE JANIS



OWEN MOORE

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

THEY SAY "SELZNICK makes stars." This is wrong. Selznick recognizes star talent and by intelligent advertising and brilliant productions, establishes stars in the public favor to which they are entitled.

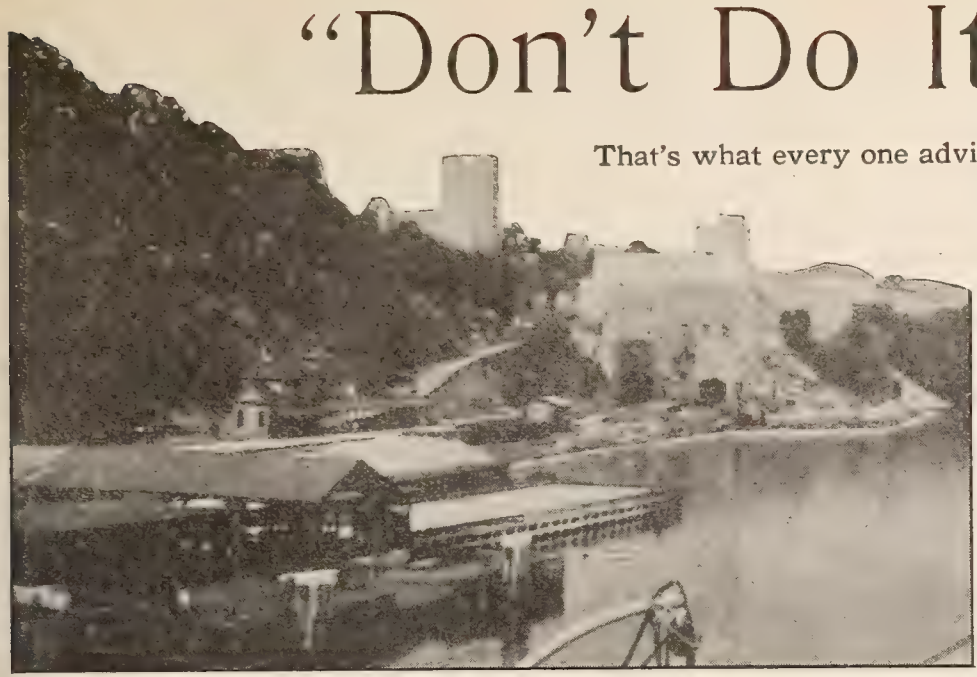
SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours

At theatres where quality rules

"Don't Do It, Marjorie"

That's what every one advised her, when she told them she wanted to become a movie actress. But she carried out her purpose, and here is her own story of her experience.



The grim gray walls of West Point.

IF you have ever cherished a secret longing to become a screen star, this story will interest you, because, unlike the biographies of the stars, it is the experience of a girl who succeeded in wresting a foothold in the movies without reaching the top. In other words, it is a frank story of what might happen to the average person making such an attempt under similar circumstances.

I WAS on my way to New York to go into the movies —and I hope that everybody in the world has at some time been as excited and happy as I was that day. The Hudson's banks were gay with autumn foliage, and I looked up at the grim gray walls of West Point as the boat steamed by, and thought that all my life I'd remember the impressions of that day. Of course I looked forward to a lot of other days just as thrilling—I felt sure that I was going to be a success in pictures, you see; I had every reason to. It wasn't just because I was pretty and knew that I screened well that I was so confident—I had some splendid introductions, as well, which meant more than anything else to me. So I wasn't afraid of tackling New York all alone; when I thought of doing it I settled down in a corner of the deck and got out the two talismans that were to open all doors for me.

They were letters, those talismans. One was to the casting director of one of the biggest producing companies, and was written by a big star in pictures—a girl I'll call Jeanne Phelps, though that isn't the name she uses on the screen. She was a very dear friend of my sister Nancy, and she had visited her mother in Oak Park, the Chicago suburb where we lived, the summer before. And one day when Nancy sent me over to see her on an errand, I plucked up courage enough to come out with the request nearest my heart—that she'd help me to get into pictures.

"But my dear, I can't," she remonstrated. "Yes, I know I'm a star—but what of it? It's the director who casts a picture, not the star, unless she has her own company. Even then—yes, I do know some directors —but honey, that really means so little. There are so many things to consider beside just knowing the man who's choosing the people for a cast."

She went on for a long time, advising me not to try to get into pictures; giving me reason after reason why I ought not to want to follow in her footsteps.

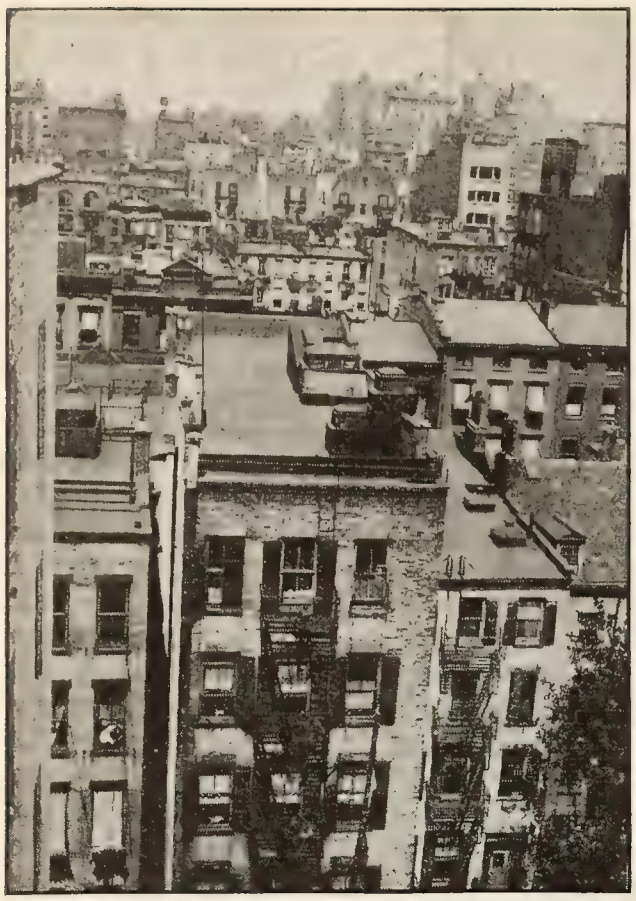
"But I'm pretty—every one says I am—even you did," I insisted, just about on the verge of tears. "And I can act—you said yourself that I was good in that movie we did for the Oak Park Civic Association." Honestly, I couldn't help thinking, as I sat there on the top step and looked up at her, that I was prettier than Jeanne was. Her hair had a sort of frazzled look across the top —from the lights in the studio, she said, and her big dark eyes looked so tired; she'd told my sister that that was caused by the Klieg lights; she said she's been in a dark room a week, right in the midst of making her last picture, because the lights were so hard on her eyes. And she looked tired and pale and worn out.

"Yes, I know you're pretty," she said, that afternoon, as I paused. "You've got black eyes, and your hair is just curly enough to look well, and not be frizzy. Yes, you can act, too," and she smiled, as I flounced down hard on the step; from her voice you'd have thought that things like that didn't count for anything. "But Marjorie, you're just eighteen—why make your next few years heartbreaking ones, when they ought to be so happy?"

"They wouldn't be heartbreaking—you made a hit in your very first picture yourself — why shouldn't I?"

"Yes, I made a hit in that one —and got a contract — and fought every step of the way for the next three years," she said, and her voice made my throat ache, somehow. "Child, don't you know that even getting

The Woolworth Tower was a like symbol.



I wondered how many girls in those miles of homes wanted to go into the movies.

where I am sometimes means very little? Look at the two years I was under contract to a company that wouldn't give me decent stories, but made me play parts that didn't fit me at all, because there was some one else who played the sort of rôles that I should have had—some one whose word counted with the manager. I couldn't break my contract—I just had to stick with those people till it was over, and my rôles had given people such a bad idea of my work that I had a hard time getting what I wanted with another company. Even now—oh, Marjorie, don't do it!"

But simply because she had had a hard time was no reason why I should, I told myself. And even though she had had difficulties, here she was, at twenty-three, traveling all over the country, to make exteriors for this picture or find some good scenes for that one. It seemed to me that a few bad years wouldn't count when they earned so much for you in the end.

Finally she gave in.

"All right—I'll give you a letter to Mr. Rowe," she said, picking up her lap desk and taking out some stationery. "He's manager of one of the biggest studios in New York, and I know he'll be nice to you, and do anything he can to give you a start. I'll tell him all about you in my note; if I were going East to-morrow instead of to the coast I'd take you along and introduce you to him. But I'm sure he'll do everything possible—though you mustn't be disappointed if he can't give you any chance at all for months; that's part of the game, you know—learning to wait. Take plenty of money with you—New York's not always a friendly place when one's broke. And remember that you've got a home and people who love you back here—don't hang on there and grow bitter because you can't catch the rainbow—or because it's just tissue paper when you do catch it."

I didn't like that, but I went home on wings, my heart like a singing bird. I was going to get into pictures! I could see myself, exquisitely gowned, the center of wonderful pictures of wealth and lavish display, and my heart thrilled at the thought of it.

And if I didn't pay much attention to what the family talked about that evening at dinner, and dreamed in a corner of the porch swing when Ted came over that evening, surely nobody could blame me. Ted was just the boy next door, anyway—he didn't know anything about getting into pictures, though he often took me to see them.

He did help me, though, after he'd found it was of no use to try to dissuade me. His father held an editorial position on one of the Chicago newspapers, and years before had known in Washington a newspaper man named Blake, who had afterward become a motion-picture director, and now was an "artists' representative" in New York. That is, he ran a sort of agency to place actors with the different companies. Ted's father had seen him recently, and said Mr. Blake had an office where thousands of people who wanted to get into pictures registered, and then when different directors needed somebody for a small part, or a big one, or wanted a crowd for a ballroom scene, or a mob, or something like that, they sent to Mr. Blake. So Ted's father gave me a letter to him. I'm afraid I wasn't as grateful for it as I might have been; I felt sure that just as soon as Mr. Rowe had seen and talked with me he'd offer me a chance to begin doing small parts, at least, but I thanked Ted's father for it and promised that I'd go to see Mr. Blake as soon as I got to New York.

You can imagine how delighted I was with this opportunity; I couldn't wait to start East. True, I hated leaving dad and mumsey; I knew that evenings, when I'd remember how dad used to get the car out and we'd drive into Chicago and out along the North Shore, or perhaps all go into town for dinner at one of the hotels and go to the movies or for a long ride afterward—well, I knew that I'd be homesick when I thought of the good times we used to have at home, and of how mumsey always saw to it that I had a new dress for parties, and used to sit in the sun parlor sewing when I'd come with some of the girls in the afternoons, I'd be pretty lonesome. But then, I'd be working evenings, of course, and hard work is a good cure for homesickness.

I got to New York that evening, and for just a moment before I landed, I was sort of staggered at the bigness of it; it loomed up in front of me so appallingly. But then I saw the tower of the Woolworth Building, lifting itself toward the sky like a huge beacon tower, and I took it for a symbol for myself; hope and the willingness to work could be just as substantial and strong as it was, I knew. And I was willing to work, and wait, and be patient no matter how hard things were at first.

Jeanne had sent me to a friend of hers for that night, and the friend very obligingly rented me a tiny little hall bedroom for five dollars a week; it wasn't much larger than our clothes closets back home, but I soon learned that I probably couldn't have found a room for that price in a boarding house without going way out to the edge of town. As it was, I lived in a huge apartment house near Washington Square; from my window I could look out over miles and miles of roofs—thousands and thousands of homes. And I couldn't help wondering, as I looked out over them early in the morning of my first day in New York, how many girls there were in those homes who wanted to go into the movies, just as I did, and how many of them could be sure even of getting in to see a casting director, as I was going to do that day.

I started early for the studio where Jeanne had told me I'd find Mr. Rowe. It was on a cross street uptown, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, and I went up on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. And as the bus joggled along, and I watched all the people who were going to work, I wanted to lean down and shout at them—"Some day before long maybe you'll see me on the screen!" That shows how foolishly happy and enthusiastic I was.

The studio was a great, gray building, with a door opening directly from the street into a little sort of office. Directly behind the gate in the little fence that separated the office part from the hall was a big door; as I stood waiting for somebody to come to see what I wanted several people came along and went into that door, and from the blue, sputtering light that came through it and a voice that called "Camera!" I knew that the studio itself—"the floor," Jeanne had said they called it, lay just beyond.

I wanted to shout to the passers-by that they'd soon see me on the screen.

Once when the door opened I got a glimpse of what was going on within; it seemed to be a big scene, for there were lots of people in it; I could see girls with flowers and bright-colored balloons, dancing on a flower-trimmed table, and people sitting around applauding them. There was music, too—gay, lilting music, that made me long more than ever for a place of my own in this brilliant profession.

Near me, on the wall, was a big sign that said "No Casting To-day," and for a minute my heart stood still when I saw that. But of course that didn't apply to me—I had a letter to Mr. Rowe. I gave it to the man in charge, who finally appeared, and sat down on one of the benches to wait till Mr. Rowe would send out for me.

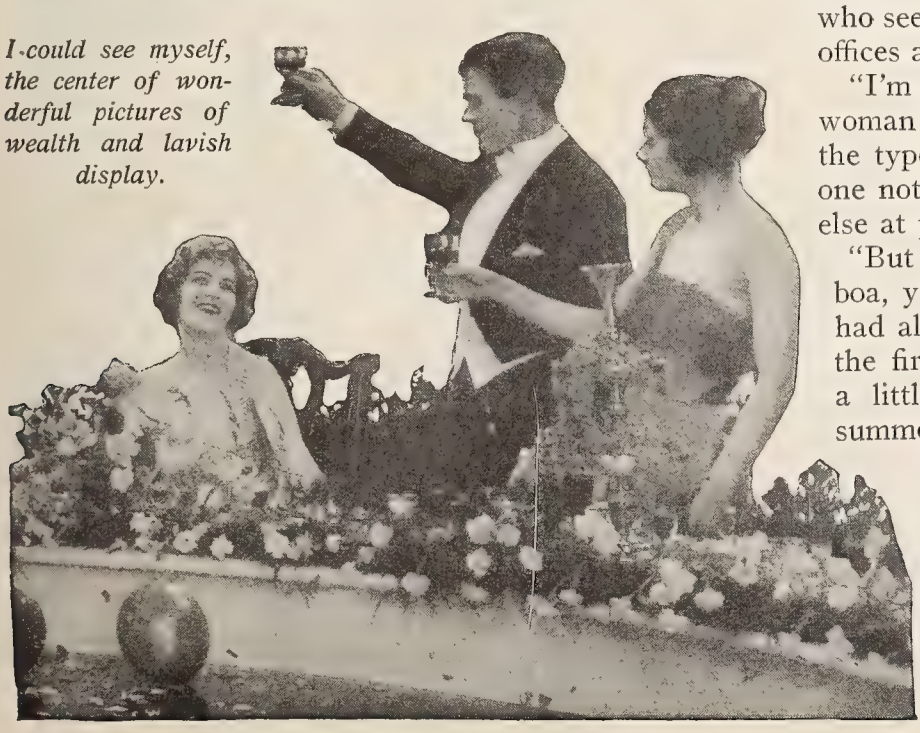
There were other people waiting, too. I heard one girl say that she'd been told that the way to get a job was to hang around the studios, and that she'd been doing it now for two months, and never had seen anybody but the doortenders. I felt so sorry for her.

I felt sorry for another girl, too. She was perfectly stunning—tall and dark, and beautifully dressed. She gave the doorman her name, and a young woman who seemed to know her came out from one of the inner offices and talked with her.

"I'm sorry—but there isn't a thing for you," the woman told her. "They've decided that you aren't the type for that part; it must be a younger girl, and one not quite so tall. And we aren't casting anything else at present."

"But Mr. Rowe said—I worked with him at Balboa, you know, for seven months, and he knows I've had all sorts of experience—and he said he'd give me the first possible chance." The girl's voice trembled a little. "I haven't had an engagement since last summer and I'll take anything. I wonder—couldn't I see Mr. Rowe a moment? He could cast some of the other parts a little differently perhaps—so that the ages of the other people would be changed and they wouldn't need a girl younger than I for that part."

"We thought of doing that." The woman's voice was so kind that I knew she felt sorry for the girl, too. "But it would change the



I could see myself, the center of wonderful pictures of wealth and lavish display.

whole picture, you see. He said to tell you that he was awfully sorry, and that he'd have been glad to give you the part, but couldn't because you aren't the type."

My heart sank as the girl went out. She was beautiful, fashionably dressed, and had had experience—lots of it. What chance had I?

The man I'd given my letter to came out in a few moments and took me into the next office, where he said I could wait till Mr. Rowe could see me. So I sat there near the door, trying to be calm and quiet, though I couldn't help feeling a little frightened as I saw all the other people who were waiting, too—all of them to see Mr. Rowe. I couldn't help hearing what they said to the man in charge; they all had special reasons for seeing him. Some had letters, some were old friends, some had worked with him. One girl came in whom I'd seen in a big picture just a few months before; she'd had a pretty big part, too—next to the leading woman's. And now here she was, obviously looking for a job, though she tried to be very casual about it and act as if she'd just dropped in for a friendly visit. I heard two men who were sitting near me talking about her; one of them said she'd just been working by the picture, instead of by contract, and hadn't been able to get anything for some time that was as big as the parts she'd always played.

"She's got to begin to play women—not girl parts any more; she's getting too old," one of the men said. "She's been holding out for two hundred a week, but I guess she'll have to come down now. They costarred her with N—— you know" (naming a famous actor), "but the company wouldn't release the pictures, and that kept her off the screen so long that she's having a hard time getting back."

That didn't make things look much brighter for me—except that if the experienced actresses got too old for girl parts, surely the directors would have to get younger ones to fill those rôles—and maybe that was where my chance would come in.

Finally Mr. Rowe sent out for me, and I went in, feeling very trembly, but pretty confident, even so. And when I saw the kindly, interested smile with which he greeted me, the flags flew in my heart.

"I've read Jeanne's letter," he began immediately. "And I'm glad indeed to meet a friend of hers—but I'm afraid I'm going to be awfully discouraging to you."

I swallowed hard and tried to smile.

"Child, much as I want new faces for our pictures, and anxious as I am to get in touch with new talent, I'm going to urge you to go back home," he went on. "Yes, I know," as I started to speak, "you're pretty—and have had some experience, according to Jeanne, and you're a type that screens well. But child, I can't make a place for you in a picture already full—and in the two that I'm just casting to-day there isn't a thing that would fit you. One of them calls for two women besides the star; one plays her mother, and the other is a heavy emotional rôle for a woman much older than you are, and just fits an actress who's on our payroll and hasn't worked for three months. The other picture is one of our girl stars, not much older than you—you're too near her age to appear in it with her. You see, you'd have to wait on here in town and take a chance on our putting on a picture that would have something in it for you—and that's pretty uncertain."

I didn't want to cry; I was trying desparately hard not to, but the big sobs were welling up in my aching throat, and it was hard work to keep them down.

"How much money did you bring with you from home?" he asked presently.

"Five—five hundred dollars," I answered with a little gulp as a sob threatened to escape me.

"Well, let's see—that will keep you going quite a while, if you're careful. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. Next time I cast a mob scene—a ball is coming along pretty soon—I'll see that you're in it; perhaps there'll be a small part. That'll give you a taste of working before the camera, and of course I can't try you on anything much bigger till I know what you can do. See all you can of the city in the meantime—have a good time, and if you can get over wanting to get into pictures, for the love of Mike do it!"

"Would I—would I stand a better chance if I'd gone to one of the schools that train people to be actors?" I asked.

He smiled at that, rather disparagingly.

"Mary Pickford never went to such a school—neither did the Gishes or the Talmadge girls or Dorothy Phillips," he answered. "You see, when I'm casting a picture I want people who look the parts and can be natural in them—not those who've been told to 'register' this emotion in that way until they can't think of anything but the fact that they're acting. No, I certainly wouldn't advise anybody to go to such schools in order to get an engagement."

I went away soon after that; not discouraged, but with a good deal to think about. I was just as anxious as ever to get into pictures, but not quite so sure that all one needed was a little "pull."

I was quite ready to wait everlastingly till Mr. Rowe would send for me; somehow he'd been so kind that I felt sure I'd hear from him soon. Yet even so I wasn't quite ready for the summons that came the very next afternoon. It was one of his assistants who phoned from the studio that somehow plans had been changed—I was too happy to ask just how—and they wanted me for a big restaurant scene.

"Report at the Perfection Studio at Fort Lee, at nine in the morning, and bring evening clothes," the assistant told me brusquely. Can't you just imagine how I flew to my own little room and began looking over my things? I was awfully worried about what color to wear—I'd heard something about how different colors photograph—but finally selected a light green dress that mother had made for me to wear to one of the high-school sorority dances back home. It was a darling thing, and I had slippers and stockings to match, and a little wreath of French flowers for my hair. I felt so dressed up and so happy, when I tried on my things before my mirror that evening. And I washed my hair and did everything else I could think of to make myself look my very best the next day—this might be my big chance!

To be continued in the February issue.

A Picture Palace

By Martin J. Bent

IT is interesting and significant that the beautiful rock crystal chandeliers from Sherry's, most famous of New York restaurants, which closed last summer, thanks to the July first drought, reappeared this fall in a motion-picture palace. That palace is called the Capitol Theater. It is claimed to be the largest theater in the world, seating considerably more than five thousand persons. Beside pictures, it has, as attractions, Pryor's Band and a review something akin to the "Follies." It has become one of the sights of New York for out-of-town visitors.

No pictures can give an adequate impression of the vastness of this great building which is said to have cost, exclusive of the site, two million dollars. But these views indicate, at least, that the term "picture palace" is not misapplied.

Up the Milky Way to Stardom

Milkboy, newsboy, "scoop" reporter, bus driver, camera man, daredevil double, and now a star elect, Cullen Landis is a Horatio Alger hero in real life. Here is his own account of his rise.

By Cullen Landis

Neither the property man nor Baby Marie thought at that time that he'd become an actor.

AS I play this autobiographical solo—by special request—on a discordant typewriter in my dressing room, I'm wearing the make-up of one *J. Wallingford Speed.* He is a bumptious, bragging young guy in Rex Beach's "Going Some." So if at times this story inclines to braggadocio, remember, *J. Wallingford,* not J. Cullen, is responsible. (Like all true artists, I have to live my part while playing it.) But of this bird Landis, of whom I, *J. Wallingford Speed,* am compelled to write——

In the year 1895, A. D., according to the fly leaf of the family Bible, the clan of Landis in Nashville, Tennessee, was blessed with a son, who came into the title of James Cullen Landis.

Now the first great event in the life of this lad happened when he was still in knickers, but thinking of changing to long trousers. It happened thus: One Sunday, "Red" Flynn who delivered milk and washed bottles for the local dairy, ushered me, J. Cullen Landis, into a candy store and tossed out a dime for licorice "stove lifters." He acted as though it were a commonplace dissipation in his young life. At once I became dissatisfied with my penniless lot. I resolved to get a job. Through Red's influence I was given a milk route. A week on the milky way convinced my employers that the responsibilities were too great for me. I was ever offending the dairy by failing to bring back milk tickets, and ever irritating housewives by leaving a pint when a quart was called for.

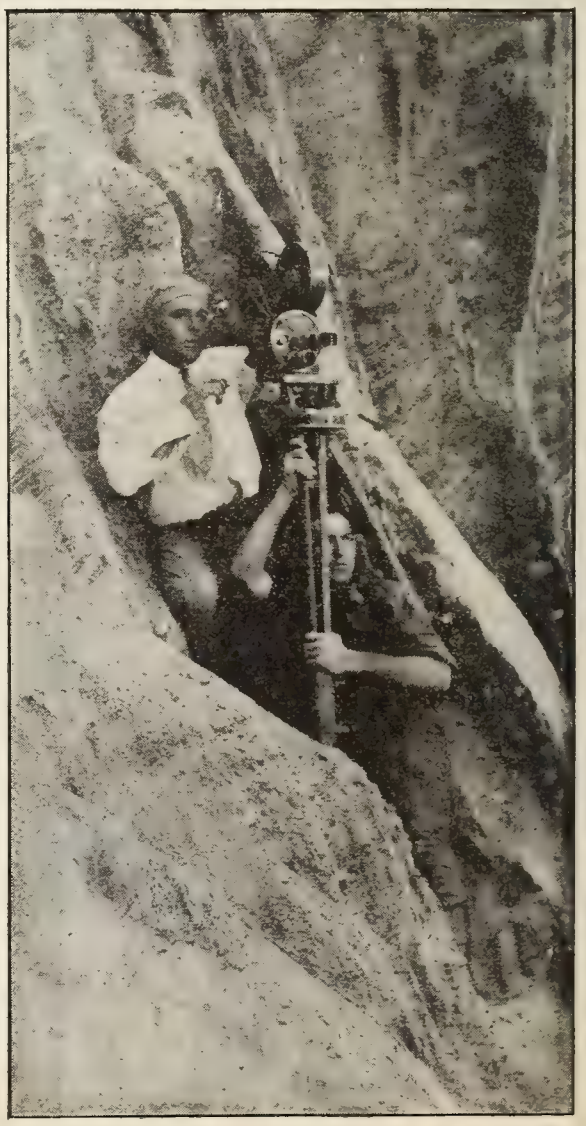
But, once having tasted the joys of financial independence, even though it required work, I applied to the Nashville *American* for a paper route and got it. For the lordly stipend of twelve dollars a month, I bolted from the blankets at three o'clock every morning and beat Red Flynn's milk bus to the houses in the neighborhood.

I did my first piece of newspaper reporting while in this position. A big auto race was being held just outside of town, and I went to see it with one of the regular reporters. He left me standing at one of the turns of the track and went on down the line to see the cars running in the stretch. During his absence a machine skidded into the fence near where I was standing, and four others piled up in a ghastly heap. In five minutes I was at a telephone giving the story to the office. When I got back I was received with all the pomp and courtesy extended the Prince of Wales.

But before long I began to wonder what the other cities had to offer in the way of entertainment and work. I had read some stories about the warm golden sunshine of California, so I headed for the State of perpetual sun. That was about five years ago.

For a while I drove a sight-seeing bus. Then I got employment at the Balboa Studio at Long Beach. I was known as the truck driver, but I spent almost as much time sweeping up, running errands, and minding the switchboard. From this utilitarian post I rose to the rank of as-

One of his many jobs was to drive a sight-seeing bus.



Here he is as assistant camera man.

sistant property man, going up in time to the position of property man. The only difference between this job and that of truck driver was that I now did my moving by hand.

My next promotion brought me the glory of being in charge of the property room. But the Mexican jumping bean had nothing on me. I only stayed in this place for a little while, and then became an assistant director. It did not take me long to learn why the assistant director is called the "goat." Everything is feed to him. If the sets are not ready in time or an extra shows up late or the director's breakfast does not set well, the assistant is responsible. He is just naturally blamed for anything and everything.

I could have endured this all right, as I was pretty good on quick-notice alibis, but the job entailed too much real work. Being assistant director ate into my time, so I decided to take a fling at the assistant camera man's job. This was more to my liking. I invested my life's savings in a motion-picture camera and dashed into the studio one morning all ready to be recognized as a full-fledged camera man.

So much for my titles. They did not always cover my work. While serving as assistant director I volunteered to double in a stunt for the leading man, and from that time on I was regularly elected for that work. Regardless of what my current title might be, when a stunt had to be pulled off for a picture I was the dare-devil chosen. I wonder now how I came through some of my experiences alive. I was just kid enough at the time to feel kind of good about doing something that another fellow was afraid to tackle, and I was too young to reason out the risks I was taking. I went ahead and flirted with death for a small salary while some snappy leading man got all the credit on the screen.

As J. Wallingford Speed, author of this "autobiographical solo."

One day, Sherwood MacDonald, who was then directing Jackie Saunders, asked me if I would do a jump from a bridge for his picture. I said sure, and thought no more of the matter, assuming that the bridge was an ordinary under-sized affair such as is common in Los Angeles parks.

When we got out to Hollenbeck Park, MacDonald pointed to a bridge which arched the lake, and said: "There it is. Get up there at the highest point and dope out your jump while we get the cameras set."

I nearly fainted. The bridge looked a thousand feet tall to me. I don't know a thing about high diving, and you know that a dive like that is a serious matter. It was too late to back down, so I started up the bridge, feeling like a man on his way to the electric chair. "All right, Cullen. Let's go," MacDonald yelled. I shot out from the bridge, teeth set and eyes closed. Three or four years later I hit the water. When I came up, the director was all smiles.

Continued on page 100

"Bye, Baby Bunting"

By Edna Foley

YOU remember the rest of the old nursery rhyme, of course:

"Father's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

Nowadays Mr. Bunting wouldn't have to exert himself, for Baby Bunting is a grown-up young person who does her own hunting in the shops, and doesn't bother about rabbit skin—it isn't being worn this season.

But perhaps it's distantly related to the ermine which is so popular with the screen stars: there's a strong family resemblance. Madge Kennedy goes on record, up here in the corner, as an ardent supporter of the tailless ermine wrap, and when Norma Talmadge was asked what she most wanted for a wedding anniversary present she put an ermine coat at the head of her list. Mary Miles Minter has a new one, too—only it's so warm in California that she can't wear it.

Bebe Daniels has a coat, the like of which was never seen before—zebra skin trimmed with silver wolf—she wears it in "Why Change Your Wife?" Helene Chadwick, over in the other corner, wears her new mink coat in a picture, too, "The Silver Horde."

As for Viola Dana, her coat is the kind schoolgirls wear—seal and beaver—and it's far too demure for the movies.

Dorothy Phillips has no end of fur coats—her favorite one is ermine, incidentally. When the north winds do blow, however, Dorothy is likely to wear a warm suit and the silver fox scarf that was sent to her recently by an admirer from Alaska who once played in one of her pictures.

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MARGUERITE CLARK

thought she'd be a Girl Scout captain—but when she found that to qualify she'd have to learn to bake bread, bathe a baby, and swim fifty yards with her clothes on, she resigned and went back to her new picture, "Easy to Get."

Copyright. Evans

ALICE LAKE

has done the conventional thing for a slapstick comedienne to do these days—made good as a regular actress and been starred by a big company. In Alice's case Metro is the company, and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" the picture.

Copyright, Evans

HELENE CHADWICK

is a brown-eyed, yellow-haired young person, who has one of the biggest rôles of her career in "The Cup of Fury," an Eminent Authors production. Her five years' contract with Goldwyn promises her a bright future.

Copyright, Evans

MARJORIE PAYNE

has had a year's experience as a member of the beauty brigade of Christie Comedies, and has added color to the background of many a laugh-maker, "A Roman Scandal" being the scene of her latest appearance.

Copyright, Evans

HELEN DARLING

danced in a San Francisco café before she broke into the movies by way of Christie Comedies—and now, having reached the distinction of being costarred with Jimmie Harrison in "Kids and Kidlets," says she'll see the café no more.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

CONSTANCE BINNEY

leads a double life; daytimes she's the heroine of various movies, and evenings she's *Penelope Penn*, the demure little heroine of "39 East," her stage play. There's no time for her to be just herself except when she poses for photographs like this one.

NEO-GRAVURE PRINTING CO., N. Y

Crooked Straight

They say that a man who's once been in prison can't go straight again. But Ben Trimble did, and by doing so he evened scores with the man who had driven him to crime, and won the girl of his choice.

By John Edgar Graham

BEN TRIMBLE sat in the farmhouse doorway, to avail himself of the light of the declining sun by which he hastened to complete an awkward job of needle-work. So absorbed was the young bachelor in the intricacies of thread, thimble, and fabric, that he failed to notice the stealthy approach of intruders until an ominous shadow fell across his patchwork and a silvery voice said, jokingly:

"It's never too late to mend!" Ben started at the words. Into his mind there flashed a picture of a time when those words had had a more serious meaning for him—when they had come back to him as he stood, wet, shivering, hungry, and penniless before a window full of food, wondering where his next meal was coming from.

Into his mind there flashed a picture of a time when those words had a more serious meaning for him.

But the next instant that recollection vanished, as he suddenly turned and saw the smiling face of Vera Owen, his next-door neighbor, for Vera—well, Vera was his sweetheart. She and her father had stepped in for a casual call on the young farmer, and had surprised him at the task of sewing a patch onto the seat of a bursted little pair of boy's trousers. Ben blushed vigorously and flung the garment to one side, and welcombed, with stuttering embarrassment, the visitors into the house.

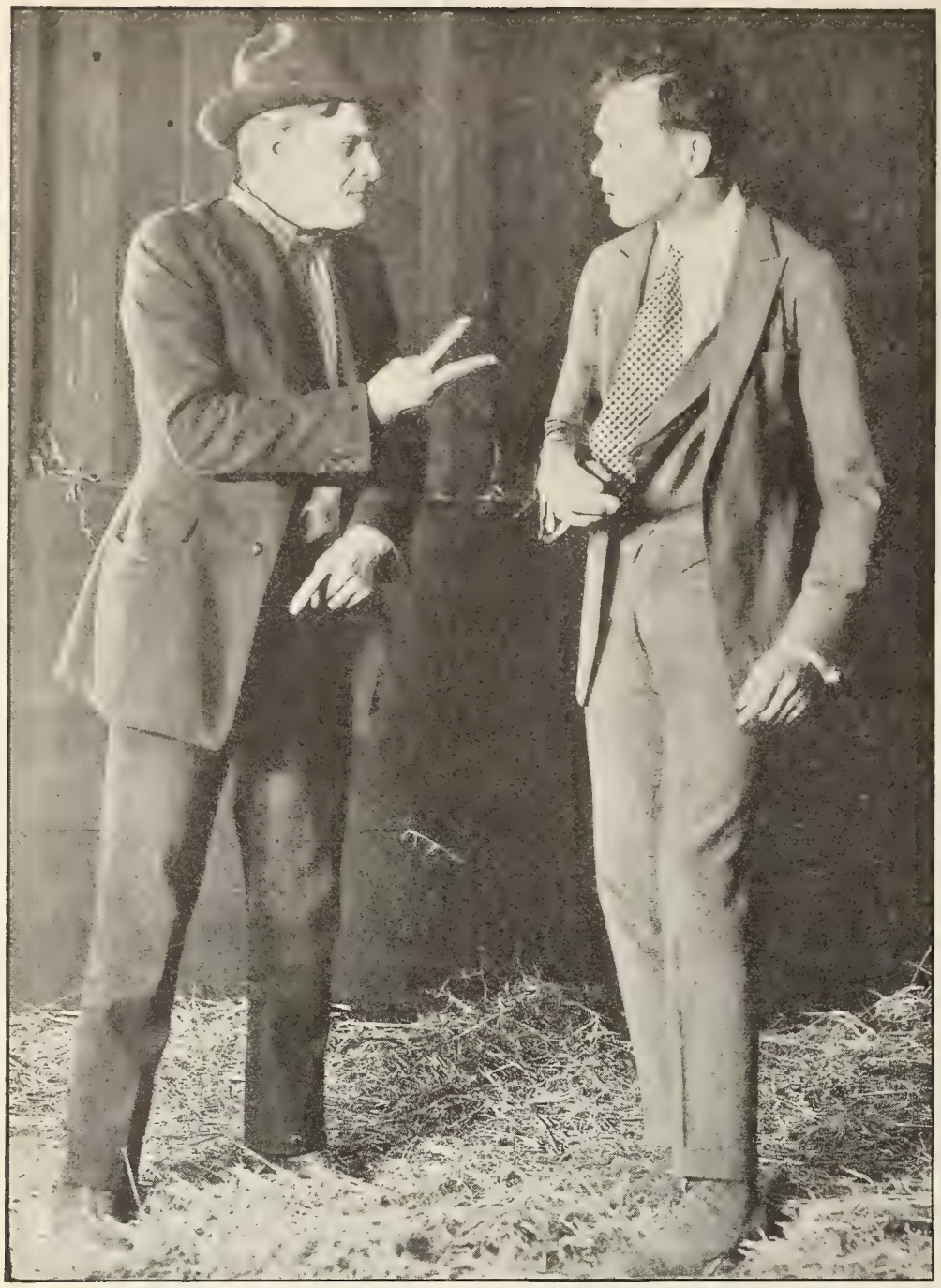
"Ben, dear," Vera said, "why don't you call on me to do the sewing for the children? There are hundreds of little things that I could do. I can't understand why you won't let me help you."

"Now, Vera," cautioned her father with a knowing smile, "You are a leetle too anxious to squirm your way into Mr. Trimble's fambily. He's liable to get skairt and fly the coop. Now when your ma was slipping up to throw a halter over me, she p'tended like——"

"Oh, father, hush!" commanded the girl in a voice full of embarrassment. "If you can't act decent, go home!" The girl was very near to tears. And as for Ben, he felt more like a convict than ever. The old man's words were practically a challenge to Ben to marry the girl—or else give some valid reason for remaining a bachelor.

In many old-fashioned rural communities life is much more of a straightforward proposition than it is in the cities. What is one man's business is every man's business; no secret diplomacy is permitted. Marriage is not the private affair of the parties who are to be married, but an "open covenant, openly arrived at." The whole community was beginning to ask with a significant intonation: "When is this Ben Trimble and old Lucius Owen's gal goin' to jump the broomstick? What's a holdin' him off? That gal's so stuck on him that she don't know which end her head's on; and her dad's rich as goose grease, and perfectly willin' she should have him. He's a lone bachelor there, with two orphant children on his hands. Lord knows that if anybody needs a woman, he does. Then what's a-holdin' 'em back from gettin' married?"

Lucius Owen was one of the wealthiest citizens of Riggby County. He was a typical hard-working, shrewd, grasping farmer; he knew the farming game and nothing else, and he had capitalized his knowledge with the "capital" of hard muscle and long hours of toil, until at the age of fifty he found himself master of a two-hundred-acre farm with blooded stock, bankable securities, and cash in hand—all to the amount of some fifty thousand dollars. In his lifetime of toil and thrift, he had prospered at the rate of a thousand dollars a year. Clever men who live by their wits often make that much money in a day. Old Lucius looked upon Ben Trimble as a higher type of money getter than himself. Ben not only knew the farming game, but he was a clever business man and could explain to his gray-bearded neighbor the inner secrets of trade and traffic as it was practiced by the quick-witted, crafty men of the metropolis. Such a man would make a "good pervider" for his daughter, one who would not waste the Owen dollars, but rather would continually augment them. This then was the real, though sordid reason, why old Lucius was in favor of having the



"I'll pinch mine and you can have the rest. Do you get me?"

thrifty, prosperous young Trimble as a son-in-law. But when he jokingly mentioned the subject of matrimony and saw by the look of pain in Ben's face that Ben didn't fancy the joke, Lucius quickly dropped the subject and turned the conversation to neighborhood news.

"I s'pose ye'll be at the fair Wednesday. It'll be the biggest day yet. I don't guess we ever had a better live-stock exhibit in the history o' Riggby County."

Before Ben could think up a good excuse for not going to the fair—for he had his reasons for wishing to avoid crowds and publicity—the insistent voice of Vera took up the argument.

"Oh, father, you know that Mr. Trimble doesn't care much about blooded animals. He's a grain farmer. What he wants to see is my exhibit in the domestic science hall. I've got a prize-winning exhibit of white bread, brown bread, buns, cakes, and pie crusts, all made from the wheat grown on this place last year and milled right here at White Oaks. That's what will interest Mr. Trimble most. And there is about a peck of doughnuts in the exhibit. We'll give 'em to the kiddies afterward. And the bread and pies are coming right back here to your pantry—Ben."

She called him by his first name, hesitantly, but with a flood of pent-up feeling behind the tender avowal. What chance had young Trimble against this conspiracy of food and affection? The next morning found him and the little tots of his adoption, all in their holiday clothes, mounting the democrat wagon of the Owens and riding along the dusty, September roads to the county seat of Riggby to the fair.

Reluctant as Ben had been to go to the fair, an event happened soon after his arrival that made him glad he had come. Lucius Owen became interested in a cherry pitter that was on demonstration, and learned from the man at the booth that this machine was a new invention; it had not yet been capitalized and put on the market.

"There's millions in it," said the demonstrator, who introduced himself as Brother Larrabee, a retired minister. "The world has never had its fill of cherry pie. Why? Because no machine has ever before been made which will pick the pits from this tiny but delicious fruit. Men cannot eat cherry pie with pits, or cherry 'stones,' as they are aptly called, for these stones break a man's teeth."

This greatly appealed to Lucius Owen, for he, like most men, was fond of cherry pie. But when he learned that the investment of a few thousand dollars would make him chief owner of the patent rights, he was more than enthusiastic.

"Like all inventors," Brother Larrabee said, "the man that worked up this wonderful machine has no business head at all. He is utterly impractical in money matters. He makes no effort to put this machine on the market. In fact he is now working on another invention and he would let this cherry machine rust and rot or he would sell it for a song. Now, I am only an old, retired Methodist minister, and I haven't got any capital. But I feel it is my duty to bring this wonderful invention to the attention of some one who will put it on the market. I will feel that I have done a duty to God and man if I can be the means of flooding the world with cherry pie."

Ben Trimble spoke up with obvious haste:

"I'll go in on your proposition. I'll investigate it, and if it is all you say, I'll put up my money."

"Not so fast, brother," protested Larrabee. "I was presenting my proposition to Mr. Owen when you—ah—butted in. Mr. Owen has the first choice."

"Well, if it's a real money maker," old Lucius said, "I don't guess I could lose nothin' by kinder lookin' into it."

"Money maker?" echoed Brother Larrabee, "Did you see how quick this other man was to grab up the proposition. Now I don't know this man, but he's one of your friends. Judge for yourself. If he's a ne'er-do-well, a man without good business judgment, you may be pretty sure that this proposition that he has

jumped at is questionable. On the other hand, if he is a wise-head who never loses a cent, why then you can see that something good has come your way, and you've got the first chance at the prize."

Ben again broke in before Lucius could say anything:

"Listen, Mr. Owen, there is no hurry about this. You've got the first choice; I'm second in this. But before you make any definite proposition to Brother Larrabee, suppose you and I go off by ourselves and talk it over. There might be something in it for both of us."

When Ben had led his elder neighbor to a secluded spot at the far end of the grand stand, he burst out talking in a voice so emotional that it seemed feigned rather than real.

"That man is no Methodist minister!" he exclaimed. "He's a confidence man—a swindler."

"How do you know?" asked Lucius coldly.

"Because he once swindled me out of a thousand dollars on a similar scheme."

"This same man did?"

"The very same man and the same old scheme. I was a poor country lad who had worked at a man's labor since I was fourteen. When I was twenty-one, I counted myself worth fifteen hundred dollars; every cent of it either earned by the muscles of my back or saved by the cheating of my stomach. With my capital I went to New York. This man met me there. He didn't pose as a country minister then; he pretended to be a big business man, one of the committee of fifty, that the mayor had appointed to welcome strangers coming to the city to invest. I was green and I trusted him. He sold me the patent rights to a Magic Hair Restorer. It was a fake. I was penniless, I went to the gutter. That man did me the greatest wrong that was ever done to me in my life. He broke my heart—destroyed my faith in men—he broke my spirit, crushed me. Imagine a young man robbed of his money and of his ideals, turned out to beg or starve in a city of strangers."

Lucius was thoughtful for a moment.

"Some of them city fellers is awful thieves," he said. "They got me once, an'—an' it come nigh bustin' me up like you say."

"That so?"

"It was when my old orchard was at its best. I picked two carloads of cherries. The cost of crates and pickers was eight hundred dollars, but I stood a chance to make two thousand dollars. I shipped 'em to a commission firm and they wrote back that the market was glutted and that half of the fruit had molded in transit. They sent me a check for five hundred dollars for the whole lot. That busted me all up, I tell ye; I reckon I went out o' my head. I chopped the orchard down and put it into corn. Later I found out that them infernal scoundrels had lied. They had jest natcherally robbed me of two thousand dollars. I never got over that."

"Well, don't be robbed twice on any cherry deal," Ben said, and the two of them went back to Vera and the children.

Late that afternoon while Ben was watching the last trotting race, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned and looked into the eyes of Larrabee.

"Come over here behind the grand stand," Larrabee said, "and have a little chat with me."

When they were by themselves, Larrabee went straight to the heart of the subject.

"I'm hep to what you told that old man. That was all right. I see that you are courting his daughter and have got your own plan for trimming him. I'm not trying to queer your game, if you'll quit trying to queer mine."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Owen told you that I said you were a swindler?"

"Sure; he spilled everything. He figured that you were lying to him. Your story about being a poor country boy that had been robbed by me was too fishy for that old country Jake. Didn't he hear you offer to buy the cherry-pitting machine yourself?"

"That's right," admitted Ben sadly.

"Well, what's good enough for you is good enough for him. That's the way he figured it. He decided that you were trying to scare him out so that you would have a clear field to cop the machine yourself."

"Well, I can soon put him straight on that matter."

"No, you can't," declared Larrabee, showing his fangs. "You lay off of this game. I've got him hooked now, and if you bust up the deal, believe me, I'll bust you up. Do the people of this community know who you are? Well, I'd darn soon tell 'em."

Ben cringed and turned white.

"I see you don't fancy going to the pen," smiled Larrabee. "Fine, we can do business. Here's what you've

"Is it possible you are a common crook?" the girl cried in a voice of anguish.

got to do. You tell the old gent this: Say that you knocked the game because you wanted to buy the pitting machine yourself. That's all you've got to do. Then to-morrow, when he pays me the five thousand dollars, I'll slip you one thousand of it for your services. Then I'll blow; and when he wakes up to the fact that he's been trimmed, he'll never suspect you. A thousand dollars in your jeans for one day's work. Then you can go on with your own scheme and nick him for whatever else he's worth. I'll pinch mine and you can have the rest. Do you get me?"

"I do," said Ben, with a hang-dog look.

That night Ben took supper with the Owens. Lucius had drawn five thousand dollars from the bank that afternoon, and Ben saw him put it in the little iron strong box in his home. After supper Vera took two great hampers and filled them with the prize bread, cakes, and doughnuts from the exhibit at the fair. Then, while Ben carried this two-arm load, she took the kiddies by either hand and accompanied the little family back to their own house. Ben was thoughtful and moody, and it was only by a great effort of will power that he pretended to be gay. He forced himself to thank Vera for the cakes and buns, and to pretend that he was delighted with the thought of having all those good things to eat; but in reality his thoughts were all on the money in her father's house. Even while he bantered with his sweetheart a voice within him kept saying: "Crack that crib, crack that crib."

After Vera had gone and Ben had put the children to sleep, he crawled into his own bed, closed his eyes tight and tried to shut away the thoughts that had tormented him. He heard the clock strike hour after hour, and when it was two in the morning, he threw aside the covers in a despairing way, and slipping into his clothes, he went out into the starlight. A moment later he emerged from his vegetable cave with a kit of burglar tools under his arm, and stealthily slunk across the meadow to the Owens' home.

He found it was unnecessary for him to pick the lock of the door or to use his jimmy on a window, for the window of Vera's room on the ground floor was open. He crawled in and stealthily let the glow of his flashlight play across her sleeping features. He slipped a note under her pillow to serve as an alibi in case things should go wrong. Then he tiptoed into the living room and opened the little iron safe without much difficulty. Just as he was thrusting the roll of bills into his pocket, he heard a scratching at the door. Ben quickly slunk behind a curtain, for his practiced ear told him that some one was picking the lock of the back door.

A moment later another flashlight began to play along the floor and Larrabee came gum-shoeing into the room and went at once to the safe. When he found the strong-box open and the money missing, the disappointed intruder swore under his breath:

"The old skinflint has probably taken it to bed with him," he muttered. "This means trouble. I didn't count on any rough stuff, but I've got to get that cash and make my fade-away."

Ben, listening behind the curtain, heard Larrabee go into the bedroom of old Lucius and arouse him from his sleep. A moment later the two returned, the old man in his nightgown, trembling while Larrabee held an automatic pistol to his head. When the terrified farmer saw that the safe was open, he gasped, and with a still more violent fit of trembling, said:

"The money was in the safe! You've got it already! Give it back to me; give it back, you thief!"

"Don't call me a thief, you foxy old devil," Larrabee stuttered between his gritted teeth. "You can't fool me with a stall like that. You've got the money hid in your bed. Dig it up, now, before I smash you!"

The old man clutched nervously at his chest; his face was as bloodless as white soap.

"I—I——" He said no more, but gritted his jaw as if in a palsy.

"I'll waste no time," Larrabee commanded. "I'm here to get that money or kill you! If you give it up, you will save your life. If I have to kill you, I'll get the money afterward. Old man, is your life worth five thousand dollars? Make up your mind quick!"

"Mercy—Mercy——" gasped the old man, with the look of an animal in the hands of the slaughterer.

Larrabee's fist smote him on the temple, and Owen fell, partially stunned.

"I hit him too hard," said Larrabee, "If I put him to sleep it's all off."

The crafty thief set one foot on the fallen man's right hand, and growled:

"This will soon bring you out of it. I'm going to bite off one finger at a time—until you tell where the money is."

At that moment the white gowned figure of Vera was in the doorway. Larrabee pointed his pistol at the girl and cried:

"Move a step and I'll blow your head off!"

Just then something struck him from behind. Ben had sprung to the attack. The two desperate men struggled furiously. Ben had a grip on the pistol and was trying to wrench it away. They wrestled about the room, and Lucius, free of Larrabee's feet, rose up dizzily, but was too dazed to give aid to his rescuer. A pistol shot sounded. Larrabee in his efforts to turn the muzzle toward Ben's heart had not swung it far enough and he caught the bullet in his own abdomen. He sank down with a death groan; and Ben stood panting and wet with sweat, facing his sweetheart and her father.

"You've got my money!" the staggering old man cried weakly. "You're a robber, too. You tuck the money!"

Ben did not reply with words. He meekly drew the wad of bills from his pocket and handed them to Vera.

The girl looked at the money, then her eye swept the room where lay two burglar kits and two dark lanterns.

"Is it possible that you are a common crook?" the girl cried in a voice of anguish.

"Not a common crook," Ben said guiltily, "I may have been a crook, but I have always tried not to be common."

Continued on page 88

"Crooked Straight"

Written from the Paramount-Artcraft production based on the story by Julian Josephson, and played by the following cast:

Ben Trimble ..... Charles Ray

Vera Owen ..... Margery Wilson

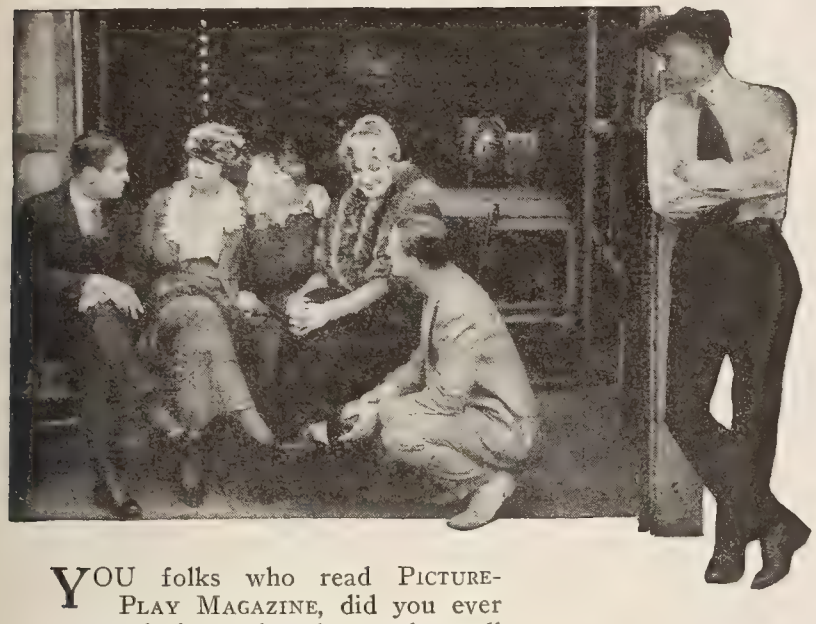
Lucius Owen ..... Otto Hoffman

Chick Larrabee ..... Gordon Mullen

Me, and the Likes of Me

By C. J. Duprez

World Film Photographer



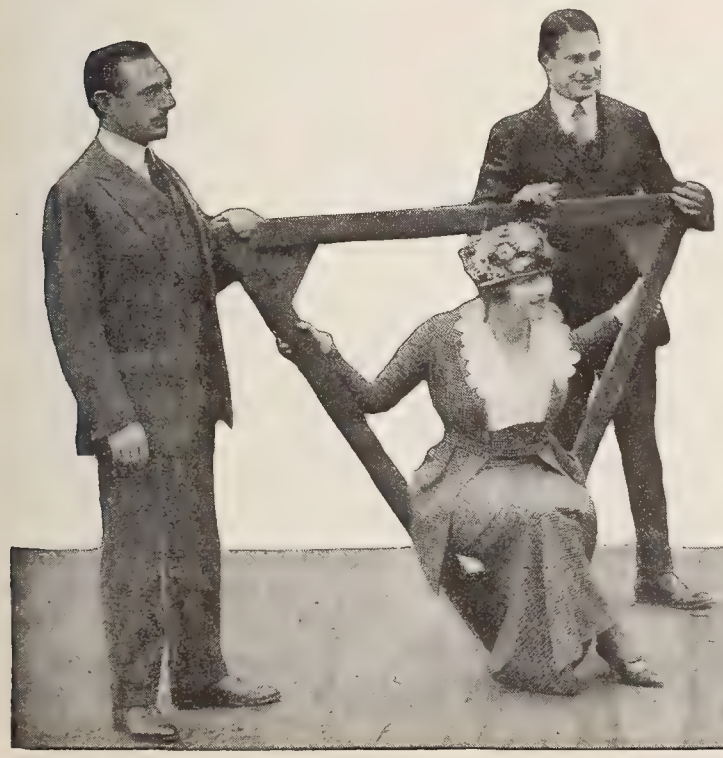
YOU folks who read PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, did you ever stop and give a thought to where all the photographs that are printed in the magazine each month come from? Well, it's me and the likes of me, around in the different studios, that's responsible for 'em, and it's about time we got a little credit.

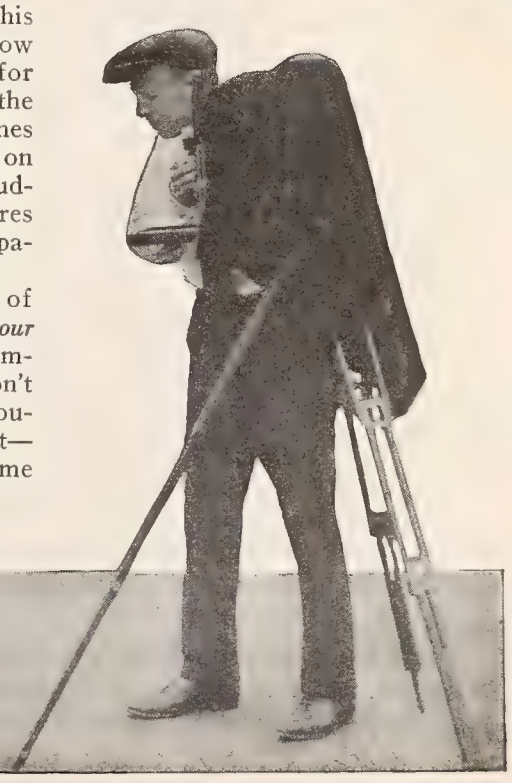
My job is just to stick around and take pictures of the stars that'll be new and different. Sounds easy, doesn't it? I wish you could just try it once!

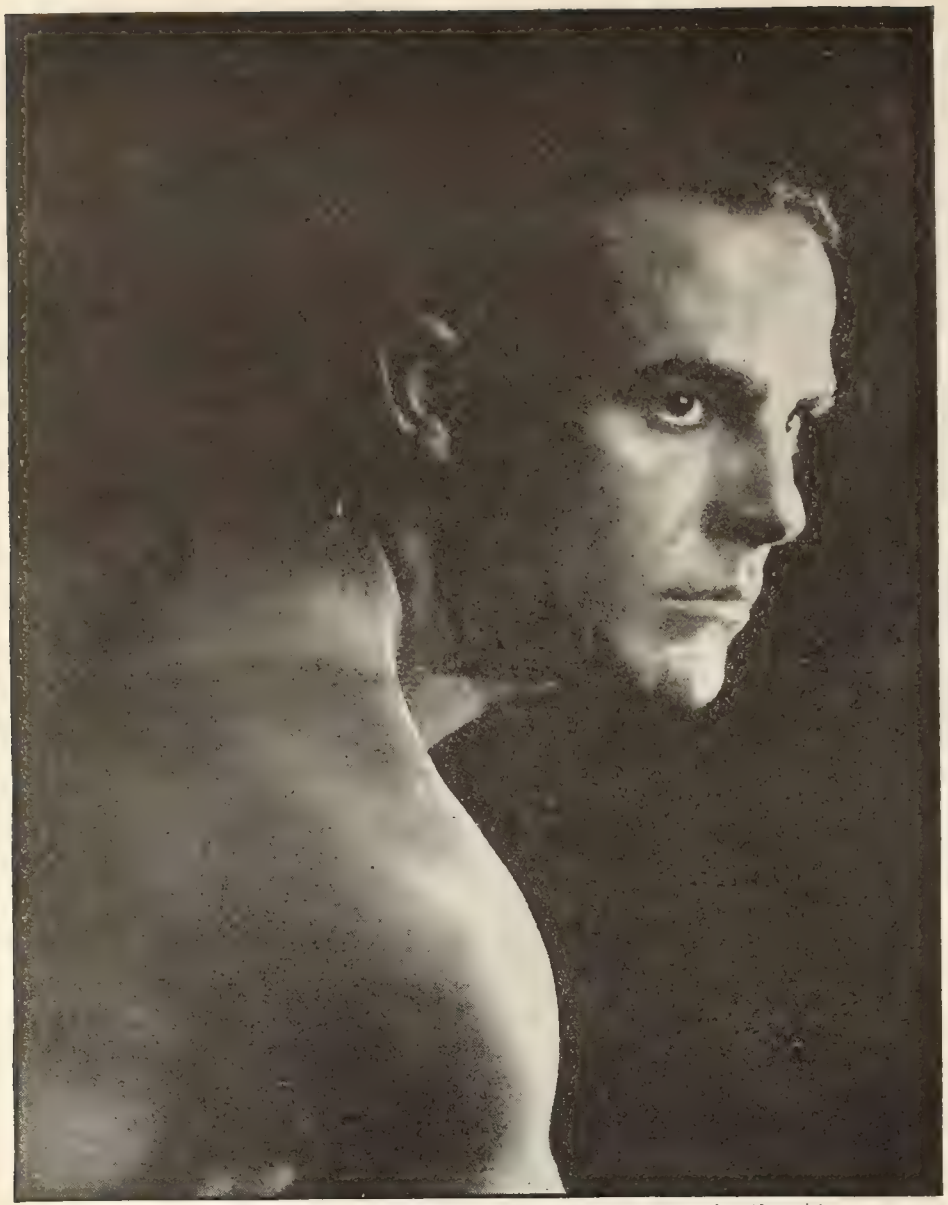
I get out to the studio with a couple of dandy ideas I've figured out on the way to work. Then I load up my camera and go on a still hunt for a couple of victims. After a while I find 'em, having a nice little visit. Will they pose for a picture? Oh, sure! Tickled to death, only—let's wait a little—some one's just telling a story. Well, I wait—on one foot first, and then on the other. I go away, and come back again. Pose? Oh, yes, to be sure. But let's do it to-morrow. Well, right there's where I have to use rough tactics, which end by getting a couple of 'em cornered. Then they give up, and I shoot my idea. This one, you see, is "The Eternal Triangle," which is made up of the female star, the male star, and the director. In other words, Miss June Elvidge, Mr. Earl Metcalfe, and Mr. Frank Reicher. Get the idea?

The funny part of this is that the stars know how necessary it is for them to keep before the public, and that the ones who kick the hardest on posing complain the loudest when their pictures don't appear in the papers and magazines.

P. S.—As a matter of fact, the folks in *our* studio are real accommodating, and I don't have half so much trouble as I let on. But—all the same—it's some job, if I do say so!







He might be correctly addressed as Señor Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno.

Antonio at the Bath

A turkish towel stimulates an impromptu interview from the serial crusader from Spain.

By Herbert Howe

I LEFT Antonio Moreno struggling in the water of "Perils of Thunder Mountain," on the screen of a Broadway theater, and met him getting out of it in his room at the Lambs' Club.

It was a damp reception but cordial. One dry hand was extended in salutation while the wet one was employed with a Turkish towel massaging the equatorial zone. Don Antonio had just emerged from his morning shower, or, speaking by the clock, from his noon ablutions.

"I beg your pardon for receiving you this way. It is terrible—this New York—what it does to a man. Out on the coast I am up at seven and at work. I give my *word!*"

There is no denying Tony when he gives his word in italics. His emphasis is registered with voice, eyes, and both hands. This impassioned earnestness, which, I fancy, might strike amorous fire among fair ladies, is about the only trait foreign about him—that and an agreeable Spanish seasoning to his conversation.

He had come to New York for a week's vacation between serials. Having endured and overcome all the perils of Thunder Mountain, he was recuperating for the perils of the next installment-plan drama. But the ordinary life of New York, from which he had been absent for a year, evidently was proving as strenuous as a serial thriller.

His room, as he remarked, was a "mess."

"Owen Moore came up here for a snooze yesterday, and I guess he must have moved everything around and messed it all up."

The excuse was lame and halting, a passing of the buck to one not present to deny. Certainly friend Owen was not responsible for the shoe boxes piled against the wall like sandbags in a front-line trench.

"Boots—boots—boots—boots, long strings.
Forty thousand million
Boots—boots—boots—boots."

I could only think of Kipling's mad rhythm of the men crazed by seeing so many boots. I wasn't crazed, but I was dazed. There was enough pedal equipment in that room for a centipede on a transcontinental hike.

"For the love of your sole, Tony!" I exclaimed. "What is the idea of the accumulations of brogans? I knew serials were hard on footwear, but you have enough here to provide a shoe for every foot of film."

His shopping had not been confined to this particular accessory, either. From the chiffonier he jerked down a box overflowing with neckwear, and another from a wardrobe trunk similarly filled. And through a closet door was beheld a sort of leaning tower of Pisa. Hat boxes! But there was not a stitch of clothes in sight.

I wondered if he was planning to wear anything between his necktie and shoe laces.

Ordinary clothes seem no more appropriate to Antonio than the title of Mister; Mister Moreno, sounds all wrong, doesn't it? It should be Don or Señor or Prince. The apparel should match—a toreador's cloak, a tiger skin, a silver shield, a link jerkin, the crimson mantle of Mark Antony.

No more do serial rôles suit his personality. Usually you can deduce something of a man's manner and character by observing him on the screen.

Not so Moreno. You would imagine him an offspring of Hercules, whereas, in person, he more closely resembles

But every one calls him "Tony."

the family of dashing Apollo. If I were the casting director, Antonio would excel as *Romeo, Don José, Antony, Anatol,* the Lionel Barrymore of "The Jest" and *Don Juan*—puritanized to pass the censors. Without inflation of ego, I venture to say that I would prove a good casting director and Moreno the modern cavalier on the field of the cloth of silver.

"Do I enjoy serials?"

He repeated the question.

"Yes. I like action, you know!"

He glanced up from the vigorous action of the towel upon the left leg.

"And serials make money for the company," he added significantly.

"But wouldn't you like to return to features similar to 'The Isle of Regeneration,' which you played—or, for instance, *Don José* of 'Carmen?' "

He straightened up with a fire in his eye that was not apparent when he spoke of serials.

"Don José!" he exclaimed. "I would play that without salary."

Right here I feel it my duty to warn any *Carmen* who may appear opposite Moreno's *Don José* in the future. And I warn the shade of Merimée, too. *Don José* will dominate the story. Even the fiery, tigerish Farrar, who to us has envisaged and vitalized *Carmen* as perfectly as Marimée depicted her in words, would find her equal, if not her master, in the fiery, tigerish Moreno.

This assumption is not inspired by the fact that Don Tony came from *Don José's* own hills of Hispania. He is suited for the part by reason of talent as well as temperament. This talent was remarked by one of America's most famous emotional actresses when Moreno was a lad of fifteen. At that age, Tony was seized with the buccaneer spirit of his national forbears. He craved adventure, and adventure, according to European lexicon, is synonymous with "America." The young adventurer was born in Madrid, but he was removed, with the aid of Don and Donna Moreno, to Campamento, when he was *un infante.*

Campamento is a verdant jewel studding the somnolent slopes just behind Gibraltar. It sleeps in the benignant sunlight like a good and well-fed padre. The gray walls, ivy-traced, of an ancient cathedral, rear majestically from among squat tile-topped stucco houses and groves of orange and olive. Within the stillness of this solemn edifice, young Moreno was taught the rituals prescribed the altar boy. And under the tutelage of the kindly father he was instructed for the priesthood.

His ferocious spirit was toned with a reverence and sympathy still apparent in him. But that spirit was not sufficiently tamed to suit priestly requirements. One day, while serving as altar boy, it broke forth and dashed forever his hopes of following in the footsteps of the good priest he admired. The occasion was a wedding in Campamento. It is the custom at such times for the bridegroom, upon leaving the church, to toss coins to the urchins aligned outside. Young Moreno knew this and he was eager to participate in the scramble for the pesos, so eager that he forgot to remove his smock, and tore forth pell-mell for his share in the dividends. One of the young Campamento gangsters

Moreno is a type for a modern cavalier—the ideal romanticist.

tripped him purposely, so enraging Tony that he immediately proceeded to deliver blow for blow. Which, as you know, is not according to the scriptures.

"And so I was fired," commented Moreno, the adult, lugubriously, when he told me of the episode. Something in his youthful feeling of shame and tragedy still was obvious in recollection. He was really most contrite. And so he packed his valuables and announced his intention to explore the land of miracles overseas. The miracles commenced when he walked up the gangplank of the steamship lying in the Gibraltar harbor. It was really a span from nonentity to fame. Although the boy did not know it, he was heading straight into a chapter of an "Arabian Nights'" dream. On the boat was the famous actress, to whom he referred. She was Miss Helen Ware. Her interest in our cavalier led her to advise him to seek his fame and fortune in the theater. Fortunately she spoke Spanish fluently, for Tony knew not a word of English. His appearance, his enthusiasm, and his eloquence of voice and eye confirmed Miss Ware's prediction, as it does ours, that Antonio Moreno is the ideal romanticist.

While dressing like a whirling dervish, plucking a necktie from a chandelier, a shirt from the back of a chair and trousers from the clothes-tree, Tony informed us something of his plans for the future. Although commencing his screen work in the pioneer family that included the Talmadges, Clara K. Young, Earle Williams, Edith Storey, Mabel Normand, Bobby Harron, and the Gishes, serving both with Vitagraph and Biograph, he has the enthusiasm and ambition of the beginner. He has been under the supervision of Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, almost without interruption since the first one-reeler in which he appeared. The only exception was his appearance with Irene Castle and with Pearl White at Pathé.

"Am I going to remain in serials?" he repeated after me. "For a while at least. Serials have a tremendous following, of course, but after a while, well, who knows? Now"— he added abruptly, having adjusted his necktie, the last episode in his performance of dressing, which required but ten minutes from shower to seizure of hat—"now, we can run down and have a little breakfast-lunch, eh? And then," he registered dismay, "I have to see an interviewer. What do you say, or rather, what *don't* you say to an interviewer? It's been so long since I gave out an interview."

That remark gave me the idea for this story and I remarked:

"Not since your last bath, Tony."

And Tony looked nonplused.

Their Wedded Life

Elinor Fair and Albert Ray have got marriage down to a business —nine to five most every day, with Sundays and holidays off.

Here's the proof of the way they take Mr. Fox's ceremonies.

By B. Henry Smith

IT began auspiciously about six months ago—and now neither of them knows where the other lives. When she leaves the studio she goes straight home to mother, and as for him—well, another woman is using his name. Scandalous? Not exactly; you see, it was William Fox who joined them together—and the timekeeper puts Elinor Fair and Albert Ray asunder every night at five.

Their first wedding took place when they did their first picture together—it was called "Married in Haste," fittingly enough. Since then Mr. Fox has tied the nuptial knot for them in every picture they've done—"Words and Music By——," "Be a Little Sport," "Love Is Love," "A Lost Princess"—they've been married in every single one. Their current release,

Ray looks like a parlor ornament—but he's an all-round sportsman.

"A Little Prayer for Rain," is no exception to the rule. They don't mind this ever-recurring matrimony at all, but when the day's work is done you find Elinor down at her mother's Los Angeles apartment, and Mr. Ray at a cosy little bungalow with his real, wedded wife, Roxana MacGowan, who used to be in Mack Sennett comedies.

Around the Fox Studio the Fair-Ray pair are known as "The Kids," and in their perpetually married parts they look it. But away from the studio one is struck by the seriousness of Elinor Fair, for a girl with some teens yet to go.

She adores pretty clothes—but that's merely feminine with no age limit either way. When I saw her she was a picture in a smart Dolly Varden sort of frock, sitting all curled up like a kitten in a big leather chair. That is, she sat curled up in a chair for a very, very little while. She isn't the sort that stays put. She's here, there, and away while she's talking. Now it's to show you a big picture hat that's just come home, or a new fur coat that's spoiling to be worn—if only there would be a cool day. Now it's to show you the beginning of a library—a baker's dozen or so of books of the best-seller type; or to look over mother's shoulder as she sorts over Elinor's latest pictures while telling that Elinor inherits her temperamental qualities from her grandfather.

She made her bébut in pictures when she was thirteen; dressed up in a grown-up cousin's frock, she looked the sixteen she wanted to, and was picked by William Farnum for an ingénue rôle because she looked enough like Gladys Brockwell to be her daughter.

And she writes stories.

"I've written millions of stories—oh, yes, and scenarios, too," she told me, quite simply.

"Any of them good—the scenarios, I mean?" I queried bluntly.

"About one in five, I think, is really good. But I've never shown any to a manager yet."

Equally naïve was her answer, when she had denied caring for sports or athletics of any kind and I asked if she drove an automobile—as naïve as the little girl asked if she could play the piano:

"I don't know. I've never tried. But I think I could."

She isn't a bit of a "cutey" girl. There are no lispings or kittenish manners except that habit of curling up in a big chair. Her favorite picture is the one that makes her look oldest, and she is always setting her age a year ahead of the one her mother gives. But perhaps the most unusual thing about this unusual miss is that she says, and says it like she means it—*she doesn't like boys!*

So there now, Mr. Albert Ray, it's lucky for you that you only have to play you're married to her on the screen; that the sun never sets on your wedded life.

Funny chap, this Albert Ray. When I asked him how long he has been in pictures—a question I have a habit of asking stars in their first starhood—he said: "Eighteen years."

I looked at him rather hard, almost emitting the shorter-uglier word, and asked him whether he had had a cooing or crying part in his first.

It seems his first appearance in pictures was on the cover of a famous weekly magazine, at the age of seven. The woman who drew the picture was a friend of the family and, fancying his Buster Brown hair cut, posed him with a big pumpkin for a Thanksgiving number.

Just at this time a stage manager was fine-combing the land for a boy to play Buster in a play based on the Outcault pictures. Family friend suggested Young Al for the part, and the manager burst merrily through the traditions of the parental Rays, living comfortably on their big Virginia farm, not at all needing this addition to the family income nor craving footlight luster for the family name.

But the boy wanted to do it and the family friend and the manager won over the parents. Buster Ray's legs grew long as the company hopped about the little towns without reaching the New York goal, and as the legs couldn't be cut off and the hair could, young Ray graduated from Buster Brown to Peck's Bad Boy.

The next step was musical comedy. Smash again went the family traditions!

Back there in Virginia and later when the family moved to New York, young Albert had sung in Episcopal choirs. Always he hated the slow music. Always he wanted to rag it a bit and step out to a syncopated version of the hymns instead of marching slowly in the white-robed procession. Musical comedy, then, was more to his taste than choir singing, and his falsetto voice made a hit on the stage.

It was while

She's rather serious—not a bit of a cutey girl.

singing in a musical sketch a little later, out in Seattle, that he learned the full meaning of the word tragedy. Sitting on an end of the orchestra piano he was singing to a girl dangling on the other end a ditty entitled "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!" when his voice cracked and he couldn't sing another note.

In a hoarse, terrible whisper he said: "Finish it!"

The girl thought it was an improvised bit of comedy, and broke into a peal of laughter. For an instant Ray sat, horror-stricken, helpless, then picked her up and ran off the stage with her. Off-stage, he faced a blank, black future, voiceless, dumb. He saw himself selling shoe laces on a street corner, a friendless old age, the poor-house, a pauper's grave. And in the face of this tragedy his singing partner stood laughing.

The movies were then very new and he did not think of a refuge in the voiceless drama. He thought only of blight and black ruin.

Right glad he was to beat it back to the big Virginia farm, and it was while resting there that he went into professional baseball, pitching with the Petersburg team. He was known as "Whispering Al."

Then one day his voice came back, husky and nasal—but a voice! The very peculiarity of it was one of those half-welcome boons known as blessings in disguise. He was telling a funny story to an aunt when she said, "What a voice for a Hebrew character!" And next thing he was back on the stage doing Hebrew stunts. Once those Ray traditions were broken they stayed broken. Perversely enough, it was not until his voice came back fully—for speaking, but never a sound for singing—that he went into pictures. He has worked before and behind and before the camera, first acting, then directing and then acting again; with most of the big producing companies, in all sorts of plays, with all sorts of players.

When you see him at home he looks like a parlor ornament, with his good-looking face and slim-waisted figure, his slim hands and shy manner.

But scratch through his shyness and you will find a regular fellow, an all-round outdoor sportsman who plays everything but golf—he hasn't the patience to worry that silly little ball out of a hole and send it over a bunker with a crooked stick when he could pitch it so much farther by hand; a good story-teller with a wonderful sense of humor; and I fancy a fairly long-headed business man, for he figures on about three more years in pictures and after that—well, just a sort of everyday citizen's life with an office and business, which he modestly announces as "investments." Evidently he is salting down part of his million a year—that minimum honorarium in the movies—in barrels in the cellar of his bungalow.

It's the time-keeper who breaks up this sort of thing.

But in any big moment in a production, if Albert Ray doesn't seem quite serious enough, all his director need do is say—"Seattle!"

Film Observations

By Vara Macbeth Jones

"Photoplay writing quickly taught," does not my yearning quell,
For now I need instruction that teaches *how to sell!*

"I think," said pa, "that star we saw
Puts on such silly airs."
"It's well she puts them on," said ma,
"For little else she wears!"

The world is so filled with movie screens,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as queens!

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When film recollections bring them to view;
The robber's den, cabaret, battlefields, death traps,
Prisons, and train wrecks; these are but a few!

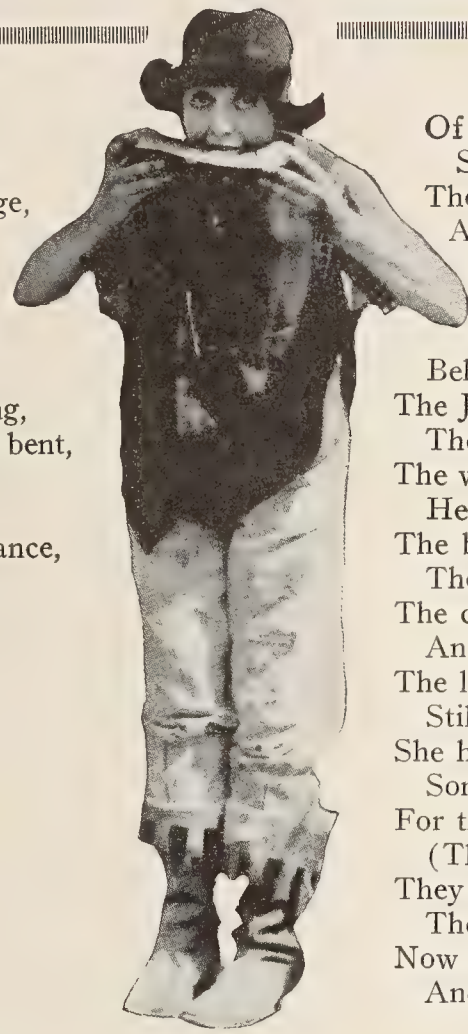
A little "vamping" now and then
Is relished by the best of men!

Among the fellows in our set,
Brown's most popular, by far;
For he knows a chap—who knows a chap—
Who knows a movie star!

The Jinx

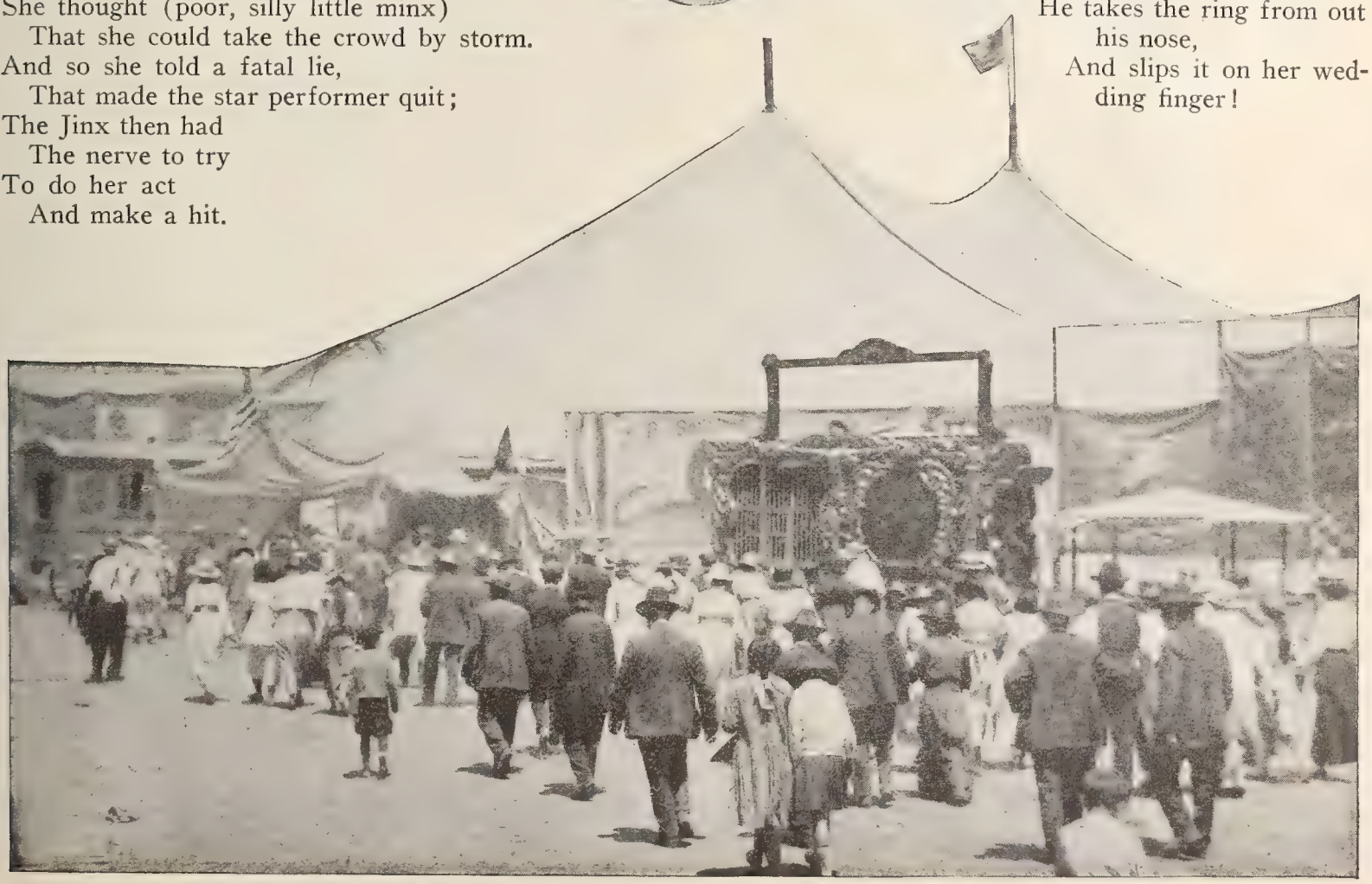
A Mabel Normand comedy,
Retold in rhyme—admission free!

By C. L. Edson



THE "Jinx" was just a circus drudge,
A-slaving for a master cru'l.
"A circus drudge?" you say, "Oh, fudge,
There isn't no sich animule.
"A circus drudge," you say, and laugh,
"A downtrod circus hired girl;
Who has to wash the big giraffe,
And teach the tiger's tail to curl."
You guess "she mopped the saw-dust ring,
And scrubbed the seats with shoulders bent,
And fired the great Fire-Eating King,
And lugged out ashes from his tent."
Well, laugh then, while you've got a chance,
For it's a comic film, you know;
And here's the "hired girl" in pants,
The Jinx that busted up the show.
The while she combed the tigers' tails,
And brushed the old orang-utan,
And polished Jumbo's finger nails,
She wooed the ticket-seller man
This man—a youth of tender age—
He "doubled" in the circus show;
He did the "wild man" in a cage—
The "Spotted Man From Borneo."
Of course the little circus Jinx
Was also eager to perform;
She thought (poor, silly little minx)
That she could take the crowd by storm.
And so she told a fatal lie,
That made the star performer quit;
The Jinx then had
The nerve to try
To do her act
And make a hit.

Of course she flivvered in the stunt,
She was the real "raspberry Jane,"
The people booed her out in front,
And cried, "You give us all a pain."
And then the owner of the show,
Ran in and shoved her off the stage;
The Spotted Man From Borneo
Beheld it from his iron cage.
The Jinx was nothing but a child,
The showman beat her black and blue;
The wild man then went really "wild,"
He broke his cage and out he flew!
The boss had fitted him with fangs,
These fangs now bit the boss' neck;
The crowd mixed in the fight in gangs,
And all the show became a wreck.
The little Jinx, in terror, fled;
Still clad in silks and bangles rare;
She hid within a buggy shed;
Some orphan children found her there.
For them a day of glory shone;
(The other show they had not seen)
They staged a circus all their own;
The Jinx became their circus queen.
Now comes the wild man at the close,
And while the spying kiddies linger,
He takes the ring from out his nose,
And slips it on her wedding finger!



Stardust and

By Caro

A PIQUANT, twinkling-footed sprite, in gauzy ruffles, rose, and gray—a languorous maiden of the East, in trailing robes of peacock hue—light as thistledown, gleaming with stardust, and very, very human, is Constance Binney.

It's the thistledown quality that sways her from one character to another, as lightly and gracefully as she changes her mood in the dance. Last year she was very demure and charming as *Penelope Penn,* the Quakerish little heroine of a successful stage play, "39 East," in which she is now on tour. Then a breeze from the cinema land blew her into Realart pictures as a star, and she became *Barnabetta,* a little Pennsylvania Dutch girl who's made into a lady and marries a congressman, in "Erstwhile Susan." You see, the stardust has settled on her slim shoulders and brown hair pretty thickly, now that she's won stellar honors on both stage and screen. I doubt if

Thistledown

line Bell

she'll ever be able to shake it off!

There's another side to the light and airy part of her, though; for she knows what it is to work hard, and do

small parts in theatrical productions and movies, and get up early and rehearse late. Of course, she hasn't spent a very long time learning these things; before she had but two theatrical engagements, one in Winthrop Ames' "Saturday to Monday," and the other in "Oh Lady, Lady," a musical comedy in which she danced. Her first movie engagement was in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life," and her biggest one in "The Test of Honor," in which she was John Barrymore's leading woman.

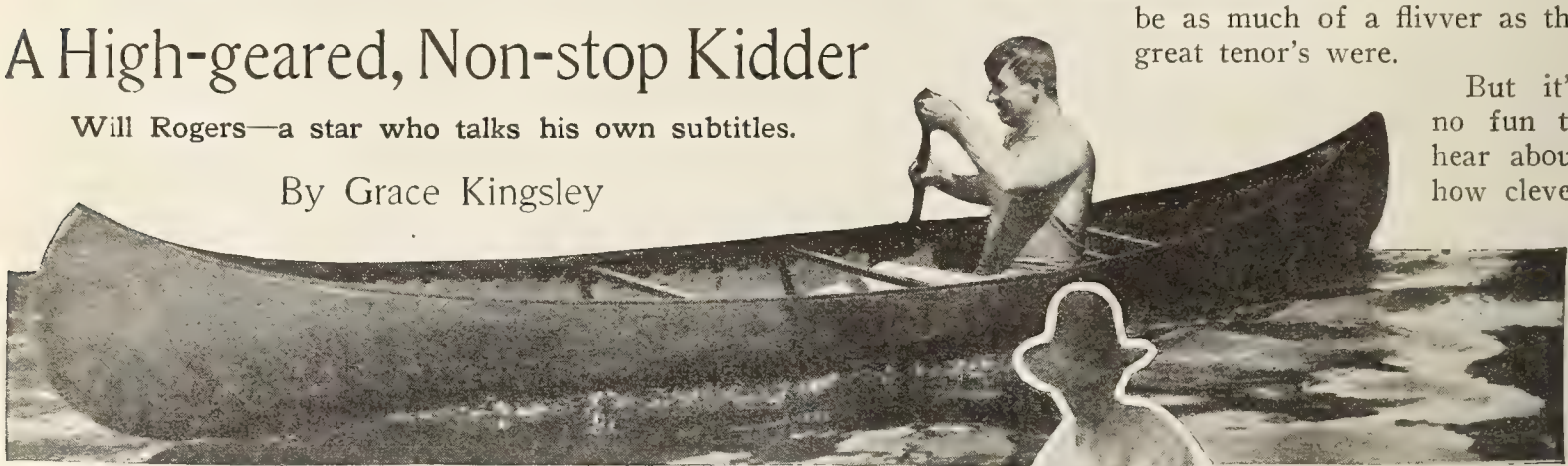
So the thistledown Constance Binney never gets so far from the earth that she forgets what hard work means, and the stardust never blinds her to the necessity for just as hard work in future—it's easier to be made a movie star than to stay one sometimes, you know.

He's as homely as a Missouri mule.

A High-geared, Non-stop Kidder

Will Rogers—a star who talks his own subtitles.

By Grace Kingsley



WELL, wasn't that the prize boner?" chuckled Will Rogers, as he shook hands with me just after having accidentally walked into a set where a movie wedding was being filmed. "I ruined that marriage quicker'n Reno, didn't I?"

And the man who was sticking closer to him than a brother promptly jotted something down on the pad he carried—for the Goldwyn people had engaged him to do nothing else than trot around behind Rogers, the walking subtitle factory, and catch just such gems of repartee as that one. You see, Rogers is so well known for his patter talk that a book has been made of it. Before he went into the movies he was almost an institution in New York.

"Come on up to the 'Midnight Frolic' and see what Rogers has to say about it," your blasé New Yorker used to say, when he read in his evening paper that the president was or wasn't going to do something surprising, or that the packers or oil men or secretary of war had become headline material. And sure enough, that night at the glorified vaudeville up on top of the New Amsterdam Theater, Will Rogers, nonchalantly chewing gum and twirling his lariat, would make some pungent comment on the situation that appealed even to those most implicated. He was perfectly capable, too, of pausing in his "patter talk" to chat with some celebrity in the audience; the night that Vernon Castle dropped in, just back from Europe and on his way to Texas, Rogers stopped the show to pay tribute to him.

"Funny business, this picture stuff, isn't it?" he drawled, bending down to untie a knot in his rope. "Here they bring me all the way across the country—across the Mississippi River where they coulda taken a camera and shot me as well as not. Instead of which they take me clear up to Sacramento River to get the Mississippi scenes! Also to photograph some smoke. Why, I saw an oil well on fire the other day that had lots more smoke than we got. I'll bet if they wanted to photograph the ocean, they'd take us back to Lake Michigan!"

He's lumbering, and awkward, and as homely as a Missouri mule, and he capitalizes on these qualities which other persons might regard as liabilities, and makes assets of them all.

But, after all, it was his nimble-witted line of talk that really made him a celebrity, and Goldwyn's done mighty well in incorporating it in his pictures—it's like Caruso's voice; without those subtitles Roger's pictures might be as much of a flivver as the great tenor's were.

But it's no fun to hear about how clever

a man is and have no proof of it—and so here are some of Rogers' remarks which I jotted down in my notebook, following the example of the subtitle hound who stalks around behind him at the studio.

"When Goldwyn decided to make fewer and worse pictures, that's when they got me. I guess it'll be a pretty good picture at that—they've got an awfully good cast—and the star ain't in it much. By taking out some of my action and putting in a title they helped it a lot!"

"What's the most dangerous stunt I've ever done? Well, I reckon the most dangerous stunt I've done so far is lettin' 'em shoot a close-up of me!"

"In pictures they make you do all the things you can't do and then they're satisfied."

"I've only felt grand once since coming into pictures. That's when we shot a scene in Geraldine Farrar's $50,000 set. She should worry! She can sing a coupla songs and pay for that whole street and have an alley left over!"

"We got a novelty out here at this studio—an extra that never played with Griffith."

"Nice big studio, Goldwyn's. So big I can't find anybody. I've been looking for Mabel Normand ever since I arrived and the nearest I've come to finding her was seeing her chauffeur sitting out in front of the Alexandria Hotel downtown."

"Fine climate—yes—especially these summer days. It's so good you don't want to use it up, so you keep out of it all you can!"

"I see where an oil painting sold back in New York for two hundred thousand dollars, and I says to to my wife, 'They pay more for stills than for movies, don't they?' "

"The only night life an actor gets out here is when they build a café set for him to use in a picture!"

"The motto of picture producers so far as I can learn is, 'Take your time in these pictures, now, we want 'em good; say, when'll you be done?' "

A wonderfully good sport is Rogers in connection with his picture-making. The only thing they can't get him to do is to kiss a woman. So in order to get him married in the picture they had to drop him out of an airplane into the lap of the heroine, and she did the proposing.

"Like the country?" was asked.

"Oh, my, yes. We got a nice house out in Westchester Place, my wife and I and the baby. The rest of the family is back in Oklahoma with the whooping cough. There ain't room for 'em all to whoop at once out here.

"The house is the one Madge Kennedy had. It's got a conservatory and a swimming pool and, oh, everything we don't need. I went up to see Douglas Fairbanks' new house, the other day. He's got a fine place up there. He's got a lovely swimming pool; only trouble with it is, it ain't got any water in it. He says he never thought of that when they were building it. But it's a nice spot for anybody that wants to do a little dry swimming."

Will Rogers, as he appeared on the stage.

"Wrecked that marriage quicker'n Reno, didn't I?"

He began life as a real cowboy.

Just then the director called Rogers to come into the set. They had changed it into a schoolroom scene and the kids were waiting for Rogers. A fat girl was crying, and a small boy was complaining she had hit him. "What did you strike him for?" inquired Rogers of the girl in the action of the scene. " 'Cause he hit

Continued on page 99

Without Benefit of Make-up

By Matthew Allison

INTERESTING faces, these, aren't they? In each one you can read a life story: the story of the impulsive intellectual firebrand—the square-jawed, straight-forward clean thinker—the crafty, cunning sneak—the slow-thinking plodder, embittered by hardship and injustice—the brilliant, erratic mind—the hard-faced agent of destruction—the kindly, industrious worker—you know as well what they stand for as did the casting director who chose these actors for their rôles in Thomas H. Ince's "Dangerous Hours."

Not so very far back in the history of motion pictures if some types were wanted, a job lot of extras would be called in, made up with wigs and grease paint, with as much exaggeration and not much more distinction than the conventional stage Irishman or "Dutchman" of twenty years ago. But look at these faces. No wigs or make up here! And not one could have represented convincingly any of these rôles save his or her own. As the day of extreme specialization has come in industry, it seems to have arrived in everything else—even in the movies.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

The Good Old Days

The great difficulty an artist has to contend with is the comparison of his present work with that of his past. The old works, softened by distance, seem better than the new ones. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Or, as Rube Goldberg puts it, "They all look good when they're far away." It's a general belief that the stars aren't always better than they used to be.

Mary Pickford, according to many of her admirers, never has done another "Tess."

Griffith's greatest work is still supposed to be "The Birth of a Nation." Some even go back further and pick "The Avenging Conscience," or "Judith" as his masterpiece.

The cracker-barrel critics claim that Chaplin's high mark was "The Champion," or some other early comedy, according to which informant happens to have the loudest voice.

Fairbanks, they say, reached the top with "His Picture in the Papers," or "Manhattan Madness."

De Mille batted 1,000 on "The Cheat," Charles Ray in "The Coward," Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," and Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline."

But we refuse to believe that the old days were the "good old" kind. We believe that if "The Birth of a Nation" were brought back to life it would be a triumph for Griffith, a triumph because it would show people how he has progressed since then.

So we take off our hat and bow our acknowledgments to Mr. George Fischer, manager of the Alhambra Theater in Milwaukee, for having given a concrete example of how pictures have advanced.

"Twenty Minutes in the Nickelodeon" he called it, and it was a true reproduction of those "good old days."

His twenty-minute show was one that would have been a big attraction in Milwaukee ten years ago. To-day it was a laugh maker.

Mr. Fisher opened his twenty-minute show with slides reading as follows:

Gentlemen please remove your hats.
No smoking allowed. Do not spit on the floor.
Children occupying seats must pay for same.
Our moving pictures and illustrated songs are the latest and best.
Our patrons will oblige us by not remaining for more than one show during the rush.
Matinees daily, 5c., except Sunday and holidays.

The "feature picture" was Mary Pickford in "The Story of the Rose," a one-reel Imp that helped make her famous. It was terrible. Beside the screen was a lecturer who read the titles and explained the scenes. In the middle of the picture the film broke and a slide asked "One Minute Please While the Operator Adjusts the Machine."

The orchestra was piano and drums and "Bedelia" was the piece they played, interspersed with "effects" by the drummer.

This was followed by an illustrated song, "My Little Kangaroo" and some of the slides slipped in wrong side up.

This show ended with the slide, "Programme changed daily. Those who have not seen the entire performance may remain for the next."

Then the big orchestra swung into an overture and the real show began—Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum."

In Milwaukee they're not saying much about the "good old days" in moving pictures, thanks to Mr. Fischer. Comparisons often are good things.

Pictures for Every One

There was a time when a picture show was, well—just a picture show. To-day there is such a variety of plays and stars to choose from that nearly every one can find his or her particular kind of picture. A correspondent calls our attention to the different appeal that is made by a few of the leading stars, as follows:

I believe that a count would prove the big majority of Pickford, Clark, and Ferguson fans to be women; that Hart, Fairbanks, and Farnum appeal, for the most part, to men; that Ray, Reid, and Barthelmess find their greatest response in the breasts of the girls, while Chaplin and Arbuckle find their most loyal supporters among the kiddies.

That is as it should be. There should be many kinds of pictures, just as there should be many kinds of books.

The Star System

We do not approve of the so-called "star system." It does not, as a rule, make for the best productions. The best pictures we ever saw include "The Birth of a Nation," "The Miracle Man," and an issue of the Pathé Weekly which contained a scene in which we were shown walking beside Theodore Roosevelt. None of these three pictures were sold on the strength of the reputation of a star.

But the star is here, a living, human—at times—being, and he will stay. His name, if he is a *real* star, is a guarantee of a certain quality of entertainment. And unless a star eliminates himself by poor pictures, he's going to remain a very big part of the motion-picture

business—hopes and wishes of treasurers to the contrary notwithstanding.

No matter what folks say, when Charlie Chaplin has a new picture, we're going to take our money in our fist and go spend it to see Charlie. It would not have been fair to us if the theaters had advertised "Shoulder Arms" as merely a great comedy, leaving out all mention of Chaplin. There was no danger that any such advertising would be done for, in spite of their clamor, the producers and the managers know that the name "Chaplin" brings in the money.

The Church and the Screen

Out in Indiana, not far from Indianapolis, is a town of a few thousand people that have motion-picture shows on Sunday, with the advice and encouragement of the churches.

The church people in this town for a long time had looked upon the moving picture as a pernicious influence. And it was. The theater manager thought he couldn't afford to pay much for his shows for he thought he couldn't get more than a dime at the box office. He was one of those relics who believe that the way to be successful in the moving-picture business is to pick the feature by the blood-and-thunder lithographs.

If the six-sheet had a murder on it he bought the picture, for he thought that show certainly ought to be a puller.

The church people in this town began to wonder if there weren't such things as good motion pictures. They investigated, and found they existed in fair quantity.

Instead of going around and threatening to put the manager out of business unless he stopped showing bad pictures they did a radical, a constructive thing. They offered to help to increase his profits if he would show good pictures.

He said it couldn't be done. They said it could. They would even go so far as to make no protest if he wanted to have shows on Sunday—providing he chose shows appropriate to the day. The preachers also promised to announce from their pulpits the pictures which they knew they could recommend.

The theater manager said he would try it. He doubted that he could make a go of it—these good pictures cost so much and he would have to raise prices. They told him that people would rather pay twenty-five cents for a good show than ten cents for a bad one and he half believed them and booked for a Sunday showing an official war picture that had been seen in Indianapolis by several of the citizens and which they O. K'd.

It was a great success. The manager could hardly believe it. He was playing through the week to greater crowds at twenty-five cents than he ever had done at ten cents.

The result is that this town has good pictures. The church people help the exhibitor book them, usually upon advice from Indianapolis, where the pictures have had a first run. The church has no complaint to make about moving pictures. Parents don't object to having their children go. For they know the show always will be clean and wholesome.

That's the way to make your theater better. Don't abuse your manager because he has bad pictures—and then keep going. Prove to him, rather, that if the entertainment is cheap you'll stay away, but if it is good you'll come and bring your friends.

Why No More Comedy?

The public is rushing down to the moving-picture theater and demanding in loud language and with rough imperative gestures, "We want more and better comedies!"

And the manager rushes to the film companies and lets his voice ring through the office, "Kick in with more laughs!"

So the producer runs out to the lot and grabs a megaphone and whoops, "Be funny, darn you, be funny!"

With what result?

A "Shoulder Arms." Great! A "Sunnyside." Not so good. A lot of good Sennetts. A lot of ordinary ones. A steady run of right pert Arbuckles. Ditto Harold Lloyds. A pretty fair average of Fox Sunshines. Some aged Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drews—no longer funny because of the death of everybody's friend, Sidney Drew. Some interesting Christies with Fay Tincher. A few promising Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Havens, and Larry Semons.

Our memory can produce no more. Perhaps we've overlooked a few. If we have, we doubt not that our readers will refresh our memory with strong letters of disapproval.

Why aren't there more funny comedies?

Our guess is this:

They don't take enough trouble with the story. The comedy business is still in the stages that we found the moving picture in three or four years ago. The story is ignored.

A comedy these days is a succession of "gags." They get a general theme and then the company sits around while the director and camera man and the actors try to think of something funny. Then they shoot it. If it isn't funny they throw it out. If it is, they leave it in, even though they have to change the story to make it fit.

It's all wrong. Comedies are no longer monologues in pictures. You can't keep people interested and laughing at a series of "gags."

The new comedy is going to be a funny plot, first. Then the funny things that are inserted ad lib will have a bearing on the story. It will be based upon something more than a man throwing a vase at a girl and hitting a parson.

What we need in pictures is a writer of comedy—not an inventor of "gags."

Watch the fellows who climb up in comedy in the next year. They'll be the ones that start out with a plot before they shoot a scene. There will be a tale to tell, a finish that is worth waiting for and the story will lead you roaring right to that finish regardless of bathing girls or parsons or buckets of paint or wild animals. The girls and the rest of it still will be there, but they'll be in it because they're needed, because the story calls for them and because if they were left out the plot would be incomplete. Incidentally, a comedy which seemed to get more laughs out of the audience than almost any we've seen of late was a Harold Lloyd bit called "Busting Into Broadway." And we couldn't help noticing that it contained more of a story than the average comedy. Producers of some of the so-called comedies would do well to study this picture.

How do you like a string of "gags"? Is that your idea of comedy? Or what do you like? Please write, won't you?

Snapped Without Warning

I want free life and I want fresh air—
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger and life and love
And Laska!

Do you remember the famous old recitation? Surely you've heard it. Well, Universal has made the story of Laska into a beautiful screen production, with Edith Roberts playing the title part, and with the cattle stampede, an' everything!

"Over the fence is out!" according to Frankie Lee's code. However, the directors won't let him get very far out of pictures, since his good work with Pauline Frederick in "Bonds of Love" and Mabel Normand in "Jinx," and, above all, his performance of the little cripple in "The Miracle Man."

If there's any cutting up to do, do it yourself, says Marion Davies. Here she is examining the piecing together of a bit of the film which recorded the work she'd done the week before.

"That's Orion," says Monroe Salisbury, inspired by the crisp evening air of the San Bernardino mountains to give astronomy lessons. "Yes? And where's O'Hooligan?" inquires his leading lady, Alice Willett—and the lesson's over. Now, *we'd* be willing to listen even to the multiplication table if we could sit by that pine-cone fire, with a good bit of the Western world spread out at our feet.

"Wonder what a baby thinks about," pondered Clare Briggs, the cartoonist, who drew the "When a Feller Needs a Friend" sketches, and put the characters on the screen recently. He thought about the matter so hard that he finally made a movie of it, and his eighteen months' old daughter, Ruth, obligingly consented to interpret the leading rôle.

We don't know what union Ethel Clayton belongs to, but she's certainly striking, both in attitude and costume. "More Deadly Than the Male," a Paramount picture, is responsible for Ethel's taking this stand; if we were her modiste we'd be worried; when primitive garb is so becoming, why pay an exorbitant price for silks and chiffons?

If the turtle leaves the circle on her side, Alice Joyce wins a dollar from Director Wesley Ruggles. Alice claimed when this competition started that pure luck alone made the star actor turn toward her so promptly—but Ruggles had a deep, dark suspicion that she promised to divide the spoils with the turtle if she won. Personally, we can only remark that we don't blame the turtle for his preferences.

Gloria Swanson makes a charming Mrs. Kris Kringle doesn't she, though she's "just pretending" in a De Mille production? Even the Kewpie's skeptical eye can't destroy the real Christmas atmosphere.

This touching scene is entitled "A bottle in the lasso is worth two in somebody else's private stock," and the scenario is by Monte Blue, who was explaining it to us when one of the "Everywoman" cast strolled by and gave him this opportunity to stage it for our benefit. Monte maintains that "Extra Dry" is a description which fits him far better than it does the champagne in the case.

The Bear Facts About Gale Henry

Born in Bear Valley, and with a husband named Bruno, she made it three of a kind by letting a comedy bear in on the interview.

By Dorothy Faith Webster

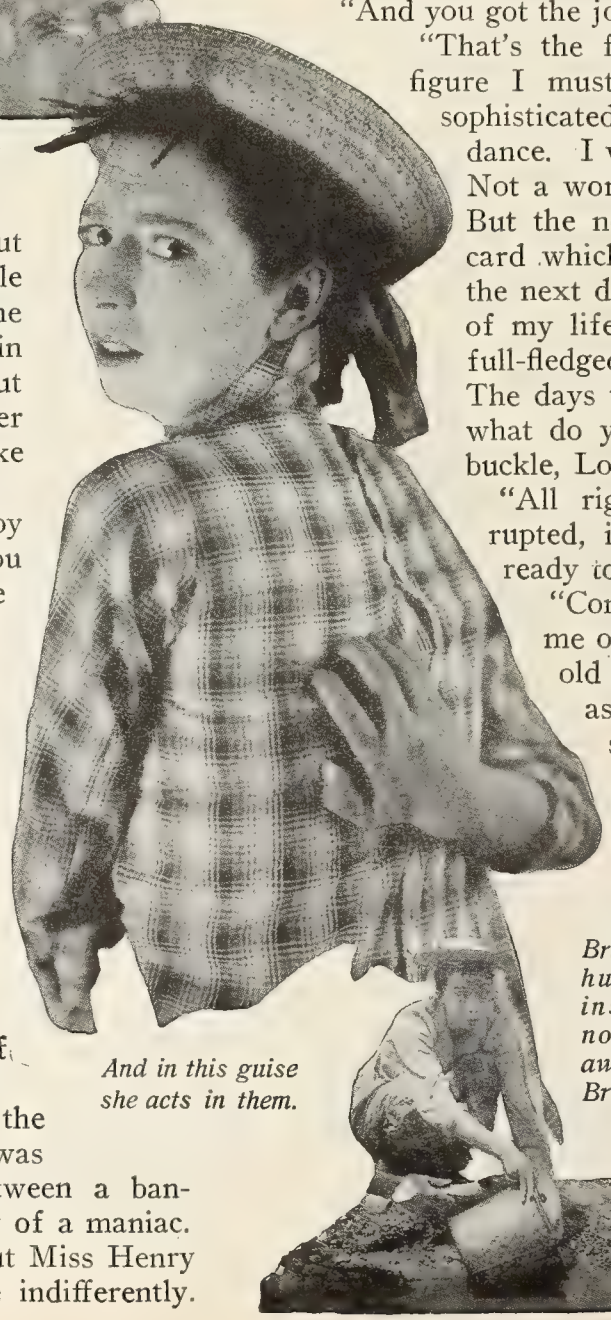
This Gale Henry writes her own scenarios.

JUST the bare facts about your career," I told Gale Henry, as she sat on the running board of the car in which we'd made our trip out on location, massaging her outstanding bangs with a cake of wet, yellow soap.

You may not remember her by name, but certainly when you glance at the pictures on these pages you'll recall some of the two hundred Universal comedies in which she acted. She's an old hand at it—and assurance comes to her from everywhere, in every morning's mail, that nobody could forget her face!

"If you want *bare* facts," she paused to reply, "You ought to go over to the Sennett place. But if it's *bear* facts——"

And just then across the silence came a sound that was wild and eerie—a cross between a banshee's wail and the death cry of a maniac. My hair rose heavenward, but Miss Henry only concluded her sentence indifferently.



And in this guise she acts in them.

"You might ask Bruno for the information," she remarked, completing her coiffure. "That's his voice."

And as her husband's name is Bruno Becker, it took some three minutes' explanation to clear the atmosphere. It developed that the picture she was working in concerned an antiquated paralytic, a "tough guy," and a bear—to say nothing of a temperamental mule and two skunks. It further developed, during the conversation conducted on the running board, that Miss Henry was born in Bear Valley, California.

"That's true—I'm *not* trying to be facetious!" she assured me. "We lived on a ranch—mother, dad, and I, until I was fourteen; then we came to Los Angeles."

"And you began to train for opera?"

"Opera?" It was Gale's turn to give me the suspicious once-over.

"Didn't some one tell me that you began your career as a member of the Temple Opera Company?" I apologetically inquired.

"Comic—not grand," she tersely informed me. "One day I saw an advertisement in the Los Angeles *Times* which called for seventy chorus girls. I answered the ad, in a little white dress which came not far below my knees, and a funny little straw hat; mother had trimmed it with a wreath of tiny, pink cotton roses, and the outfit was not unlike the comedy costumes I later used in pictures."

"And you got the job?" I broke in.

"That's the funny part of it—I did. Think of the figure I must have cut among those more or less sophisticated girls—for I could neither sing nor dance. I went home that night—my hopes blasted! Not a word had been said about my coming back. But the next morning the postman brought me a card which requested that I 'report for rehearsal' the next day. And that day was the very happiest of my life. To think that I, Gale Henry, was a full-fledged actress—for so I considered myself. The days that followed were happy ones, too; and what do you think—that cast included Fatty Arbuckle, Louise Fazenda, and Blossom Seeley."

"All right, dear," her husband-director interrupted, in a most undirectorish manner, "we're ready to work with the bear."

"Continued in our next!" said Gale, leading me over to Hap Ward, the picture of helpless old age in a rickety wheel-chair. His smile, as he greeted me, was a trifle forced—and small wonder, for he was to have his property whiskers licked affectionately by Bruno the bear.

"Drop the Early Christian Martyr stuff, Hap," cheerfully advised Gale. "He's guaranteed harmless."

Bruno the husband inspires no such awe as did Bruno the bear.

But Hap, despite Gale's comforting assurance, continued to regard Bruno with apprehension. The bear's trainer further enhanced his mental

state by remarking, "He ain't been fed to-day—always works better when he's hungry."

To which Hap replied, with a last noble attempt at jocularity, "Oh, well, I don't mean much to this company, anyway."

"Bring on the honey!" shouted the director—honey being, as everybody knows, the approved bear bait—and when Hap was finally besmeared to an extent which satisfied even the director, Bruno was allowed one blissful sniff at the sticky sweetness, and was then forcibly removed to regions in the rear of the camera.

"Camera!" shouted Bruno the Director.

Hap snored, a very stagy snore, and Bruno the Bear, suddenly unleashed, dashed straight to the wheel-chair—and to honey!

At this moment our heroine appeared upon the scene, sighted the predicament of her charge and wisely climbed a tree, from which she was scheduled to rescue Hap by the apparently simple method of hoisting him into the tree by means of a stick hooked into his coat collar. It might be added, for the benefit of incredulous readers, that a heavy wire operated by a pulley—both painted black and therefore invisible to the camera's eye—were to figure largely in the work of rescue.

Gale safely up the tree, B. the D. called "Cut!"—the camera man ceased grinding, and B. the B. was removed to his cage. Hap again breathed freely, but Gale refused to return to terra firma.

"Catch me doing this climb again—I'm here for the rescue," she stated firmly. "Did you ever do an interview in a tree? Now's your chance!" But I gracefully declined her invitation, and seated myself in the wheel-chair, directly below her.

"And how did you happen to go into the movies?" I asked, continuing our conversation.

"It's very prosaic," she answered, leaning down at a perilous angle. "I knew a girl who worked at Universal; she took me out with her one morning, and I got a job. That's all there is to it, except," she added modestly, "I remained there five years and was featured in two hundred comedies.

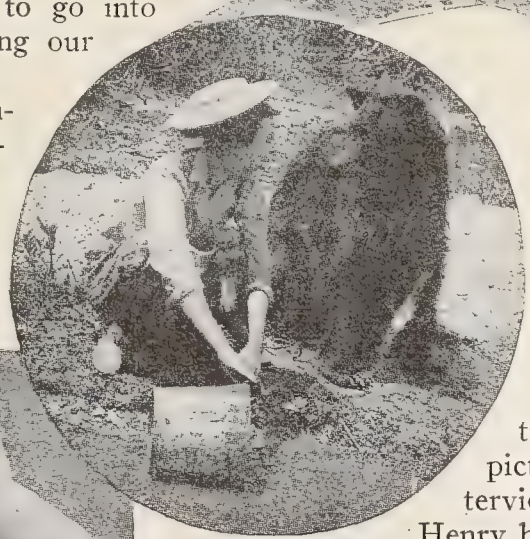
"By that time," she continued, "I was pretty much in need of a rest, so I left Universal and spent one gr-rand and glorious year in doing exactly as I pleased, mostly hunting and fishing—those are my hobbies, if any one should ask you. But the lure of the silver screen proved stronger than I could resist, and last February I organized my own company, with Hap Ward and Milburn Moranti of Universal days, as leading comedians. We have made fifteen pictures, and I write all my scenarios."

Add a mule and two skunks to this bear, and you have the list of animals in "Her Week-end."

"Do you like comedies best?" I inquired.

"Do I like 'em?" she chuckled. "I *have* to like 'em! Can you imagine me as the heroine of a melodrama? Me as a misunderstood wife—that isn't a bad idea——" She broke off suddenly. "I'll think it over."

So, if in some future comedy you see a tragic helpmate, clad in a jaunty cotton flannel basque and lurid plaid skirt—she buys her clothes at the Salvation Army rummage sales, and has to alter them very little—you'll know where Gale Henry got the idea for the rôle.



"Do I like comedies? I have to like 'em."

As she hung out of the other side of the tree to talk with her husband about the picture I realized with amazement that the interview seemed to be nearing an end and Miss Henry hadn't said a word about how she longed to make really big, serious pictures—dramas that reflected life, sort of a combination of Shakespeare and Cecil De Mille stuff, you know. When I've interviewed comedians, male or female, they've always said they looked forward to the day when they could play "Hamlet," or go back to the legitimate stage. Yet Gale Henry was content to stick to comedy.

"I'm trying to get away from the pie-throwing type of picture," she went on, "but it seems as if the comedy fan never tires of an artistic fall off a cliff, or a good free-for-all chase. However, I believe that the picture we're working on to-day is going to be the best we've put out. It's to be called 'Her Week-end.'"

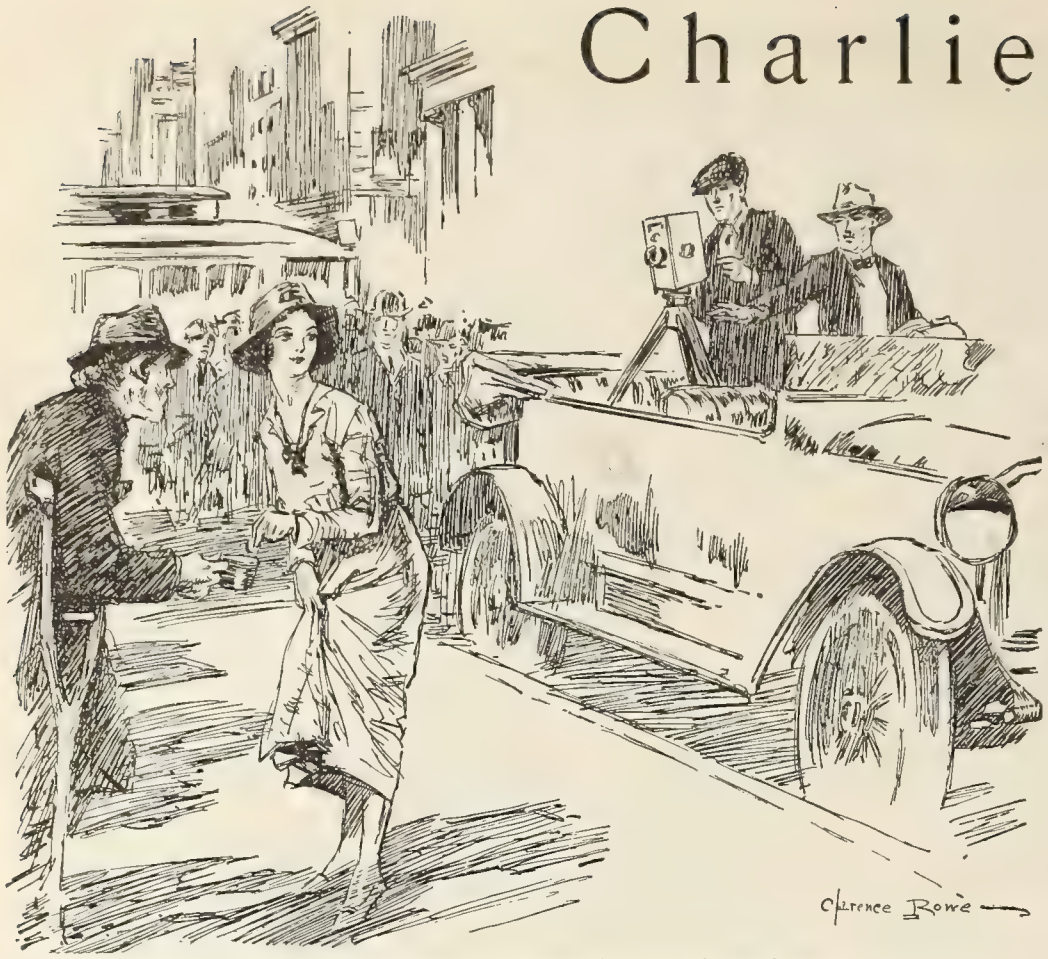
A howl from Bruno smote my ear as I rose to depart, and I replied with conviction, "It sounds like a bear!"

"Can you imagine me the heroine of a melodrama?"

Charlie Hawker:

That wasn't his official title, but many Charlie Hawkers, you

By Archer



Up the street went Carrie, injecting sweetness into the lives of every one she met.

IN every motion-picture factory there is some inconspicuous person known as the film cutter. You don't hear much about these nameless individuals. They do not have their names emblazoned on the titles of the finished product, beside those of the star, the director, the author, and the president of the producing corporation. But many a picture has been saved from the scrap heap by these clever "doctors of sick films."

Charlie Hawker was a film cutter, employed a few years ago by a company which we will call the "Fleur-de-lis Picture Corporation." I've chosen to tell about him rather than some of the others I've known because he had to perform such "life or death" operations, such as no well-regulated picture studio should require. All of which is rather illuminating

Fleur-de-lis was a company that issued a program. By that, I mean that this company had a certain number of features and shorter films, which had to be delivered every week, rain or shine, in order to fulfill contracts with theaters located all over the country.

Theoretically, a production was made by the Fleur-de-lis concern in the following manner. A story would be selected from the stock on hand, and the continuity writer would prepare the working script, which, if correctly followed by the director, would produce just about enough film to make a forty-five hundred foot feature, which was the required length for the Fleur-de-lis program.

Theoretically, not a thing was left to chance, for before the production was actually started the director would go over the script with the star, with the camera man, with the studio manager, and with the man who built the sets. Thus, on paper, the picture was supposed to be ready for the factory as soon as the director had finished shooting his scenes.

But as a matter of fact, it never worked out that way at the Fleur-de-lis Studio, for the reason that it never worked out that way in any studio.

In the first place a subject is always long! In a way it is desirable to have a surplus footage so that dragging scenes can be shortened, bad bits of business eliminated, et cetera, et cetera. But to pause in our story for a moment, the extent to which some pictures are over is positively staggering.

The "Birth of a Nation" had a hundred thousand feet of positive when Griffith approached the task of assembling it. When first shown in the projection room, at the time it was brought East, it had been trimmed to around eleven thousand feet. Subsequently it was cut to a little over nine and shown at that length.

A picture reputed to have put one of the present leading concerns on its feet was a little short of five thousand feet in the theater. The director is one of the best known and most successful in the industry. For that particular five reels he shot over eighty thousand feet of action, and he never made less than thirty or forty thousand for any single feature while he was with that company.

Of course, certain types of stuff have to be taken overlength to give the director a choice in his "takes." Battle scenes and mob scenes are a case in point. Here there is no chance for definitely planning anything but the general mass movement and the detailed action in the close-ups. For Vitagraph's "Over the Top" there were nine thousand feet of battle stuff made out of which a little over two were used. But the great number of scattered views of shrapnel bursting in air, of high explosive shells excavating huge craters in the ground, of confused groups of soldiers pressing forward through the haze of smoke and dust—all allowed the cutter to construct a most realistic picture of modern warfare. This was not considered in any way a picture that had been "over-taken."

Comedy of the slap-stick variety, the picture where the comedy is in the action rather than the situation, actually requires a large amount of footage since the laughs are almost entirely a result of the cutting. In the heyday of Mack Sennett's Keystones those pictures were known as absolutely the best-edited pictures on the market and in the making of them it was not uncommon to shoot five thousand feet for a single reel. Generally, however, a considerable amount of excess negative is a sign of weakness in the production. Something essential is apt to be sacrificed in bringing a picture to length.

Fleur-de-lis recognized this and very often when a

Film Doctor

it was his job. And since there are a good ought to know something of their work.

Eagle

picture did not seem to measure up to standard in the projection room the "cuts" or the eliminated footage would be sent for, spliced together separately, and viewed by Charlie and perhaps some of the others of the firm's officials.

It was in the recutting of a picture such as this that Charlie first demonstrated his peculiar ability with the scissors and created the position remunerating him well into the three figures weekly.

Fleur-de-lis was a new producer, compelled to recruit its entire staff from existing companies. For studio and production manager the heads employed a little dynamo of energy, a man who had made a reputation through the construction of a film city in California. Bert Gleason had always had an ambition to direct pictures and when it became necessary to begin with the first star and no satisfactory director had been procured, Bert started out to make the picture himself. His camera man was a chap who had turned the crank years before, but who for several seasons had been laboratory superintendent at the film city mentioned.

The making of features is a highly skilled occupation in every department. Bert's effort, cut to length and viewed in the projection room, was so terribly bad that old Gordon, the organizer and president of Fleur-de-lis, nearly backed out and quit right there.

Charlie Hawker at the time was a scenario writer. It was his script that had been murdered and when Bert tried to blame the fiasco on the story, Charlie went up into the air and expressed himself in vigorous language. He wrote out an analysis in detail of what was wrong and, to prove his point, offered to recut the picture and show that it was direction and not scenario that was at fault. Old Gordon took him up and sent him out to the factory for a week to fix the picture. There Charlie found whole essential scenes that had been left out because the acting was bad, and a whole episode which had been eliminated because the photography was hopeless. He straightened out the continuity, tinted the bad photography amber—a tint that will cover almost anything in bad camera work—and returned with a near approach to a picture.

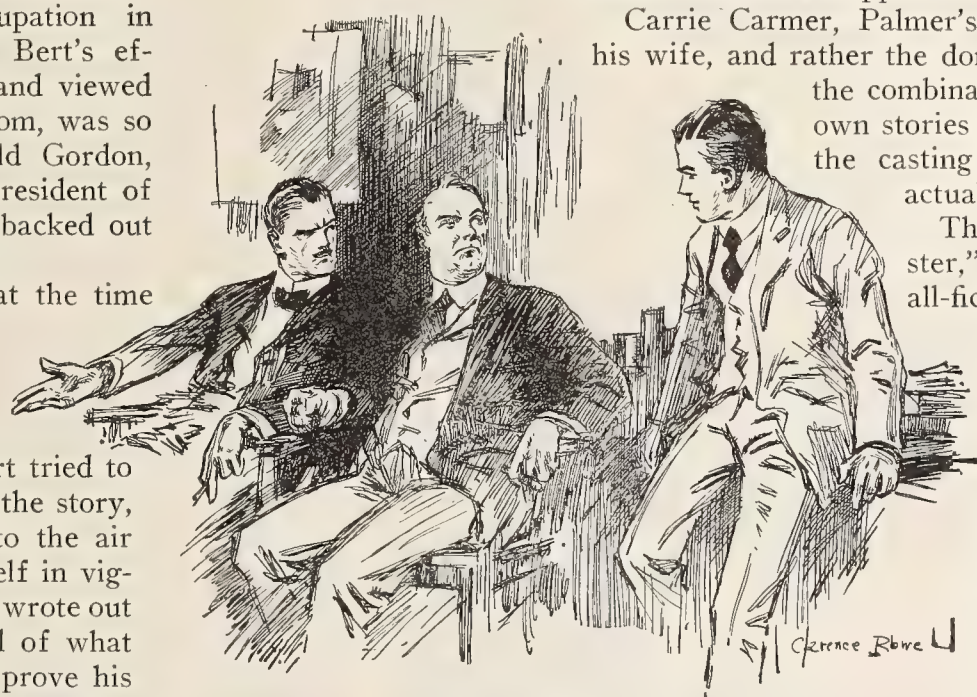
Of course it was not good enough for the program, but it was unloaded on the State-Rights market later for something over half its cost of production and Fleur-de-lis was glad to get rid of it at any price. Old Gordon realized the amazing improvement Charlie had wrought in the film, however, and thereafter he was given every "sick" picture to fix up. In a few short weeks he was entirely occupied with the finished films and his last script had been written. Charlie Hawker thereafter was film editor and trouble man extraordinary.

The amount of difficulty a new concern encounters is almost unbelievable. Fleur-de-lis probably hired two dozen directors, each of whom made one feature and then received his discharge. In every case it was five reels of material for the new editor to juggle. From a scenario writer starting work at nine or ten in the morning, and leaving at five, our hero became a harassed individual, getting down at eight so as to have an hour with no one bothering him, and working along until ten, eleven or twelve at night—sometimes all night—so as to get a picture out in time for its scheduled release. Many bad features were issued, but their story was clear, the titles were intelligent, and the worst points of direction and photography were largely covered up. Without Charlie the bulk of them would have gone into the vault—hopeless junk, and a dead loss.

Even regular directors, sure-fire feature makers, have trouble with their pictures and have to appeal from the studio to the office—to the czar of the scissors there. Charlie Hawker, who acquired a horde of bitter enemies through his work on the films, through his elimination of pet bits of business and action, never tires of telling of the first picture Harmon Palmer made for Fleur-de-lis, and of how that particular director became an appreciative friend.

Carrie Carmer, Palmer's star, in real life was his wife, and rather the dominating personality of the combination. She selected her own stories and often interfered in the casting and other details of actual production.

The story, "The Monster," was from a prominent all-fiction magazine in which Broadway was personified as a terrible, living, breathing entity seeking to ensnare the little heroine who, previously, has had no contact with the world outside of convent walls. It was one of the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" or "Servant in the House" sort of stories in which the radiating influence of the central character reforms every one in sight.



Gordon turned to Charlie. "Get busy, boy! It's up to you," he said.

Carrie, like a little Pippa, passed up the dread street, and even the traffic cops—conveniently bribed by Harmon's assistant—were conscious of her passing. Hardly a block from Union Square to Columbia University was missed in the film. Harmon had reveled in his street stuff. Carrie—in the story—injected new sweetness into the lives of several scores of people, beginning with a down-and-outer at the start of her pilgrimage

Continued on page 86

Intoxicated by

May Allison declares that she's drunk—and then

By Emma-Lindsay

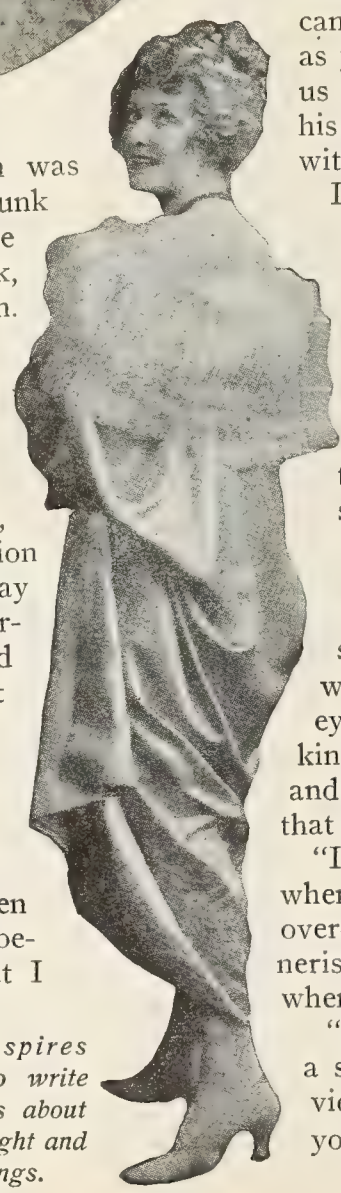
Interesting looking—but they're all "duds."

WHAT do you think? May Allison was drunk when I went to see her—drunk as a lord, and proud of it, too! She admitted it, said she'd been stewed all week, and didn't know when she'd be sober again. Furthermore, she liked it.

I can imagine that half the people reading this will raise their eyebrows and say, "I always *knew* picture actresses were a bad lot," while the other half, the unregenerate things, will sigh wistfully and say, "*Where* did she get it?" For the information of both classes, I will mention now that May Allison's jag was acquired strictly in the pursuance of her art, in the making of "Fair and Warmer," and it was obtained with soft drinks—yes, I know I said she was drunk, but I'm merely telling you what she told me.

"It's a gr-rand and glorious feeling!" she declared as she hopped forward on one foot, having lost a slipper somewhere in the last ten minutes of her screen jag. "I've been doing drunk scenes for the past week until I begin to feel that I am skidding; I know that I couldn't walk a straight line."

"What *have* you been drinking?" I asked with interest. I tried to convey the impression that it was a hot day and that my voice was husky because my throat was dry.



She inspires you to write sonnets about moonlight and things.

"Cocktails made of root beer, cider, grape-juice, and ginger ale," she answered promptly. "And if you'd like a drink——"

I said no, it was a cool day and that my husky voice was natural.

"Can there be an innocuous drunk?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, my yes," she assured me. "I feel that I am now an authority on jags—screen variety I mean, of course. Perhaps you know that the story concerns the plight of two innocents, a model husband married to a dissatisfied wife, and a child-wife—a Li'l' Eva sort of a person—who is me—married to a clubman who can't forget it.

"The model husband and I are left alone by our respective wife and husband, and we decide in a reckless moment, to compromise each other and so arouse the waning interest of our high-stepping matrimonial partners. Neither of us know a thing about drinks,and we start in innocently mixing cocktails of gin, brandy, whisky, absinth, and vermuth—anything, in fact, we can get our hands on; and the consequence, as you can imagine, is a man-size jag that lays us out completely, and when my husband and his wife come back, then the fireworks start with a vengeance."

It was almost half-past five, so Miss Allison called it a day, and we went over to her dressing room, done in ivory and blue. She got out of her evening dress very carefully, calling my attention to the fact that since she wears only one gown during the whole picture, she has had to have two duplicates made, and that the last one—the one she was wearing, was on its last legs, so to speak.

I promised myself and the editor that I wouldn't rave about May Allison, so I won't; but I will remark in passing that she's the kind of a girl that inspires you to write sonnets about moonlight and things; her eyes are the most limpid blue, her hair is the kind of gold that isn't bought in beauty shops, and she has the most fascinating Dixie accent, that is, unfortunately, quite lost on the screen.

"I thought I had lost my accent," she laughed when I spoke of it. "I have really tried to overcome anything that would sound like a mannerism in speech—I found it my first drawback when I went on the stage."

"When was that?" I asked, recollecting with a start that this was supposed to be an interview. May is the kind of a person who makes you forget you're talking to a professional.

"Oh, quite a few years ago," she responded.

Proxy

proves that she isn't.

Squier

"Even a blonde has brains!"

"If you're going back that far, I may as well start at the beginning. I was born on a farm—I suppose I ought to say 'plantation,' but it really was only a farm—in Alabama, and we moved to Birmingham shortly afterward. I was the black sheep of the family, absolutely demanding a stage career; and when I was sent to a convent, I strained at the leash like a young bear-hound, and was only kept there until graduation by the promise of being taken to New York.

"Mother kept her word, though it meant selling the farm to do it; and she and I landed in New York with very little money, but all the confidence in the world that the big city would give me one look and take me to its heart."

"It would show its good sense if it did," I remarked irrelevantly.

"But it didn't," she said, smiling. "We went the rounds of managers' offices just like hundreds of girls are doing to-day—I was almost sixteen at the time, and when our funds were very low indeed, I landed a tiny 'bit' in 'Everywoman.' I was so proud, but at the dress rehearsal I nearly lost my job. The manager called me down to the footlights and said, 'You'll have to learn to talk like a white person; when I turn my back to listen to you, I think I'm hearing a nigger.'

"That almost broke my heart, because I didn't know that my way of speaking was so different from that of the other girls, but I learned in time to 'talk like a white person'.

"I played 'Beauty' in 'Everywoman,' took the lead in 'The Quaker Girl,' and was featured in another play—which was a ghastly failure, by the way. But William Crane saw me in it, and asked me to play the ingénue lead in his production of 'David Harum' opposite Harold Lockwood as the juvenile lead. I did, and of course you know how, later, I played opposite Mr. Lockwood—until his death, in fact.

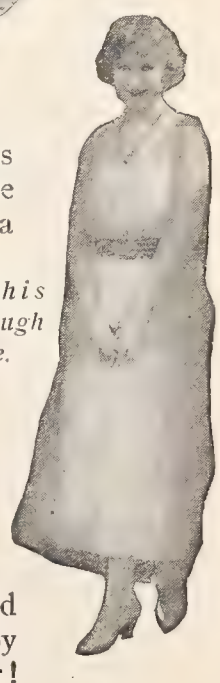
"I'm doing comedies now, and I suppose I will be for some time to come; but, here's a confession—I want to do serious stuff; does that sound funny? I know I have an ingénue face, but really, I have a brain or two that I've never been allowed to exhibit. Blondes are always underestimated, I believe. Ophelia was a blonde, yet certainly no one could call her frivolous or ingénuish."

"Maybe the censors wouldn't permit you to be serious," I suggested. Her nose curled in scorn.

The camera catches everything but her Dixie accent.

"What I think of the bunch that passes upon pictures," she said, biting off the words, "wouldn't make reading for a Sunday-school paper; but between you and me——"

Then she bundled her blue kimono closer about her, as if it had been a Roman senator's toga, and talked so vehemently that the pins came out of her yellow hair and it nearly tumbled down her back. Yes, she told me just what she thought. I agreed with her, absolutely. But I can't tell you what she said and what I said; it would be deleted by the censor—to say nothing of the editor!



She wears this dress all through the picture.

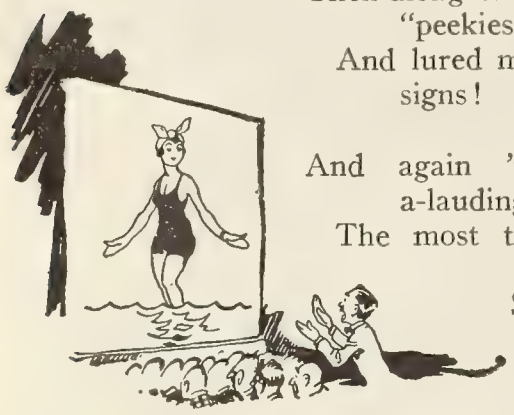
Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

Lovely Lines!

Years ago I was fond of the "speakies,"
I'd rave o'er the "beautiful lines"!
Then along came the "movies" or "peekies"
And lured me away with their signs!



And again 'tis myself that's a-lauding
The most thrilling lines that I've known!
So, each night you will find me applauding
The "lines" that the bathing-girls own!

—o—

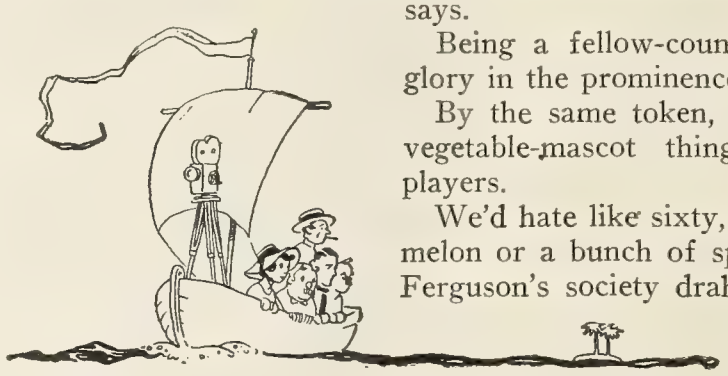
Jewelry Joke.

Burglars robbed the safe of the Crystal Theater, Indianapolis, while the watchman was making his rounds.

As Ingersoll observed to Waltham: "though the crystal was cracked, the watch kept going!"

—o—

Last Autumn, Allen Dwan took his company to the South Sea Islands, Japan and China for locations to be used in filming "The Luck Of The Irish."



You'll notice England was not included.

No luck for the Irish there.

—o—

Although Dorothy Dalton's "The Market Of Souls" is no war drama, the name of the heroine *"Helen Armes,"* certainly appealed to a reminiscent doughboy friend of ours.

He said that a busy day in No Man's Land usually looked like that.

—o—

A Mis-Leading Ad.

After reading an exhibitor's ad. of "The Miracle Man," which stated "every person who sees this play becomes a living, breathing, vehement, golden-voiced advertisement of its merit"—we took a friend of ours to see the play.

It didn't work on him that way.

He's been deaf and dumb for thirty years!

—o—

'Twould Be Awful, If True!

Although our eyes cause us some trouble at times, it never before occurred to us that our vision was becoming impaired until we heard Louise Fazenda remark: "I am not pretty. Only a girl can realize what a terrible calamity that is!"

—o—

Random Remarks.

(Suggested by Current Titles.)

"Eyes Of Youth"—"I will!" "I won't!" "I can!"

"12.10"—The price of ham-and-eggs in 1921.

"After The Bawl"—We bought her the hat!

"The Unbroken Promise"—Years ago we vowed we'd never be as rich as John D.

"You Never Know Your Luck"—We sure do! The theater caught fire just as we were about to view one of those, (you know the kind) two-reel comedies!

"Mary's Ankle"—Yeah, we noticed it in "Daddy Long Legs"!

"Sacred Silence"—Call around and explain to our wife that it is.

—o—

A Bad Example.

In all of Charlie Ray's latest plays a potato appears somewhere in the picture. "'Tis for luck," Charlie says.

Being a fellow-countryman of Kid Murphy, we glory in the prominence thus given him!

By the same token, however, we are hoping this vegetable-mascot thing doesn't spread to other players.

We'd hate like sixty, to see, for instance, a watermelon or a bunch of spinach bob up in all of Elsie Ferguson's society drahmas!

—o—

Base Ball Puzzle.

Although Eileen Percy joined the Busches, she is still batting high in the big league.

—o—

'Twas Closer Than Near!

Not having as yet became thoroughly acclimated to this new and droughty U. S., we rise to offer ten bucks for a quart of that dizzy dew used in "A Petal On The Current."

Man, oh, man! A wallop in every bead of it!

—o—

A Hollywood Tragedy.

Winifred Westover, who wears 'em in Bill Hart's "John Petticoats," was formerly Proudover her possession of a pet billy-goat. However, that's All-over now. One morn, while Lookingover her garden, Miss Westover Bentover. The goat Came-over—and Miss Westover Wentover.

Getting Back At The Police?

Dustin Farnum, as the hero in "A Man's Fight," upon being released from Sing Sing, wages a war upon the copper trust.

—o—

Will You Stand For a Touch, Fred?

"George Beban, in 'Hearts Of Men' "—a story that would touch the heart of a stone! (Exhibitor's Ad.)

—o—

Nine Nein's.

"No Man's Land"—(Metro)
"No Mother To Guide Him"—(Sennett)
"No Children Wanted"—(Balboa)
"No Place Like Home"—(Univ)
"No Laughing Matter"—(Bosworth)
"No-Good Guy"—(Ince)
"No Monkey Business"—(Univ)
"No Place Like Jail"—(Rolin)
"Nobody"—(Metro)

—o—

Some Famous Sketches In Black-and-White.

"The Birth Of A Nation".

Marguerite Clark as Eva and Topsey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

Pearl White in "The Black Secret".

—o—

But Clara's Are The Prettiest!

Equity Pictures Corp. says: "The Eyes Of Young" in "The Eyes Of Youth"—the eyes that made motion pictures famous!"

Oh, not entirely, Equity—other eyes helped —Ben Turpin's, for instance!

—o—

Any Offers?

In spite of the fact that Elsie Janis is billed, "Everybody's Sweetheart", and Mary Pickford is generally conceded to be "America's Sweetheart"——

We're still nobody's darling.

—o—

And We're Willing To Dig!

Dorothy Phillips in "Paid In Advance"—"A mighty epic of gold and woman!"

Yeah! Gotta dig for one to get the other, and the other keeps you digging ever after!

—o—

Why We're Worried.

Wistaria's serial, "The Lurking Peril" cops the palm for gruesomeness. The hero is a college graduate whose brain is pronounced abnormal and for which a great sum has been offered by a group of scientists. The hero declines the offer, and then follows a series of attempts on his life by the eager scientists, each one seeking to kill him in order that they may obtain his brain for analysis.

Whew! If the possession of a brain of that sort arouses such an interest as all that, we fear for us!

—o—

Awful!

We shud one of our well-known shudders at

the prevailing custom of loaning players from one company to another.

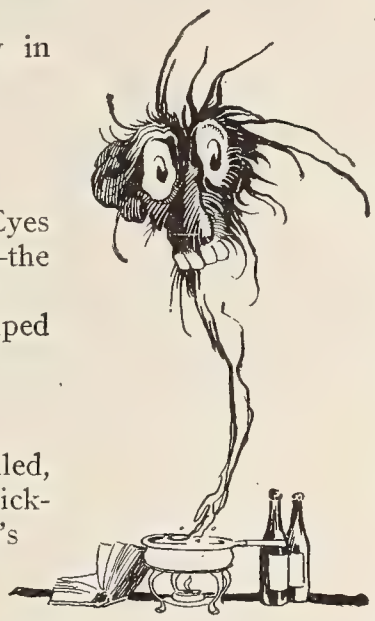
If this does not cease we may easily and eventually revert to slavery days, with their auction blocks; their sales and barter; their uncletoms's, eliza's and legree's!

Yessir! And then we'd be hearing something like this:

Dorothy Dalton: "Please, oh, please,—Marse Ince, —don' send muh to dat theah Keystone plantation. Ah'll——"

Tom Ince: "Cease yo whinin', gal! Yeh belong to muh an' Paramount,—body, soul an' dimples! S'more of yo bawlin an' Ah'll sell yeh down the rivah to Universal!"

Dorothy shrieks and faints.



—o—

A Receipt For a Nightmare

One eve we hastened with joyous step and twenty-two cents to our favorite picture palace.

And there we viewed a morose two-reel comedy, (you know the kind), a Theda Bara five-reeler, and "The Ghost Of Slumber Mountain".

Then we chewed some gum and wended flatward. There we ate a large Welch-rarebit, drank some home-made adjacent beer, read a few chapters of Poe's "Murders In The Rue Morgue",—and retired.

During the next few hours we frolicked with the most vivacious, gorgeous and gigantic nightmare that had ever entered our (in a manner of speaking), hallowed bed-chamber!

We awoke entwined about the chandelier, and our weight had increased twenty pounds on account of the goose-pimples that freckled our fairy form.

Whether it was the comedy, the Bara, the Ghost, the gum, the rarebit, the alleged beer, or Poe,—that caused the disturbance, will ever remain an exasperating mystery to us,—however——

We blame the gum!

—o—

'Nother Hero Declares Hisself.

Long ago we thought some of Conway Tearle. Later on we thought more of him. Now, we think some more of him. Sez Con.: "I don't want to play namby-pamby heroes! I want to play men with a dash of deviltry in them, like an ordinary human being."

—o—

Fireside Joke.

H. B. Warner, in "The Pagan God," matches his wits with the mighty tongs of the Flowery Kingdom. (Ad.) Meaning he plays poker with the tongs?

—o—

We Told You So!

And speaking of poker: in the September issue of

Continued on page 101

"I have stabbed the Americano," he said in a hoarse whisper.

Bound and Gagged

A tale of adventure and romance, retold from the Pathé serial.

By C. L. Edson

A TWO-PART STORY. PART TWO

(A synopsis of the first part will be found on the following page)

ARCHIE faced Carnero and his three thugs with a calm and gentlemanly poise. The blustering Spaniard was shamed out of his braggadocio; and his inherited instinct of politeness was summoned to the surface. This was what Archie had aimed at.

"Before I depart to your hospitable dungeon," the American said in tones of suave gentility, "I wish to deliver something into your keeping which I have been on the point of handing to you several times, but never have felt sure of the privacy that the matter deserved."

Carnero looked at his henchmen, and with a motion of the eye indicated that they were to retire and close the door after them.

"Ah," said Archie, "I am glad that you accord us secrecy. This transaction is strictly between gentlemen, and ought not to be witnessed by underlings who might not understand it."

Carnero could see that the American was seeking to placate him; he fell in with the scheme as the pleasantest way of getting possession of the precious document he wanted.

"Of course, you realize, and I realize, that this has long been coming to you; it only remains to be explained why I never handed it to you before. The reason is that I have always lacked the present opportunity."

He shot his fist to the Spaniard's jaw and Carnero dropped senseless.

"That's the package I have been wanting to hand to you ever since I met you," Archie remarked grimly as he rubbed his smarting knuckles with his left hand.

He turned to the princess who stood startled, her pretty mouth agape at the suddenness of the "surprise party."

"Now, señorita, the problem is how to make a quick get-away. While I get into the don's hat and cloak, you make up your mind as to which road out of town we are to take."

Archie could see the two-horse carriage of the don awaiting in the street below. He hastily gagged the unconscious man and put his own hat and coat on the recumbent figure. Then he pulled Carnero's hat down over his own eyes, and the cape up to his

ears, and whispering to the girl his hurried plan, he opened the door.

"I have stabbed the Americano," he said in a hoarse whisper to the comrades in the hallway, keeping his face turned from them. "Do not go in the room. Leave the house immediately and the death will not be discovered. I am taking the princess to another house in the country."

Istra trembled with the sham terror that Archie had told her to assume. The two hurried down the stairs, piled into the waiting carriage and had the driver make all haste toward the nearest out-of-town highway. As soon as they reached the open country, the pretended don ordered the coachman to drive into a wayside grove until they were hidden by the thicket. Archie then leveled Carnero's pistol at the driver's head and ordered him to unhitch the horses. The coachman, in his amazement, scarcely knew what he was doing. The horses were no sooner released from the harness than Archie and the princess sprang astride them and were riding bareback down a ravine and into the brush, leaving the poor coachman to pull his carriage back to the city by hand.

The long journey through the mountains, dodging not only Carnero's pursuing agents, but the native cutthroats and bandits of that thug-infested region would make a long story in itself. How they often traveled by night to dodge some of the more dangerous districts where Istra said no stranger's life was safe—all this is of less interest to the reader than the story of what these strangely misplaced personages talked about, and what impression they made upon each other.

"You American men are such a puzzle," Istra told him, speaking in English with that pensive, pleading bell-like clarity of tone that is noted in the voice of the well-bred Spaniard. "We cannot understand you."

"What can't you understand—I'll be glad to explain it?"

"Why an American gentleman of wealth and breeding would accept the hard task you have undertaken. You accept the challenge of the tramp poet. You are so gallant. Now in my country if a tramp poet should charm the inamorita of a rich man, presto, the poet would be found stabbed to death in a bordello."

"Great Cæsar's ghost, princess!—I mean, you see, your highness, we American men fight our own battles. We are really democrats. If a tramp can prove that he is a better man than a captain of industry, we let the tramp take the captain's job. All of our big men came up from the bottom. We care little for blue blood, and old, aristocratic names.

"It is so amazing, so unbelievable?" she purred sweetly.

"It seems natural enough," Archie persisted. "What surprises me is the democratic attitude of some European women. For instance, you, princess, with a clear title to a throne. If my dear little Margaret were entitled to stand in your shoes and wear the crown of Cordillera, she wouldn't look at an ordinary business man like me, nor at the tramp poet, either, not for one precious little minute."

Istra rolled her dreamy eyes upward, and with a gesture of her graceful, tapering hands, she sighed:

"It is past my understanding. Why should I wish to be a figurehead queen in a realm of court plot, gang murders, fear, and misery? To be, as you call it, a pasteboard royalty over an unhappy people—ah, that is no joy. But to be free to carry on my art work, among other happy artists in a free society—ah, that is the great joy, the most overwhelming happiness in the world." She crossed her hands on her breast, and her look was so spiritual, so heavenly, that Archie felt an impulse that was only checked in time to avoid an indiscretion.

Having arrived at a Mediterranean port, the dangerous mountain ramble being over, Archie felt that he had done his full duty by the royal young lady that fate had thrust into his temporary care. "You can get a train here for your beloved Paris," he said. "Good-by, princess, wish me luck, for I am stowing away, at my first chance, on a boat for the Orient."

"Good-by, my American gentleman. You have not told me your name; I will never know. *Bon voyage!* God speed your journey. May you win the sweet woman that you so richly deserve."

In the darkness that night Archie crept along the docks carrying in a sack seven bottles of water and as many sticks of French bread. It was a bulky baggage to carry, but Archie had chosen a freighter loading for Hong Kong, and it bore only hardware and other non-edible cargo. The crew was of Hindus or lascars, or some such ungodly tribe, and Archie knew he could never pass himself off as one of them. Hence in the inky darkness he must descend into the cargo hold, prepared to stay hidden there like a blind bat until the boat reached Hong Kong.

Any one who has tried to spend a fortnight in the dark, living on bread and water knows what a time he was in for. The first hours were not so bad. Archie had nothing but the darkness around him and his mind was free to paint imaginary pictures on that magic curtain. You can guess what pictures appeared there. The face of Margaret, over and over again. He yearned to her; he yielded out his soul in imaginary caresses. She was with him. Her arms were about him. He had circled the world and had won her; his lips found hers, in rapture.

And then the pictures changed. Cramped, aching muscles gave him nightmares. And then the rats! These unseen monsters came to fight with him in the darkness, disputing with him for his bread. The maddened man fought off the rats and struggled upward on the long hatchway to daylight and safety.

Reaching the deck, he looked out on his surroundings expecting to see the Suez Canal, with Egyptian sphinx and pyramids visible from the neighboring land. And

"BOUND AND GAGGED"

A Pathé Serial, Based on an Original Story by Frank Leon Smith. Synopsis of the First Part.

Archie Barlow, New York clubman, starts out to make his way around the world, unaided, within six months, in order to win the hand of Margaret Hunter, who has promised to marry him if he succeeds. Archie suggested the adventure because his rival, a tramp poet, had once hoboed his way across part of the United States. While working his way across the ocean, Archie discovers a plot to restore an ancient monarchy in the republic of Cordillera, in the Pyrenees. Don Estaban Carnero, the chief plotter, has kidnaped the Princess Istra, and hopes to make her, against her will, a puppet queen. Archie mixes up in the affair and becomes imprisoned, with the princess.

indeed he did behold a tall pyramid, and taller towers. Also a great carved figure. But it was not the sphinx. It was the Statue of Liberty! And the pyramid he saw was the top of the Bankers' Trust Building, with the Singer and the Woolworth towers beside it. New York! He had stowed on the wrong boat in the dark. He was back to scratch, with the whole race to be started over again. And now it was too late!

While his heart was numbed with despair, the hand of a ship's officer was laid upon him. But he would explain his identity, and go ashore to Margaret. He was eager for one more look into her living eyes. He would plead no whining excuses, no "alibis," but manfully tell her that he had tried and failed.

"Go ashore? Not much," the immigration officer told him. "You slick-tongued bum. You go under lock and key at Ellis Island to be deported on the next ship that sails. We used to let these intellectual hobos and soap-box uplifters come into this country. But they're trying to knife us and dynamite us now, and back they go. You're lucky that we don't hang you!"

Archie would have cared little whether they hanged him or shot him. A free trip across the Atlantic, much as it would have delighted him when his wager was to be won, meant nothing to him now. He was like a doped, despondent down-and-outer—one to whom even charity could offer *no hope.*

But on a sudden Archie took a new interest in life. He saw a familiar face among the passengers that were disembarking. It was the South American plotter, Carnero. What was that scoundrel doing back in America? Then he saw another passenger whose presence on that boat was equally amazing. It was Istra, the art-student princess of Cordillera. He dropped his gaze, but she had noticed him. She approached the group where Archie stood and by her look she intimated: "You seem to be a prisoner? Are you in trouble? Can I help you?"

Archie was in such a ragged, unkempt condition that he hesitated to compromise a fine lady by admitting in that company that he was an acquaintance of hers. But as she lingered and was about to ask questions, Archie thought it well to accept her proffer.

He dashed off a note in pencil script, and slipped it into her gloved hand as unostentatiously as possible. It read:

"All you need do is call Stuyvesant 209077, and leave word for Hopley to come to the dock with identification papers."

Hopley, Archie's dependable valet, came, and that night Archibald Alexander Barlow called on Margaret Hunter. Glade, the tramp poet, was there; he slunk back as Archie was ushered in. The effect on Margaret was equally startling; she

In a few moments Carnero was handcuffed and begging for mercy.

"I hope we can take it for granted that this dinner announces an engagement," Stacy said.

stared at Archie while her face turned bloodlessly white.

"You have completed your trip! Is it possible?" she exclaimed in a voice that faltered.

"Entirely possible; entirely a fact," Archie said, chilled and made quizzical by her actions. "And if I were to tell you that with ten days to spare I have beaten my way around the world and am here to claim you—to have you fulfill your part of the bargain—what would you say?"

For her reply, Margaret turned partly away, gasped and fell in a dead faint.

Archie picked her up and called for water. Glade had collapsed on a divan and sat there with his head in his hands. Tears trickled between his fingers.

"What in thunder does this mean?" Archie roared his disgust. "You're a deuce of a cave man. Cut out the weeping or I'll give you a thick ear. What deviltry have you been up to?"

"We were secretly married," moaned the cave man. "She was sure you couldn't do the stunt. But I told her you *might* do it. I told her that you got a boat for Europe the very first thing."

"I see," said Archie scornfully. "It was all her fault. She pursued you, and you couldn't get away from her. Well, you have nothing to fear from me—neither of you. Although you have broken your word with me, I will be honest with you. I failed to make the journey. You are well within your rights, although you have been underhanded, sneaking, *crooked* about it. And may God have mercy on your—I mean, I wish you happiness.

Long, lonesome nights at the club, in which Archie sat by himself and thought. Busy days at his office where he worked like a football coach straightening out the tangle in his business affairs that had resulted from false advices and other tricks. This trouble had been caused by Willard Hunter, Margaret's uncle, who, had he been given a few more weeks, would have entirely wrecked the Barlow fortunes. "It was rather decent of Margaret after all, to warn me, or try to warn me of her uncle's treachery," Archie mused, "even if she herself had to fail in a matter that counted for more than everything to me." His heart ached, but the old fighting spirit, bred in the bone, could not desert him.

One night a phone call came and gave him a peculiar thrill. The voice on the wire was one that he had often heard before. But never before had it affected him that way.

"Can you come at once to Sussex Meadows? Yes, the big English cottage on the Great Neck road."

To a man who has ever been a woman's protector, a request from her is bound to be followed by immediate compliance. In a few moments Archie was on his way, grumbling a bit to himself, wondering why she had routed him out at that time of night, but answering the summons nevertheless.

He reached the house, and sprang out of the car. The house was lighted up. The porte-cochère door was open. No attendant was there, so Archie sauntered in. He passed through a lighted dining room and into a library. Everything seemed deserted. He looked up to the top of the towering bookcases and there he saw her. The princess perched high on the furniture! What turn of affairs was this? She held a telephone on a long cord.

Before the two had time to make any explanations, the room was entered by ugly and uninvited guests. Don Esteban Carnero, with a vicious snarling dog and two of his uniformed henchmen blocked Archie's retreat.

"The trap works well," sneered the scowling Carnero.

"What's the game?" asked Archie, hot with wrath and chagrin.

Continued on page 84

NOTICE!

To Readers of Picture-Play Magazine:

Owing to labor difficulties, during which our entire plant was shut down, it will be necessary to issue PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE more frequently than monthly, in order to make up for lost time. Therefore, for the next few issues it would be well for our readers to watch the news stands so that they may get each new number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE upon its first appearance.

Niles, and the "Voice

In which, as you will see, if the pictures were *not*

By Jerome

Obediently Niles sat down and read something.

THIS is a story about Niles Welch. Before it is finished I promise I shall tell you all about the color of his hair and eyes, where he was born, whether or not he is married, and if so, to whom, and other facts of like interest.

But I must ask you to bear with me if I seem to go at it in a roundabout way. If you don't like it, and feel that you must blame somebody—blame the photographer. It was all his fault. He—— But let us get back to our muttons.

It was a nice, fat California day when the Welch car, with the Welch driver, stopped for me and we raced along through Hollywood to the Welch bungalow. It was a fine day for pictures, and that was what I wanted —nice, intimate pictures, showing this young leading man from a brand-new angle; the kind of pictures that had never been taken before. But I reckoned without two important ingredients—the photographer, and the Voice From Within, which for the purpose of brevity, I shall designate by the initials, "V. F. W."

The photographer, very warm and rather irritable, was waiting in the sunny front yard. Welch, looking impossibly young and cheerful, was waiting on the nice, cool porch. He rushed out to greet me and I, with a wary eye on the photographer, who looked all ready to go home, suggested that we get right to work.

"We want something nice and snappy, you know," I urged. "Suppose we get a picture of Niles"—every one, even bill collectors, calls him "Niles"; he's too young looking to be called anything else.

Before I had had time to figure out a really good, new idea, of the sort I wanted, the photographer had caught sight of the hose, and was at work posing Niles in the act of sprinkling the lawn. I was just about to suggest that that wasn't very novel, when——

V. F. W.—"Niles Welch, drop that hose this minute! You know what happened last time you got your shoes wet, last summer; you'll be sneezing again!"

But the camera already had clicked, and all was over.

"Over on the porch now," ordered the photographer, picking

The camera clicked and all was over.

From Within"

taken from a new angle, the story *was*.

Weatherby

up his apparatus. Weakly I started to protest that every movie actor in the world had been photographed on his front porch, but the photographer's back looked adamant.

"Go on and tell me something about yourself while he gets ready," I urged Niles, as we meekly ambled along behind.

"Well, I was born in Hartford, Connecticut, educated in France and England when I was a kid, later at Yale and Columbia; had three years in stock when I——"

"Ready; sit down and read something," commanded the czar of the camera. Welch sat down and produced a manuscript from under the porch swing, with "Dell Boone" written across the top of it.

"Some admirer of yours?" I asked him, indicating the name.

"Yep," and the smile in his blue eyes led me to infer that he must like her pretty well.

"Take off your coat—and get a pipe or something to smoke," came from under the photographer's black cloth. Welch did, and looked straight into the camera, when——

V. F. W.—"Niles Welch, put that coat straight back on. The idea! You sitting there in all that shade with hardly a stitch on your back."

"He bit a man yesterday," warned the "Voice From Within."

"Shoot!" I yelled frantically. I'd almost relinquished my hope of getting unusual pictures—but even the kind that everybody else gets was better than nothing.

The photographer had headed for the back yard the instant his shutter clicked, so once again Niles and I reverted to biography as we trudged along in his wake.

"Stand over there and grab the hoe," commanded the photographer.

"You were in stock," I reminded him.

"Yes—and then in pictures—with Vitagraph, Metro, Famous-Players——"

"Got a hoe?" We both jumped guiltily at that summons from the boss of the situation.

"Oh, please not a hoe!" I begged. "They all have their pictures taken with hoes. I'll bet he's never been in this garden before——"

V. F. W.—"He hasn't; he's never set foot in it since we've been here."

"Stand over there and grab the hoe," commanded the photographer, planting the legs of his tripod in the middle of a bed of lettuce. The picture in the upper right-hand corner shows the result.

"Got a dog?" was the next demand.

"The man next door has," replied Niles, who was quite evidently deriving a good deal of enjoyment from the photographer's mastery of the situation and my grief over the conventional way things were going.

"Get him."

The dog was summoned, and the next requisite was a ball. It seems that all actors who play with dogs in photographs for the magazines throw a ball. Unfortunately there was no ball handy, but the photographer, ever resourceful, supplied a green apple. Niles took it, and posed as if he'd played with the dog every morning of his life, instead of having been just introduced to him.

"Height, nearly six feet; light complexion, brown hair——" I jotted down on my cuff, while Niles and the dog arranged themselves in a sunny place, where there wouldn't be any shadow, and Niles tried to look pleasantly playful, but not grinning. Then, suddenly——

V. F. W.—"Somebody better hold that dog; he bit a man yesterday."

The dog whirled around and growled

Continued on page 100

A Yuletide Tale

The Betty of the comedy days.

ON Christmas Eve, 1918, a girl went home dead tired, after a hard day's work doing woolly Western horseback stunts in a Pathé picture. She was dusty, bedraggled, weary—so weary that all she wanted Santa Claus to bring her was a bath, hot food, and bed.

The telephone rang. At the other end of the wire was George Loane Tucker inviting her to dinner. Wasn't it hateful of him? For big movie directors don't invite just any little old girl out to dinner. An invitation like that means something. And who, pray, can hope to impress a director feeling dirty, bedraggled, dog tired?

The girl tried to beg off for that evening. The mean mere man insisted. He wouldn't even give her time to brush up and slip into a fresh frock. He was hungry, apparently, and couldn't wait. So the girl went to dinner, just as she was. Mr. Tucker did most of the talking—quite a lot of it—and on almost every topic in the dictionary. That is, the vital subjects like love and death, dogfights and diamonds, marriage, money, war, baseball, the Armenian massacres, and the unmentionable latest dance.

She was too tired to be interested, almost too tired to act interested. She is young, but not so young as to make three meals a day an illusion, and on the way home she was sure she had not made a hit with Mr. G. L. T. Dead sure. She was on her way back to the thrilling rôles of jumping on and off horses, alternately demanding "Where is father?" and announcing "Here are the papers."

Her mother met her at the door with the news that Mr. Tucker had telephoned that he wanted her to play the big girl's part in "The Miracle Man."

What do you think of that for a Christmas present? Her stocking was hardly big enough to hold it!

"It's the biggest Christmas present I ever had," said Betty Compson, the day after the picture's première, when all the newspapers were smothering her in bouquets.

"And how does it feel to flicker into fame over night?"

"I can't believe it," said the slim sliver of a girl, with a queer quirk of those wonderful lips of hers. "I keep thinking I'll wake up and find it isn't so—that I'm just dodging another pie."

"And what do *you* think of yourself in the picture?"

"I just wish I

As Al Christie found her.

Of how Betty Compson stepped from the ranks of boisterous comedy to play a rôle in one of the greatest pictures ever made.

By Ruth Weber-Gould

could do it all over again. In so many places I could do it so much better. I've seen it about five times. The first time I could think of nothing but how ugly I looked. I had always seen myself in happy pictures before, and didn't think I could be so ugly. Of course one is never pretty when one 'emotes,' but to be quite so ugly was a bit of a shock.

"The second time I thought about the play itself and decided it was one of the very few pictures that have real moments in them—big, thrilling moments. After that I've kept thinking how much better I could do many things if I could only do them again."

One minute you think Betty Compson is all eyes—with a wonderful sparkle in them like sunlight dancing on a gray sea. And the short saucy lashes round them are like stickers on a sand bur, not the long, wavy, doll-baby kind. Next minute you think she's all mouth—a wide, sensitive, fascinating mouth that twists into a crooked

The real Betty.

In "The Miracle Man."

smile of frankness and keen humor and doesn't bother to be pouting and coquettish. She really does have the usual complement of features, I believe. I even remember a thin penciled line of eyebrow, a delicately chiseled nose and two little tufts of auburn hair over the ears—also, I believe, she has a chin that might tempt one to put a finger under and tilt it upward. But it's the sunlight in her eyes and the wide wonderful smile that one remembers best.

I had asked a fellow who went with me to see "The Miracle Man": "Is she pretty?" And he said: "She's attractive." Whether Miss Betty likes that or not, it means much more than mere prettiness.

Betty Compson was picked off the vaudeville stage by Al Christie. However high-brow you may be about film comedy, you've got to admit that the comedy directors are some little girl pickers. Betty's career had begun at fourteen. Her father had died and she had to earn something to help a mother she adores. So every day after school she played her violin in a dinky four-piece orchestra in a dinky combination picture and vaudeville house in Salt Lake City.

This old world has a lot of ways of hurting people. But few

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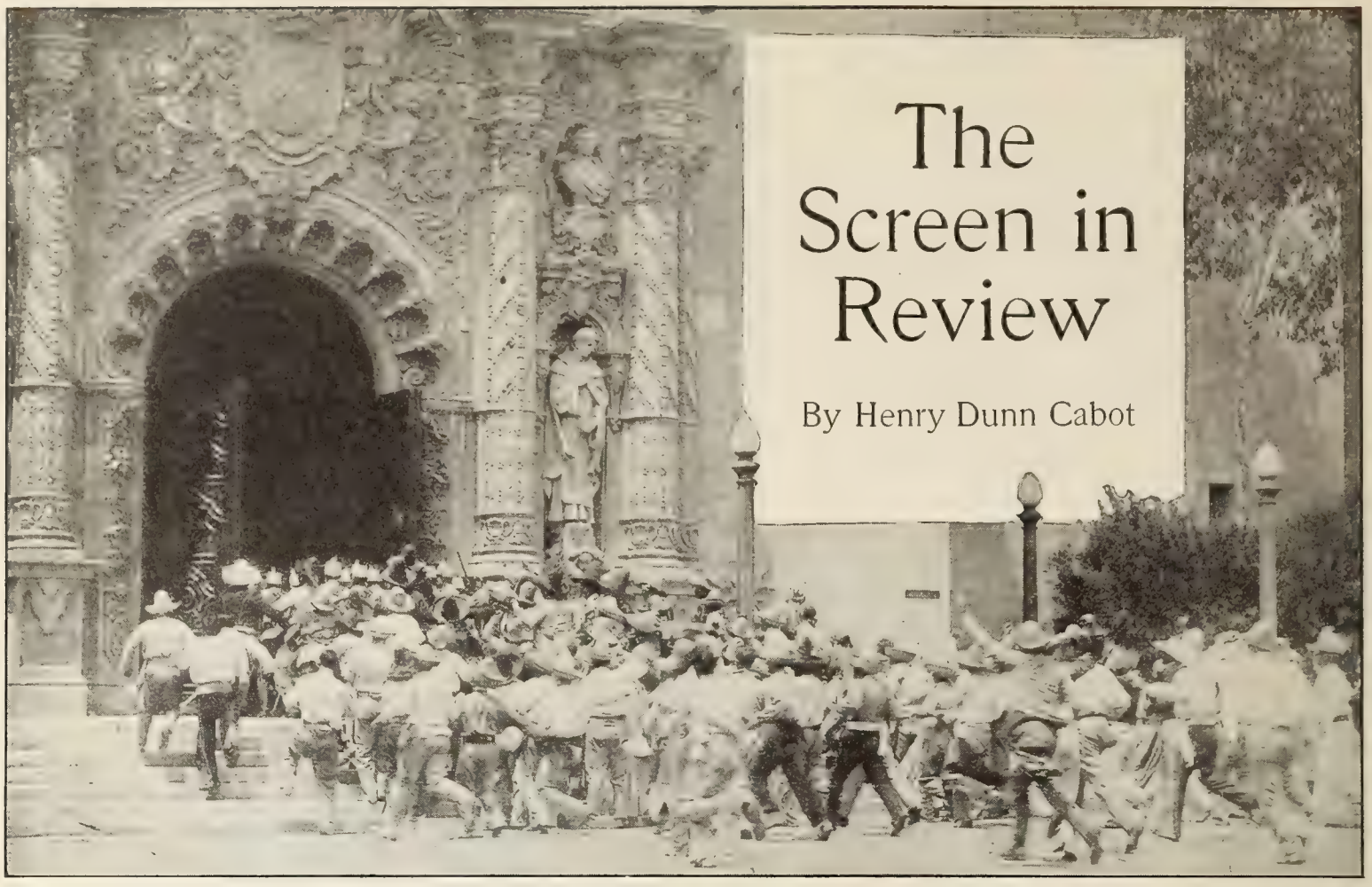
The Screen in Review

By Henry Dunn Cabot



In "Soldiers of Fortune" Dwan was denied neither space nor materials to work with.

SCIENTISTS say that the stars and planets were formed by being thrown off from what was originally a great mass of nebulous, molten matter. So, in the great motion-picture industry, which is in a state of constant evolution, new units are constantly being formed by breaking off from a parent body, and these, in turn, sometimes split again into other new and separate units.

A new star, brought into the limelight by some huge organization, jumps into a sudden popularity, and the next thing we hear, a new company has been formed, headed by that fortune-favored individual. A director makes a series of pictures so striking that every one recognizes in them the personality of the megaphone man. At once a new company is created to exploit that personality, and we have the Griffith productions, the Capellani productions, the Maurice Tourneur productions.

Among the directors who have recently gone out under their own banners are Marshall Neilan, famous as Mary Pickford's director, and Alan Dwan, who attained a good part of his eminence while putting Fairbanks through his fast and furious paces.

The first of the Dwan productions, "Soldiers of Fortune," is a splendid example of Dwan's skill.

Sessue Hayakawa's "The Dragon Painter" is a picturized ray of sunshine.

Dwan needs a big canvas for his work. Also plenty of paint and room to throw it on vigorously. In making "Soldiers of Fortune" he was denied nothing in the way of space nor materials to work with. Richard Harding Davis' masterpiece would be thrilling and entertaining if given any sort of an adequate production. With the superb production which it has been given, it is a picture that should not be missed.

Another recent picture which stands out as a notable production, the credit for which goes to the man who is at once the author, director and the star, is Eric Von Stroheim's "Blind Husbands," produced by Universal. Those of you who are constant picture-goers need no introduction to Von Stroheim. You will remember him as the living symbol of Prussianism in "Hearts of the World" and "The Heart of Humanity."

"Blind Husbands" is in every respect a screen masterpiece. Against an Alpine setting the drama takes on life, and yet the pictorial appeal is no greater than its pulsating theme. One is unconsciously transported and loses all sense of time and environment. The suspense overpow-

ers you, for you instinctively feel some impending tragedy is about to occur. There is an augury of danger in the Alps and the impression gets under your skin and stays there that the trespasser is going to face a terrible death.

Von Stroheim's rôle is that of an officer in the Austrian army—at a time when his country was at peace with America. His prey is the wife of *Doctor Armstrong,* a European traveler. And Von Stroheim makes this "other man" unique. You do not look upon him as a moral leper or a despoiler of feminine virtue; you only see the weakling, the youth irresponsible for his actions. And yet he is the polished Viennese. His continental manner is irresistible. *Mrs. Armstrong* succumbs to his blandishments as surely as the helpless bird succumbs to the evil power of the snake. You do not pity her husband for the suggestion is forced home that he is equally as guilty as the heart thief. She is love-starved while he is wrapped up in Materia Medica. The drama fascinates you because the woman tries to resist. The despoiler is a prig, a fop, a supreme egotist, and you wonder how any member of the opposite sex can possibly be fascinated with him until you appreciate his perseverance and the power of propinquity. He dogs her footsteps and flatters her with attentions. But the good guide, *Sepp,* is watching, for he owes the doctor a large measure of gratitude.

"Lombardi, Ltd.," with Bert Lytell, is a picture of color and charm.

The dramatic threads are woven together with deft skill. There are no bids of heroics and smashing climaxes. These come spontaneously without effort. The action is compact and the characterization stands out with cameolike clearness. The night before the ascent is an anxious one for the woman. Can she keep her marriage vows? In the stillness of the Alpine night, the moral leper seeks his prey but *Sepp* is watching—always watching. Comes the morrow and the doctor and the lieutenant make the ascent of the pinnacle. The summit is reached after a perilous climb, but the lover's diseased imagination and twisted ideals are not purified. The loneliness that cries out in a man's heart when he feels himself alone with God is not in his soul. And after he has revealed himself in his true colors he is left to perish. Shadows of vultures bring an uncanny touch, for they hover about as if waiting for his death.

Tom Moore attempts an English rôle in "Lord and Lady Algy."

"The Virtuous Model" is an example of the old-fashioned triangle.

Surely a magnificent play and one worth this elaboration. Von Stroheim has revealed himself as an artist first and a business man afterward. The picture will net him a goodly fortune, but money was not his object when he made it. "Blind Husbands" is the eternal triangle at its best, which means that it is a compelling, powerful study—a study to be seen by those who worship at the shrine of the camera and by those who are ever ready to scoff. Dialogue could not have made it a greater achievement; it soars beyond the narrow dimensions of the proscenium arch.

Turning toward the lighter offerings, it is a pleasure to write of so charming and thoroughly satisfying a picture as "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," which introduces the new Ince co-stars, Doris May and Douglas MacLean.

In the first place, the story, by Mrs. Mary Roberts Reinhart, is a gem of human interest and bubbling humor. In the next place, the story has not been robbed of these qualities, or otherwise distorted in the screen version. And finally, the two young people for whom it was selected are about as lovable as any you are likely to encounter. It is a thoroughly satisfying picture in every respect.

William Russell is not a new star, but he is a new acquisition of the Fox forces. And he is introduced under the Fox banner in "Sacred Silence," another play of the eternal triangle variety. It is a play of

army life in peace time and its background, the familiar post. The theme? Simply a record of a man's sacrifice for a woman's honor—a woman unworthy in every respect. Familiar ingredients, aren't they? Yet somehow they appear to have taken on new life. A courageous type, who is ever ready to practice self-denial—who is alert to sacrifice himself even though it brings him dishonor, can never fail of appreciation in a story. Through him best sellers are made. Mr. Russell plays the deserter in a quiet, effective way. His work is overshadowed by George MacQuarrie as the wronged husband. This unostentatious actor proves here that he is thoroughly grounded in his art. Agnes Ayres is the detective. There is an aristocracy of refinement about her which is not in keeping with her characterization.

"Common Property" presents the Bolshevik attitude on the eternal triangle. Which is unique to say the least. In the soviet decree nationalizing the women of Russia and making them the property of the state, you won't find any "other man" lurking about. You will not see a trespasser playing his game of intrigue. Instead you will look upon Lust and Brutality in the capacity of home-breakers. No deft touches that the "other man" might incorporate are found. No "give and take," but an expression of power. The brutes would violate the sanctity of the home and leave not a vestige of its respectability. This decree may not be authentic but it carries a forceful idea for dramatic exposition. It takes on lifelike dimensions here regardless of its single-track character. You sympathize with the Russian who is trying to extricate his family.

William Russell is introduced under the Fox banner in "Sacred Silence."

The picture smacks of Yankee-doodleism for the Cohanesque standard is followed to introduce a banal and arbitrary conclusion. American troopers arrive in the nick of time to rescue the perishing. One can overlook their presence under the circumstances, for it is easy to violate truth where the madmen of Russia are concerned. Robert Anderson takes up the burden of the distracted husband and father. He is not entirely at ease in his performance which leads us to suggest that he return to things like *Monsieur Cuckoo*. He assumes the frightened look of the stag at bay. Nell Craig and Colleen Moore round out his family. "Common Property?" A gray symphony without any sweetness and light. It pleases, however, after a fashion.

I find in "The Virtuous Model," which stars Dolores Cassinelli, a picture of the old-fashioned triangle—the triangle of the studio and the "other woman." The story unfolds a hoary theme and its obvious development robs it of that vital ingredient known as suspense. Albert Capellani, of "Red Lantern" fame, is responsible for the production, which is a picturization of a French concoction by Pierre Wolff. A girl is rescued from the gutter by a painter and becomes his model. She brings him fame and the "other woman" back into his life. The jealous creature would sow the seeds of distrust in his mind. And the blithering idiot believes her. The model makes herself appreciated by running off to a friend in need. Husband follows to beg forgiveness. Miss Cassinelli plays her part with plenty of color and enthusiasm. She is the only member of a cast that appears entirely at home. Vincent Serrano would be heroic as the painter. Franklyn Farnum and Marie Chambers do fairly well with their assignments.

Here is Sessue Hayakawa again lending his artistic perceptions to the screen in a drama of beauty and imagination. There is a gossamer quality about the theme which compensates for its lack of dramatic substance. It suggests an old legend of the Flowery Kingdom, this story, "The Dragon Painter." The brilliant star appears as a half-mad artist who dwells in the mountains ever searching for his "dragon princess." He has been searching for her a thousand years and he paints because he cannot find her. Then from his make-believe world she comes and they marry. But love and happiness rob him of his skill and ambition and the "dragon princess" plans to disappear believing that his artist soul will return. Her departure only brings him hopelessness and despair until a vision tells him that he should paint again. So she returns after he has succeeded in his art. The mere telling of this story cannot do justice to its fantastic character. It is a poem, a picturized ray of sunshine. The fanciful tale has been surrounded by marvelously beautiful locations. In my opinion it is the best Hayakawa picture ever produced.

William Farnum has another Zane Grey story for his virile personality. "The Last of the Duanes" provides him plenty of opportunity to offer red-blooded action. There is not the grip to the tale as in some of the Mormon stories in which the star appeared, nor does it have the depth of plot and characterization of its forerunners. Yet it unfolds a vigorous line of action. What more is needed? You will discover the heroic Farnum being persecuted in the familiar Farnum way, though he is an outlaw on this occasion. Episode after episode he gives us of rousing action. "Smash through!" that's Farnum's motto. Though it takes five reels for Bill to establish himself in the right, a whole lifetime is nonchalantly dispensed with in the concluding title which states that "Duane married, settled down and had a lot of husky children."

Rather arbitrary isn't it? And it gives the lie to the main title. Yet it spares us the usual scene of the happy couple riding away in the dying sunset. The steady screengoer will appreciate this wordy solution of the familiar orthodox finish. Giving life to other figures are Lamar Johnstone, Charles Clary (villainous

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Over the Teacups

A little chat about the world behind the screen.

By The Bystander

Annette Kellermann is going to teach Little Mary to swim.

WHAT d'you think—Mary Pickford can't swim!" Rushing over to my table in the tea-room, Fanny the Fan regarded me in round-eyed amazement. "I'm so surprised—I thought she could do everything in the world, of course. But I saw her just now with Annette Kellermann, and she says she can't swim a stroke, and just as soon as they both have time, Miss Kellermann's going to teach her. And did you know—Annette Kellermann's going to be a regular benefactor to womenkind—at least she says she is. She's making a series of pictures that will show women how to exercise and all that sort of thing. And then she's going round the world and make pictures showing the dances and games of all nations. Think of it!"

Priscilla has a new pet.

"I have," I retorted, signaling the waiter. "And I'm wondering if traveling will affect her the way it did Marie Walcamp—she fell in love as soon as she got well out to sea, on her way to make a serial in the Orient, you know. The man was Harland Tucker—she met him just a week before they sailed, when he was engaged to play opposite her, and they got married as soon as the boat reached Japan. Thrilling, isn't it!"

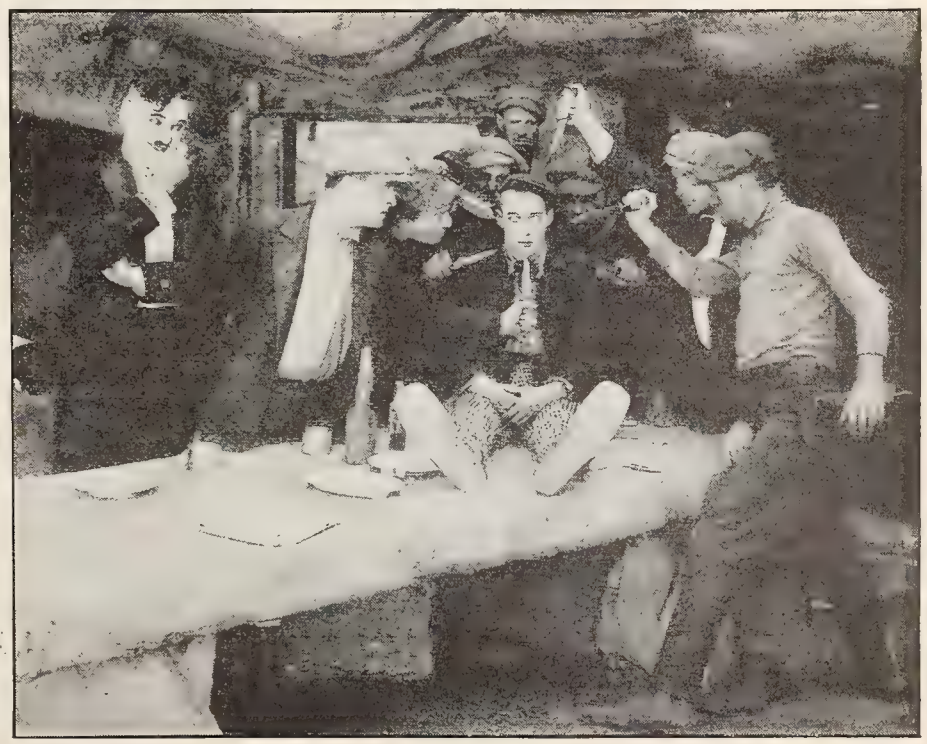
"Well, yes—but not so much as Priscilla Dean's lion," replied Fanny calmly. "You know, Peggy Hyland adopted a lion cub a while ago, and Priscilla was so delighted with the idea that she promptly dashed out and acquired a regular grown-up lion. And now even her best friends keep as far away from her as they can when she's airing him.

"Priscilla never was known for restraining her thrills to her pictures," I answered, wondering sadly why somebody doesn't invent a new kind of French pastry. "Wait till she falls in love—it'll be such a startling engagement that her friends won't be able to say a thing but, 'Well, isn't it just like Priscilla!'"

"And speaking of love—I have a new engagement to announce to you." Fanny's a romance hound if there ever was one. "It's Ann May and Ralph Graves, and they fell in love at first sight. She went over to the Griffith Studio for a try-out—that was before she had her big part in 'Lombardi, Ltd.'—and when she got out of her car she found that she'd lost the key to it. Ralph Graves appeared on the scene just then, so she asked him if he'd mind watching it a minute or two—and he climbed in and sat there for one solid hour. Well, such devotion certainly deserved a fitting reward—and he eventually got it. And they say Griffith is going to train him to be a director instead of an actor, though he's done so well in pictures—isn't that interesting?"

I admitted that it was.

"And I've got a new picture to show you," and Fanny rummaged in her big silk bag and brought out one of Al St. John, playing target for some vicious-looking knives in the hands of equally vicious-looking men. "I was out at the Astra Studio the other day, and Al St. John has made one of the



Al St. John says this is a comedy!

funniest comedies you ever saw; it's called 'Speed,' and it certainly moves. I laughed as hard as I did at my first Chaplin picture."

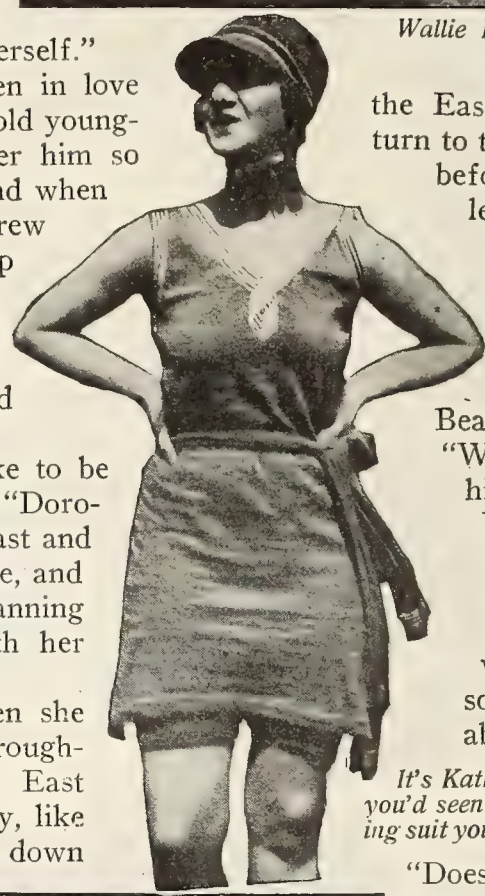
"Kathleen Clifford was telling me about Mildred Harris Chaplin the other day—that is, about the fun they two had together over on Catalina Island when they were vacationing there," I contributed. "Mildred was bound to scare up some real excitement, and she gave hydroplane parties and took Kathleen for hair-raising rides in the Chaplin speed boat, while Kathleen did her part by staging deep-sea fishing excursions and arranging swimming matches with the glass-bottomed boats as a starting point. They'd go out in the boat to the sea gardens, and then jump overboard—and they say that in her beloved lobster-red bathing suit Kathleen looked like one of the wonders of the deep herself."

Wallie Reid tries fiddling with his left hand—just to see if he can.

"I hear that Charlie Chaplin's fallen in love with little Jack Coogan, the four-year-old youngster who tags around the studio after him so much. The boy's father is an actor, and when Charlie got to know little Jack he grew so fond of him that he's signed him up for four years, and they're inseparable comrades, everybody tells me," Fanny sighed. "Think of the youngsters all over the country who would give anything to be Jack!"

"And think of the babies who'd like to be Wallie Reid's young son," I answered. "Dorothy Davenport had a big offer to go East and play in a serial a while ago, she told me, and she thought she'd take it, and was planning to have the boy spend his days with her mother.

"'Not at all,' declared Wallie, when she broke the news to him. 'The little roughneck stays with me—I'm sure the East wouldn't agree with him.' So Dorothy, like a noble young wife, promptly turned down the Eastern contract. However, she may return to the screen by way of the Western studios before long, I hear. And meanwhile she's letting Wallie play half a dozen musical instruments around the house and tell her all about his golf game, while the camera clicks on without her. And the baby's gone into pictures; he plays *Toodles Junior* in Wallie's picture, 'The Bear Trap.'"



It's Kathleen Clifford—if you'd seen her in that bathing suit you'd recognize her.

"Well, Griffith didn't have anything but his own preferences to hold him in the West, but they say that he hated to leave, and that he's coming back in the spring, despite the fact that he's building a new studio near New York. Maybe that's why he looks so gay in the picture that somebody snapped when he was just about to start east." And Fanny produced said picture from her bag and laid it on the table before me.

"Doesn't Bobby Harron look funny in those overalls—he was working in a picture, and rushed out to tell Griffith good-by, overalls and all."

"I wonder how the Gishes like New York by this time? Before Lillian and her mother left, Dorothy was declaring that she'd be scared to death to stay alone nights—you know, she and Lillian always share a bedroom—or rather, a sleeping porch—because Lillian can't forget the night burglars broke in. And Dorothy maintained that as long as Lillian and Mrs. Gish had each other, they ought to leave John Gish with her."

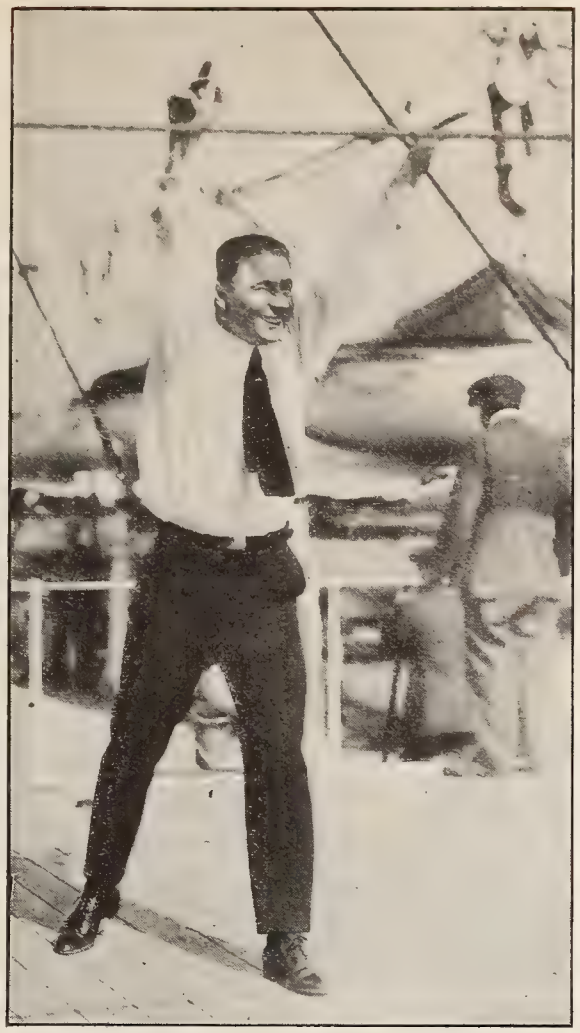
"John Gish!" Fanny bristled with exclamation points.

This is the send-off D. W. G. got when he left the coast for New York.

"Oh—their parrot. Haven't you ever met him? They've had him for years, and since he

reached New York and Lillian smuggled him into the hotel with her, Constance Talmadge has bought one, too, and keeps it in her dressing room at the studio. The girls are teaching their pets to phone each other, and they say it's awfully funny, because Constance's bird just repeats 'Oh yes, Oh yes,' which Norma says is a terrible reflection on her sister's style of phone conversation, while Lillian's keeps muttering 'Wrong number' till central thinks somebody's lost their senses. As soon as Dorothy joined her family, she tried to teach John something else, but she writes me that she's failed so far."

"Wish somebody would give me a parrot or a lion cub or something," sighed Fanny. "I haven't even a goldfish to care for me, and the nearest I come to real romance is hearing about somebody else's engagement. I suppose you've heard about Margarita Fisher, haven't you? Oh yes—went down to Arrowhead Hot Springs with her sister, and met an aviator, Captain Heltzen, who was there recuperating from an accident. Margarita made his convalescence enjoyable, and they grew so fond of each other that they're going to be married before long."



If Syd Chaplin gained weight on the way home from England it wasn't his fault.

"Speaking of hearts—isn't it too bad about little Billie Rhodes! She's all broken up since her husband, 'Big Bill' Parsons, died, and has left the screen. Eleanor Field is taking her part in 'Hearts and Masks,' and we won't see Billie for a while at least."

"I wonder if Irene Castle will retire when she gets well started on this new hobby of hers. Really, hadn't you heard about it?" Fanny beamed at my ignorance. "Why, she's going to raise horses to show—she bought a blue-ribbon winner not long ago, and now she's having stables built near her home in Ithaca, New York, and is going out after some more trophies."

"I'm surprised that Syd Chaplin hasn't taken up some such fad as that—but then if he did he'd turn it into a money-making business; not intentionally, of course, but it just seems as if anything he undertakes promptly makes good financial returns. Isn't it funny to hear him tell about going abroad to make pictures, and then finding that labor conditions and various other things over there made it inadvisable, so that he turned around and came straight back home?"

"Yes—but the trip certainly did him good; he says he never in his life before got so much exercise as he did on shipboard—that there was nothing else to do. And I hear that since he's back on the coast he's been besieged by blond girls who saw the statement that he was looking for one to play opposite him in his Famous Players-Lasky comedies, so I suppose he's still getting plenty of exercise, trying to run away from them."

"I don't know why, but that reminds me about the tale they tell of Lionel Barrymore and his dog in 'The Copperhead,'" I remarked. "In the picture he has to have this hound follow him all the time, but it seemed impossible to get the dog to play his rôle properly without feeding him constantly, and of course that couldn't be done, because it would show. But finally Barrymore had an inspiration, and filled his pockets with ground beefsteak, and after that the dog couldn't be separated from him by main force. Good idea, wasn't it?"

"It was that." The touch of brogue in that remark gave Fanny away, and she laughed as she admitted that she'd been talking to Tommy Meighan—not that he's so Irish, but conversation with him always makes Fanny intensely so. "What's more, I've been talking to his wife, Frances Ring, too," she went on. "And I know that maybe she'll leave the stage for a while and make pictures out here on the coast. She says she's got to have a bungalow, though, with red geraniums around it. Tommy ventured to remark that the plumbing deserved more attention than the floral adornment, but she didn't agree with him at all. And as soon as they get back from their little trip east they're going to settle down here."

"I hear he's to be starred by Famous Players-Lasky," I replied. "Of course everybody thought he ought to be after 'The Miracle Man,' and isn't it nice that everybody's going to have their way and see his name in electric lights before long?"

"And speaking of new stars—isn't it nice that Alice Lake is starring now in serious rôles? Her first big picture is 'Should a Woman Tell?' which certainly sounds thrilling enough, doesn't it? Alice says she is still so pleased over her five-year contract with Metro that she wants to show it to everybody she meets on the street, whether she knows them or not; she's so glad to be through with comedy. And Florence Turner is going to be seen in big rôles again, too—did you know that? She's to play opposite Sessue Hayakawa in his new picture; just think of the old-time fans who will welcome her; she was always such a favorite."

"Think of the electric lights Doris Kenyon's responsible for now," exclaimed Fanny. "What with being a movie star and making such a big success on the stage this fall as a theatrical star she must feel like the whole Milky Way."

"She deserves to, working as hard as that," I retorted, borrowing change for the waiter's tip from Fanny's pocketbook. "Please observe that I'm now going to walk all the way home, no matter how fascinating the screen-star friend may be who comes along and wants to give me a lift. How about you?"

"I'm with you—none of 'em go my way," replied Fanny lugubriously.

Friends Tried and True

By M. Lewis Russel

THEY'VE been pals "forever and ever," according to Dorothy Gish—she and Lillian and Mary Pickford and Mildred Harris Chaplin. And the day before Lillian left Los Angeles for the East there was a tea party on the Gish lawn, a sort of love feast.

Years ago, when they were all just little girls, Lillian Gish had to give up a part with a road company because her mother could not go along. That part fell to Mary Pickford, whose mother *could* go. And before the company started off, Lillian and Dorothy and Mary had become friends. They kept in close touch with each other from that time on.

After awhile Mary Pickford joined the Griffith forces in pictures at the old Biograph Studio in New York. One day Lillian and Dorothy returned from a trip. "Oh, girls!" said Mary, "I am working in pictures. You have never seen moving pictures made, so come on over to the studio with me, and watch them work." Off they went!

"Hello, Mary," said D. W. G. "Who's this with you?"

"Oh, they're just Lillian and Dorothy—they never saw pictures made, so I brought them along!"

"Well—do they want to work in pictures?"

"Sure they do!"

"All right—tell them to begin next week!"

And they started in at the fabulous sum of ten dollars a week!

"Do you remember, Lillian," said Mary over the teacups, "those little twins next door, who used to slip up and poke you with their fingers, to see if you were alive? They always thought you were a doll!"

"Yes—and do you remember when Mildred first came to the studio here how little she seemed, and how we used to take care of her, Dorothy?"

"Oh, yes, Lillian"—it was Mildred Harris talking—"you know I always did just worship you! I used to tag around after you and watch every thing you did!"

"Well, we had great times saving our pennies for birthday gifts!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Do you remember when we were little things, Mary—once your mother said Lillian was just too lovely to live! She said she was afraid an angel would come and take her up to Heaven——"

"Oh, my!" laughed Mary Pickford, "and then they noticed that whenever Lillian and I were left alone I always got away from her as fast as I could! I was afraid the angel would come for her when I was there, and take me, too!"

"Mildred has an anniversary *next week!* Why, what a shame I'll be gone," sighed Lillian. "But I'll be thinking about you, anyway. Aren't we the lucky girls, all of us—all *four* of us. It seems most too good to be true—after all the years and years we worked together!"

"That's all right, don't forget that you *worked* and you didn't get more than you deserved—you and Mary, anyway," Dorothy laughed, and caught Mildred gayly by the hand. "Come on, let's see if there isn't some chocolate ice cream!"

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

What the Public Wants

Mr. Theodore Liebler, Jr., manager of the scenario department of United Picture Theaters of America, Inc., has written some observations which should certainly be of interest to writers. We recommend them especially to those who go about hammering out a scenario with the idea that they can certainly turn out something just as good as the kind of thing the producers seem to buy these days! Mr. Liebler writes:

Every once in a while we receive a scenario to which is attached a letter expressing contempt for the character of the material that goes into the making of current photo plays, and inferring that the production of "the inclosed" would mark a step upward in the elevation of our infant industry to a plane of greater dignity and artistic import. Far be it from us to decry the sincere efforts to advance the standard of treatment in the presentation of picture plays, but we know that there has been sufficient experimentation to demonstrate clearly that the general character of the plays now exploited is the character that the greatest number of movie patrons demand. The drama is a development of a spontaneous effort on the part of the people to entertain or arouse themselves. It has, therefore, its specific function in the scheme of things, and a play is good or bad in accordance with the degree in which it fulfills this function.

A fairly accurate gauge of the measure of entertainment afforded by a play or a photo play—and by entertainment we mean the evoking of emotional reactions from audiences in pleasurable proportions—may be found in the statement of its box-office receipts. For the play that pleases and thus serves the fundamental purpose of its creation, is sure to be well attended. For this reason, the "highbrows" to the contrary notwithstanding, we urge that writers who feel the urge to uplift surging within them, accept the highly successful photo play as the standard of excellence. If there were only more writers whose work measured up to that of those who are turning out the winners, the improvement in the quality of the average photo play would soon take care of itself.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

Old Stuff Won't Do

Here's an interesting letter on the subject of old material and new twists from one of our readers. Personally, we've never thought much of the filing systems so much in vogue among some authors, and we agree with this writer's decision not to use material which he's seen on the screen.

A few months ago you printed in your department an article about how one of your readers wrote his stories. His idea of filing the situations of pictures he had seen may be all right, but I don't see what good they could do him. I have been taught from experience that what the producers want is *new* situations, or situations with a new twist.

So writes Chester T. Mackie.

Now, if this reader writes these situations with a new twist, his plan is a very good one, and no one can accuse him of stealing any other writer's stuff as old situations with new twists are new. But many of your readers will not see it that way. They will think that they can use situations they have seen in produced plays for their own stories. A borrowed situation dressed up in new clothes is not new.

Some time ago I wrote a story, using the time-worn situation of the heroine falsely accused of a theft and so discredited before the hero. I had seen this situation used before, and thought that I, too, could get by with it, but I didn't. I submitted it to a company, and it came back with a criticism. The editor notified me that the story was technically well written, the fundamental idea was fairly interesting, there being logical premises, sequence, and conclusions, good characterization, mental and physical punch, simplicity, but it lacked novelty in treatment, and was too conventional. He advised me to lay it aside, as the situation had been utilized too many times previously. I did not lay it aside, though, but sent it to several companies, all returning it. That is my experience in using something I had seen already produced. Since that time I have written several stories, using situations which I thought were new, but later learned were old. The stories never sold. I have acquired considerable technical facility, but I find my greatest trouble is in finding new and original material. I advise any writer never to use anything which he has seen produced. It seldom gets by, although some of the well-known scenario writers sometimes get by with it.

Up to date I have never sold a story, although I have come very close to it several times. One company kept one of my stories nearly three months. Then it was returned with a letter from the editor. He said he liked the story, but the final decision was against it. He said the story had some splendid comedy, but was a little too risque for their purposes.

It sure is hard to become a recognized writer of scenarios. To get recognition one must write something better than the average. I have tried for a long time to write something that would sell. I am not discouraged, for those few letters I have received from those editors have made me determined to keep on until I finally do sell something. And when I do sell something I will not stop there; I will keep on writing. I enjoy the work for its own sake, moreover.

Comments on the Foregoing

So far as basic plots and themes are concerned there is nothing new under the sun, and if one puts new twists to an old theme one can do no more. One must take care, however, not to bring in, consciously or unconsciously, action or situations they have seen on the screen and have been impressed with. That is a subtle influence which one must seriously combat. And another thing: Any editor, worthy of the name, will take the trouble to write to beginners *who show promise.* The film companies, however, cannot be expected to run free correspondence schools for those who do not. They would not only be doing themselves an injustice if they wrote personal letters of criticism to the authors of all of the hundreds of utterly impossible scripts which they receive each week, but they would be doing the misguided writers an injustice by encouraging them in something which, in reality, they should be discouraged from attempting.

Hard Work Pays

Most beginners do not devote enough time to their work. To elucidate: A year ago, Mrs. Kate Corbelay was virtually unknown as an authoress. Today, she has sold several stories to Frank Keenan, one to Dustin Farnum, and a well-known monthly magazine has accepted two of her ideas. Why? Because she devotes several months to the particular story in mind. She does not flit from one tale to another; she takes her time and does not hesitate to consult with the scenario editor and the star. First she finds out if the editor and star are interested in the original idea. Then she visits them and they, of course, help with ideas. The joint result is a good story. Of course not every author can consult with editor and star personally. However, if the *original idea* is worthy you can depend on editor and star to help you along.

Another Writer's Experience

We believe that our readers are inclined to read with interest the experiences of others starting in the profession of screen authorship and so we welcome detailed experiences. Mr. Maurice E. Kivel writes that the best he has come to so far in his efforts to sell a story is to have three of his plots praised by Mrs. Drew, and two by Ted Reed, of the Douglas Fairbanks Company. He writes as follows:

> The more I study screen requirements, the more I believe it is a gamble for a free-lance writer to write exactly what any particular company desires at the particular time one submits a script. In fact, the requirements of any one company seem to change so quickly that I agree with your statement that the only logical method is for a writer to get some kind of a position, even one without pay, with a film company. He can get invaluable experience that way. But the film concerns are not very eager to let one come in, even without pay. I tried my best last year to do this very thing. I had all the "pull" in the world, too, but they said they could not consider it.
>
> I think it was Mr. Frank E. Wood who told me that they had lots of similar offers from others. I asked him how a chap could get in, and he said to write a script and get it accepted. Do you think any of the smaller companies would give one a chance? I believe that is the only way to learn the technical end of the game—to see actual production.
>
> I have had experience and success in selling short stories, and I am now trying short stories again.

It is the writer's big opportunity to get on the staff of a scenario department. Write short stories with plenty of action in them. Then send or take a bundle of them to the company in question. "Here is a lot of my fiction," you tell the editor. "Look it over. If you like these stories for the screen or if you think I have plot invention, then give me a chance to 'show' with your writers." A movie company would be foolish to place a lot of strangers in their studio's offices. The producer is not conducting a school. Mr. Wood, being experienced in this game, meant this: You must show us you have talent and ability in this especial line of work that is worth our developing. Show us that and we will give you a chance!

A Good Idea

To overcome anxiety occasioned by the producer's keeping the cherished script overtime, Mr. Ambrose H. Thomas has originated a system which should prove successful. It is in the shape of a post card which is inclosed with the submitted manuscript. On the reverse of the card is typed:

> Please post on receipt of manuscript.
>
> Your story has been received and will be passed upon in due course. It is understood that this constitutes no claim against the company. Yours truly,
>
> (Name of company typewritten.)

All the scenario editor has to do is to post the card and thus relieve the anxiety of the author. This post card is a small item but it relieves the necessity of much correspondence as to whether story was received, if it appeals, why it has been retained so long.

The Cold Facts

During the past year, according to facts and figures published recently, W. S. Hart bought eight stories out of three thousand submitted; The American Film Company purchased fifteen and rejected three thousand and seventy-two; the Chaplin Studio rejected three thousand, five hundred and purchased one. The author of this department read eighteen hundred scripts intended for Dustin Farnum during the past year, and sent just four to Mr. J. A. Berst for consideration in New York City. From these figures one should perceive that not everybody can leap to success in screen writing. What is wanted is originality, freshness, and novelty. The main trouble, as we find it, is the hasty attempt to revamp old stuff that has appeared in the pictures and in stories old and new.

Old Favorites Sure to Return

A while ago we predicted a return to costume plays, because of the variety essential to the success of screen productions. Now we venture another prediction. Just as the costume play has again come to the fore from very necessity, so will the Indian story come in again. We do not mean the cheap "meller," with a few bandy-legged Redskins cavorting here and there, but spectacular stuff in which the noble Red Man figures as atmosphere and otherwise. Something other than society plays and Westerns are devoutly to be wished for to relieve the monotony. A few months ago any star would shy at Indian stuff

Continued on page 88

Permission to Shoot

By J. B. Waye

JULIAN, old top, do you care if I shoot your house?" wired Dustin Farnum to his friend, Julian Eltinge, recently. Eltinge, who was touring the South in a vaudeville act, wired back:

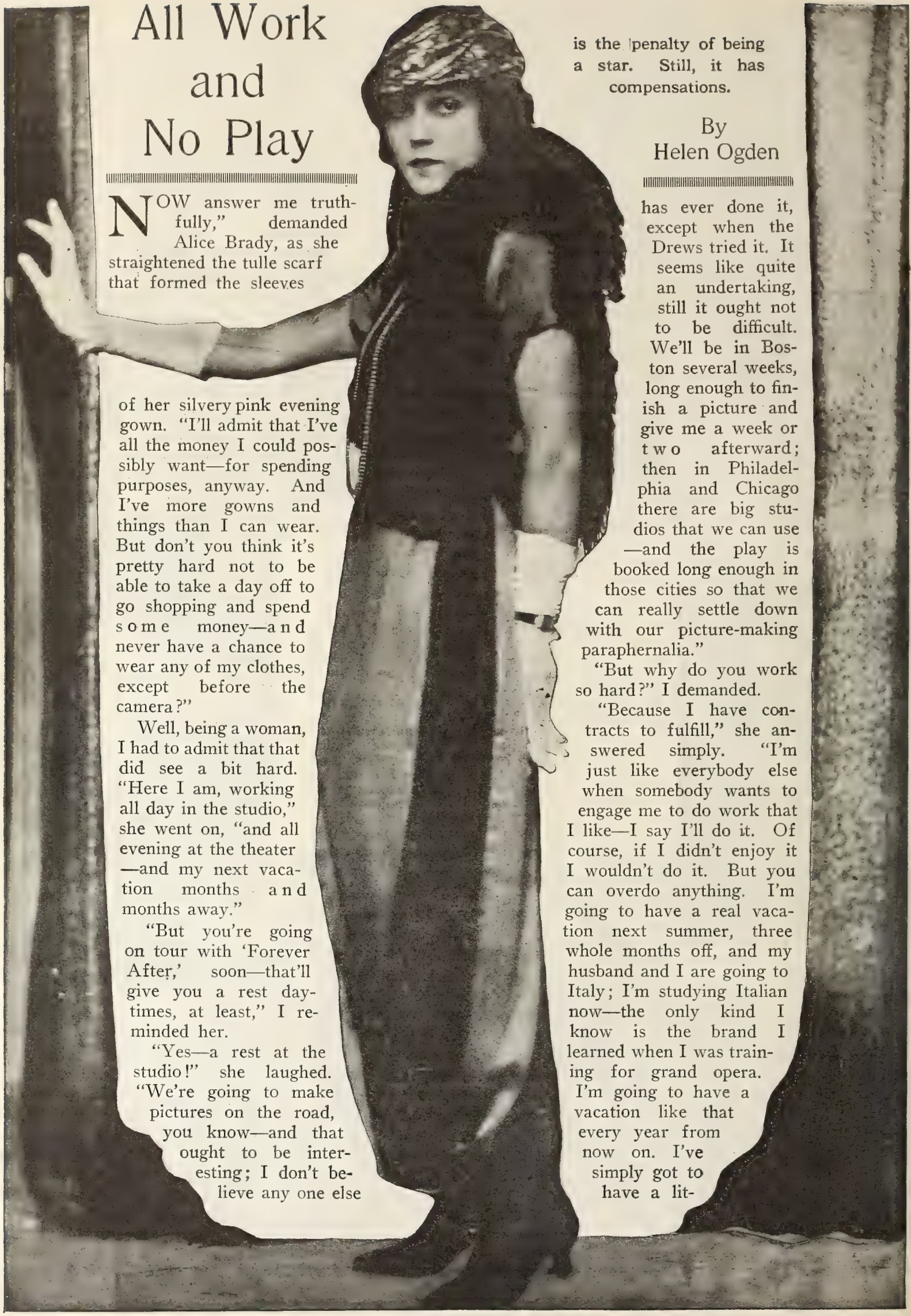
"Dusty, old dear, blaze away at the house, but don't hit the hens."

So Farnum turned his camera men loose out at Eltinge's beautiful Italian villa, which stands on a small lake near Los Angeles. And if you see him in "The Corsican Brothers," a screen version of the famous old play, you'll understand his desire to use the house as a background for this romantic drama.

All Work and No Play

is the penalty of being a star. Still, it has compensations.

By Helen Ogden



"NOW answer me truthfully," demanded Alice Brady, as she straightened the tulle scarf that formed the sleeves of her silvery pink evening gown. "I'll admit that I've all the money I could possibly want—for spending purposes, anyway. And I've more gowns and things than I can wear. But don't you think it's pretty hard not to be able to take a day off to go shopping and spend some money—and never have a chance to wear any of my clothes, except before the camera?"

Well, being a woman, I had to admit that that did see a bit hard. "Here I am, working all day in the studio," she went on, "and all evening at the theater—and my next vacation months and months away."

"But you're going on tour with 'Forever After,' soon—that'll give you a rest daytimes, at least," I reminded her.

"Yes—a rest at the studio!" she laughed. "We're going to make pictures on the road, you know—and that ought to be interesting; I don't believe any one else has ever done it, except when the Drews tried it. It seems like quite an undertaking, still it ought not to be difficult. We'll be in Boston several weeks, long enough to finish a picture and give me a week or two afterward; then in Philadelphia and Chicago there are big studios that we can use—and the play is booked long enough in those cities so that we can really settle down with our picture-making paraphernalia."

"But why do you work so hard?" I demanded.

"Because I have contracts to fulfill," she answered simply. "I'm just like everybody else when somebody wants to engage me to do work that I like—I say I'll do it. Of course, if I didn't enjoy it I wouldn't do it. But you can overdo anything. I'm going to have a real vacation next summer, three whole months off, and my husband and I are going to Italy; I'm studying Italian now—the only kind I know is the brand I learned when I was training for grand opera. I'm going to have a vacation like that every year from now on. I've simply got to have a lit-

With her husband, James Crane, in "Sinners."

tle time just for pleasure."

Well, it seemed to me that even her work took on that aspect, for everybody in the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, from the camera man to demure little Marguerite Clark, who was working on the next set, wandered over to chat with her. As I watched her talking with them I had an inspiration.

"How about your Sunday afternoons?" I demanded. "Surely then you have a chance to—well, hit some of the medium high spots, so to speak."

"I do—but I don't hit 'em," she retorted. "I have awfully nice Sundays—my husband and I spend them with his parents; his father is Dr. Frank Crane, the writer, you know. I'm going to miss those Sundays when I'm on the road; I'll be sort of lonesome then—my husband is going to stay here in New York, you see. Yes, he played opposite me in 'Sinners.' Oh, they're ready for me and I haven't said anything at all, have I?" She shook hands, with a grip as boyish as her smile, and was off to play a love scene that for her was just another episode in a work-a-day life.

If you look back over Alice Brady's career you'll find that she's always worked hard; she couldn't possibly have accomplished so much if she hadn't been a pretty industrious person. Ever since she was graduated from a New Jersey convent she's been studying; the time she puts on her Italian now is nothing at all compared to the hours she spent with her books when she was just well out of school and bent on becoming a prima donna. She had a French vocal teacher—her own mother was French, incidentally—and she learned to speak three languages in between vocal exercises. And often she went behind the scenes during performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the big singers used to be amused when Alice's teacher urged them to speak in their own tongue, and then made the little black-eyed girl answer them.

Lots of clothes—and no time to wear them.

But she never gratified that ambition to become a grand-opera star, because musical comedy beckoned so enticingly that she sang in Gilbert and Sullivan operas instead. And then she decided to be an actress instead of a singer, and appeared on the New York stage in "Sinners" and "The Family Cupboard" before "Forever After" was written, and gave her a rôle so well suited to her that she's been playing it ever since the early fall of 1918. Meanwhile her screen career had begun with World; later she went to Select, and now she is among the Realart stars.

There was a good deal of curiosity about her when she opened the Central Theater in New York, with "Forever After," for she'd been making movies for some time then, and though people remembered her work on the stage, they looked upon her almost as a new star because she'd let making pictures supplant the stage for a while. But in "Forever After" she proved herself a real emotional actress, and critics declared that her work in the movies had only improved her work.

In Again, Out Again

I TELL you, they're thicker'n sirup and more loyal than a cactus spine. Peas in a pod are like the north and south poles compared to those birds. They're the guys that put the 'Lee' in brotherly, and the 'E' in Love. They're——"

"I'll take your word for the rest," I broke in. As a matter of fact I did nothing of the kind—it looked to me like hot air from the publicity ventilator.

But the press agent for once was telling the truth, as I learned when I went out to Universal City to interview Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, whose contract for one comedy a week keeps them so busy that the appointment had to be made way ahead of time.

"Come in!" said Lyons cordially, when I rapped on his office door, just off one of the stages. He's a friendly looking young chap, with gray eyes and brown hair, and a smile that would make a good tooth-powder ad—and as he straightened up from his desk and mopped his forehead he gave a sigh which intimated that he'd been working hard as any coal heaver.

"I've just been getting Lee and me out of an awful hole," he explained. "You see, we write our own scenarios—he gets us into difficulties and I get us out."

"Seems to be hard work," I commented.

"It certainly is," he agreed, flashing the tooth-powder smile at me. "This is the way it usually happens: He'll say to me, 'Here's a bear of an idea, Eddie! These two young fellows go to see a girl while the old man's away; he comes home unexpectedly; one hides in the closet downstairs, and the other under a bed upstairs. And the one in the closet puts on the coat and hat of the policeman who is calling on the cook, and gets outside just in time to have the old man hail him to come and arrest his pal. When he goes inside to do it, thinking that's a fine way to get him out, the real policeman appears on the scene—some hole, what?' 'Sure thing!' I say, all excited. 'And then what happens?' 'I don't know,' he says, 'I got 'em in, it's your part to get 'em out!' And that's what I've just finished doing."

The door opened, and Lee Moran blew in. He is taller than Eddie, not as good looking, but he has the same twinkling eyes, the same "Sunny Jim" smile, and they look enough alike, in a general way, to be brothers. There is just a year's difference in their ages—Lee was born first.

"Excuse me," he said excitedly, as he broke in upon us; "don't want to disturb you, but I've got some great news. The baby's talking! She said 'papa' to-day—said it distinctly!"

"He's got a baby," said Eddie to me apologetically!

"Some baby!" said Lee, beaming on me and waiving the ceremony of introduction. "Her name's Mary," he went on enthusiastically. "And the things she does! Why, that child——"

Lyons is a friendly chap—with a smile that would make a good tooth-powder ad.

His friend and partner held up a protesting hand. "The lady wants an interview," he cut in.

Lee reluctantly abandoned his eulogy, insisting, however, upon showing me pictures of his wife and the baby, the baby, himself and the baby, and the baby. Eddie was sympathetic and, I think, a trifle envious. He showed me the picture of his wife, who used to be in pictures. There wasn't any baby, he admitted with a sigh—he wished there was.

"How long have you been partners?"

Lee Moran gets them in, and Eddie Lyons gets them out—of the scrapes and adventures they have on the screen.

By Celia Brynn

I asked at length, when Baby Moran's picture and Wife Lyon's photograph had been duly admired.

"Seven years," they answered promptly in unison, like the chorus of a musical comedy.

"I was doing comedies for Imp," Eddie continued, "and Lee was with the Nestor Company. We met and liked each other, and when all the companies were combined by Universal, we started making comedies together and have done it ever since."

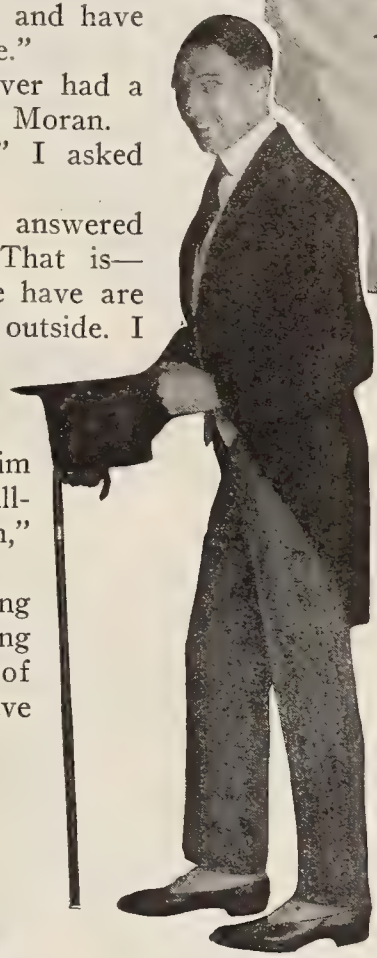
"And we've never had a scrap," put in Lee Moran.

"What, never?" I asked incredulously.

"No, never," answered Eddie firmly. "That is—the only rows we have are in pictures, never outside. I listen to his talk about his baby——"

"And I let him rave about his bulldog, so we're even," finished Lee.

"Are you going to continue making the same kind of comedies you have been?" I asked.



Moran knows but one thing just now—that he has a baby daughter!

"As long as the public wants them," answered Eddie.

"And as long as the public wants us," added Lee.

I like the little domestic comedies that Lyons and Moran put on, and I told them so. Both of them smiled at me gratefully, and not at all self-consciously.

"I'm glad of it," said Eddie heartily. "We're trying in all of our stuff to put over little touches that will remind you of something you've done yourself, or something you've seen."

"We try to make our pictures timely," continued Lee Moran. "When the flu epidemic was on we made 'The Flu Wedding.' That went big all over the country. We've burlesqued the suffragette problem, the servant question, and made a variety of college pictures. The one we're doing now is just a little domestic comedy, but I think quite a few serious persons will recognize themselves in it."

Eddie Lyons told me, when I pinned him down to his autobiography, that he was born in Beardstown, Illinois, played in a Chicago stock company, toured in vaudeville, and began his screen career with Biograph.

Lee Moran admitted that he was born in Chicago, had a stage career consisting of stock, repertoire, and vaudeville, and that his screen career commenced in 1912.

The phone rang, and Lee Moran answered it. After a few hasty sentences he hung up the receiver and grabbed his hat. "Sorry—got to leave," he said hurriedly. "My wife says that the baby has said a brand-new word, and she thinks if I come right home I'll hear her."

"I'll go with you," said Eddie, reaching for his hat, and I knew that there would be no more interview—the team of Lyons and Moran had more important things on hand.

As they started off I heard Moran begin excitedly, "Say, listen, Eddie—here's a great idea; it'll make a peach of a comedy. These two fellows decide to go up in an aëroplane, and——"

Watching as they tramped away I could see Lyons nod appreciatively; once he stopped and slapped Moran on the back. And how I wished I could have been there when the reckoning would come, and Lyons would realize that his partner had once more got them neatly into a scrape and left him to extricate the firm.

Everybody's Little Sister

She's an Irish colleen who's half Scotch—which is why she's named Colleen Moore.

By Gordon Gassaway

The "perfectly terrible thing" she did of her cousin.

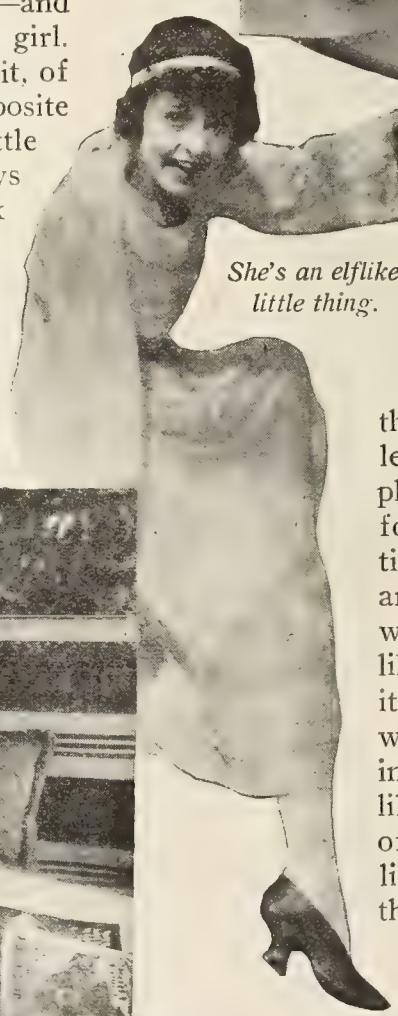
Her Kilkenny blood enjoys this.

I'D been planning all day what I'd say—and he didn't ask me a single question I thought he would!"

Thus she confessed, after "it" was all over.

Mother and "gran'ma" had been shooed out to the moonlit, truly California veranda of the Moore home while Colleen and I had settled down to take stock of each other under the big lamp in the something-or-other-room, perhaps music, because there was a piano in it, of which more anon.

I looked at her—she's an elflike little thing—and wondered if I hadn't come to call on the wrong girl. For you know her professional record, or part of it, of course—it's all built up on a case of playing opposite somebody, except when she played the lead in "Little Orphant Annie;" the rest of the time it was always Colleen Moore "with" somebody; with Tom Mix in "The Wilderness Trail," with Charles Ray in "The Busher" and "The Egg-Crate Wallop," with Bobby Harron in "An Old-Fashioned Young Man" and "The Bad Boy," with Wilfred Lucas in "Hands Up," and in two Universal productions—"The Man in the Moonlight," in which Monroe Salisbury starred, and "Common Property," featuring Robert Anderson.



She's an elflike little thing.

"I feel just like a shadow," she confided to me, as we discussed her past appearances. "I've played 'opposite' and 'with' somebody so much that I've almost lost my own identity."

It was a much-anticipated visit that I was paying the little Irish colleen, with much buzzing of telephones and delayed engagements—for she takes French and "composition" lessons three nights a week, and of course, works all day—so when I had punched the bell, just like a time clock at eight p. m. sharp, it was with a cumulative sense of wonderment as to what the much-in-demand "leading lady" was to be like. There was an abrupt stopping of piano playing within, a whirl of light footsteps and the door was thrown open by—your little sister!

Yes, just as sure as you live, there was the little sister-of-all-the-world standing there. At least she looked like the sort of a girl you would pick out for a sister, if you'd never had one.

"I'm the deteckative," I said, by

Colleen studies French and "composition" evenings.

way of introduction, "who's come to find out all about your wonderful and romantic past!"

"Oh, dear," she laughed, "there's only eighteen years of 'past' and it's not a bit 'vampy' or subtle or anything, I'm afraid. But do have a seat—and here's mother——"

Just then Mrs. Moore came in with the gentle, maternal rustle which the world over accompanies the proud mothers of little sisters. And she wasn't a bit managerial or anything, but just "mother."

"No," she said in answer to my question, "there's never been any one in our family given to acting before, so we're having all the thrills of seeing it break out and develop in Colleen. When she met Mr. Griffith just socially, three years ago, at the La Salle in Chicago, where we were stopping, and told him she wanted to work in moving pictures, I 'shushed' her, as if she'd been a bad little girl. But it didn't do a bit of good. In two days she was signed up with him and on her way to California to play opposite Bobby Harron."

When Mother Moore had bustled out to the veranda to keep company with grandmother, who was already enjoying the moonlight, I started to get in my work, for I wished very much to know whence came the "Colleen" part of the Moore name, and if so, why, et cetera.

"It's 'Colleen' from my grandmother-on-my-mother's side, of Kilkenny, Ireland—an' sure, the 'Moore' is from my grandmother-on-my-father's side, of Edinburgh, Scotland." She chuckled over the combination.

"I'm studying painting in between times," she answered a moment later, when I asked what she did when she wasn't working or reading. "I've done a perfectly terrible thing of my cousin, and—but let's go out on the porch and rock, instead of talking about me." And from the sigh of relief that she gave when I assented, I suspected that the young lady hadn't been anticipating this interview as happily as I had. Her next remark confirmed the suspicion.

The sort you'd pick out for a sister if you'd never had one.

"Mother," she exclaimed when we had found seats, "I've had a really, truly interview, and he didn't ask me any of those things I had planned to talk about!"

But, though I begged, threatened, and cajoled, she and her mother wouldn't tell me what those things were. Unless I can contrive another call on Colleen we'll never know what she expected.

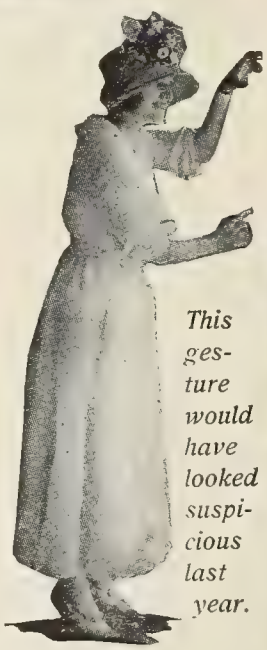
She prefers her "uke" to the baby grand.

Her eyes are the kind you use in spelling "Winning."

Her Obstacle Race for Fame

When Ann May can't clamber over an obstruction she goes around it—and gets there just the same.

By Thomas Shepherd



This gesture would have looked suspicious last year.

IF you'd been looking very hard on the road to Fame this last year, you'd have seen the most interesting sort of obstacle race being run—and I'm betting that you'd have pitched in and helped the winsome little person who was running it. Listen to this description of her and see if you wouldn't. She's just vest-pocket size, and she has great big brown eyes and dark hair and the sort of personality that fairly crackles with animation, as a wireless operator's instrument does with electricity. She has pluck, too—if she hadn't she'd never have done as well in her race as she has even now—and she says she's just well started.

As for the race itself—well, you've watched an obstacle race, of course, and seen the participants climb fences and swim streams and struggle through troughs of sawdust. Well, that's the kind of journey little Ann May's had toward her goal.

Her first obstacle was parental objection.

"You see," she explained to me, as we talked in the garden of her hotel, "none of my family had ever been even distantly connected with the stage, and of course everybody objected when I wanted to be an actress. Even when I was only eight I simply gloried in my lessons in expression, and that frightened them so that they switched me to music. Then, when I was eleven, I got permission to go back to elocution again, and after a while I brought up the subject of dramatic art. But father's reply was—well, a sort of roar. So I just dropped the subject—and took private lessons at a friend's house." Thus did she circumvent the first obstacle, consoling her conscience by explaining to it that she'd tell her father all about this proceeding later on.

But her father found out about this little arrangement before long, and reluctantly gave permission for her to go to a school of dramatic art in Cincinnati, where the family lived. He wanted it distinctly understood, however, that her going on the stage was not to be thought of, and it wasn't—by anybody but Ann.

"I didn't think about much of anything else," she laughed, when we got to this point in our review of the obstacle race.

She finished her course at sixteen—just a year or so ago—and then kind Fortune took a hand and sent her to New York with an aunt. That

Now she can afford to waste time waiting at the garden gate.

Ann's just vest-pocket size.

was quite a lift along the way—sort of like "going hitching"—and Ann was only too delighted to take advantage of the opportunity.

"And it led me into pictures instead of onto the stage," she went on. "A publisher who is a friend of mine had used my photograph as the frontispiece of a book, 'Lovetime in Picardy,' and a director saw it and thought I'd be the type for a little French girl in a picture he was casting. So he got in touch with the publisher who gave him my name—and you should have seen me when I went down to the studio and pretended to have had experience in pictures! But I landed a good part, and worked two days before my aunt found it out."

You see, Parental Objection is the sort of obstacle that makes you look cross-eyed if you want to keep your gaze ever on your chosen goal. But Ann met another obstacle here—she hadn't really had any movie experience, and didn't even know how to make up for the screen. And she didn't dare confess her ignorance.

"But I was lucky," she declared. "My dressing room was right across the hall from Catherine Calvert's, and I could look sideways into her room and see into her mirror. I'd see how she put on her make-up, and then I'd put what I'd learned into practice."

Well, that experience was too much for the family when they heard about it. No more pictures for Ann, said they, and the next obstacle was a trip south, according to schedule. But Ann's luck still held—at least, she called it luck when she was taken sick and wasn't able to travel until the Southern season was over. And then Fate let her "go hitching" again, to make up for the time she'd been out of the race, and her Aunt decided to go to—Southern California of all places!

Things were pretty easy then. Little Miss May got a job at Universal, where she did three pictures, mostly "kid stuff." One or two other companies made her offers, and then she happened to hear Bert Lytell remark that they were having a dreadful time trying to find somebody to play *Lida*, the unhappy chorus girl, in "Lombardi, Ltd.," and Ann leaped over all obstacles and demonstrated her dramatic ability so satisfactorily that she got the part. It's a regular emotional rôle, and she's blissfully happy over having secured it.

And with this start it looks as if Ann may land almost anywhere!

Determination goes with that kind of chin.

She hitched her auto to a planet long ago.

Bill Desmond, Indestructible Irishman

The bigger the fight the better he likes it, providing it isn't staged at his home.

By Warren Reed

His matinée-idol smile.

BILL DESMOND'S an artist at drawn battles, and that's why he's in the movies.

"Where else could a fighting Irishman get into so many fights, except maybe on the police force?" he demands, with a smile that surely could convince anybody that he came straight from County Cork. And if you've seen any of Bill's films you'll need no more than that one remark to tell you why the Indestructible Irishman of the Deathless Drama always fights before a camera nowadays.

"I mighta been a contractor right now," said Bill, handsome lad that he is, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow following a fight with six villains and a villainette, over at the Hampton Studios, said villainette being a bull pup specially engaged to bite Bill on his legs, "I mighta been a contractor right now, with tall, handsome buildings to my credit, instead o' working for the uplift of art, if it hadn't been for a fight I had a few years ago back in father's construction works!" Bill paused to reflect while we sat down in the Turkish-harem scene that H. B. Warner had just been using, and Bill went over and bathed his Celtic brow in the fountain where a few minutes before the Oriental houris had been laving their pink toes, after which he was free to talk about his fights, and delivered himself of a fascinating Hibernicism, spoken with the mildest bit of a brogue:

"Sometimes we Irish don't know just which side of a question we're on, but we keep right on fighting, and anyhow we always know that whichever side it is, we're strong for it!"

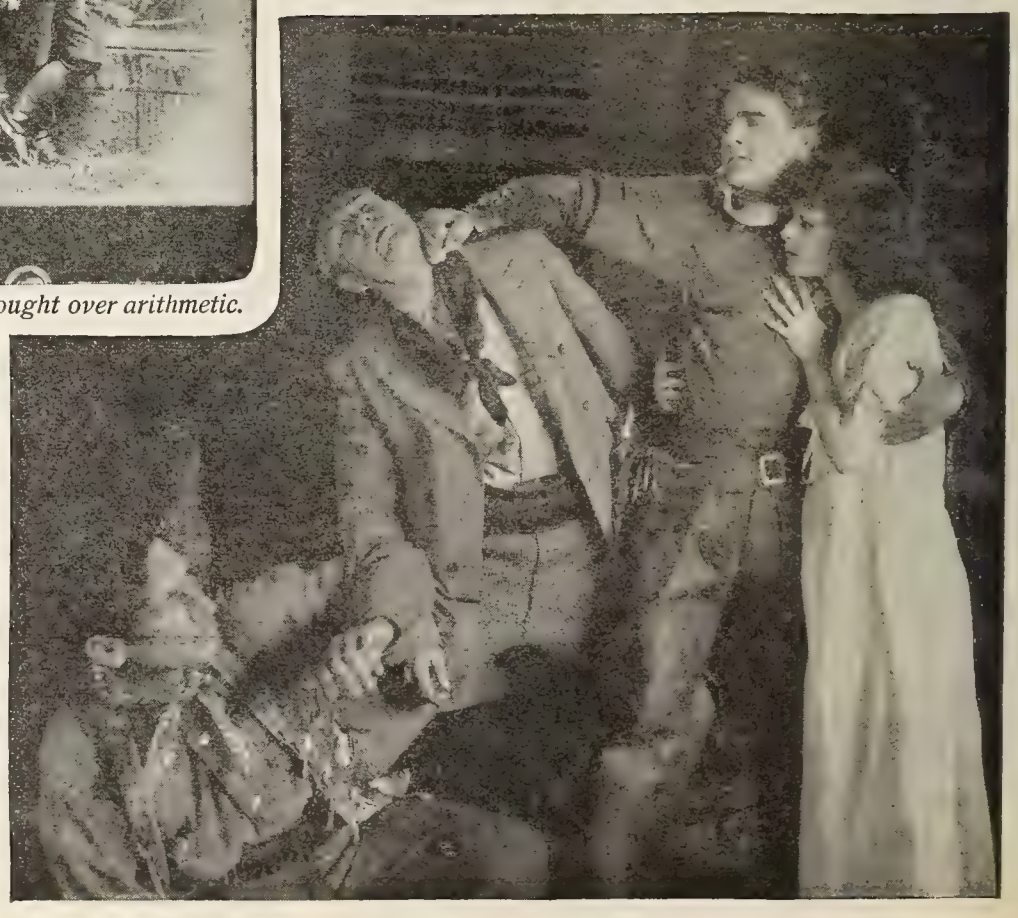
For you know if Bill doesn't lick at least his minimum of three villains per week, he wonders "why this strange weakness?"

Yet he has fightless days occasionally, of course—he and Mary McIvor were married in one of them not many months ago. But Bill insists that these "off seasons" are few and far between.

"At school I was a pretty good boy," he continued, "but I had fight in my system, and once I beat a boy for saying arithmetic was the most important subject there was—and then I beat him again next day for saying it wasn't! When I left school I started work with my father in New York. Father was a contractor. But the first week I had a fight and got licked. Next week I had another fight. Right in the midst of it I heard a voice: 'Stick it out, Bill!' It was dad's voice,

At this age he fought over arithmetic.

Here's a scene after his own heart.

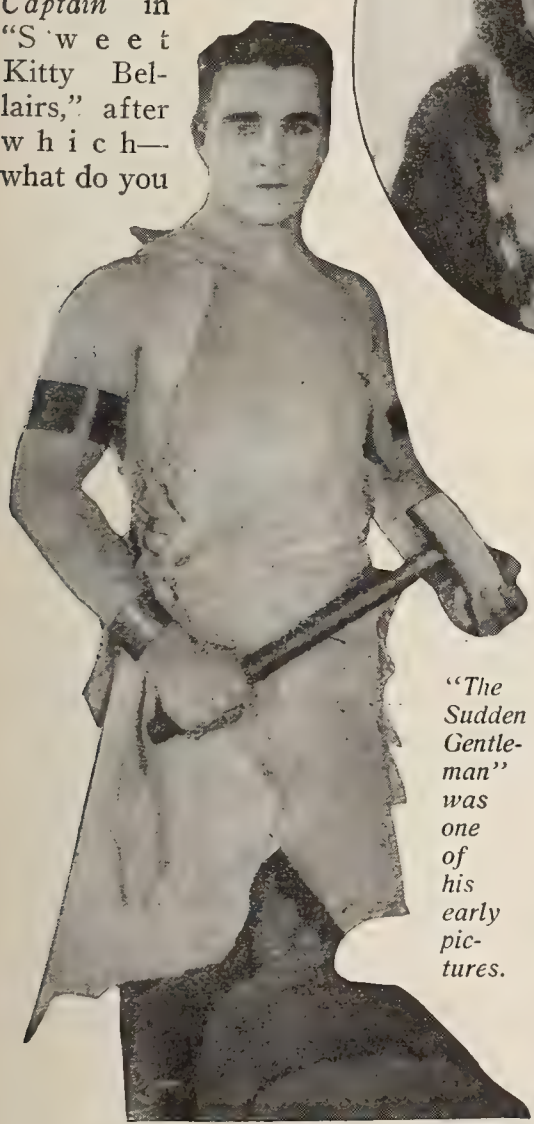


and he came and helped me clean out the gang. But poor dad had to pay five weeks' wages and hospital bills all on account of me, and after that I decided a contractor's life was too uncertain for me, and I quit.

"Just about that time I began reciting at various entertainments—principally 'Asleep at the Switch,' and 'The Face on the Bar-Room Floor'— and one day I met an actor I knew on the street. He had just been offered a position as leading man in a company that was going on the road playing 'Quo Vadis,' but wouldn't accept on account of the salary. He said, 'They'll take you—they don't want *actors!*' I went to see the manager, and was engaged. I asked for seventy-five dollars a week—and got twenty-five dollars! I played three parts in the show and nearly tripped over my own heels sometimes, I succeeded myself so fast on the stage in the different rôles! We played all over Canada and the Western States, and I remember one night I came to the theater so late, I didn't have time to array myself in my Roman togs, but rushed on in my street clothes, exclaiming: 'Petronius, I greet thee!' The house greeted *me* with howls, and I don't know why I didn't get fired!"

And after that, he went to New York, and played several Irish parts on the stage, among them the *Captain* in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," after which—what do you think?—he became the pretty matinée idol, in stock, out in the Morosco Company in Los Angeles. Then he went to Australia, and made a big success. But Bill just couldn't stand the eternal prettiness of those parts he had to play in society dramas, and as soon as ever pictures became the rage, he went into them, signing first with Thomas H. Ince, and playing fighting Irishmen to his heart's content, in such pictures as "Paddy O'Hara," and "The Sudden Gentleman."

There was no excitement in rôles like this, so Bill left the stage.



"The Sudden Gentleman" was one of his early pictures.

Bill fought his Irish way through some hundred or so films for Triangle, and after that organization practically stopped producing, was offered a place on the stage in New York.

"But I thought of all those pretty drawing-room sets, and I felt as if I'd smother," said Bill, "so I came West again, and signed up with Jesse D. Hampton Productions."

"I've heard that you draw the line at fights staged in just one location—that you're afraid to mix it up there," I remarked when he reached the end of this brief history.

"Where's that?" demanded Bill, bristling.

"At home," was my meek reply, and he subsided once more, chuckling.

"You bet I don't fight there," he laughed. "But it isn't my fault—it's Mary's. She's Scotch, you know, and too canny to have such goings-on in any house of hers."

That same Mary is the inspiration for Bill's pet ambition, incidentally he hopes to have her on the stage some day; she's a motion-picture actress, you know, and he first met her at one of the studios.

"Nothing's too good for Mary," declares Bill, with the smile that won matinée girls when he was in stock. "She's going to have the very best there is."

That ought to thrill Mary, certainly, but it doesn't. For you see, Mary thinks she already has the best there is—she's got Bill!

Bound and Gagged

Continued from page 59

"We left our haughty princess in this room," explained Carnero in oily, triumphant tones, "with a snappy, ill-natured pup for a companion. She climbed up on the bookcase where that telephone reposed. We knew she would do it. That's why we left the vicious dog to guard her. She thought she was to be alone with the dog the rest of the evening, and the telephone being handy, she naturally called for you to come to her aid."

Archie looked at the dog and said nothing.

"Now we have got you both in the bag. How's that for a trick—as good as an American could ever have invented?"

"It was clever," Archie admitted gamely, crushed completely in his fondest dream. He looked out in the adjoining room, deserted a moment before, now crowded with gendarmes in Carnero's uniform. "But now that you've got me, what can I do for you?"

"You can't do for us; we're going to *do for you!*"

"Hop to it; I'm listening."

"You are under arrest for assault and attempted murder in Cordillera. We are taking you back there to the execution. With you out of the way, we can put the princess on the throne. You have been our one stumblingblock; now we make of you the chopping block." He made a motion at his throat as of decapitation.

"Making a chopping block of me—may not be a one-way affair," Archie frowned. "Where I come from they make chopping blocks of *each other.*"

The bulldog, spurred by the fighting tone, leaped at him with open jaws. Archie had a drop-kick leg that had held a Harvard record. That dreadful kick caught the bulldog under the hinge of the jaw and broke his neck. Its next wallop caught Carnero and he was out of action. Two fist blows dropped his lieutenants. Archie, with head down and fists swinging, was going through the room full of gendarmes like a football runner tearing through a ragged field for a touchdown. He reached the porte-cochère, lunging low, hit his head against the door jamb, and fell in the open, stunned. The ruffians had recovered their wits and were coming for him, when Hopley ran up, followed by the chauffeur and two detectives. The faithful valet had suspected a trick in the phone call and had followed his master in his own car. In a few moments Carnero was handcuffed, and begging, in vain, on his knees, for mercy.

"You need fear this fellow no longer," said Archie to the princess. "I promise you that he will be put away in safety. Your troubles are at last at an end, and you need have no concern over anything any more."

She looked at him queerly, thanked him, and they parted.

It was a week afterward before the stitched scalp of the adventurous Archie had healed sufficiently for him to care to meet the fellows at the club again. He had, in the meantime, arranged for the extradition of Carnero for the murder of his cousin Carlos, in Brazil; and he arranged to have procured for the princess a studio apartment where she would be watched and protected against any further kidnaping. All of Archie's friends now knew of his adventures, for they had had full newspaper publicity, and it was with a sense of reticence, and even timidity that he stepped over to the club that evening, for he knew the fellows would be sure to quiz and jolly him.

As he passed an areaway within a pace of the club, strong arms pinioned him from behind and a sack was thrust over his head. Hurriedly gagged by hand pressure on his mouth he felt himself being lowered into a coal hole, or a storage basement. The ruffians who had seized him talked only in whispers. They trussed him and bound him with cords; then they put a cloth gag in his mouth and replaced the sack on his head with a linen blindfold that enabled him to breathe without interference. Then there was silence. The strong-armers had withdrawn, but Archie could sense a presence near him. He could hear excited breathing as of somebody bound and gagged like himself. Then by the familiar fragrance of her hair, he recognized the presence of Istra. Chewing at his cloth gag he managed to expel it from his mouth.

He heard Istra sighing, and by the sound of air escaping through her lips, he realized that she, too, had shed her inefficient gag. In his struggles, Archie tipped forward like a roly-poly and only stopped when his face pressed against that of Istra. Their lips met. Involuntary was this kiss, but sweet—stingingly, terribly sweet. He knew now why he had been so restless of late. He was in love with Istra! Then, as if to blight this moment of heaven, a rattle of steel was heard and the voice of Carnero exclaimed in a hushed but harsh order: "Off with their heads this time. To the chopping block."

At the same moment the bandages were withdrawn. The two prisoners looked up at the man who had spoken in the Spaniard's accents. It was Hopley! This last adventure had been a put-up job. At the same time, club members and their ladies, for it was ladies' night, trooped before them laughing and congratulating them.

"What the——?" said Archie, as they unbound him. He was still stupefied with amazement. He was in the basement of his own club.

"Some surprise party, eh?" Cried Vic Stacy, club president, as he wrung Archie's hand. "Can't you get your bearings, old fellow? We decided that after your great exploits it was up to the club to give you and the princess a dinner. And we thought we'd give you a real American send-off. All right everybody, we'll go upstairs to dinner.

"In view of the kissing scene that we have just witnessed," Stacy continued, "I hope we can take it for granted that this dinner also announces an engagement."

Archie, seated beside Istra, at the speaker's table was still blushing and stuttering long after the princess had composed herself with regal grace.

"This is really embarrassing as can be," he protested to the toastmaster. "The only thing that could have made it worse would have been for you to have had that tramp poet here as one of the entertainers."

"Haven't you heard about him? Haven't you seen the evening papers?" they cried.

"No; what's he up to now?"

"He has committed bigamy. Two society women horsewhipped him and chased him through Greenwich Village and he jumped into the Hudson and swam to Jersey. The papers are full of it."

"You see," said the toastmaster, "you aren't the only fellow that had a surprise party to-day."

"I'm satisfied," said Archie.

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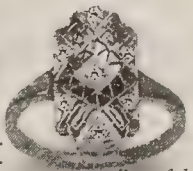
X 3—Scarf pin with one exceptionally fine, blue-white diamond, set Tiffany style. $50.

X37—Seven fine perfect-cut, blue-white diamonds, uniform in size, color and brilliancy, crown set, resembling a $350 solitaire. Hand-engraved, white gold mounting (looks like platinum.) $62.50.

X17—Hexagon-set diamond, in hand-carved platinum mounting. $200.

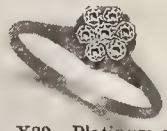


X18—Graceful pattern of white gold 7 perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds. $85.

X19—Twelve dazzling diamonds, platinum set, surround a beautiful blue faceted sapphire. $115.

X20—Ladies' Belcher ring, one fine diamond. $35.

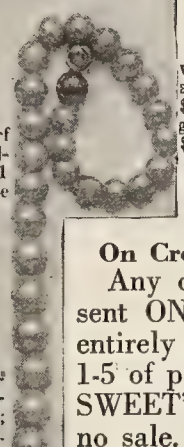
X21—Tiffany style ring; one perfectly cut diamond. $65.

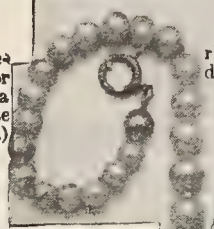


X22—Platinum set 7-diamond cluster. $65.

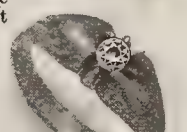
X4—Gentlemen's massive, hand-carved Belcher ring, one fine diamond. $50.

X6—Exclusive scarf pin; white gold hand-engraved mounting; 1 perfectly cut, blue-white diamond. $40.





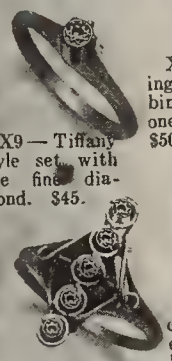
X23—Genuine coral cameo set with two fine diamonds. $28.50.



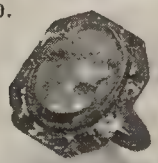
X24—One superior diamond in tooth setting. $50.

X7—Superior diamond, set Tiffany style, solid gold mounting. $125.

X8—Beautiful mounting of white gold, combined with green gold; one superior diamond. $50.



X9—Tiffany style set, with one fine diamond. $45.



X10—Genuine, hand-carved cameo in hand-engraved, solid gold bezel. $7.50.

X11—The "Merry Widow," always popular, set with 5 perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds, in platinum. $100.

X12—Solid gold, diamond-set tie clasp, Roman finish. $5.

X13—One fine diamond; Tiffany style setting. $200.

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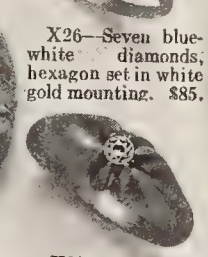
X36—"SWEET indestructible pearls of rich, iridescent beauty and soft, changeable tints. Graduated necklace 16 inches long, complete with solid gold clasp, in handsome grey velvet gift case. $17.



X26—Seven blue-white diamonds, hexagon set in white gold mounting. $85.

X25—Genuine cameo brooch in hand-engraved, solid gold bezel. $8.

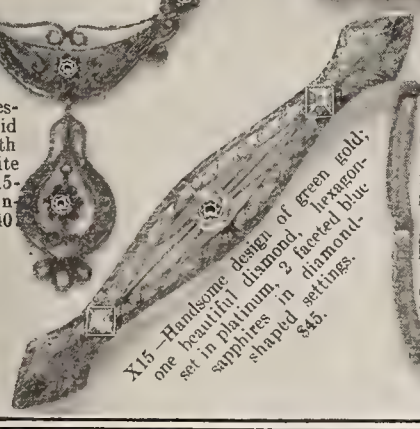
X28—Gentlemen's tooth ring, one fine diamond. $45.

X27—Twin Belcher ring; two blue-white diamonds. $100.

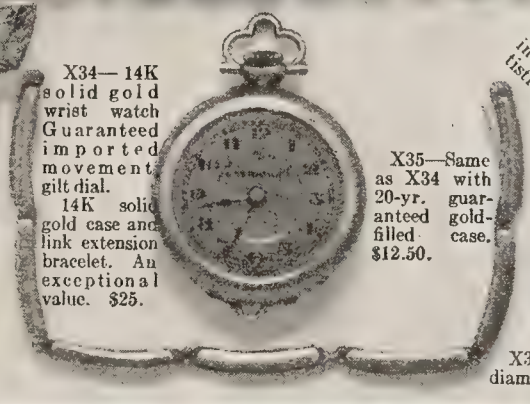
X29—Flat Belcher ring, one superior diamond. $60.

X31—Beautiful pendant; 47 genuine whole pearls; one blue-white diamond and barque drop; 15-inch chain included. $20.

X14—Festoon of solid gold, set with 4 blue-white diamonds; 15-inch chain included. $40.

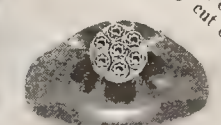


X15—Handsome design of green gold; one beautiful diamond, hexagon set in platinum, 2 faceted blue sapphires in diamond-shaped settings. $45.



X34—14K solid gold wrist watch Guaranteed imported movement, gilt dial. 14K solid gold case and link extension bracelet. An exceptional value. $25.

X35—Same as X34 with 20-yr. guaranteed gold-filled case. $12.50.



X33—Gentlemen's massive, seven-diamond platinum set cluster ring. $75.

X32—An exceptionally beautiful pattern of green gold combined with white gold. Brilliant cluster of seven fine diamonds in center, four other perfectly cut diamonds complete the artistic arrangement. $125.

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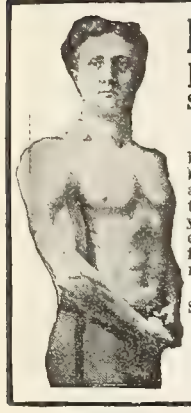

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PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
Studio 1060
127 West 42d Street, New York City

Charlie Hawker: Film Doctor

Continued from page 51

and ending with an evil-minded college professor who turned out to be the man that ruined her father years before.

His picture finished, Harmon found he could not cut it to length. He got it down to eight thousand feet without titles and it had to be forty-five hundred with titles, or approximately half the footage. The studio manager, not Bert Gleason, but his successor, took a hand. Afraid to trust Charlie, Harmon hired a special cutter in the person of a young chap that had worked with Griffith and had been trained under that master of cutting. With their combined efforts they were three thousand over.

In the meanwhile the subject had been booked. The lithographs, and heralds, and descriptive advertising matter had all been sent out. The exchanges were waiting and that meant that Charlie was waiting. Every day he phoned the studio and was told that he should have it shortly, that it "was just about to length now!" But it wasn't. It was three thousand over.

Finally Charlie consulted the shipping department and did some figuring. Then he went in to Old Gordon, interrupting a conference.

"If Harmon Palmer doesn't get his picture over here in half an hour," he explained, "You'll miss your Pacific coast bookings, your Philadelphia pre-release showing, and both Illinois and Ohio on account of the censorship schedule!"

Gordon jumped to the phone. If Charlie had not misfigured, it meant the loss of any chance to clear expenses on the release, for Fleur-de-lis, in the face of the feature competition of three years ago, was running very close.

"We will look at it *as it is, at once!*" he ordered.

In about an hour every one was in the projection room. Soon the showing was over and Harmon looked at Gordon for the verdict. The old man was smiling a bit.

"It's not so bad!" he said. "It's a sort of travelogue, a scenic, but—it's that kind of a story. How long is it?"

"Seventy-five hundred!"

"That's three thousand over! Well"—pausing—"it drags, but by the time Charlie snaps it up——"

Harmon woke to action and interrupted. "But it would be murder to cut out another foot, Mr. Gordon! We've worked three weeks and haven't spared an unessential inch!"

Gordon merely turned to Charlie. "Get busy, boy! It's up to you!"

Charlie did. Harmon followed him to the cutting room, like a mother hen just before the breaking of a thunderstorm. Charlie, grinning, persuaded him that it was going to be murder, mayhem, and arson, and that he—Harmon Palmer—would be happier over at the Claridge bar, trying to forget all about it, than staying around to watch.

Harmon, therefore, did not witness the cutting. The next morning, when Charlie phoned him, he declined to have a look. Soon another picture came in; the director started a new feature with Carrie, and Charlie forgot all about the incident for several weeks.

His reminder of "The Monster," all of a month later, was the sudden appearance of the director in his office.

"Hello, Harmon Palmer! What's up?" Charlie smiled, but he wondered what sort of an interview he had on his hands.

"Why——" All at once Harmon grinned. "I want to congratulate you. That was a *fine* piece of cutting!"

Charlie accepted the congratulations. It took him another month, however, to figure out how Harmon could possibly be pleased. Then, in a flash, it came to him. Nearly every scene was a close-up of Carrie, and—well, Harmon Palmer always had been a little henpecked and so probably had been afraid to cut out a one of them himself.

Such incidents, common enough a few years ago, are not likely to happen to-day, for the business of making pictures is not carried on in so haphazard a manner. But the work of the film cutter is still, and always will be, one of the most important parts of picture making.

CONWAY TEARLE recently discovered that he's had a broken rib ever since last spring—he'd thought it was rheumatism.

"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

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Crooked Straight

Continued from page 30

"Oh-o-o——" the girl's cry trailed off into the incoherence of sudden, blinding despair.

The old man was reaching for the pistol that lay on the floor. Ben put his foot on it.

"You won't need that," he said. "Just ask Vera to go to her room and to get the note that is under her pillow."

"Under my pillow?"

"Yes; I put a note there. Please get it and read it."

For a moment disappointment and suffering struggled against hope in her eyes. Then she turned and disappeared. In a moment she was back, holding the note, and in a trembling voice she read aloud these words:

"DEAR VERA: To-night I am taking five thousand dollars from your father's safe to keep your father from giving it to a swindler named Larrabee. When the loss is known, Larrabee will denounce me as a professional cracksman. He will say that I robbed the safe of a commission house and got away with two thousand dollars. And that, while attempting to rob the safe of a grocery store, I was driven off by the cops, who managed to shoot my accomplice, but I carried him away wounded.

All this is true. But Larrabee drove me to this life of crime. He was the one who informed the cops and caused the shooting of my pal. He knew me when I was straight, and he swindled me out of all my money. I went crazy about it; I lost faith in God and man. When I was in this condition, crushed, hopeless, and hungry, I was befriended by one Harry Boyd. It turned out that Harry was a cracksman, and I joined him in one burglary and in another attempted burglary in which he was killed. He was the uncle of Jimmie and Dora, the children that I adopted. Their mother died the same summer that Harry was shot, so I came here and took charge of the farm and the children.

"When Harry was dying he said: 'It doesn't pay. Ben, I want you to go straight. *It's never too late to mend.*' So I went straight.

"Then along came Larrabee to rob your father on that cherry-pitter swindle. I tried to bawl him out, but he threatened to expose my own past. So I see that the only way to save your father's money is for me to crack his safe and take the money away until Larrabee has left town and then return it to you by registered mail. Vera, dear, can you believe me? You will get this money back in a few days. I'm honest, now. Once I was crooked, but won't you believe me, girlie, I am on the level now. Yours unworthily,

(Signed) BEN.

Vera and Lucius looked at Trimble with strange transfigured faces.

"I've been a tarnal fool," the old man said. "Ye saved not only my money but my life."

Vera gave a cry of gratitude, her face wet with tears; and flinging down the note, she came forward to embrace him.

Ben caught her arms and held them back from about his neck.

"No, darling," he said, and this time tears gushed from his own eyes. "Not yet. You cannot embrace a thief. To-morrow I will mail two thousand dollars in bills to the Hoaxly Produce Company, and after that I will be an honest man."

"Is that the company what ye cracked their safe?" asked Lucius with eager curiosity.

"Yes; but they don't know who did it. Anonymously I will return them the two thousand dollars."

"Ye won't do no sech thing," cried the old man with almost Satanic glee. "Them's the darn thieves that robbed me of two thousand dollars on my cherry crop!"

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 72

and costume pictures. A few months hence after some one goes and "does it," all the others will follow suit.

A Writer Backs Me Up

Unfortunately there are still on the market some old textbooks on writing for the screen which urge free-lance writers to write continuity. I have stated the facts in the case so frequently that any regular reader of this department knows that nowadays the scenario editors refuse to read continuity, submitted unsolicited, by outside writers, preferring a brief synopsis; here is a letter which may serve to drive the point home:

I am writing these few lines to express my appreciation of your department. Like many others, I am a beginner, and have not scored as yet, but your hints are helping me make each script better than the last one. One reason that I follow your department so thoroughly is that I know I can depend upon what you say, since,

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 88

obviously, you have no object in view except to give frank, honest, helpful advice.

I cannot say this of all the advice and instruction I have had concerning screen writing—some of which I have paid for only to find that when I had finished it I knew no more about writing for the screen than I had before. I wish to protest particularly against one adviser who instructed me that I should send a complete detailed continuity of my story to the producers. Had I not read in your department that this was folly, and that no scenario department would dream of considering continuity attempted by a person lacking studio training, I suppose I might still be spending hours on useless labor. But I investigated the matter and found that you were right.

It Seems Like Old Times

It seems like the good old days to hear of the organization of scenario writers' clubs. There used to be several such clubs. They benefited a large number of ambitious writers, too, through affiliation, discussion, et cetera. And now we are informed that San Francisco has a scenario club with a membership from the different bay cities and that Mr. Carl Snell, professor of scenario writing at the University of California, is critic. The scenario club meets twice monthly, and the usual program includes the reading and criticism of original scenarios by club members, analysis, discussion of successful plays, and the exchange of clippings from film magazines. I should like to hear more of this club, the nature of the discussions, et cetera.

A LONG FELT NEED

Our booklet, "Guide Posts For Scenario Writers," which was announced for the first time in our last issue, seems to be meeting a long felt need on the part of our readers, judging from the numbers of requests we have had for it. This booklet was gotten up with the idea of starting the person who wants to write for the screen on the right track, and to enable us to answer the many questions which we constantly receive from our readers more completely and in greater detail than we could possibly do in individual replies. It includes, moreover, a sample synopsis, which will serve as an example of the correct form for preparing a screen story. It will be sent to any address for ten cents.

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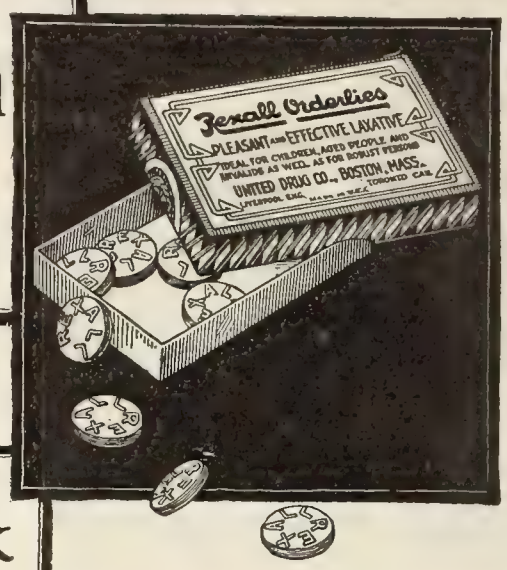

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A Yuletide Tale

Continued from page 63

of its hurts are worse than the pricks to a young girl's silly false pride when she has to work for a living and her school-fellows don't. It is one of the sad things about our modern America that decent honest work is a thing many people are most ashamed of. And so young Betty had a dismal time sidestepping girls who would keep asking why she brought her violin to school every day.

One day the program at the theater was short an act. The manager wondered what to do and Miss Betty asked him to let her do a violin stunt.

"Got a costume?" he asked.

"Sure," said Betty, wondering just what it would be, not having a flimsy, fluffy frock to her name.

When she came on that evening she was a barefoot street urchin in ragged trousers with a piece of a shirt and a piece of hat, and a pathetic little piece of a smile, and she made such a hit that the manager got her an engagement on a kerosene circuit on the Pacific coast; and from that she climbed to the ten-twenty-thirty, dreaming o' nights of a chance to play her violin on the "big time." That was the outskirts of her dream when Christie picked her off the stage and put her into comedy, and now suddenly she has jumped out of the pie-target class into the "emotes" and done a bit of work that would turn many a head.

And here is Betty Compson criticizing herself and wishing she could do it all over again just to do it better.

"Ever been slumming?" I asked. "Know any hop-heads, any fakers, any gold-brick artists?"

"Never—none. I was through San Francisco's Chinatown once, but it was the new one and didn't look wicked. But you see it's Mr. Tucker's way of directing that makes you see and know these things. He stands there while the camera is grinding, saying:

"'You're tired—so tired—so very tired—tired—tired.' And it makes me feel tired all over."

What Betty Compson modestly overlooks is the fact that not everybody can play Trilby, even to such a dominating Svengali. This dear little unspoiled Westerner hands over all her bouquets to her director.

HERE we are again, a little late, but better late than never, you know. Of course I'm dreadfully sorry not to be able to answer all your questions on time, but when the printers all over New York City had their big strike, why of course we couldn't get our magazine printed. Now that's all over, we hope, and we're going to catch up just as soon as possible, and be right on time every month hereafter. And now let's see what we have to say to:

WINIFRED WOOD.—I'm glad to hear that you like to write to me so well, and you can always expect an answer. You mustn't blame the stars for not being able to answer letters. Just think, that is all I have to do, while they have their daily work at the studio, and when they do get home I wager they don't feel like doing much of anything after a hard day's work. They receive hundreds of letters every week. Now how do you suppose they can personally answer all of them? Robert McKim has given up being a screen villain for the time being, and is going to turn director. Robert Harron has dark-brown hair and eyes. "True-Heart Susie" was the last play released in which he appeared, but he will shortly be seen in the new Griffith feature to be released by First National. We do not give home addresses of the players. Mail will always reach them promptly at the addresses given at the end of The Oracle. Yes, I had the "flu." You should feel very lucky that you missed it. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio and not on the Sahara Desert. Her publicity man gave it out that she was born on the desert, but the birth records in Cincinnati don't read that way. Jack Holt had the leading rôle opposite Clara Kimball Young in "Cheating Cheaters." You can get a list of all the studios in the United States, by sending six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet.

GERM.—Yes, Mary Pickford had the influenza, but is perfectly well now, and working on "Pollyanna" for the United Artists. The "flu" epidemic closed one in every five theaters in the United States. Two hundred of these theaters went bankrupt during the inactivity, and never reopened. It is estimated that the loss of income to these playhouses exceeded forty million dollars.

HELEN F.—I can't guarantee that they will answer your letters, but it is worth trying. You see they receive so many that they can't possibly answer them all, but your letter might prove one of the lucky ones. Pearl White's latest serial is "In Secret," from the pen of Robert W. Chambers. See the end of The Oracle for addresses.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

MISS MILDRED N.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. He was educated in New York. Before starting on his theatrical career he was a reporter on the Newark *Morning Star*. He appeared with his father, Hal Reid, in a vaudeville skit, "The Girl and the Rancher." He joined the Selig forces in 1910, but soon went East to become assistant editor of the *Motor Magazine*. He wrote a story called "The Confession," and sold it to Vitagraph, getting a job playing in it also. After leaving Vitagraph he joined the Universal, then to Griffith, and at last to Lasky's, where he is working at the present time. He is very musical, and can play most any kind of instrument. His wife is Dorothy Davenport, and they have a son. William Farnum is married. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876. Mary Miles Minter made her initial appearance in this world at Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. Douglas Fairbanks staged his arrival in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Norma Talmadge postponed her start in the world until 1897. Sister Constance is nineteen. Jack Pickford is twenty-three years old. June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899. Ethel Clayton's birthplace was Champaign, Illinois, and the date was 1890. Never heard of Miss Miller. Jeanne Eagles was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1894. Irene Castle is twenty-five. Bill Desmond and Owen Moore were both born in Ireland. Hazel Dawn was born in Ogden City, Utah. Ruth Stonehouse claims Denver as her birthplace and 1894 as the year. Fannie Ward is forty-four years old. Mary Warren was born in Philadelphia. Tom Moore was born in County Meath, Ireland. You'll have to ask for the biographies of the others one at a time, because there isn't room enough in the whole Oracle for the bunch.

A. G. W.—Your drawing was very good. You should draw your letters. Geraldine Farrar did and still does sing in grand opera. Her husband, Lou-Tellegen, is co-starring with her in her new series of features for Goldwyn.

SALOME.—"The Eagle's Mate" is an old Mary Pickford picture, which has been reissued by Famous Players. James Kirkwood, the director, had the leading rôle with Mary in that play. You can't compare it with "Johanna Enlists" because the latter is comparatively new, and Mary's pictures have improved all the time. Mildred Harris has appeared in "The Doctor and the Woman," "The Price of a Good Time," "For Husbands Only," "When a Girl Loves," and "Home." She is very busy at present, being Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, but will soon be back on the screen.

CHARLES G.—Carmel Myers and Meyers are the same. You have spelled the name wrong—that's all. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Alice Joyce is twenty-nine. Norma Talmadge is twenty-one. Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1898.

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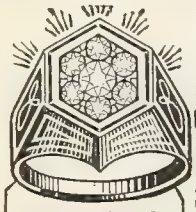

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 91

MARION W.—You think PICTURE-PLAY is splendid, but you wish we had more of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in its pages. We have printed many pages about these two stars, and will no doubt continue to print many more, but we can't fill the magazine with notes about them, can we? There are a great many other stars our readers like, and want to read about. MacLean is the correct way to spell it. Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want.

MISS BLANCHE S.—You will have to write again for the address you want. You forgot to mention the name of the player. However, take a look at the addresses at the end of The Oracle, and you may find it there. Virginia Lee Corbin is almost seven. You refer to Buddie Messinger in "Treasure Island." He was born in San Francisco, California, in 1909. Did you ever hear of a boy with the name Violet? Violet Radcliffe was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1908. I'm only human, so I get tired like other people. Lottie Pickford is not working in any picture at present.

M. A. T.—Niles Welch was born in Hartford, Connecticut, July 29, 1888. He was in stock three years before he appeared on the screen. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has blond hair and blue eyes. "The Panther Woman" was Olga's feature. She is not appearing on the screen at present. The First National Exhibitors distributed her last pictures. Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Virginia, on January 10, 1885. Before entering the theatrical profession he was a model for Isidore Kent, Daniel C. French, and other noted sculptors. He began his screen career with Essanay in 1911. In March, 1913, he joined Metro, remaining with them until late in 1918, when he joined Vitagraph with his wife, Beverly Bayne, to make a special production. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes are blue.

FLOYD W.—It has been some little while since you last wrote, but as your time has been well taken up, you are forgiven. James Aubrey and Walter Kendig were *Heinie* and *Louie* of the Pathé comedies of that name. The latter, who played *Louie*, was killed several years ago in a motor-cycle accident. Fred Mace was one of the original Keystone comedians. Mack Sennett, Mother Davenport, Ford Sterling, Mabel Normand, and Fred Mace were the original Keystone Company. Mace died in New York of apoplexy. Don't wait so long before you write again.

CHAS. D. H.—I forwarded the letter as you requested. Probably you missed your answers.

MAURICE L. M.—I think she will. Viola Dana's right name is Flugrath. She was born in 1898. Thanks for the good wishes. They all help.

G. C. L.—Richard Barthelmess is now working for Griffith in New York. He played *The Chink* in the D. W. Griffith feature, "Broken Blossoms." Dick is a dandy boy, and is coming to the top by leaps and bounds.

OLIVIA B.—Newcomers are always welcome in The Oracle ranks. Glad to know you thought so much of the November issue. Just wait until you see some of the issues to come! Richard Barthelmess played *Prince Charming* in "The Seven Swans." Why don't you try again? He probably never received your letter. Are you sure you had the correct address? I am sure if you inclosed a quarter with your request that Jack Pickford would send you one of his pictures. Yes, Jack is Olive Thomas' husband. Harold Lockwood was married, and had a ten-year-old son. Tom Forman earned a lieutenancy in the United States army. He is now back at the Lasky studios. He had an important part in "For Better, For Worse." He will receive your letter all right. Anita Stewart in private life is Mr. Rudolph Cameron. I agree with you.

B. PERETT.—You will find the "Market Booklet" full of helpful advice. The six cents in stamps was correct.

MISS M. D. B.—The picture you inclosed was that of Evelyn Greely with Carlyle Blackwell.

MYRTLE.—What do you mean, wife? Rubye de Remer is in New York playing in features. She isn't with any one company. She plays for whichever one requires her services. You don't see the letters that are written. One has to be sometimes to reach them.

KACK.—Glad to hear from you. Not a bit bold I assure you. I don't think Jack and Earle look alike. That is, not to me. Still every one has his own opinions. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

RUTH D.—Isabel and Charles are not related. Charles and Albert are first cousins.

DAISY S.—Douglas MacLean is with Thomas H. Ince, costarring with Doris Lee (now Doris May, if you please) in Paramount pictures.

LASSIE.—D. W. Griffith produced "Hearts of the World," but he did not play in it. Robert Harron had the leading male rôle, and Lillian Gish the feminine one. D. W. was born in 1880. He has his own studios. Dorthy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1898. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, two years earlier.

B. I. A.—Elsie Ferguson was born in New York City. Muriel Ostriche has blue eyes. Carlyle Blackwell is not married.

MISS E. G.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes are blue. She is married to Willard Mack. He played with her in "The Woman on the Index."

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 92

N. S. SANTA BARBARA.—Mrs. Vernon Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Madame Lina Cavalieri was born in Rome, Italy, in 1874.

WM. F.—I think too much of living to answer that question. Figure it out for yourself. Bebe Daniels is not married. Not that I know of. Mildred Harris is eighteen. Carmel is eighteen, too. Seena Owen was born in Spokane, Washington. Bessie Barriscale and Edith Roberts claim New York as their birthplace. Olive Thomas is twenty-one. Bebe Daniels is eighteen. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. George Walsh's entry occurred in 1892, at New York City.

CAROLINE.—Mary Pickford has only one sister, Lottie Pickford Rupp.

M. M.—I cannot advise you on that. Certainly, the stars read their own letters. Don't you suppose they like to know what the fans think of their various releases?

FREDERICK K.—Tom Mix's early career was spent on the plains. He was a champion steer thrower at one time, and has also been a sheriff. Owen and Tom Moore are brothers. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897. Louis Bennison was born in Oakland, California. Matt and Joe Moore are brothers of Tom and Owen. Mabel Normand is not married. If the actors married all their leading ladies they would have to live in Salt Lake City. Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas. Mae Marsh is Mrs. Armes.

FATTY'S FRIEND.—Roscoe Arbuckle is still making comedies for Paramount.

CLEO.—You weren't so early this time with your monthly list of questions. What's the trouble, Cleo, are you losing your punctuality? Douglas Fairbanks is the first one to have a picture released by the Big Four. Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks compose the four. Charles Ray's latest picture for Paramount is called "The Egg Crate Wallop."

GERRY AND MADGE.—Cleo is one of the first fans to write to The Oracle, and she has hardly missed a month since. She has an answer just ahead of your own. Cleo is a great movie fan, and therefore always has a lot of questions to ask. I don't know whether it is considered wrong to wish to be a movie star or not. That is merely a matter of wishing, I guess, and a great many do that. It is practically a waste of time, if you ask me. Mignon Anderson is in California. She plays in pictures every once in a while. Doris May played Charles Ray's sweetheart in "The Law of the North." Gloria Hope played the part of his sister. William Farnum, Vivian Rich and Charles Clary had the leading rôles in the Fox production of "The Price of Silence." "Quo Vadis" and "Last Days of Pompeii" were foreign-made features. Thanks for those kind words. They all help.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 93

A PELOTT.—William S. Hart attends to most of his mail himself. What he can't write himself he dictates to his sister. You can never tell until you try.

DOLLY L.—Do you mean "Smiling" Billy Mason? I do not keep track of the legitimate people. It takes all my time keeping tab on the screen folk. Jack Pickford was in the navy. Maybe he will soon. Mary Pickford is married to Owen Moore.

EILEEN R.—Mary Anderson is Mrs. Plinney Goodfriend, Louise Huff is Mrs. Edgar Jones, Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Thomas Clarke, and Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo. Alice Brady, Vivian Martin, May Allison, Sylvia Breamer, Jack Holt, Pearl White, and Harold Lloyd are their right names. Madge Kennedy is the wife of Harold Bolster. Lila Lee and Jane Lee are not related. "Come Out of the Kitchen" is a recent Marguerite Clark release, and "Girls" is another. Wanda Hawley was born in Seattle, Washington, in 1897. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Bryant Washburn's wife is not appearing in pictures.

ROSLINDALE DICK.—Pearl White was born in 1889. Madge Evans arrived in 1909 and Leatrice Joy in 1897. What difference does it make what one thinks of prohibition when it's here? You have to take what comes, you know. Theda Bara and Olga Petrova don't paint themselves when they work before the camera. Red cheeks would photograph black on the screen. You see you must therefore use more than they do after all. What do you mean "Marry a girl if her heart was cold as ice?" Write all your scenario questions to William Lord Wright in care of PICTURE-PLAY, as he has charge of the magazine's scenario department. "In Secret" is the title of Pearl White's latest serial.

JEAN P.—Niles Welch has not changed his name. Henry Clive was *Lieutenant John Long* in Evelyn Nesbit's picture, "I Want to Forget." Stuart Holmes is still playing heavies. I can't help you get on the stage any more than I can help you get on the screen, and that's no help at all. No, I'm not an angry person. I'm really good natured.

(MISS) ZELPHA F.—Write to Sessue Hayakawa himself for that picture. He was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He was educated in Japan and also in the University of Chicago. He was on the stage for six years in Japan before coming to this country. His screen career commenced with Thomas H. Ince. He then joined Lasky where he made his big success, "The Cheat," opposite Fannie Ward. He is now with Haworth, making features for Exhibitor's Mutual. He rides, swims, fences, wrestles, and does about everything else. He is five feet seven and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. His hair and eyes are black.

OLIVE O. S.—Mabel Normand was the star in "Dodging a Million," a Goldwyn release.

CHARLES PENAY.—What do you mean, your initials are Charles Penay? Bill Hart could hardly be the brother of William S. Hart, as they are one and the same person. Bill Farnum is William Farnum. Bill is merely a nickname. You might write them and see. Carmel Meyers was born in San Francisco, California, on April 9, 1901.

J. D.—It is impossible to get a copy of the scenario of either "Queen of the Sea" or "The Triumph of Venus."

LENA B.—Pearl White resides in New York. See answer to Miss H. L.

CROQUETTE JEAN.—Marguerite Clark is four feet ten inches tall. Don't know whether she bought the tenth inch or grew it. That would certainly be *Some* Thrift Stamp. You might have it framed with a list of its travels. Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. Bessie Barriscale has brown eyes. Lillian Gish is a bit taller, but you shouldn't have any trouble telling her from Dorothy. They aren't appearing in pictures together any more. Dorothy is making pictures for Paramount, while Lillian is still being featured in D. W. Griffith's releases, and will soon be seen in plays for the Big Four combine. I can't keep track of all the letters I receive.

THE TWO OF US.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. I once lived in the same apartment house that she did, and was there when she was born. What do you think of that? John Bowers was born in Indiana. He has dark hair and eyes. Yes, that's his name. Carlyle Blackwell was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1888. Frank Mayo was born in New York in 1886. He is five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Of course the little colored boy is an actor. Yes, Mary Pickford had a very bad case of the "flu," but she pulled through all right. Baby Marie Osborne is the only member of her family who acts. Her father is her business manager. You didn't break any rules.

R. L. I.—Yes, Wallace Reid played in "The Clansman" or "The Birth of a Nation." He had the rôle of the blacksmith that had that battle royal with nobody to help him.

FLORENCE.—No, Pearl White is not dead. Where did you get that idea? See answer to Minnie W. Ruth Roland his been making serials for Pathé, "The Tiger's Trail" being her latest, but now has her own company. Pavlowa only made one picture for Universal. She is still dancing.

DICK MELROSE.—Mary McAllister was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1910.

BETTY M.—Yale Boss plays in features whenever there is a part suited for him. Jackie Saunders has announced that she will shortly return to the screen after an absence of over a year. Lew Cody is not married. He used to be Dorothy Dalton's husband. The male vampire of the screen was born in the quaint town of Watterville, Maine, in 1885.

The Picture Oracle

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MISS GERALDINE B.—No, Mary Pickford isn't dead, and Theda Bara isn't dying. Neither is Charlie Chaplin in the army. Where do you get all those ideas?

MINNIE W.—Pearl White first appeared in Western pictures and was then featured in Crystal comedies. Pathé signed her up and starred her in "The Perils of Pauline," their first serial. She has been serialing for them until recently, when she signed with Fox. The "Heinie and Louie" comedies are not being made any more. June Caprice was born in 1899. Yes. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Creighton Hale is with World. | I should say there is a movie star by the name of Mildred Harris! She is the wife of Charlie Chaplin. Vola Vale is Mrs. Albert Russell in real life. Yes, write her. You might wait a while longer. It takes time, as they have a great many similar requests. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain. There isn't a photographer with a camera strong enough to withstand the shock of photographing me. None of them will take a chance. Never heard of Carolyn, but there is a Carmen Harris. If you live there don't you think you ought to know what is going on in your own home town.

FAIBRANKS-WALTHALL-SWANSON FAN.—"Male or Female" is Gloria Swanson's latest feature. Your opinion is fine. Suits me all right. Yes, I'm neutral when it comes to naming the greatest or the worst as you put it.

HAWKINS.—I advise you to inclose a quarter with your request.

ANITA M.—Grace Cunard is back making serials for Universal. One of her recent ones is called "Elmo, the Mighty," in which Elmo Lincoln and she have the leading rôles. She lives in Hollywood, California, and is married to Joe Moore, the youngest of the Moore brothers. I'm sure she would. Write again some time.

WM. S. HART FOREVER.—He never told me. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. You have missed them. William Farnum and Kathryn Adams had the leading rôles in the Fox production, "The Riders of the Purple Sage." Yes, Zane Grey has proved that his novels are finely adapted to the screen. "The Rainbow Trail" was a sequel to the "Riders of the Purple Sage," and the same players headed the cast. Surely, they are always welcome. Drop around again.

CAROL HOLLOWAY'S ADMIRER.—Carol is not married. William Duncan is. Your favorite's latest serial with Antonio Moreno is called "The Perils of Thunder Mountain." I'm afraid that Geraldine Farrar with all her wardrobe wouldn't be able to supply the demand if she would give clothes to the fans who requested them. You'll have to be a bit more modest in your request for a keepsake.

J. M. G.—Mrs. Vernon Castle is in New York. She isn't making a picture at the present time; but recently finished "The Firing Line" for Paramount.

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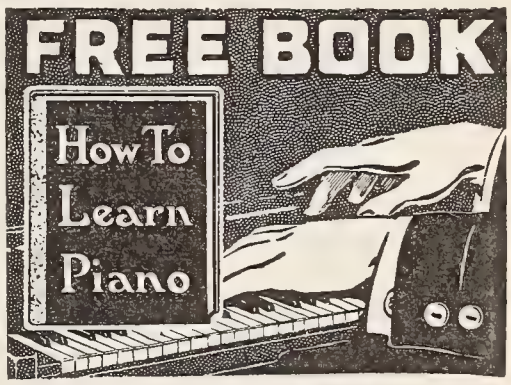

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

BILLIE.—Dick Rosson played the part of May Allison's brother in her Metro production, "Peggy Does Her Darndest." Creighton Hale is now being starred by World, "The Black Circle" being his first picture. Douglas Fairbanks' last picture on the Artcraft program was "A Knickerbocker Buckaroo." His first with the Big Four is "His Majesty the American." Marjorie Daw is his leading lady in it. Not fired—just told to get out.

K. V. H.—Eight years ago they didn't have such a thing as a cast of characters.

MISS LIBERTY.—Herbert Brennon and Marie Doro finally got away to England after all, to make pictures. Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1891. Marie Doro was born in Duncannon, Pennsylvania, in 1895. Elliott Dexter hails from Houston, Texas, and Rubye de Remer is a Denver, Colorado, girl. Alice Brady was born in New York City. Don't know your friend Mary. Lottie and Jack Pickford both have dark hair and eyes. Elliott Dexter, too. Casson Ferguson has reddish-brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Mary Anderson is a daughter of Brooklyn, New York. Annette Kellermann is the correct way to spell it. Not too many, but plenty.

SARGENT.—Francelia Billington was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1896. She was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent in Los Angeles, California. Her screen career commenced with Majestic. She then went to Universal and American, playing opposite Bill Russell in many of his pictures. She is five feet seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. She has light brown hair and gray eyes.

ARLIE.—You here again? More power to you. You didn't ask much this time. Are you running low on questions? Yes, she did. Mary McAllister is not appearing before the camera at present.

BOBBIE B.—How do you like the Market Booklet? Yes, Albert Ray still acts in pictures. He is starring in features for the Fox program. His latest pictures are "Words and Music By—", "Be a Little Sport," and "Love is Love." No, he isn't. He was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. He played *Buster Brown* on the stage at the age of seven. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has brown hair and dark-blue eyes. "Daddy Long Legs" is the latest Mary Pickford picture released. Marguerite Clark's new one is "Girls."

C. AND S.—June Caprice has returned to the screen and is appearing in features for Pathé. Anna Little is not married. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, on February 28, 1882. Chicago, Illinois, is the birthplace of Clara Kimball Young. Anna Little is appearing opposite Wallace Reid in his Lasky productions. Pearl White is still single. Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896.

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M. M. M. CRAZY.—Where does Mary go in summer? Why, most anywhere. Mostly in swimming. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. Her correct name is Juliet Shelby. Yes, *quite* pretty. No!

L. H. G.—I forwarded your letter to Louis Bennison.

MOVIE LOVER.—Thank you for all those nice statements. Marie Prevost is one of the Mack Sennett girls. She was born in Sarnia, Canada, in 1898. She is not married. She is five feet four inches tall and tips the scales at one hundred and twenty-four pounds. Her hair is dark and her eyes are blue. Yes, she plays leading rôles. Tom Moore isn't married. He used to be Alice Joyce's husband. Theda Bara's latest picture is called "A Woman There Was." Norma is a bit over two years older than her sister Constance Talmadge.

RUBY LETTY M.—I'm sure I can't say how your plan will work out. The only way to make sure is to write and see. I wish you the best of luck. Be sure it's a star who wears a lot of fine clothes in her pictures.

O. C.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. I don't happen to know the actual length in inches of her curls. You know hair is always growing, and it would be an awful job to keep wiring all over the country to the various stars asking them how long their curls are now. Johnny Hines was born in Golden City, Colorado, on July 25, 1895. He is five feet nine. One hundred and fifty pounds is what he weighs. Certainly, write just as often as you like.

MISS T. L.—Pauline Starke (not Stark) was born in Joplin, Missouri, on January 10, 1900. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. You might write to her.

DOROTHY D. AND EILEEN E.—I can't tell you how you two can become movie stars any more than I could tell Anna Pavlowa how to dance. Why don't you finish your schooling before you get the "movie bug?" Look out for it because its bite is dangerous, as many screen-struck girls and boys will tell you.

HELEN K.—John Bowers was born in Indiana. You might write him and see. Some of the pictures he has played in are "Day Dreams" and "Daughter of Mine" with Madge Kennedy, and "The Pest" with Mabel Normand. Theda Bara was born in 1890. Jack Pickford has finished his two features for the First National Exhibitors. Park Jones played the rôle of *Jimmy Reed* in "Sandy." Julian Eltinge is not dead. He has just finished a tour of the big cities at the head of his own road show, and is going to make some more pictures. You should speak to the manager of your theater about the pictures you want to see. His idea is to satisfy his patrons, and he is always open to suggestions.

ANITA BEATS THEM ALL.—My, you certainly can rave about Anita Stewart. That is her correct name. She is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron in private life. Mr. Cameron is her manager—professionally of course. Who's boss in the home is their own business, not yours or mine. Her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, is playing opposite Eugene O'Brien. She is married to Ralph Ince, the director.

EDITH K.—The answer you saw in that magazine regarding "In For Thirty Days"

H. E. L. L. O.—Crane Wilbur and Harold Lockwood both started in their careers as chorus men. Earle Williams was a salesman for a phonograph company before becoming a member of the silver sheet. Louise Fazenda was never on the stage. She was a chocolate dipper in a candy factory, and when she lost her job she tried the movies, which must have been very trying on Louise, as she started in by doubling for stars and leading ladies when they had any stunts which they did not care to do themselves. She lost her nerve after several close calls, and started doing extra work at Mack Sennett's. One day he called out for some one who could shoot a gun, and Louise stepped forth. He gave her the small part and the gun. She made a hit with him, and has been working in Sennett comedies ever since. She still likes chocolates, too.

ELSIE R.—I think so.

JOHNNIE ON THE SPOT.—Look for all the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

V. S. B.—Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., thirty years ago. Her début in New York on the stage was made in "My Wife," opposite John Drew. Two of her late stage successes before returning to the screen were "The Pink Pajama Girl" and "Jerry." She leaves the screen every once in a while to return to her first love—the stage, but the best part of it is that she always comes back.

JACK MOWER FAN.—Your favorite was not always an actor as you have heard. Jack has been an athlete since his boyhood days, and at one time decided to make a living at it. He was an amateur swimming champion of the Pacific coast at one time, and wore the colors of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He played professional baseball and football, and even tried his hand at the boxing game. He was persuaded to try the theatrical game against his will, and succeeded in spite of himself, as it were. The rest you know. He is playing in Lew Cody's latest feature at present.

A PAL 4 MAN.—Tom Forman is again juveniling for the Lasky Company. His first picture upon his return from war was "For Better, For Worse." A great deal of information about myself? I am rather modest, and hate to talk about myself, and as no one else seems to know anything about me, I guess there is nothing to be said. Sweet Sixteen was the name you used before. It may be a little old, but what of it? "Old friends wear well," you know.

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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them?" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. **Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?** Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—Hazel Simpson Naylor, Literary Editor *Motion Picture Magazine.*

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. Pierce Weller, Managing Editor *The Binghamton Press.*

"Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy, just as you say. I have sold three stories and one play—which have netted me exactly $825.00."—Alfred Horto, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for $30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays—one of which sold for $500.00, the other for $450.00. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—Helen Kindon, Atlantic City, N. J.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a litle patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they **really learn to write** from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't **I** learn to write?" **Who says you can't?**

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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says:

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

Listen! A wonderful **free** book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called **"The Wonder Book for Writers,"** shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't **dream** they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you **are** a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to **win!**

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 97

I. M. INQUISITIVE.—The Lee Kids have gone in for two-reel comedies now, and are making these short features for the Rodgers Film Corporation in New York City. They are a clever pair of youngsters, and should be able to get a lot of laughs. Marie Walcamp has just commenced work on a new serial for the Universal under the direction of Henry McRae. It is a Japanese affair. Harlan Tucker, former leading man at the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, is her leading man. Bessie Barriscale was born in New York. Pearl White is through with serials, and is now doing features for Fox. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911.

BESSIE.—Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. He has light hair and blue eyes.

IGNATZ.—You, too.

J. M. Q.—You mean "A hair in the head is worth two in the brush," don't you? Charles Ray's latest picture is called "He Who Hesitates——" On January 1st he will go with the First National. Albert Ray's latest feature for the Fox Company is "A Little Prayer for Rain." They are cousins, not brothers. Yes, the Al you saw in "The Game's Up" is the same one. Yes, I think "Love Is Love" is his best so far. William S. Hart has not retired, and Mary Pickford refuses to believe the report that she has been killed. Mary says she pinched herself, and found out that she is still very much alive.

ELSYA DEAR.—Julia Arthur played the rôle of the nurse, *Edith Cavell.* Mildred Harris has been Mrs. Charlie Chaplin for a little over a year now. They kept it secret for a while, until "Cupid" Sparks, the marriage-license clerk in Los Angeles spilled the beans. You're just a little slow. William S. Hart was born in Newburg, New York. Fatty Arbuckle was born in Kansas in 1887.

A LONELY CHAP.—Francelia Billington was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1896. She is now playing in the Universal serial which features Lieutenant Locklear, the famous dare-devil American aviator, who delights in jumping from one plane to another in midair. He'll get plenty of chance to do this in his new work. Mary Miles Minter was with the American Film Company for three years. Her hair is golden, and she stands two inches over five feet. Her new features are being made by Realart.

MURIEL PEARL W.—As a rule child actors have private tutors. See the end of The Oracle for their addresses.

V. HILL.—Elliott Dexter has had several releases since "The Squaw Man." "For Better or for Worse," "Don't Change Your Husband," "Maggie Pepper," and "The Daughter of the Wolf" are some of them. He has retired from the screen for the time being, due to a nervous breakdown. Jack Drumier was born in Philadelphia in 1864.

ANXIOUS.—Look for the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 98

CURIOUS.—Your Hart and Pickford questions have been answered. William and Dustin Farnum are brothers, but Franklyn Farnum is not any relation. His real name is William Franklyn Smith. Dustin Farnum was born in Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, in 1874. William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876. Franklyn Farnum was also born in Boston. The Dolly sisters are Rosika and Yanski. The Fairbanks twins are Marion and Madeline. They are playing *Pepper* and *Salt* in the Ziegfield Follies. They haven't been in pictures since the Thanhouser days. Harold Lloyd doesn't wear glasses off the screen. Zoe Rae was born in Chicago in 1910.

F. B.—Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, on September 22, 1893. Theda Bara was born in 1890. Cincinnati, Ohio, was her birthplace. Her correct name was Theodosha Goodman, but she had it legally changed to Theda Bara. Edna Mayo isn't working on the screen at the present time. Jack Holt isn't dead. How do you know that the letter reached her? Mary Pickford's first appearance on the screen was in "The New York Hat." Mack Sennett played opposite her.

MOVIE CRAVER.—I don't know that Madge Kennedy has any special favorite book. Bebe Daniels has dark-brown hair and eyes. It was Constance Talmadge you saw in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," and not Norma. Harold Lockwood had the leading rôle in "The Haunted Pajamas." May Allison was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1897. That is his correct name. Charles Ray does not look anything like Wallace Reid. They are entirely different types. There's always room for one more in The Oracle.

MARY MILES MILES.—Seena Owen played the *Princess Beloved* in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." I think they would! Mary Miles Minter is making her pictures in New York. Her first one to be released by Realart is "Anne of Green Gables." Louise Lovely is still playing in pictures. She has been William Farnum's leading lady in all his late releases. Grace Cunard is appearing opposite Elmo Lincoln in "Elmo the Mighty." Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1902.

ROSA LEE W.—There is not room enough in the whole Oracle department for that alone. Shorten it up and I'll do my best.

ROCCO CHERICUZIO.—Yes, Pearl White has recently been married. She is now Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon in real life. She was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1889. No, I couldn't sell you a book on "How to Be a Movie Actor." Books can't make you one. Ralph is still playing in pictures.

TEDDIE.—So you aren't going to be a school m'arm, after all? Still, I think it's a whole lot better than that tin peddler you have in mind. True Boardman was *Stingareen* in the series of that name produced by the Kalem Company. He died last year in a sanitarium. Webster Campbell was born in Kansas City.

Addresses of Players.

THE following list, which is changed each month, is made up of names selected from the month's inquiries. Taken collectively these lists give a cumulative directory of screenland's players. If you wish to write to any player whose name you fail to find in this directory, in any of your numbers of Picture-Play Magazine, you may address your letter to the player in care of either Willis & Ingalls, Wright and Callender building, Los Angeles, Cal., or in care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, and it will be forwarded.

Jack Pickford, Naomi Childers, Mabel Ballin, Will Rogers, Geraldine Farrar, Florence Deshon and Mabel Normand, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ora Carew, Magda Lane, Tsuru Aoki, Francella Billington, Priscilla Dean, and Mary MacLaren, Universal Film Corporation, Universal City, Cal.

Owen Moore, Eugene O'Brien, and Elsie Janis, care of Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Jackie Saunders and Creighton Hale, care of World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Neal Hart, care of Capitol Film Company, Hollywood, Cal.

Mollie King and Louise Huff, care of American Cinema Corporation, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Elmo Lincoln, 4518 Fountain Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Antonio Moreno, Carol Holloway, and Bill Duncan, Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Thomas Meighn, Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Warner Oland, 257 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Jane Novak, 6629½ Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.

Carmel Myers, 4525 Prospect Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Anna Q. Nilsson, 1901 Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Niles Welch, 1752 Whitley Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Taylor Holmes, Friars Club, New York City.

Frank Keenan, Mary Pickford, and Dustin Farnum, Brunton Studios, 5311 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

A High-geared, Non-stop Kidder

Continued from page 41

me with a spitball!" wailed the fat little actress. "Hell, course he hit you if he threw at you!" he said. And that retort went down in the assistant director's pad as a subtitle.

Rogers came off the set and the scenario writer called after him, "We're going to put you into the dentist's chair next, Rogers!"

"Well," drawled Rogers, "I can make that awfully funny if I can remember what I did in the dentist's chair last time I was there!"

After I had bidden Mr. Rogers farewell, he called after me:

"Don't be too hard on the movies! You know, Mary Pickford is better known than your city!"

Be a Real Man!

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BROADEN YOUR SHOULDERS, DEEPEN YOUR CHEST, ENLARGE YOUR ARMS, AND GET A DEVELOPMENT THAT WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION. FILL YOURSELF FULL OF ENERGY AND BE POWERFUL.

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If you are weak, run down, mentally and physically, if you lack ambition or feel discouraged, if you have suffered from youthful errors, or dissipations of later years, if you are bothered with indigestion, constipation, worry, kidney trouble, or any like ailment, *brace up*, and **START IN ANEW, AND MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF.**

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Niles, and the "Voice From Within"

Continued from page 61

at that moment, as the photographer snapped the picture. Perhaps he headed for Welch or the photographer—they say he did, but I'll swear that he made straight for my legs. Anyway, the picture-making session was over, and the photographer departed hastily for town—to take pictures of somebody else watering a lawn and sitting on the porch or playing with a dog, I suppose.

And I went back to the front porch and met the "Voice From Within," who proved to be Dell Boone, a writer and actress, and Niles' wife—the twinkle in his eyes when he introduced us explained the way Niles had grinned when I had asked about the name on the manuscript. And I gathered some data about the productions Niles has been in recently; Mrs. Welch gave them to me, and I gather from my hastily scribbled notes that she thought his work in "The Secret of the Storm Country," with Norma Talmadge, and in "A Virtuous Thief," and "Stepping Out," with Enid Bennett, had been especially good.

As I look them over there's just one thing that consoles me about those pictures. Please notice that I restrained the photographer from snapping one of Niles getting into, out of, or under an automobile!

Up the Milky Way to Stardom

Continued from page 17

He said it was wonderful, adding that he did not know I was such a grand diver. It seems that by sheer luck I had done a graceful dive.

The worst fright I ever had was in a stunt that looked ordinary enough on the screen. Doubling for the leading man as a cavalry officer, out chasing Mexican bandits, I had to ride down a steep mountain path, waving my gun and leading forty rough-riding devils who acted as cavalrymen. As we came down the path the director decided to have us swerve from the trail and ride down the steep face of the mountain—and just as I caught his signal and plunged down the mountainside I felt my saddle slipping.

I knew that if I ever dropped from the horse the stampeding cowboys would ride right over me. The saddle would jolt and slide, try as I

Up the Milky Way to Stardom

Continued from page 100

would to hold it with my knees, and I grabbed the horse around the neck with one arm and held on as we went plunging and skidding to the bottom. And then I slid to the ground.

This stunt work came to an automatic ending when I got my first part in a picture. It was in support of Jackie Saunders. I played a number of times with her.

My first change of company came when I went with Al Christie, appearing in comedies with Billie Rhodes. After a year of this, I became a member of the Morosco Stock Company. It took just one show, "Little Miss Brown," which had a two weeks' run, to convince me that I was meant for outdoor work. The theater was much too confining.

I returned to the screen as a member of William Russell's supporting cast. Then I went to Universal to play in "Outcasts of Poker Flat" in which Harry Carey was starred.

Shortly after it was completed, Goldwyn called me up and asked me to go out to see Rex Beach regarding a part in "The Girl From Outside," taken from his book, "The Wag Lady." The rôle was that of *The Curly Kid.* It was a wonderful part, and I did my best to convince Mr. Beach that I could play it. I afterward learned from one of the men that it was a remark I made that landed that engagement for me. When Mr. Beach expressed his doubt about my ability to fill the rôle, I answered, "I've been milk boy, newsboy, cub reporter, property man, and doubling dare-devil, I guess I can be a Curly Kid." I landed the part, and when the picture was run at the studio, Goldwyn gave me a five-year contract.

The rôle was a dandy. Any one could have been good in it. I happened to be the lucky one.

Now that I'm the swagger *J. Wallingford Speed* I must confess, with due conceit, that this part is the best of all. If I didn't, I wouldn't be in character, would I?

When the editor asked me to write this story he said, "Say something that will be helpful to other ambitious youths." So I'll be very original and say, "If you don't at first succeed as a milkman, newsboy, truck driver, or janitor—try being an actor!"

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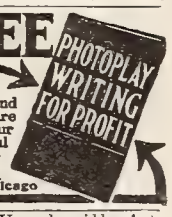

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Fade-Outs

Continued from page 55

this department of delirium (back numbers for sale by all dealers)—we endeavored to tip you off as to Charlie Ray's protestations of poker innocence. We warned you he was getting ready to trim some one.

Ja notice what he did to those traveling men in "Bill Henry"?

—o—

Page Santa Claus!
(See's shy a present.)

From "Dust Of Desire" (World): "the story of a woman with a past which nearly wrecks her future!"

—o—

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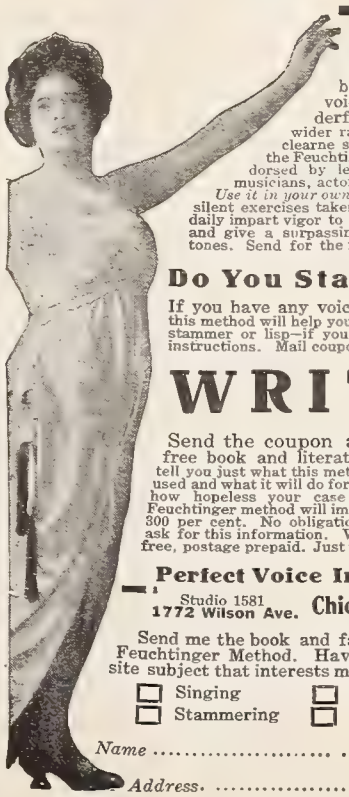

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

as ever), G. Raymond Nye (supervillainous as ever), and Louise Lovely and her gold locks.

Turning to Tom Moore I find his winning smile giving vitality to *Lord Algy* of "Lord and Lady Algy." R. C. Carton's famous play which has been one of William Faversham's expressions on the stage, takes on plenty of atmosphere as a picture, which makes it as English as the original. A jolly, old duffer, *Lord Algy*, you sympathize with him because of his ingratiating good nature. His lordship cannot pick a winner, but her ladyship can. And when he has suffered and realized his shortcomings she magnaminously comes to the rescue. It is a tale of blue blood and horses and unfolds as rich a racing scene as one would want to see. The rôle of *Lord Algy* is not cut exactly for Tom Moore's personality, yet he makes a pretty good Englishman for an Irishman.

That delight of the stage, "Lombardi, Ltd.," may prove disappointing on the screen if you have seen the original and remember its sparkling dialogue. True, the vital sparks are missing. And a plot which offers no variety of situation but depends upon the spoken word cannot reach big dimensions when given a celluloid translation. Yet, on the other side, it has enough merits to make it an excellent entertainment. The sponsors have made a clever farce-comedy into an enjoyable comedy-drama. Which is the logical thing to do. The rich and racy dialogue is eliminated and in its place is a dash of romance, a sprinkle of sentiment, and a faint pinch of paprika. It sparkles further with gingery subtitles. It moves quite spontaneously allowing for a few lapses in the early part of the action. The pictorial embellishments contribute tone and quality. And Bert Lytell does wonders in the part of the Italian modiste, who is too temperamental to succeed without the aid of Irish assistants who are in charge of the office. He plays his rôle with all seriousness. Which is correct when considering the new sentimental flourish. A unique picture, and one with color and charm. It should especially delight the ladies. The men? They will be looking on. Sh-h-h-h—there's a reason.

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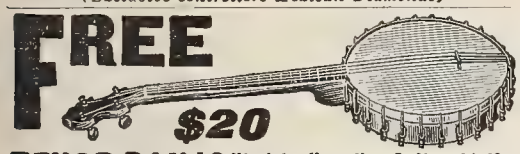

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Screen Gossip

Mae Marsh is busily preparing for her return to California and to motion pictures, as her contract with L. J. Gasnier goes into effect February first.

Mae Murray and Alma Rubens have signed contracts to appear in Cosmopolitan productions.

Pathé plans to release a series of fifty-two pictures, "The Spirit of the Dance," presenting the world's famous dancers in characteristic dances of all nations and times.

Frank Keenan's son-in-law, Ed Wynn, a comedian well known on the stage, has formed a motion-picture company of his own.

D. W. Griffith's new Eastern studio is located at New Rochelle, New York, and includes part of the famous Henry Flagler estate. It's said that he is to build another in Florida soon.

Marguerita Sylva has left the stage temporarily to make pictures for American.

Bessie Love has her own company nowadays.

Shirley Mason, now a Fox star, will have "Her Elephant Man," a circus story, for her first release.

A new company, the Allgood Pictures Corporation, has signed Charles Hutchinson of serial fame as its first star.

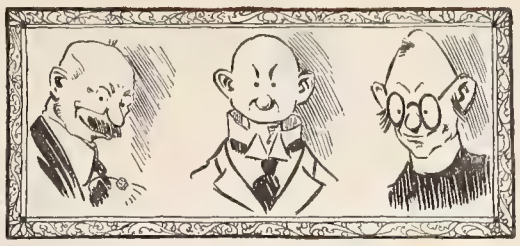
Booth Tarkington has agreed to write twelve two-reel comedies, along the same lines as his famous "Penrod" stories, for Goldwyn.

Gail Kane and Thurston Hall will return from stage to screen in the first picture of the new Park-Whiteside company, "Empty Arms."

Ella Hall, who retired from the screen two years ago, returns in a new serial, "The Gates of Doom," playing opposite Francis Ford.

John Barrymore is making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for the screen.

Mary Pickford is to make "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for the screen, playing the rôles both of the little hero and of *Dearest,* his mother.



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Make Yourself Fit

You can do it, if you will only make up your mind to get out of the way of putting the matter off "until tomorrow" and begin at once to Build Up yourself. Nature has implanted in every human organism a wonderful revivifying, revitalizing force, which she will exert to the utmost when you learn her methods and observe her laws. Patent medicines won't put you right. Druggist's dope won't do you any good. Pills and powders may give you a little temporary relief and stimulation, but they won't eradicate the CAUSE of your troubles, and when the inevitable reaction comes you will be even worse off than before.

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I have spent my life studying Nature's methods of building up and revitalizing wornout, broken-down humanity. Her Laws are fixed, immutable, absolute, operating for every individual alike. I KNOW what they can and will do for YOU, through my own experience and that of thousands of my pupils, who came to me weak, ailing, discouraged, and are now strong, well, able, ambitious men and women. It makes no difference what your present condition is; it makes no difference whether or not it was caused by your own early indiscretions or excesses. Let me show you the straight, sure path back to health and strength and happiness. It's Nature's way, and there's no more doubt about the operations of Nature in the human frame than there is of the daily rising and setting of the sun. I GUARANTEE to improve your condition 100 per cent, if you will only WILL to build yourself up and follow my methods for a few months.

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Fade-Outs

Continued from page 101

A Classy Cast.

'Tis a symphony in nomenclature, that cast of Fox's "Chasing Rainbows." Here is how it reads: "Sadie", "Billy", "Skinny", "Jerry", "Allie", "Lacy", "Mrs. Walters".

Seems to us, however, they should have called the last-named "Walty", and so preserved the melodious tempo, as it were.

—o—

Some Lines On Lines.

Flo Zigfeld, after viewing Harriet Hammond's figure, which figure figures to a great extent 'mid Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties,—figured he needed her figure to adorn his Follies.

Therefore, to the owner of the handsome figure he named a handsome figure as to salary. But Sennett figured he could raise Flo's ante, and he did. So, Harriet's figure still figures in the one-piece eye-exercisers.

—o—

The Real Thing.

All extras believe all directors are naturally mean all the time.

Robert McKim, the screen's slickest villain, has graduated from the College Of Cussedness and became a director.

Heaven help the extras!

How'd you like to be bossed by a guy who has medals and everything for villainy? Wow!

—o—

We Still Insist On "Optience."

A brother space-killer, Walter K. Hille, the entertaining "Rambler" on a famous tradepaper, objects to the use of the word "optience".

He says picture crowds do more than optic, they hear music.

What's the use of arguing with a guy like that? We're betting he'd object to the word "parade", because the paraders do more than parade. They start and stop.

—o—

Easy Money, We'll Say!

Lotsa folks are pitying Mary Miles Minter because of the harsh terms of her $1,300,000.00 contract. For three years she must not associate with theatrical people, must live a quiet sort of life and must not marry.

Huh! We've done all that for the last three years for much less.

Good Guessing At That!

Last summer a number of large buildings were under construction upon a tract of land near Los Angeles. When we first saw them we felt sure the outfit was to be a huge corral to hold the bulls made by Hollywood directors.

But later on, as the work progressed, and walls were added, we felt certain the huge edifices were intended to be blank-cartridge factories for the Billhart dramas.

Next, we doped it out that the stupendous structures were to be grease-paint foundries, but, pshaw—

The affair turned out to be merely a three-million-dollar tire plant!

—o—

Hearts Astray.

Neal Hart's emoting.

Bill Hart's comedy moments.

—o—

We wondered why they called them "Rainbow" Comedies,—until we saw one.

'Twas over our head!

And as for "Century" Comedies, —one every hundred years is plenty.

—o—

Most Certainly!

Speaking of casts,—the producers of "The Radium Mystery" wish to call your attention to the All Star Cast. Here's the cast:

Bob Reeves, Bob Kortman, Jeff Osborne, Gordon McGregor and Robert Gray.

Of course these stars are all familiar to you,—are they

Not?

—o—

Ruff Stuff!

And so, little Gwendolyn, you pant to be a film actress?

U-m,—well, let's see——

Do you remember that scene in Nazimova's "The Brat"—where she is hurled by a burly cop over a bench into the furthest corner of the room?

Well, little one, that scene was rehearsed nine times,—and nine times was Nazimova hurled bruised and bumped into the corner, before the scene was finally shot!

Still yearn to be an actorine, Gwendolyn?

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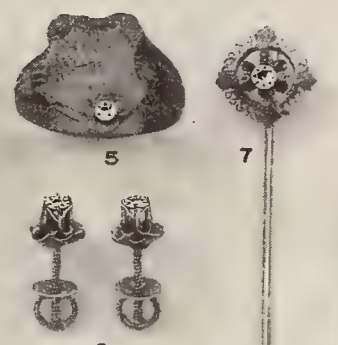

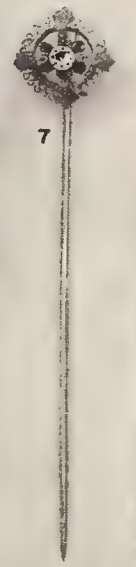

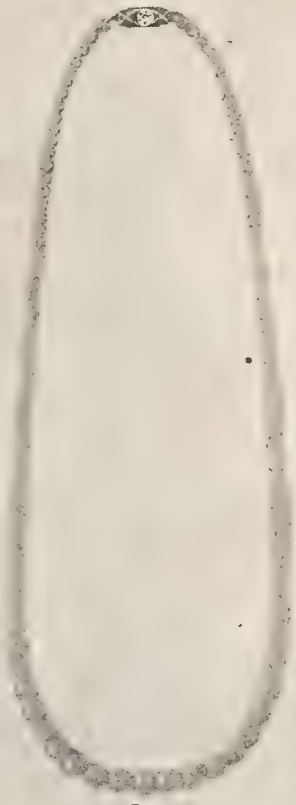

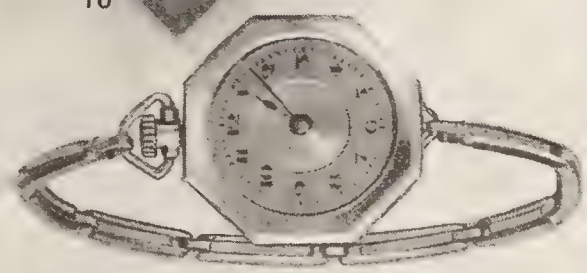

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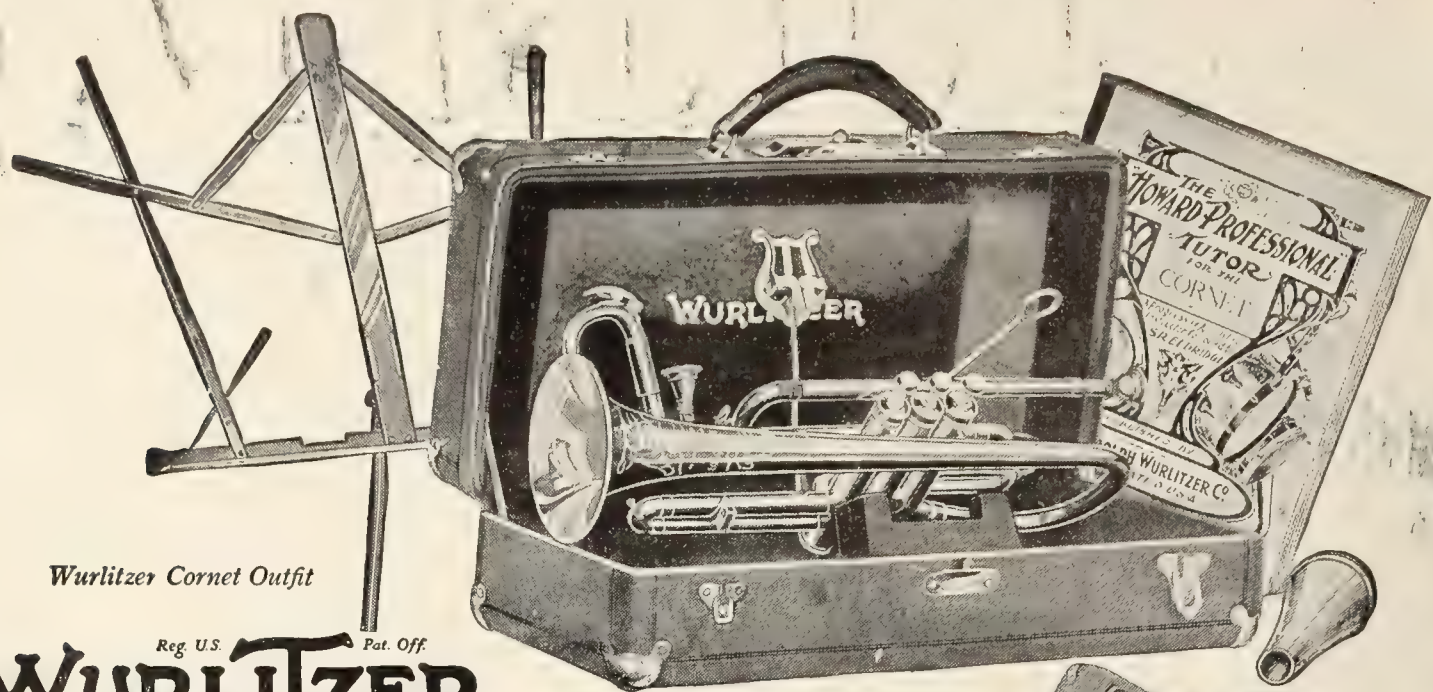

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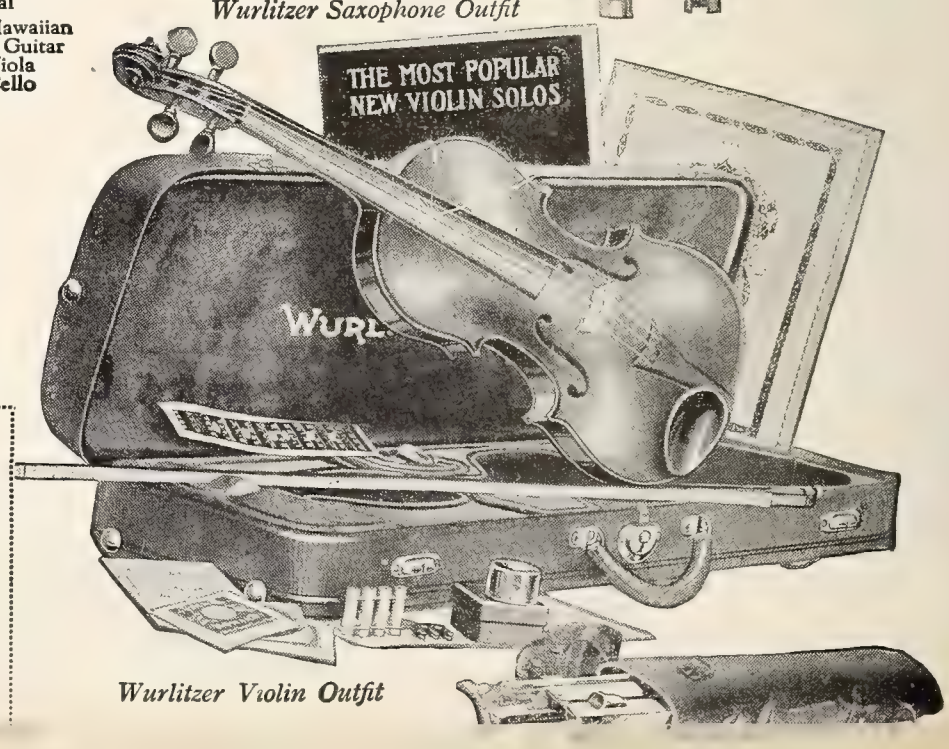

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WHO invented motion pictures, and how did they get started as an industry? Do you know? Probably not, since very few persons do. R. W. Baremore has been digging into the history of films, and has prepared for us a very interesting article that goes back to the earliest inventions which foreshadowed the wonders of the modern screen and then traces the development of pictures down to recent times. This article will begin in our next number.

In the same issue, Herbert Howe takes you on a personally conducted tour to "the ship," as they call the famous Venice café to which the members of the Los Angeles film colony flock on Saturday nights. You'll meet on this trip several of your screen friends as they appear "off duty."

Peter Milne is going to inaugurate, next month, a regular department in which he will comment on the twenty best screen plays which he has seen in the month before. This will be an excellent guide to our readers as to the very best offerings—those which they won't want to miss—since Mr. Milne keeps in close touch with all new productions. Supplementing this department, Herbert Howe will continue his critical articles commenting on the ever-changing trend of the screen.

There will be fiction versions of two of the biggest forthcoming pictures, Nazimova's "Stronger Than Death," and De Mille's "Don't Change Your Wife." As usual, we will have stories on several of the stars and other players who, just now, are of especial interest to the fans, and several pages devoted mainly to the beautiful women of the screen.

We would like to call especial attention to two features in this issue. Readers who have no inclination to write for the screen might not always care to read the "Hints to Scenario Writers." But this month that department is given over to an article which should be of interest to every one who is at all interested in screen plays. It was written by Whitman Bennett, production manager for Famous Players-Lasky. It is called "A Million a Year for Motion-Picture Plots," and it tells how the greatest of all producing organizations scours the literary world for its stories.

Throughout the year which has just begun we expect to print many articles of that sort, articles which will bring motion-picture lovers in closer touch with this great industry, which will analyze and explain the different movements that are accompanying its development, both from the practical and from the artistic standpoint, and which, we trust, will also contribute something to the entertainment and pleasure of those who read them.

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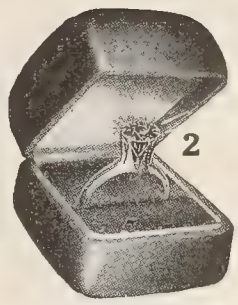

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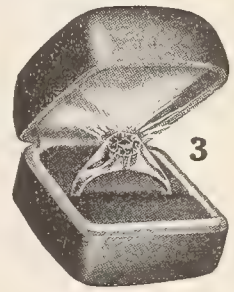

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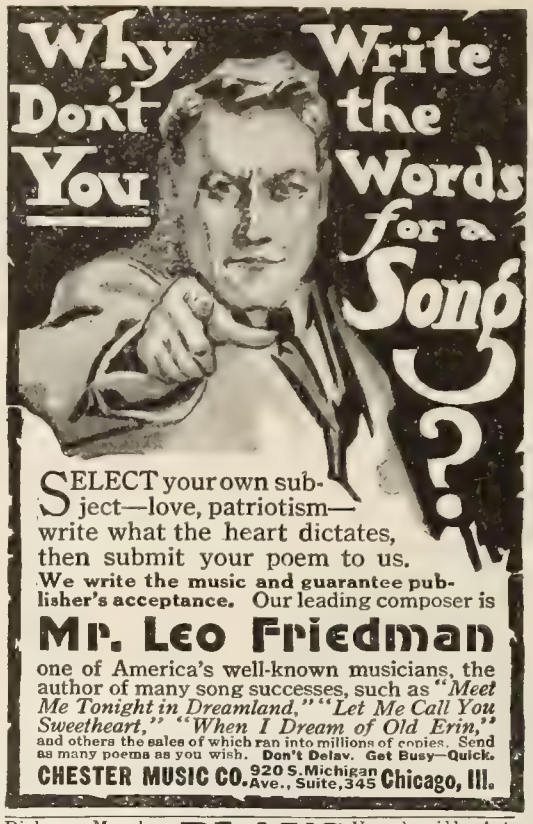

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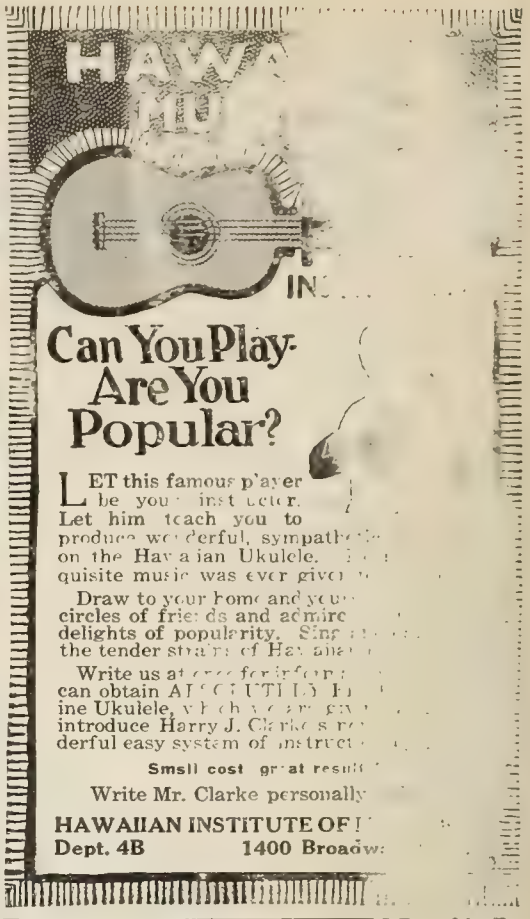

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Winning Personality for Women!

Your Right to Happiness

Dear Reader:

I often wonder why there are so many unhappy, discontented women in the world. Truly my heart goes out to the young girl vainly reaching for that joy in life, for the lightness of heart enjoyed by others who seem to have everything their hearts desire. Compassion arises within me when I see women of more mature years struggling in the grasp of something that ever holds them back from the love, popularity and attention they so much crave.

How I do long to help them all, to whisper in their ears the secrets of success, the secrets of personality that have changed many a woman's life from gray obscurity to one of rosy-hued happiness.

Study the Picture

I have had an artist draw the picture you see on this page to illustrate one particular case I have in mind.

I will call her Betty Brown because that wasn't her name. Betty lived with a girl friend in one of our great cities. She was a nice girl, really pretty, with soft brown hair and a heart of gold.

But Betty never seemed to get ahead. From her earliest school days until the time I speak of she went through her uneventful, uninteresting life unnoticed, envious of other girls whose pleasures and friends she could not share, unhappy in the simple joys she missed, despairing of ever being anybody but just the unfortunate girl she was, ignored in favor of others not near so good looking in face and form.

You Must Have What She Lacked

Juliette Fara

Betty Brown's one function in life seemed to be that of her daily routine of work. To her lot fell the self-assumed task of keeping their little quarters clean and in shape, while her girl friend went along bright and happy, sought for whenever there was a party or ball, a dozen suitors at her feet, making admiring friends constantly, seeming to charm all whom she met.

Poor Betty! How she did long for just a little of the admiration and attention showered on her more fortunate friend. How she pined for a tithe of the pleasures with which she saw others surrounded.

Then, one day she poured out her soul to a woman who seemed sympathetic.

"My Dear," this new found friend told her. "You have a good education but, dear girl, you are **Chained to Your Undeveloped Personality.** You lack that something by which other girls make themselves sought after, attractive, charming. You must be content with your lot for you were born so."

Charming Personalities Can Be Developed

But oh, how little this woman knew, how little she realized that she herself would have been the same as Betty Brown if accidentally or otherwise she had not learned the secrets of a charming personality.

Betty's friend had a charming personality which, combined with her goodness, made her so popular.

The unrealizing advisor of Betty also had a charming personality which had helped her husband much to achieve his success in life. And to think, neither of them could help Betty Brown.

Love—Happiness—Success For You

But to Betty the thought was a revelation. "I need a personality," she kept repeating to herself, "one that will make me liked, one that will draw friends to me, one that will bring me the love, happiness and success I so much want." This she would murmur over and over again. It became an obsession until one day she cried, "Eureka, I have found it at last."

And what she found was an advertisement of the Gentlewoman Institute in a magazine she was reading.

Perhaps she was a little doubtful that I, Juliette Fara, could teach her the secrets I possess, that I would really be able to transform her from the nonentity she was to the lovely, popular girl she became afterwards.

Why Don't You Learn?

But Betty Brown took a chance. She wrote the Gentlewoman Institute just as I advised in the advertisement. She absorbed the vitally important secrets such as I am ready to impart to you, she found out her faults, trivial as they were, she became mistress of herself, she commenced to share the happiness that was her God-given birth right, the joy and contentment are purposed to which you, dear reader, cannot get a great deal out of life.

All this our Betty Brown told me in a confidential letter and it is but hypothetical of many other letters of appreciation from women whose lives I have helped to change from gloomy dusk to bright sunshine.

My Secrets

What are these wonderful secrets of personality, by what wave of magic wand can any girl or woman become fascinating, compelling and successful?

Let me tell you how I learned and why I know. I spent many years in foreign climes, I have been privileged to study the ways of successful women in this and other countries. And always have I made notes of the results of my observations, always have I pried my way beneath the veneers that disguised many a secret of charming womanhood. Always have I uncovered that little something that was destined to go down in my book of books, my life's work, so that my sisters, all women, should have the benefit of the accumulated knowledge of ages of womankind.

Become Fascinating

And such simple things they are, not as some might think of—beautiful gowns, brilliant education, artificial beauty or the questionable charm of a libertine. But just the thousand and one little things by which any woman can make herself as charming as the best, finest and most popular woman she knows.

You may be shy, retiring, so unconfident of yourself that you positively repel instead of attracting as you should. You may be oversensitive, bashful or without the strength and surety of perfect womanhood.

If so, I can make you forceful, adorably daring and sweet with a manner so fascinating that the world will evidence its admiration.

You may be overbold, too assertive, scaring men with unintentional but well-meant, friendly advances. You may be uncouth in little ways you may never realize until you study my secrets. If so I can change you to the sweet, lovable girl you should want to be.

You may be selfish and not know it, you may be stubborn and not realize it, you may be able to make friends and still not hold them. You may be handicapped by private sorrows and worry.

I Can Help You

No matter what your trouble may be, no matter what is keeping you chained to the post of an Undeveloped Personality, my secrets will find it out and change it all.

You may be a household drudge, slave in a shop or factory or lead a miserable, wretched life at home. Then you have great reason to want to know what I can do to help you — how I can show you ways to change the attitude of a brutal life partner or gain the love, respect and obedience of your children.

Win Admiration

I have not room on this page to tell you half I would like, so I wish you would send right to the Gentlewoman Institute for my Free Book "How." They will send it to you in a perfectly plain wrapper, just with your name and address. And they want me to ask you to please write your name on the coupon below plainly, so there will be no mistake. Of course, you may write me a letter if you wish, attaching coupon.

Now, I wish to say that I want to hear from you, no matter what your age is. Young girls in their 'teens, women over 30 and in middle age, even women over 60, have benefited by what I have to say in my book "How."

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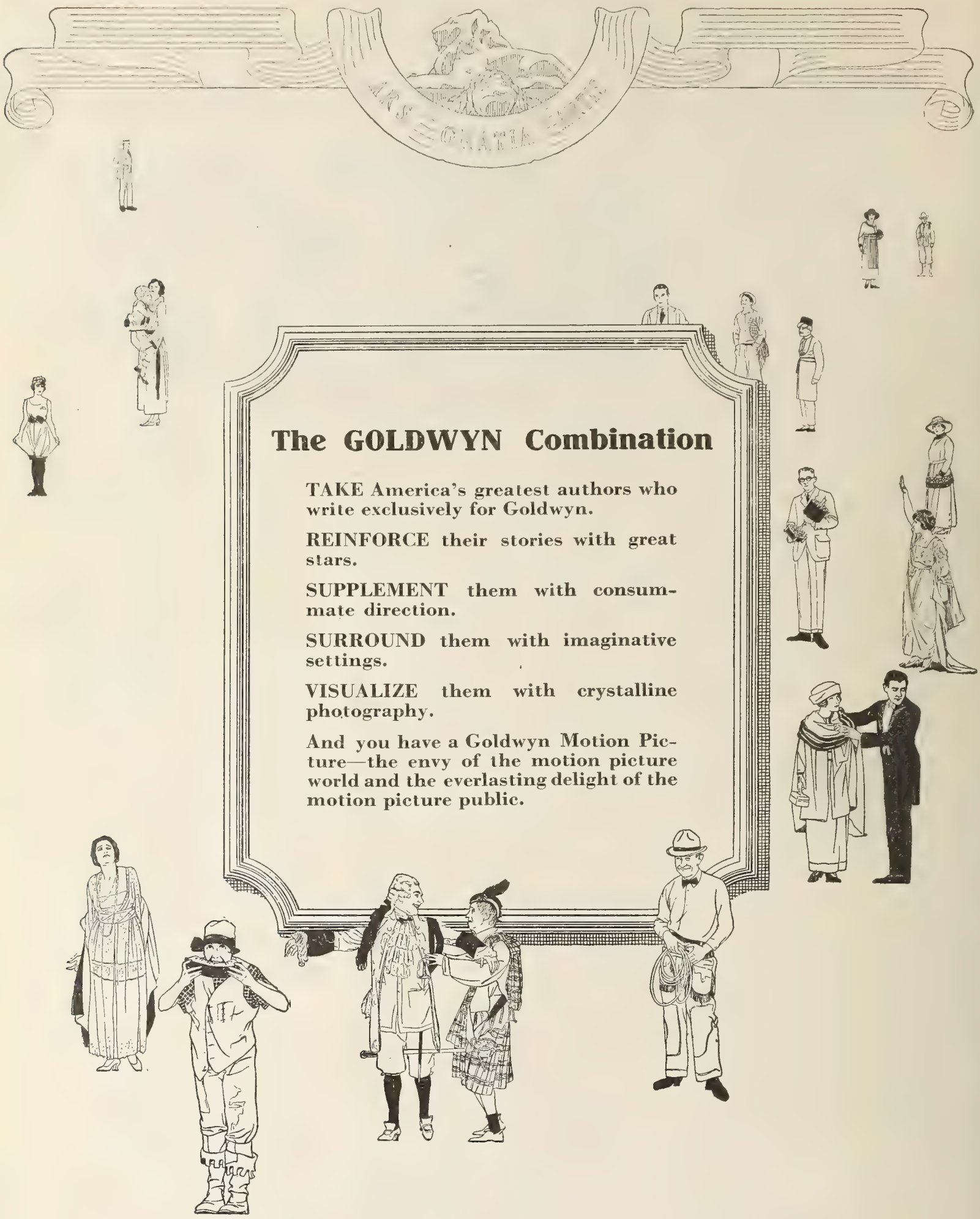

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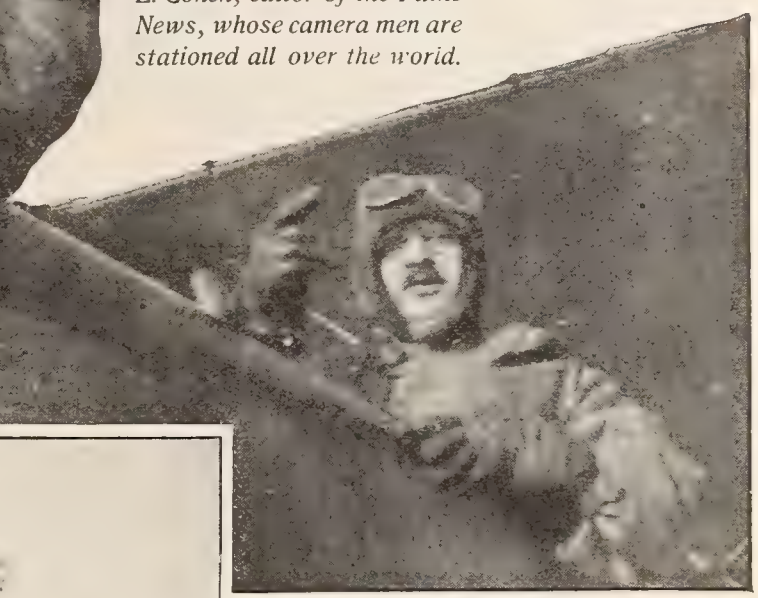
The Air Reporter

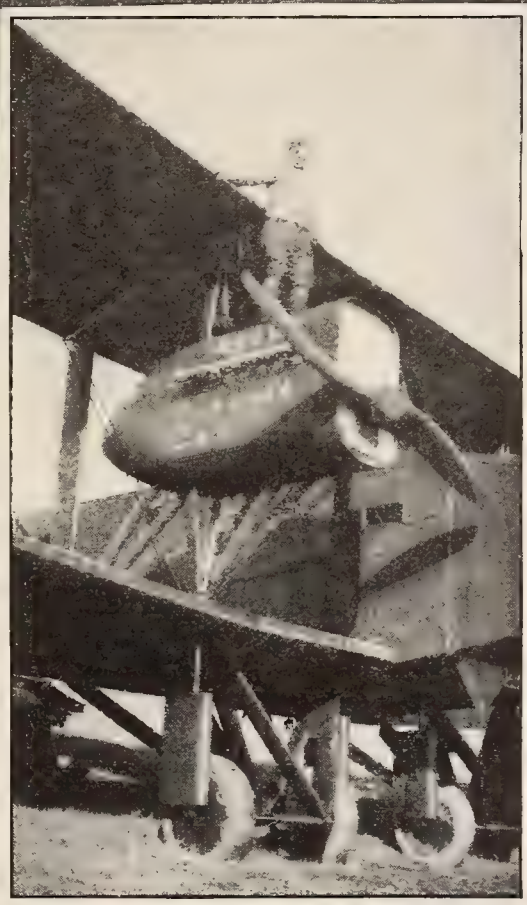
Unknown to the millions who see the results of his daring, he is producing some of the finest pictures shown on the screen.

By Charles Gatchell

H. D. Blauvelt, veteran celluloid sharpshooter, who has flown over many parts of the Western Hemisphere in search of pictorial thrills.



E. Cohen, editor of the Pathé News, whose camera men are stationed all over the world.



Flying in one of those huge, lumbering planes is like taking a joy ride in a sight-seeing auto.

THIS is a story of a new craft, that of the air reporter; a craft comprising but a handful of volunteers from the ranks of the camera men employed by the film news-weeklies—those far-reaching agencies for pictorial news gathering which daily flash their vivid glimpses of the world's great events on practically every motion-picture theater screen. It is a new craft because—though this type of bird's-eye picture is not new—it has been only within the last few months that it has ceased to be merely an occasional novelty, and has become an almost weekly part of the work of covering great out-of-door events.

A hazardous calling, at times, this aërial reporting. Not, of course, when the assignment is merely to catch a glimpse looking down on a great parade, or to film the approach of a ship bearing a distinguished guest of the nation. But the aërial camera man who hopes to hold the interest of a picture-loving public that has been surfeited with the wonders of the modern screen, must always be striving for the sensational. And I have undertaken to write about these adventurers in the hope of taking you along on one or two of their assignments, so that, perhaps, when you next see some of the results of their skill and daring, you will feel more keenly that you are riding with them—that your pulse may beat a little faster—that you will experience some of the real thrills which I experienced while flying with them a few weeks ago.

We had gone down from New York to Washington to make, with the aid of the army airmen, some "stunt" pictures. Our expeditionary force consisted of a detachment from that greatest of celluloid newspapers, the Pathé News, two other correspondents, and myself. For two days we had splashed about the mud of Bolling Field, chafing at the unavoidable delays in assembling the fleet of planes which were necessary for our work.

On the third morning, however, Major Martin F. Scanlon, in command at Bolling Field, telephoned us that the giant Handley-Page bomber, which we had been waiting for, had landed on the field, and that everything was ready for the first picture, a "leap for life" in a parachute, from the end of one of the wings of this monster.

The leap was to be made by Sergeant "Billy" Moon, who, in making experiments with aëroplane parachutes, had made some forty-two such descents on the other side during the war.

Two camera men were to record his drop. In the front cockpit of the bomber from which he was to leap was stationed H. D. Blauvelt, veteran celluloid sharp-

As we held our breath—off he slid!

shooter, who, with his camera, has followed strange trails in search of pictorial novelties over half the globe. "Bee," to use his nickname, was to record the picture of the lad as he edged his way out along the wing and swung off, while in a smaller, more agile plane, Tommy Baltzell, the "upside-down camera man," as they call him on Bolling Field, was to be spiraled round and round, following the sergeant on his descent. Beside the pilot of the bomber, and just behind "Bee," was stationed E. Cohen, editor of the Pathé News, who was to direct personally the taking of the pictures. When all was ready, and the great engines had begun their deafening warming-up explosions, the sergeant crawled up into the rear cockpit and sat there, calmly awaiting the moment for performing the "death-defying feat," which, to him, was but part of the day's work, while I wedged in beside him. There was nothing for me to do. It occurred to me that I was like the young man at the funeral who "just went along for the ride." And immediately thereupon, I wished that the thought had *not* occurred to me. One thinks of so many things that carry unpleasant associations when one is about to go up in the air, and, for that matter, while one is in the air. For example, it seems as though every time I make a flight I see so many cemeteries when I look down, and a cemetery is not a reassuring sight when you are booming along at a hundred miles an hour, a mile high, with nothing substantial beneath you.

Captain Felix Steinle, who had charge of the flying.

But a moment later I forgot the ancient limerick as the engines suddenly increased their trip-hammer fusillade and we slowly swung round and began to taxi down the field, to make ready for the take-off.

A questioning look from the pilot to ask if we are all right. A nod in reply, and down the field we started. I am going to confess that I was uneasy. It's one thing to feel yourself cozily tucked away in a light two-man De Haviland, that rides as easily as a canoe on an inland pond, and quite a different one to be a passenger in one of those huge, lumbering six-ton conveyances which shakes and vibrates under the tremendous pressure of its great engines. It is like going on a joy ride in a sight-seeing auto—an exciting but rather an uncertain feeling.

Slowly we rose and gradually climbed higher and higher in a broad circle. It was a relief, at least, to note that the great plane always kept on a level keel; there was none of that tipping up on one wing which you experience in a lighter plane when the pilot make a sharp turn.

Up, up he went, to an altitude at which the atmosphere looked clear and blue above, but thick and woolly off on the horizon of mist that lay above the earth, of which only the part that lay almost directly beneath us was plainly visible. A little below us, and off at one side, Tommy's pilot was maneuvering around for position.

Then Cohen, having exchanged signals with the other plane, turned and nodded to Moon. With a good-natured grin and a matter-of-fact "see you later, old chap" sort of nod to me, the sergeant scrambled out onto the fuselage. Carefully feeling his way, but without the least trace of anxiety or uncertainty, he crept forward to the wing, and there, bracing himself against terrific force of the hundred mile or more an hour wind, holding onto the light wire braces with his bare hands, he edged along to the very wing tip where the parachute, done up in a bag, was suspended. "Bee," meanwhile, was grinding away from the forward cockpit.

Slowly the seargeant turned and sat down. A moment later he had buckled the parachute rope to the strong belt that encircled his waist. One final grin at the near-by camera, and—as we held our breath—off he slid! I turned to catch a glimpse of him as he flashed by. There he was—away off! Ah! the parachute had opened. For a moment I could see Tommy's pilot, his machine tipped up, almost on edge, starting his downward spiral. Then—they were out of sight.

That particular stunt was not an extremely hazardous one for the camera men—though those who saw it from the ground said afterward that their hearts had been in their mouths once or twice, when from the distance, it had seemed as though Tommy's machine was going

to collide with the parachute. Certainly it was a bit of skillful maneuvering, as the picture showed, and I have described the incident because since these pictures were recently shown in the news reel, I am sure that a good many of my readers will remember having seen it.

Once down on the ground again, our generalissimo hurried over to headquarters to call up New York. For at no time was he away from a telephone long. Having camera men on assignments scattered all over the world, whose work he is constantly directing, is no small task. That morning he had sent two cables to Europe, beside several telegrams to staff men in different parts of the United States and Canada. Then we were told that Lieutenant Patrick Logan, the stunt man extraordinary, was ready to perform some spectacular flying, which Tommy was to record on celluloid.

Watching the taking of these stunt pictures taught me one interesting thing in connection with motion pictures of aëroplane flying. I had seen, some months before, some wonderful pictures of that kind, and at the time I had felt that I was being cheated of the real effect of watching aëroplane flying. The planes seemed so small, and appeared to be maneuvering so slowly that I could not credit the camera with having given me a true representation. But on watching this exhibition at first-hand I realized that I was getting the same effect as is given by the film reproduction. And I mention this for whatever satisfaction it may afford those who have been able to witness such a performance only through motion pictures.

For half an hour the two planes played about, a mile or more above us, Lieutenant Logan going through all the evolutions: the loop, the nose-dive, the tail-spin, the falling-leaf and the other stunts, the names of which have become so familiar. And all that time Tommy's pilot was going through nearly as many evolutions in order that the other plane might be kept within the range of Tommy's camera.

Tommy was rather reticent about commenting on his experiences in being tossed about up among the clouds. As a veteran of this new craft it had all become rather commonplace to him.

Was he ever scared? Well, no-o-o-o-o-o.

"You see, you've got too much to do just minding your camera to bother about getting scared," he explained, after some moments of deep thought. "You just leave all that to the other fellow."

"But how does it seem—doesn't it give you some awful throbs in the pit of your stomach?"

"We-e-e-l-l, yes, maybe, at first; not any more. I guess I'm sort of used to it. But I don't reckon any one could work a camera very well while he was being stunted if he *wasn't* used to it," he finally admitted.

Bee turned to see how we were standing it.

"You really don't know which side up you are, do you, while the shake-up's going on?" I asked, continuing my probe.

Tommy thought again.

"N-o-o-o-o-o, I reckon you don't," he finally decided. After a few more moments of deep cogitation he suddenly looked up.

"I'll tell you how it is," he said in a tone of one who has at last solved a difficult problem. "Everything's sort of whirling all around and you don't try specially to figure out your bearings, 'cause there's no use. Well, all at once you come out of some sort of a flip-flop, and the earth and the sky have quit chasing each other around and you feel as if you're sittin' pretty again. Naturally you look down and you think it's funny you can't see land—only blue sky. Then you loook up, and right up above you there's the earth. And for a minute you wonder what the earth's doing up there where it oughtn't to be. Then about that time your feet seem to sort of

The camera is usually mounted in the front cockpit, in front of the pilot. For this flight it was put in the rear.

rise up off from the floor and you have to push to put 'em down again. And then you know you're upside down. That's all I know about it. You get used to it, though."

"Well, I don't know whether I get used to it or not," said Bee, who had joined the group. "I know my wife doesn't. When I was packing up to come down here she asked me if it was another flying trip and I said I guessed not. But she probably looked around and missed my helmet and goggles. You see, I have some of my own flying togs.

"I think one of the worst flights I ever made was when I flew the length of the Panama Canal. You remember the picture?"

I nodded. It was that wonderful film, shown some time ago, in which, as you seemed to be flying with the pilot, the different locks were opened, and as you dipped down to meet the oncoming rush of water the deluge seemed just about to sweep over you. A picture that made audiences gasp.

"Well, that water actually did strike us—the spray from it, anyway. I couldn't see a thing through my goggles—just kept on grinding, and I was as wet as a rat when we landed. I thought two or three times we were done for. Every time I make one of these flights I swear it's going to be my last. But, I don't know—it's a lot of satisfaction to get a good picture."

The instinct of the reporter, I presume; that instinct that took Bee away from the peace and security of his former portrait studio in a quiet little Ohio city and made him a wanderer over the face of the earth. Last year he made, beside countless other trips, two jaunts down to South America. And on his return to New York he was expecting to leave for Halifax.

Unfortunately the pressure of events precluded my taking a trip with a stunt man to get at firsthand the sensations of the camera man on his more hazardous assignments. But I experienced a few of the milder ones that afternoon when we took the news picture that was called "Uncle Sam's Air Service," another picture which has been recently shown. In this, several planes were used. The purpose of the picture was to drive home to the American people the urgency of maintaining our air service. Taken, as it was, directly over the Capitol, it suggested the ease with which a fleet of enemy planes could demolish that wonderful building, unless we had a fleet capable of resisting them.

Tommy Baltzell, the "upside down cameraman."

Both of our air reporters worked on this assignment, and it was my lot to fly again with Bee. Once more I found myself perched in the rear cockpit of a bomber. But this time it was a Martin, and the Martin, though a huge machine, is capable of more dexterous handling than a Handley-Page.

We were flying around and around over the city, a couple of hundred feet above the flock of planes that were playing about beneath us, when glancing up toward the forward cockpits, I saw Cohen lean over the side and then turn and nudge the pilot, giving him some directions by gesture. The pilot responded by a quick turn of the steering wheel, which on that type of plane, resembles the steering wheel of an automobile.

Then the horizon suddenly began to tip up.

Up, up, up it tipped until we were banked at about sixty degrees, as one of the photographs shows. At the same time the earth, which shows very little motion when you are riding on a level, started to spin round and round, faster and faster, and as the tipping and spinning increased, the earth and sky commenced chasing each other around in a dizzy helter skelter. There were moments in which I would catch my breath, thinking that we were turning completely over. Then we would seem to be righting again, and at last these curious sensations subsided and we were flying level once more. I learned afterward that we had been spiraling down in a maneuver that was to bring us near the planes below us. During the maneuver a "still" camera man who was riding with me caught a snap of the men in the front cockpits at a moment when Bee turned to see how we were standing it. But when we repeated the harrowing evolution a few minutes later he kept his camera going, and the result was a strange bit of photography which, when I saw it on the screen later on, took me back and gave me the thrill all over again. I can't say that I like being spiraled in a bomber. I kept thinking, "if we ever go into a side slip, how will this big freight car ever right herself?" It was really quite a relief when we landed.

Whether that was a hazardous bit of maneuvering or not I cannot say. I do not suppose that our pilot had any idea other than that we would get down all right, but after we landed, and I had crawled out through the door in the bottom of the fuselage, I heard a mechanician who had been watching the flight from

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A Regular Home-Town Girl

Jean Paige is the kind you read about and like so much to meet.

By Selma Howe

OF all the motion-picture stars I know, Jean Paige is the girl I'd pick as the one who would make a model wife. Not that she has any matrimonial leanings just at present, for she hasn't.

But she's the kind of "home-town girl" you read about in stories and rarely see—in a place like New York. To begin with, she's as pretty as a peach; has those big gray eyes that sort of make you gasp every time she looks up at you—and she's so little that she has to look up at almost everybody—because you'd forgotten how lovely they were. Her hair is dark brown, and—but you know what she looks like, of course, from seeing her in pictures with Harry Morey and Earle Williams.

Next—she was brought up on a farm, and knows all about keeping house and the things that go with keeping house, and she's sweet and unspoiled and charming, with the delightful naïveté that lets you right into her life the moment you meet her. By the time we'd visited for half an hour in her little dressing room out at the Vitagraph Studio, in Brooklyn, I knew all about her Aunt Emma, with whom she lives, and Aunt Ruth, who was visiting them, and brother Jack, who recently came back from France and has gone into business in New York. And as for mother and dad, on the farm in Illinois—well, I'm perfectly sure that I'd recognize them if we met on the street.

"It's so lovely back there," she told me with a little sigh. "We moved to the farm when I was just a little tad—and we raised three boys beside our own three, so I always had plenty of playmates." You'd have thought she was an old, old lady when she talked of "raising" those boys! "And when I grew up I had a Sunday-school class, and everybody used to come over evenings and pop corn in the big fireplace, and sing. We had *such* good times."

"But how in the world did the movies ever get you?" It seemed incredible that the lure of the screen could ever have penetrated that haven of contentment.

"Well, I used to recite," she explained, drawing her knees up under the little red cape which she had slipped on over the "prayer-meeting dress" which she wears in "The Fortune Hunter." "And my senior year in high school, when we had our annual elocution contest, I was one of the two

She was brought up on a farm.

winners. I spoke a piece called 'The Soul of the Violin'—all about a man who loved his violin so much that he starved to death rather than sell it. And I just loved that old man; he was the first character I'd ever really lived in, and I enjoyed doing it.

"The winners of the contest were sent to the big contest at the normal school, thirty miles away—and when the trials were held, one lovely spring day, I won. And I was happy because I loved that old man in my recitation—*and* because I knew mother and dad would be proud of me. I'd always wanted to recite in public—make that my profession, I mean—and had been taking lessons so that I could, and finally it occurred to me that I'd like to go into the movies. But you can't imagine how surprised I was when mother and dad said I could; I thought they'd surely object. Aunt Emma was living here in New York, though, and that was why they let me come, two years ago last July."

"I adore overalls!" she declared.

It was a pretty lonesome July for her, too, for she stayed at the Three Arts' Club—that's a club for professional girls—and though it was nice, it wasn't home. For Aunt Emma had left for the mountains, after seeing her settled, and she didn't even unpack her trunks, because all of a sudden she felt that she wasn't going to like pictures! The director out at Vitagraph, who was a friend of her aunt's, insisted, before he even saw her, that she ought not to try to break in; she'd much better stay at home, he said—any girl had. But he introduced her to the casting director, and she was given a little part in an O. Henry picture.

"It was about a girl who had left home, too; that made it seem awfully real to me," she laughed, wrapping the red cape closer about her. "After that I had a part in 'Daring Hearts,' and one in 'Too Many Crooks'"—she didn't tell me what I already knew; that in the last mentioned picture she made a star part out of a bit and so took mighty strides toward stardom—"And then I was Harry Morey's leading woman for a while, and now I'm with Earle Williams."

"And you're glad you didn't go back home, aren't you?" For after seeing how her face beamed when she talked about her work nobody could doubt that it was the one thing in the world for her.

"Oh, indeed I am—I just love it!" she declared enthusiastically. "We had the most wonderful time last summer, down in South Carolina, making 'The Darkest Hour.' I bought the little rag rug that's on this floor down there, and this little basket, too—that's where I keep the string I wear around my hair in 'The Fortune Hunter;' it looks so that I can't bear to have it around." And rather shamefacedly she drew out the bit of twisted cotton cloth. "I wear an old, torn apron and a funny little dress most of the time in the picture, and in the last one we did my wardrobe consisted of two torn aprons and two dresses—and I had the same sort of clothes in the picture before that one, too. I tell you, when I came back from my vacation on the farm a while ago I had to bring a whole trunkful of old things from home; they were running out of clothes for me in the wardrobe room here."

Now, if I'd been a leading lady and anybody had asked me to wear things like that in picture after picture, I'd have indulged in a regular attack of temperament, but as Jean Paige showed me the stubby little shoes that she had worn in that morning's scenes she tossed me a sunny smile.

"I only wish I could wear the overalls I used to wear with these shoes; I *adore* overalls!" she declared.

Just then one of the girls who plays supporting rôles in Vitagraph pictures strolled in for a chat, and various details came to light in the next fifteen minutes. For example, a few days before one of the girls had finished her scenes several hours before the salaries were to be paid, and didn't want to spend that time waiting around the studio. So Jean Paige had slipped in to see the cashier and he paid that particular salary early.

"She does things like that for everybody," the caller informed me. "People here do things for her that they'd never do for any one else."

And Jean Paige blushed furiously and changed the subject. But I'm sure she'll be the same friendly little person even when, a year from now, she will have attained stardom. Oh, yes, that's the present plan—she's to be co-starred in a serial, then featured, and finally starred, and I wish her all the luck in the world every step of the way.

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WALLACE REID

has escaped the doom prophesied for him—that he'd be "Just a matinée idol"—since he's been provided with such good stories as "The Lottery Man" and "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." (Douglas Fairbanks' stage success)—and has had a chance to prove that he's an actor of real talent.

BESSIE BARRISCALE

has assumed widely varied rôles this season, ranging all the way from a favorite of the harem in "Her Purchase Price," to a competent physician in "Kitty Kelly, M. D." She will return in her next picture to American society life as a background, in a Kathleen Norris story.

SYLVIA BREAMER

is an Australian girl who has a Triangle past and a Blackton Productions present. She played in "The Moonshine Trail" and "Dawn," and now is working on a picture temporarily called "Sunset"—and says she feels exactly like a sort of glorified weather man—or maybe like a barometer.

CORINNE GRIFFITH

appeared as she looks here in "The Climbers," which gave her an opportunity to wear many beautiful frocks. Then she began on "The Tower of Jewels," in which she's an aristocratic crook, and as "The Diamond Princess" wears more of the lovely gowns which delight her soul—and her audiences.

Abbe

NORMA TALMADGE

has a magic treasure chest that every girl would like to own—it's held both fame and fortune for her. She's recently taken from it material for a wonderful New Year—a First National Contract, with "A Daughter of Two Worlds," by Leroy Scott, as the story, for her first release.

Tyko

CAROL DEMPSTER

as a Chinese peddler could sell almost anything, we'll venture to surmise. As a matter of fact, her own abil'ty provides her with many wares saleable in the entertainment market—for she was one of Ruth St. Denis' dancers before she made good in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

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DOROTHY GISH

never likes her own pictures, according to popular report. Here's Dorothy's version of the way she feels when she sees herself on the screen—even anything as funny as "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," which she's working on now.

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LOUISE GLAUM

began her picture career playing ingenue rôles under Thomas H. Ince's direction; now she is again working at the Ince Studio, though not under his supervision, in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," having worked up the scale, through vampire parts, to heavy emotional rôles.

NEO-GRAVURE PRINTING CO., N.

Lasca

Romance and tragedy rode together in the old days "in Texas, down by the Rio Grande," and the cowboys rode with them.

When she'd sing love songs she'd look at me with a world o' meaning.

By C. L. Edson

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle

I RECKON that cattlemen are born to be jest cattlemen and couldn't be nothin' else nohow—like some folks are born poets and tenor singers and what not. Speaking about tenors, I never did like men singers—he-nightingales, I call 'em; they ain't my kind o' cattle.

Jack Davis surprised me most of any man I ever saw. I've met up with lots of fellers named Jack, but I never met one before that could sing by note while a lady played on the piano. The "Jacks" I knew were cowboys, and certainly couldn't sing by note. Of course they could sing; all cowboys can sing—what we call singing. Such songs as: "Oh, Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairee!" and——

I used to go riding upon my pony. Once in the saddle
I felt so gay.
I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
Got shot through the heart, and I know I must die.
Write me a letter to my gray-haired mother,
One to my sister and brother so dear.
But there is another who is dearer than a brother.
Oh, how she would weep if she knew I was here.
Then beat the drum lowly and play the fife slowly,
And play the death march as you bear me along,
Take me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy, and I know I done wrong.

Cowboys have to croon such songs to the herd when a storm is threatenin' and the cattle are all millin' and stampin' and getting it into their heads to stampede. Singing is mighty useful then to help gentle 'em down——

The mêlée of horns and hoofs and heads,
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads——

That kind of singin'—warbling to a herd o' steers was not the kind of singer Jack Davis was. He was a chorus man from the Grand Opera House in New Orleans. Imagine a white face like that horning into the herd at the Mooreland Ranch. He was the cause of all the trouble. I wish to God I had headed him instead of invitin' him along. Too much hospitality is what ruined me. You know I've got only one livin' blood relation, a cousin of mine, a widow cousin. She's a French tutor for the swells in New Orleans. She wrote me that she had a young lady pupil that was wantin' to make a trip to the cow country—thought ranch life must be powerful romantic and all that. I wrote 'em, sure, come along, and if she wanted to marry a cowboy I had about a dozen Mexican vaqueros, and she could look 'em over. Next thing I heard was that the girl's feller had heard she was going out to the short grass to spark a ranger, and he wanted to come along. I said, sure, bring everybody that wants to come along. No Texan ever cold-shouldered a guest, and everybody that wants to visit my ranch is ex-officio invited by the very nature of the case. That was writ into the constitution of Texas long before we turned the water into the Rio Grande.

Well, as I said, this fellow Jack Davis was the hell-

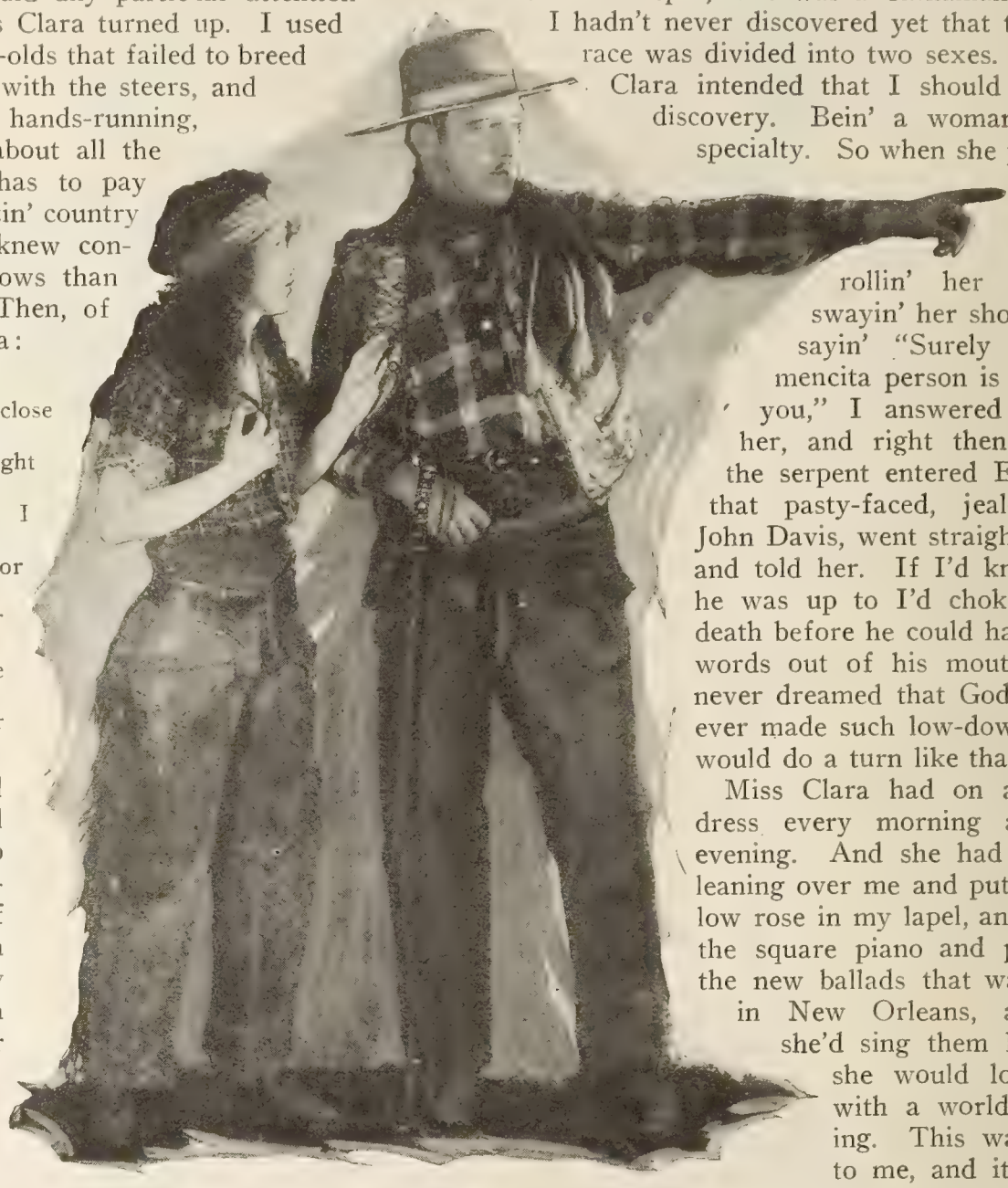
raiser that stampeded the herd. Nice-lookin' feller; yes, he looked so purty you could have kissed him. And the girl he was stuck on, Clara Vane, was a ten-thousand-dollar beauty, and no mistake. And this Jack-in-the-box Davis was so crazy jealous of her, that if she looked cross-wise at another man, he got so mad that he could spit lickerish juice like a grasshopper.

Clara Vane, that name fitted her like a sombrero on a greaser. She knew that she was good looking and she sort of *specialized* like a camp cook will specialize in flapjacks if he happens on a recipe that gets the boys. She had silks and laces and doodle-bug eyes and little smiles and all that bag o' tricks.

Now, I had never paid any partic'lar attention to she-stuff before Miss Clara turned up. I used to cut out the three-year-olds that failed to breed and run 'em to market with the steers, and if a cow lost two calves hands-running, I beefed her. That's about all the attention a cattleman has to pay to his she-stuff in a grazin' country like this. I reckon I knew considerable more about cows than I did about humans. Then, of course, there was Lasca:

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close
to my side,
With blue serape and bright
belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I
looked at her!
Little she knew of books or
creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her
needs;
Little she cared, save to be
by my side,
To ride with me and ever
to ride.

Lasca had sort o' picked me up like a dog will pick up a man that's to his fancy and then foller him all the rest of his life. Lasca was a Mexican girl, mostly Spanish blood with a cross of Aztec. Her father had been one of my herdsmen, and got tromped to death the night of the big wind. She grew up wild with her brother, and they used to fight like cats and dogs. One day I was passing 'dobe town —that's where my vaqueros live, and this little spitfire and her bear-cat brother were fightin' like a pair o' panthers. She had sunk her teeth in the fleshy part of his palm, and he was clawin' her with the other hand like a bobcat. Her tunic vanished in the fight, and his long pizen nails were scratchin' lines pink as a pigeon's foot from the small of her back to her shoulder blades. I couldn't bear to see the girl skinned alive, so I rode up and reached down from my saddle, picked her up by the neck like you'd pick up a kitten, and rode to the hacienda and gave her a red silk shirt and some arnica to kill the pizen in them bloody scratches. Well, sir, that was the first time she had ever heard of a man doing a kindness to a woman. She took a shine to me, and adopted me for a pal.



We looked up, and the cloud was curdling like volcanic smoke in the sky.

When Miss Clara and her tenor singer swooped down on the rancho, they wanted to know who this Spanish-gypsy person was and what was her status on the place.

"You don't intend to marry this baggage do you?" asked Miss Clara. "Oh, Signor Moreland, say that she's nothing to you."

No Texan ever refuses a lady's request. I hadn't never thought of marryin' no one. Not even the cook and housekeeper, who was a Chinaman. In fact, I hadn't never discovered yet that the human race was divided into two sexes. But Miss Clara intended that I should make the discovery. Bein' a woman was her specialty. So when she pulled that Adam and Eve stuff on me, rollin' her eyes and swayin' her shoulders and sayin' "Surely this Carmencita person is nothing to you," I answered to oblige her, and right then is where the serpent entered Eden. For that pasty-faced, jealous dude, John Davis, went straight to Lasca and told her. If I'd known what he was up to I'd choked him to death before he could have got the words out of his mouth. But I never dreamed that God Almighty ever made such low-down pups as would do a turn like that.

Miss Clara had on a different dress every morning and every evening. And she had a way of leaning over me and putting a yellow rose in my lapel, and sittin' at the square piano and playing all the new ballads that was popular in New Orleans, and when she'd sing them love songs she would look at me with a world o' meaning. This was all new to me, and it made me feel funny. To tell the truth she roused me up considerable. Then I ketched my second wind, and she didn't have no chance o' gettin' the hobble on me after that. I says to myself, she's Dude Davis' señorita, and the rule in Texas is: The rattlesnake's house is his castle, let him alone.

But this Davis maverick wasn't no rattlesnake. A rattlesnake gives you warning. He was the tarantula that hides under the leaves and stings you without showin' himself. He told Lasca something—you know what Spanish blood is—he didn't have to tell her much to set her on fire.

She was as wild as the breezes that blow,
She was as bold as the billows that beat;

She was swayed by her passions to and fro
Like sultry winds on the billowing wheat
She was stirred from her head to her sandaled feet
By each gust of feeling; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Such was Lasca, that pal of mine.

The next day Lasca, poor child, reproached me with having cast her aside for the fine lady from the city. I laughed at her, poked her in the ribs. Before I could draw my hand away she was at me with a little dagger, and she gave me a little gash in the arm. Her eyes were blazing. I said: "Why, Lasca," and dropped my hands to my side. She melted and flinging down the knife, she grabbed my arm and began kissing the wound, and she tore off her precious reboso and bound up the scratch, sobbing and crossing her heart and calling on Heaven to forgive her.

She followed me back to the ranch house, and I told the chink cook to fetch me the arnica. He came with the bottle, and sized up the situation at a glance. You know, a chink doesn't say much. But he can *look* a heap. Well, cooky gave Lasca the Chinese eye. She wouldn't stand for that, and she set in right now, and busted a hundred dollars' worth of dishes over his head. I never saw such a mix-up of Chinaman and chinaware in all my born days.

Of course my cousin Caroline and Miss Clara learned about Lasca's knifing me, and they both threw a fit with tantrums. They said I must send her away, that my life wasn't safe and asked what property arrangements I had made in case of some such an accident. I had to tell 'em I had never made no will, and I didn't know how much I was worth. Well, they got busy figuring it out. How much was a steer worth, and how much was an acre of grazin' land worth? And how many did I have of one and t'other? I gave 'em an estimate of yearlings, two-year-olds, three-year-olds, and she-stuff. Miss Clara worked like a beaver addin' up figures and they finally calculated that at prevailing prices the ranch and steers was worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Miss Clara's eyes glowed like a live coal fanned by a breeze. On a sudden I fully understood why she was so interested in me. Nothin' makes me have a chill quicker than a greedy, scheming pair o' petticoats. Little Miss Muffet had been makin' the doodle-bug eyes at me because she was figurin' on how much my hide would bring, once she had hooked me and skinned me and nailed my pelt to the door.

"You are worth a fortune, Señor Moreland," gushed little bright eyes, "when you close out your holdings you can retire."

"Close out my holdings?" I says. "What do you mean?"

"When you sell off your cattle."

"Oh, I ain't never goin' to sell my cattle."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Oh, just keep 'em."

"Why, what good will they do you if you keep them?"

"Well. it 'ud be pretty lonesome here without 'em."

"But we're here," said Miss Clara, kind o' white and hard around the lips.

"Yes; but you ain't always goin' to stay here."

That shot must have paralyzed her innards. I never said as raw a thing to a lady in my life before. But she was as game as goat meat. She knew what she was after, and she wasn't going to let her feelin's stand in the way of her winnin' the stake. So she chatted on as friendly as a wet dog. Said I might as well indicate who was to get my property in case that "Mexican wench" should murder me. I could see plain enough how it was that a high-climbin' young lady like her was stickin' so close to my middle-aged cousin Caroline. Some day Caroline would be rich, and Miss Clara would know how to invest it for her. So she pressed me to declare how I wanted my property to go.

"Lasca"

Written from the Universal picture based on the poem by Frank Desprez, and played by the following cast:

Lasca.....Edith Roberts
Anthony Moreland.....Frank Mayo
Clara Vane.....Viola Hardy
Jack Davis.....Lloyd Whitlock

I said: "Well, we ain't got no notary here to certify a will, but a spoken testament with witnesses is legal under the laws of Texas. I reckon you-all are right that it is time for me to indicate who I want to have my estate in case of sudden death. So, Miss Clara, if you'll write down what I say, Mr. Davis and cousin Caroline will witness it."

That pleased 'em all, except cousin Caroline. She was embarrassed at such shameless covetin' of my goods and gears. Bless her simple heart, she didn't want anything except long life and happiness to me and her, too. There wasn't a selfish hair in her head; that's why Miss Clara could work her so easy.

Well, Miss Flounces-and-furbelows took her pen in hand, and told me to say the words.

I said: "I, Anthony Moreland, being in good health and of sound mind do hereby declare and depose that this is my last will and testament. In view of the fact that I stand in constant jeopardy and danger of life and limb at the hands of a Spanish girl known as Lasca, be it hereby known that in case I should come to my death at the hands of this said Lasca, it is my will that all of my property, real and personal, totaling some one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, shall become the property of the said Lasca, and I hereby name the said Lasca to be the executrix of this will."

It was like a bombshell. Miss Clara and her Johnny turned green. They were plumb flabbergasted, all except cousin Caroline; she thought it was the most natural thing in the world. She was too kind-hearted to realize that the will was just a bluff. I had grabbed another chance to jab the bull prod under their miserable hides.

But they coppered me at that. Johnny, the snake, saw a chance to trump my card, and he went ahead and witnessed the will. "And as a codicil," he said, "in case of Miss Lasca's death before she has heirs of issue, who would you want the property to pass to?"

"By that time," I said scorchingly, "I would want

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I Would—

That is, if you could.

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AFTER all, if you're cut on a bird-of-paradise pattern, why try to be a feather duster? Perhaps you don't approve of highly spiced comedy; maybe you think woolen stockings more fitting than silk half hose—no, not more fitting; they couldn't be! I should have said more appropriate—and a blue serge dress a wiser choice for everyday wear than spangled bathing suits or tulle pinafores. Well, I'm not saying that you aren't right.

Wouldn't You?

By Caroline Bell

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But if you were awfully pretty, and your beauty wasn't confined to your face by any means, and if somebody offered you a golden opportunity to go into motion pictures, wouldn't you be tempted to follow the lead of these four Christie girls—who happen to be Marjorie Payne, Peggy Davis, Florence Gilbert, and Helen Darling—and take to comedy like a duck to water?

What Every Woman Ought to Know

I WENT up to Yosemite to get away from the movies. I thought surely that for a month I would be so secluded that I might let down my hair, wear trousers, and forget that there were such things as stars to be interviewed, or interviews to be written.

But where is the spot so remote that the movies have not invaded?

The very first thing that met our eyes when we alighted in Yosemite village with the grandeur of El Capitan and hoary old Half Dome looking down upon us, was the familiar sight of an auto loaded with cameras, props, reflecting screens, and costumes! Then I was hailed by a familiar voice, and there was James Sullivan, the husband-director of Annette Kellermann. In less than a minute he was talking shop, how Annette's new picture was entirely "different," how they were making use of Yosemite's beauty for scenic effects, and didn't I want to interview Miss Kellermann, and when.

She edged over so as to let me sit on the end of the board.

Did I sternly tell the gentleman that I was on a vacation and couldn't be annoyed with interviews? I did—*not!* I rose to the bait as I always have and always expect to, and told him to lead me to her, or words to that effect.

Miss Kellermann was discovered sitting on the end of a high-diving board above the Camp Yosemite swimming pool. She told me hospitably to "come right on up," and I went up, perforce. One cannot interview a star by shouting out questions from terra firma while she teeters perilously on a spring board some thirty feet above. She edged over so as to let me sit on the end of the board, though I tried to demur politely. She was wearing a blue mandarin coat over her bathing suit, and a cap of blue rubberized silk covered her hair.

"Isn't Yosemite the most wonderful place?" she demanded, as I eased cautiously down beside her. "The air is so bracing up here. Yesterday we walked miles to Glacier Point to get some scenic shots, and this morning I went up to the top of Yosemite Falls and back, and I'm not a bit tired. I'm going to dive presently," she added, leaning over and looking down at the clear green water. "It's awfully cold," she remarked irrelevantly, "snow water from the mountains, you know."

I agreed that it must be cold, and wished that I were on the other end of the board.

"Who is your leading man?" I asked, hoping that she wouldn't notice that I was gripping the board with both hands.

Annette Kellermann is going to show, by means of the movies, the way to health through athletics.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

"I haven't any," she answered quickly. "It isn't that kind of picture at all. It's an educational feature, showing women how they can have good health, and illustrating how my athletic stunts are done. I do them first with a regular camera registering what I do, then with a slow camera which makes the action appear on the screen eight times slower than it really is, so every movement can be followed accurately.

"Can *you* swim?" she asked suddenly, and I said well, er—yes—that is, I *could,* but didn't she think the water was kind of cold and wouldn't she hate to have to jump in after me providing I sank?

"Not in the least," she assured me. "It wouldn't matter, I've my swimming suit on."

I told her earnestly I wouldn't think of putting her to that trouble, and fortunately the aquatic conversation was interrupted at that point by Friend Husband, who called up that the camera man had gotten the range, and that she could dive any time she wanted to. He called her "Tootie" and she called him "Hon"—and they've been married six years, she told me, as I modestly retreated. From the other end of the board I watched the fair Annette remove her robe and make ready for the dive. As the camera commenced to grind, she brought her arms straight above her head, poised on tiptoe for an instant, then as lightly as if she had been flicked from the spring board, went out and down in a graceful arc, and cut the water so cleanly that there was not even a splash.

"Fine!" called Mr. Sullivan. "Just a minute while we lower the camera, and we'll take the swimming scenes."

"All my athletic achievements, except swimming and diving, were learned after I was twenty-one. Any woman can acquire some of these accomplishments."

"I want people to stop thinking of me as a sort of human fish"

Miss Kellermann's films will also show how some things should not be done, as in this case, golf.

Miss Kellermann swam to the edge of the pool with swift powerful strokes, and seated herself on the lowest rung of the ladder that led down into the water.

"We can talk while they fix the camera," she said to me. "I particularly want to tell you about this picture, because I love it as much as I hated the 'Daughter of the Gods.'"

"You hated it?" I asked incredulously.

"I certainly did," she said emphatically. "I'm not a star—I'm not even an actress, and so many people around—the confusion—the silly story—no, I thought it was ghastly.

"You see," she continued, "I want people to stop thinking of me as a sort of human fish. I made my reputation by diving and swimming, of course, but since then I've done all sorts of things. In vaudeville I combined in my act, wire walking, ballet dancing, fencing, swimming, and general athletic exercises, and this picture is for the purpose of showing women that they can have good health if they are willing to work for it. Not only that, but they can learn anything they like with concentration, perseverance, and will power. People often say to me that I must have had a great talent for doing the things I do—but I didn't; everything that I have learned came hard.

"When I was a youngster, I was what you called 'bandy-legged,' and father had me take up swimming as a cure. That's how I started in that line. But all the other things I've learned—fencing, golf, tennis, wire-walking, riding, and ballet dancing, I have learned since I was twenty—and any woman can learn at least some of these things, especially if they see my pictures with the slow movements. That makes them so easy to follow.

"People ask me such funny things," she went on with her quick humorous smile. "They ask if I can smoke a cigarette under water or eat a banana at the bottom of the tank. I want to make them recognize me as something more dignified than a freak person who can do stunts in the water."

"And just what are you doing up here in Yosemite beside swimming?" I asked. [*Continued on page 92*

An Alice Out of Wonderland

By Dorothy Faith Webster

DID you ever wonder what happens to fairy princesses when the story's over? Or how Alice in Wonderland felt when she came back to real life and found all the houses just the ordinary size, and people incapable of growing taller or shorter on a moment's notice? Well, when I went to see Virginia Lee Corbin I felt as if I were going to call on Alice after the book was closed; having wept with her when, as the beautiful princess in "Jack the Giant Killer," she was entombed in the castle dungeon, I couldn't see how matter-of-fact everyday life could possibly be interesting to her.

But I found that she still lives in fairyland—a very satisfactory sort of fairyland—which she shares with every child in the world who has an imagination. Sometimes she has one foot on the solid ground on which the rest of us live—and sometimes, as in the little matter of her literary pursuits, she's all the way over the border.

She met me at the front door the day I called.

"How do you do?" she greeted me, bobbing a polite little dancing-school curtsy, as is the custom of well-bred children throughout the land. "I'm glad you came to see me." She wore a fetching little frock of soft gray silk, with white organdie collar and cuffs, and a bit of rose-colored smocking at the baby waist. She has long-lashed eyes of the most vivid blue imaginable, and her fluff of pale-gold hair doesn't even pretend to be curly. In fact, she loooks quite the Fairy Princess.

"I like your collar," Virginia Lee told me with engaging frankness, as she stroked my somewhat battered red-fox, after we had passed the preliminary stages of our conversation, and had begun to feel really acquainted. "It's seal, isn't it? Once I had a pretty little seal fur—it was white, with black dots."

"How nice," I replied, slightly bewildered before this avalanche of startling information; but before I could continue further, she went on: "What do you do?" she demanded.

Virginia Lee Corbin does many things besides dancing.

She acts, studies, plays the violin—and writes.

She lives in a fairyland which she shares with every child who has an imagination

"What do I *do?*" I answered vaguely.

"Yes—what do you *do?* I'm an actress; I play the violin, I dance, I study, and I play with my dolls. Now, what do *you* do?"

"Oh," I responded, a trifle ashamed of the things I *didn't* do. "I—er—write."

"Do you?" my small hostess remarked with complacence. "So do I."

"And what do you write?" I inquired, quite in awe of this dynamic creature.

"Oh, everything," she airily replied. "Everything under the sun, but mostly about fairies. Do you know the story of Cinderella? Well, I wrote it."

"Virginia Lee!" Mother Corbin stood in the doorway.

Virginia Lee turned a startled gaze upon her frowning parent. "Anyway," she faltered, "I *might* have written it!"

"Your daughter has a wonderfully colorful imagination," I admiringly told Mrs. Corbin, who replied in a worried tone that the imagination was at times inclined to be lurid.

"I can direct, too," young Miss Corbin was continuing, evidently anxious to change the subject. "I direct my dolls; they're doing a serial now that I guess I'll call 'Jack and Jill went up the hill.' I—somebody read it to me," she concluded hastily, with one eye on her mother. "It's awfully exciting."

"I'm sorry, Virginia," her mother told her, "but it's almost time for your dancing lesson."

"So'm I," Virginia Lee hastened to inform me, again dropping the funny little curtsy, this time in farewell: "Please come again some time. Do you keep a dog?" Then, without waiting for an answer, as is a habit of hers—the child is positively psychic—she went on, "Won't you bring her out some time? Maybe she'd like to watch me work!"

Well, if Virginia Lee's "work" is half as interesting as her conversation—and I'm sure it's all of that—both me'n my dog are *more* than anxious to watch it.

In Somebody Else's Mind

Robert Gordon explains how he works out his characterizations.

By Warren Reid

"TELL me about Tom Sawyer," I urged, seating myself on an antique bench and watching Robert Gordon arrange himself on a couple of chairs and straighten out the manuscript he'd been reading. I'd wanted to talk with him about that rôle of his ever since he played it and robbed Jack Pickford of much of the glory of the star part in "Huck and Tom" and "Tom Sawyer."

"No, let's go back farther than that, and talk about the *Tennessee Shad*," he answered, while I envied his agility in curling his six-foot self up in so small a space. "That was my rôle in 'The Varmint,' you know—and the *Shad* was a gawky, long-necked young freak whose physical characteristics I couldn't hope to copy. So I decided to get inside the mind of the boy, and thought over all the freakish people I'd ever known, trying to work out their mental processes. I'd figured it out that, if I could put the feelings and thoughts of the *Shad* over on the screen, my not looking exactly like him wouldn't matter so much. And it seemed to be a successful hunch; anyway, it got me my first part in Commodore Blackton's pictures."

It sounded interesting enough, and I begged for more information.

"Well, of course, any actor tries to put himself into the character he's playing," he went on. "But I try to go a little farther; acting is not just mimicry of action or repetition of words—it's the actual reproduction of a character, and I try to reproduce the character's mode of thought in myself before I figure out costuming and make-up and all that sort of thing."

"Then I suppose it was Tom Sawyer's mind," I began, but Gordon interrupted me with a laugh which made him suddenly seem just a boy, instead of a capable young actor with a line of successes to his credit. He really looks very boyish, with his thick brown hair, brown eyes, and the dimples which he loathes and which his charming young wife, Alma Francis, must envy.

"You'll be getting a queer-sounding interview if you aren't careful," he warned me. "It isn't so complicated as it sounds, this way of getting under a character's skin. When I played *Tom Sawyer* I studied the boy in the book, not noting his actions so much as the way he seemed to think. I was sort of cast in the boy's mental mold by the time the picture was made, and could let his scenes play themselves naturally.

"And how about the blind man in 'Dawn'? He was very real."

"Oh, that was the same sort of characterization; I didn't want to make him one of the usual blind men, helplessly fumbling his way through life with a cane. So I tried to reproduce on the screen the thought of one who is sightless, rather than the outward signs by which he is recognized as blind.

"When this picture was finished one of the studio managers insisted that the effect was so real that the picture would never be a success—but the critics justified my convictions."

"Come on down and see Robert's new picture—first time on the screen." It was Commodore Blackton's voice that gave the invitation, so we went down to the projection room, and continued our conversation in whispers. There was still a lot that I wanted to ask Robert Gordon, and while I could see his pictures in a movie house, it might be a long time before I could talk with him again.

"Where did you get your training?" I asked, keeping one eye on the screen, where he was making love to a charming singer, and the other on his real self beside me.

"Producing amateur plays at Polytechnic Junior College in Los Angeles," he whispered back. "In the beginning I played with the Community Players in Hollywood. My real apprenticeship was with Biograph; there I studied the studio from every angle—from the viewpoint of actor, director, man-

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"I Knew Him When—"

Larry Semon's former newspaper associates have been opening their eyes of late.

By Charles Carter

THE oldest member of the New York *Evening Telegram's* art department put down the copy of the paper which the office boy had handed him a few minutes before.

"Three million, six hundred thousand dollars he's to get for a series of comedies to be made within the next three years!" he exclaimed. "And to think that I knew him when he worked right over in that corner drawing layouts, comic inserts—and a hall-room salary! Why, it doesn't seem more than a month ago when I used to watch him standing at the cashier's window looking scared as a rabbit for fear he was going to draw a blue envelope instead of his thirty-five beans."

The person he referred to was Larry Semon, author, director, and star in his own comedies, whose new contract with Vitagraph, and the account of it in the paper, the principal facts of which are stated above, had caused the outburst.

Larry Semon has made one of the most phenomenal rises in the field of the celluloid slapstick since that of Chaplin. By way of comparison between these two it has been said that where Chaplin dramatized custard pie, Semon set spaghetti to music, for without directly imitating Chaplin, Semon works in somewhat the same style; that is, he immortalizes the boob. A less pathetic figure, he aimlessly meanders through his pictures, caricaturing the ways in which human beings may make asses of themselves.

Though Semon did not, like Chaplin, go straight from the stage to the screen—for before he abandoned the drawing board he had become one of the very best sport cartoonists in the country—he was not without some experience behind the footlights. In fact, Larry began his professional career at a very early age with a vaudeville troupe managed by his father, Professor Zera Semon, an exploiter of the wondrous works of hypnotism. To lighten the heavy, scientific part of the program, the professor also had a singer "who had appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe," an acrobat who had contorted before the same notables, and a dancer of equal renown.

Larry was the utility man—the pinch hitter of the outfit. Being young and adaptable he understudied the entire group, including his father, and was likely to be called upon to double for any of them.

When he became a cartoonist he quite expected to remain at that profession, and a good many of his friends wondered at his abandoning it, and shook their heads dubiously. But Larry knew what he was doing, as recent events have demonstrated, though he didn't land at the top the first time he smeared his face with grease paint. He went to Vitagraph and expounded his theories of what a comedian could do just by facial expression. The directors were interested, in a "we'll give you a chance to show us" fashion. They gave him a chance—to walk in and out of their Big V comedies—and try out his ideas. Gradually, as his work met with popular favor, he was given more and more to do, until now he has arrived at the top of the heap.

"I guess it's all because he was such a persistent cuss," said the oldest member of the *Telegram's* "I Knew Him When Club." "I remember going out with him years ago noons to bowl. He was the worst dub that I ever saw. But he stuck to it and got to be a whiz."

You can draw several morals from this tale, and I leave it to you to pick your own.

Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY
H. L. DRUCKLIEB

It Happens in Lotsa Films!

The bachelor girl of to-day doesn't peer under the bed before retiring, in quest of a burglar—Nix!

She leaves the window open, hoping a handsome gentleman - crook, like Wallie Reid, for instance, will sneak in, fall in love with her, reform and marry her in the last reel!

—o—

Guesses.

Charlie Ray was formerly a draftsman. He still draws well.

That wheeze, which tastes like a minstrel joke, is liable to start one on a sprightly speculative spree—

F'rinstance—

Can it be that Charlie Chaplin once toiled in a sardine cannery? He packs 'em in!

And was Fatty Arbuckle at one time an explosion? He brings out a crowd.

—o—

The Chink's Would Go Broke Entirely!

In Pekin, China, they paid $3.00 a seat to witness Annette Kellermann in "A Daughter Of The Gods."

Glory Be! what would happen if Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties hit the town?

—o—

Oh, Well You Know How It Is!

In "The World And Its Woman," the star, Geraldine Farrar, vowed when a child she'd wed a Prince—and as a woman, she did!

'Tis nothing remarkable. Every American vows he'll marry a Queen. And he does.

Ask your newly wedded neighbor if he didn't.

Remember, now—we said "newly!"

—o—

A Light Suit.

In "Stripped For A Million," the hero's clothes were taken away from him and he wore fig-leaves for one night. Then his luck changed.

Good thing the weather didn't!

—o—

A Helpful Hint.

Many times it has been our painful privilege to listen to a fan describe to his friends a play he had seen the night before.

'Tis especially horrific if the reciter knows the name of the star only. His narrative then becomes a gob of verbal goulash in which "Hero," "Mary" and "The Villain" simmer and sputter in heterogeneous chaos.

May we not suggest, that henceforth, in all plays, the Hero be called "Jack," the heroine, "Nell" and the Villain, "Felix"?

This uniformity of characters would greatly clarify a situation such as mentioned above and simplify matters for all concerned.

Don't you think so?

—o—

Film Wonders Of 1919.

Charlie Ray's Speech in "String Beans".

Frank Campeau's Buttling in "Cheating Cheaters".

Mary Thurman as The Fat Girl in "The Boob".

Dorothy Gish, (a woman!) playing with a mouse in "Boots".

Clarine Seymour's Kisses in "The Girl Who Stayed At Home".

Viola Dana's Chicken Costume in "Some Bride".

George Walsh's lahdedah, sissycute wig in Reel One of "Putting One Over".

Wesley Barry's Hard-Cider Jag in Daddy Long-Legs.

Mae Allison's Pugilism in "Peggy Does Her Darndest".

The Cussedness of Donald Crisp in "Broken Blossoms".

What The Coal Shute Did to Mary's Phiz in "The Hoodlum".

Marie Prevost's Curves in "Uncle Tom Without The Cabin".

Bill Hart's irenecastling in "John Petticoats".

—o—

Ah! Thim Wor Th' Days!

Certain incidents in the Donnybrook Fair scenes of "Kathleen Mavourneen" were relegated to the discard because the Fox researchers discovered the shillalah was a figment of the imagination.

"Well," as Mike Kelly, the mail-man, says: "I'll not be after a-sayin' anythin' of figments, which I know not of—being more familiar with pavements, of which I know a lot—but, I do say this: if these Fox guys claim

the shillalah was all imagination, then the Big Wind in Ireland was a balmy breeze from the bog! Sure, it's too bad me ould grandfather's ould man is not alive the day to listen at their research toomaroo!

"I'm doubting if they could ever make HIM believe the shillalah was imagination! Him it was that tread on the coat-tail of a Dublin omadhaun at this same Donnybrook Fair. An' for doing which he received two bumps on the back of his head he could hang his brogans on!"

—o—

All It Needed Was a Gong.

Corrine Griffith of Vitagraph, owned an auto of an emphatic red hue. She changed the color after one public appearance in it.

The kids chased it thinking it a part of the fire department!

—o—

A Human Target.

Comedian Sid Smith, who was wounded three times in the Meuse-Argonne offensive (consult your anatomy dictionary)—has returned to the films and joined—what do you think?—The Bull's Eye Film Co.!

—o—

Personally, We Are a Violet.

When asked if she believed in equality between men and women, Ethel Clayton pensively remarked:

"One does not talk of equality between a cabbage and a rose!"

Wonder which sex was which, in Ethel's mind?

—o—

Great Stuff.

'Member, when you were a bare-footed, freckled-nosed tad; how the surging thrills crawled up and down your one-gallused little spine, as you stood and mentally gorged yourself with the bill-board glories of Barnum's "Greatest Show On Earth"?

Well, don't the ads of Helen Holmes in "The Fatal Fortune" remind you of those wonderful days?

"The Serial Queen Of The Screen!"
Daring! Dashing! Captivating!
She Has No Peer! She Has No Equal!
FIFTEEN!
Towering! Crashing! Death-Defying!
Episodes!
FIFTEEN!!

—o—

'Tis Just A Way Carl Has!

Carl Laemmle, President of Universal, changed Eric Stroheim's "The Pinnacle" to "Blind Husbands."

Carl probably figured there are more blind husbands than pinnacles in the world and they'd all go to see the play.

Even so, lotsa folks will wonder over Carl's doing this—but not us.

Why, if he'd have figured to let the original title stand in order to draw the business of the penuchle players, it wouldn't have surprised us—not any.

—o—

But There Are Other Carls.

And their efforts to perpetrate bizarre titles may soon result in something like this:

"Blue Roses".
"The Trail Of The Trail".
"Midnight at Noon".
"The Flea Who Loved An Elephant".
"The Horrible Joy".
"The Stationary Comet".
"Reaching Down From The Bottom."

—o—

Random Remarks.

(Inspired by recent titles)

"The Heart Of Youth"—Bill.

"Soldiers Of Fortune"—Pershing, Foch and Haig.

"Three Black Eyes"—No record-breaker; we've had a dozen.

"If I Were King"—I'd keep it a secret these days.

"Everybody's Business"—The state of Mary Pickford's health.

"Dangerous Waters"—Sure, all of 'em are; we never use 'em.

"Counterfeit"—And still it's a reel drama.

"The Midnight Man"—He comes home earlier since last July.

"Mary's Ankle"—Wait—that's just the beginning!

—o—

Advice.

For the benefit of operators who insist upon jiggling their projection machines, we suggest that they read the following-named technical booklets:

"Die Vergrössernden Projektionssysteme."

"Die Beleuchtungssysteme."

"Uber Die Konstruktion Von Kondensoren Für Vergrösserunge Projektions Apparate."

They may be purchased at any large book shop—(By any one who has the gall to ask for 'em).

—o—

We Never Thought Of That!

Us: "Did you hear that fellow behind us reading the subtitles aloud?"

Ladyfriend: "Yes, wasn't it awful! Why, half the time I couldn't hear you explaining the plot to me."

—o—

Dry Remark.

Why not change Louis Glaum's "Sahara" to "United States"?

—o—

A Glance Into The Future.

Herbert Howe, in November "Picture Play" (back numbers for sale by all dealers)—attempts to pick the

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Making a Man of Him

By Selma Howe

THE family was making a man of Casson Ferguson—"Cass," as they called him down there in Louisiana. Privately, he indulged in the opinion that the job was pretty well finished already, but his sisters and brother-in-law didn't care for his idea of what he, as a "man," ought to be.

So they set him to driving mules at his brother-in-law's construction camp. His only retaliation was to name his team "Jane" and "Jo" after his sisters—and to lose twenty pounds of flesh so fast that the brother-in-law, rather than be accused of murder, told him to go home.

Then somebody got him a job as one hundred and forty-second teller in a bank—Ferguson swears there were at least that many over him. He didn't mind that job particularly, but the one hundred and forty-one other tellers did; they said that coming to his rescue every night to help him strike a balance utterly ruined their dispositions.

"Oh well, do whatever you want to!" the family told him

in desperation, and Casson gleefully packed his set of Shakespeare and set forth on a stage career, beginning with five years' work in repertoire with Robert Mantell. Later, discovering that he had a voice, he went abroad for five years more, to study and sing in opera, and returned when the war broke out, with an English accent and a walking stick that filled his brother with dismay.

"He wrapped the stick up in his overcoat, when he met me on the pier," chuckled Ferguson in telling about it. "But unfortunately he couldn't dispose of the accent so easily."

Then he drifted into pictures, playing juvenile leads for several companies, though usually the Lasky studio is his headquarters. And now he's building himself a home in Laurel Cañon—a home where he can landscape garden and sculp and practice sales to his heart's content—and proving that, despite the family's objections, he knew best how to make a man out of himself.

A Painter in Fabrics

Claire West illuminates the characters in De Mille productions by the gorgeous gowns which she creates for them.

By Louise Williams

Claire West knows her own "attention value."

CECIL DE MILLE strode into the mirror-lined room; a room vivid with color, alive with the glimmer of cloth of gold and the deep luster of satin as blue as the midnight sky, rich with the sheen of heavy, supple velvets and the glory of flame-colored chiffons. Almost ingulfed by the swirl of gorgeous fabrics, a fair-haired woman knelt in the middle of the floor, draping a mass of rose-colored tulle on the slim, nonchalant girl who stood before her.

"I want a negligee that is feline, beautiful, enticing," said the director general, as he stood, his hands thrust in the pockets of his riding breeches. "A negligee that would make a man love the woman who wore it, make him long to caress her just for the feeling of that silky, soft material under his hand."

"And that is how Cecil De Mille gave me the idea for the negligee around which, you may be interested to know, 'Don't Change Your Wife' was written." Across the tea table from me Claire West, designer of costumes for the De Mille productions, leaned back in her chair with a reminiscent little smile. "I was working on an evening gown with one of my models," she went on, "but I let her go and sent for Gloria Swanson, and that day I worked out the negligee, in velvet of such a deep purple that it was almost black. Both Gloria and Bebe Daniels wear it in the picture."

"A negligee that is feline, enticing"—especially when worn by Bebe Daniels.

"But you don't work that way as a rule, building the story from a gown, do you?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, no," she replied. "That was an exception. And I've no doubt that Mr. De Mille had some idea, at least, of the story when he specified the garment. Usually I get the complete script of the play and study it to find out exactly what sort of characters the women in it are to be."

"Most of them are rather extreme types, of course," I suggested.

"Y-e-s," she replied. "Most of them are. The De Mille productions are exotic, unusual—daring. Naturally the costumes are in keeping. I have to exaggerate in order to get effects—just as an actress has to put mascara on her eyelashes.

"I presume that most persons think of a

Girls everywhere can get ideas from costumes like this one.

designer working by making preliminary sketches and plans first," she continued. "And, indeed, many of them do. But I prefer to drape the materials on a mannequin. Of course, other people do the sewing and all that sort of thing. I have a perfectly huge establishment—there are sixty-eight persons under me: tailors, French flower-makers, seamstresses, stock girls—it's like the usual modiste's shop—except that it's part of the Famous Players' studio."

"And do you just start in and make all the clothes before a picture is begun, or how do you go about it?"

The flame-colored feathers on her tip-tilted little hat shook as she leaned across the table earnestly.

"No, indeed," she declared. "I make the frocks as Mr. De Mille calls for them. And I never know what he's going to want next. It all depends on what part of the picture he's going to make."

"You must have to work quite a bit ahead of the styles?"

"Oh, naturally," she replied. "But our styles are really authoritative. We're constantly bringing out costumes which are accepted six months later by people in general, at about the time the picture is shown. Last spring I made those short-skirted frocks, such as are now being sent to us from Paris. Of course, while the dressmaker who wants new ideas or the little girl in the small town who's planning her trousseau, probably wouldn't want an evening gown such as I design for Bebe Daniels, still, she can get an idea for a new draping of her skirt or an unusual way of cutting the neckline from it. Then again, some of the ideas which I develop in screen costumes could be used by any one. For instance, I made a dress for Gloria Swanson which was trimmed with wool embroidery and deep bands of silver net interwoven with narrow strips of raffia, which was used also as a finish for the cord girdle. The effect is striking, and I should think that any girl could copy it."

"But how will they know whether they can wear even adaptations of your designs or not?" I wanted to know.

"Just by trying them," was the serene reply. "I can't help being impatient with women who say 'But I couldn't possibly wear a high waistline,' or 'Oh, I'd never in the world wear a short skirt,' when they've never tried it. Now, there's a principle in advertising that applies to designing clothes. You've heard advertising men speak of attention value, haven't you. You know how, sometimes, they'll leave almost a whole page blank in order to call attention to the few words it contains? Well, that's the principle I go on, partly. There are dozens of ways of calling attention to a woman's good points and so discounting her bad ones. A different neckline, an uneven drapery, an unusual color combination will work wonders."

"I wish you'd illustrate that with a concrete example," I urged. "For instance, take Gloria Swanson. She used to be a bathing-suited comedy queen; most of us had never heard much of anything about her until she blossomed forth as a professional beauty in De Mille productions. How did you do it?"

"Well, Gloria has a beautiful back, so I show it in evening gowns and negligees. In fact, she has a lot of good points——"

"So you show them all?" I asked. Claire West's blue eyes twinkled as she shook her head, and I wondered how it happened that such a gay young person had charge of the costuming of Famous Players-Lasky pictures, to say nothing of personally designing the costumes for De Mille productions.

"Not quite all," she was answering. "I stop far short

De Mille productions are exotic and unusual; so are the costumes worn in them.

of that. But one of Gloria's good points is her hair, and so I have it dressed so that it will always be noticed and yet fit in with the general scheme of the gowns I design for her. Gloria used to be like many other women—she didn't know that she could wear clothes, but just blindly followed the styles. But you know how she looks when she wears dresses that bring out her best points. As I said, her back is very pretty, so I design her evening gowns to show it. Her hands aren't especially good, so I either make her sleeves long enough to hide them or give her one long, trailing sleeve and leave the other arm bare, emphasizing her arms, which are beautiful, rather than her hands. She doesn't wear bracelets or rings, except perhaps just one very large ring that almost hides her little finger, and attracts attention to itself. She has pretty feet and ankles; I can always show them to good effect, so I do.

"And what I did with Gloria Swanson any woman can do for herself, in a measure, at least; I'd like to go through New York on a personal campaign, begging women not to be slaves to fashion plates any longer."

"Gloria has a beautiful back—so I show it," says Miss West.

My sigh was half one of sympathy with her exclamation and half one of awe at her independence.

"I'd like to know how you began all this; what you did way back in the beginning, that led up to this work," I asked.

"Well, I had a grandfather who was governor of his State, and a family who thought a girl might better do nothing all her life than work. However, I knew what I wanted to do, and fussed at them till they let me learn stenography. Later I got an appointment as court reporter at the capital of one of the Western States. But I wanted to make clothes; I simply couldn't keep my hands off from fabrics, and when I'd refashioned all my own things I'd fall to work on my friends. Sometimes they'd be rather startled when they'd come home and find me slashing into some new frock that they'd just bought, but in the end they'd always admit that my remodeling had improved it. And finally I decided to be a designer—it was the one thing I wanted to do.

"The first picture for which I did the costumes was 'Intolerance.' I did all the research work also—spent two years on it. Then I took a rest, and afterward did the costumes for Theda Bara's 'Cleopatra.'"

"Oh, I saw those in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, here in New York," I interrupted. They were shown there because the authorities considered them such faithful reproductions of the ancient Egyptians' garb.

"And it's since then that I've been with Famous Players-Lasky. I'm perfectly in love with my work—I'd just as soon put in eighteen hours a day at it as not. We have such an interesting establishment; I only wish that every one who goes to Paramount-Artcraft pictures could see the stock room where we keep costumes that have been worn in them. Of course, the stars frequently furnish their own clothes, but——"

Just then she was summoned to the telephone. I followed her across the hotel lobby, noting the details of her dark-blue velvet frock with its bouffant hips and delicate tracery of embroidery that matched the gay feathers on her hat. As she passed there was a change in the atmosphere; conversations were left hanging by an exclamation point; newspapers slid to the floor; heads were turned and necks craned. Why? The answer's simple; Claire West practices what she preaches. She knows her own attention value.

Strips of raffia woven into silver net add distinction to this frock.

Owen Moore "Toodleoos"

By Warren Reed

WHEN you take leave of a friend do you ejaculate "Pip pip!" Do you murmur "Toodeloo" at appropriate moments? Well, if your slang hasn't yet taken on the smart new English twist it will when you see Owen Moore in "Piccadilly Jim," in which he first appears as a Selznick star. You see, the picture is based on the story of the same name by P. G. Wodehouse, and everybody who's read that charming tale—and what a corking part it offers the second Moore brother, who's graced the screen so infrequently of late—knows the hero corrupts the most conservative vocabulary.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

"New Stars for Old"

Our esteemed co-critic Herbert Howe has put his foot in it! And we aren't a bit sorry for him. The Observer is forever writing things that bring in mail bags full of complaints, penned cries of rage, and hot words among which "stupid" seems to be the favorite. So when another fellow gets the fans after him do we feel sorry for him? Ha! Ha! And Ho! Ho! Now *he* knows what it means to have the wrath of fandom pick him up and put him down in his place!

Mr. Howe wrote an excellent article, "New Stars for Old," which appeared in our November number. And through one of those perverse workings of fate he left out Harrison Ford. He didn't mean to leave him out —we know how Mr. Howe feels about Harrison Ford. But he did. Did you ever go to town with your mind set upon buying handkerchiefs and come home with candy and a lot of other things—but with no handkerchiefs?

That's the way it happened. But we're glad of it. Now the fans have somebody beside The Observer to pick on.

Our desk is piled high with letters about Mr. Howe's selections. We wish we could print all of them, but it would take a couple of magazines this size. It seems as if all the fans are doing these days is to pick the dark horses and to discuss their chances of winning big type on the billboards.

Harrison Ford, by a big majority, is the fellow they have their eyes upon. He's the best bet, with Richard Barthelmess running second. Cullen Landis also seems to be a big favorite. Strangely, no great interest seems to be taken in the girls. As one fan puts it, "we need more young men stars, not more girls." Douglas MacLean and Monte Blue are close up in front.

The girls are headed by Clarine Seymour, with her "True-Heart Susie" performance being used as a guide. Betty Compson's work in "The Miracle Man" is evidently causing a heap of talk. To us, an extraordinary thing is that Gloria Swanson, De Mille's beauty, is not mentioned in any of our correspondence. Is it possible that Gloria appeals only to the "tired business man," who is too tired to write his opinions?

The Case of Mabel Normand

This Mabel Normand young lady is an interesting case. She galloped through the slappiest of slapstick days into one of the best of the big features, "Mickey." Then she dropped into a mediocre gait. Now she has sprinted again with "Jinx," a first-rate comedy of exactly the Normand style.

What are we going to do with this comic? One day she's on the edge of the ring that holds the best of 'em. The next she slips back.

It is our guess that she has found herself. Under the direction of Victor Schertzinger, who went over to Goldwyn from the Ince lot, she seems to have come back into the spirit of "Mickey" and the Sennett days.

It is our belief that Mabel Normand, given a steady hand to guide her, will rise quickly into genuine popularity such as is the fortune of not more than half a dozen of our stars. She has the stuff. All she needs is the right director and the right stories.

The Noisy Drama Borrows

It wasn't so long ago that dramatic critics and others who were still looking upon the moving picture as a toy, gasped in astonishment at the audacity and ignorance of a producer who took "The Cheat," a moving picture and made it into a noisy play.

To the great relief of these folks, "The Cheat" on the stage was a flop. On the screen it had been a sensation. "So look!" said they. "The screen produces no ideas worth taking into the real drama."

And lots of people believed them. Because, at that time, they were right.

Now we have running on Broadway no less than three plots that had previously appeared in motion pictures. "See Saw" is a musical play that first saw light on the screen as "Love Insurance," with Bryant Washburn starring. "Scandal," a Cosmo Hamilton tale, was a vehicle for Constance Talmadge. Now it's a success on the stage. "The Little Whopper," another musical comedy, first was Marguerite Clark's classic "Miss George Washington."

It is no slap at the screen that "Love Insurance" and "The Little Whopper" were made into musical comedies, which are usually considered better when the plot amounts to as little as the chorus girls' clothes. These two productions are successful on the stage because of their plots, because they are real comedies with music, not just girls and costumes and music and a few lines to connect the songs.

The screen ought to be rather proud of itself, for the general method of buying screen material works against the screen-to-stage route. Producers of pictures would rather have the material tried out. They don't care if the plot has done service in magazines and on the stage before it is done in moving pictures. They have found that a story is always good for moving pictures—if it is really good.

Take "The Miracle Man," George Loane Tucker's

wonderful emotional magic. First it appeared in a magazine, then in a book, then as a play. But the Tucker version of the story is considered by a good many as better than the Frank Packard tale or the George M. Cohan play, for Tucker had two men's ideas to work with before he started with his own.

And the reports as to the success of this picture do not indicate that anybody is staying away from it just because they have read the book or have seen the play.

After all, the producers are rather canny. Let the publishers and the producers of speaking drama take the chances! Then pick the best of the tales and make them into moving pictures.

The Bathing Girl Arrives

If Claire Briggs were to take up seriously the question of "Wonder What a Bathing Girl Thinks About," as a cartoon subject these days, he'd have only one subject to draw—if he stuck to the truth.

All the bathing girl thinks about now is getting out of the comedies and into the dramas. And if she thinks hard enough she may get her wish. For has she not a noble lot of precedents before her?

Cecil B. De Mille took Gloria Swanson from the Mack Sennett tank and made her a glorious gown model. If he keeps on, one of these days we're going to have to admit that she's learning to act.

So successful was he with Gloria that he went over to Harold Lloyd's place and gathered in Bebe Daniels who, you'll admit is oh, so lovely in her new type of rôle.

In the meantime George Loane Tucker was making a real actress, not just a gown model, out of Betty Compson, late of Arbuckle comedies and Christie comics.

And Griffith was establishing as one of the most popular of his girls none other than "Cutie Beautiful," Clarine Seymour. While Mary Thurman, the famous diving-school teacher from Salt Lake City, began playing small parts with increasing success until Bill Hart made her his leading woman in "Sand."

All of these former bathing girls have made good. All are beautiful, all are ambitious, and reports have it that there isn't a one of them that isn't trying seriously to become a real actress and to earn an honest living by what is inside the head rather than what is outside of it.

Of course their beauty didn't hinder them any, nor their ability to wear more, or less, clothes. But each girl was ambitious and was fortunate to get into the stock company of a director who knew how to *make people act.* The ballots are not yet counted on Mary Thurman but all the others have been elected. They're on the map to stay.

The Director Again

We often have had kind words to say about the director as an important figure. We have had unkind words for him when a picture is bad, too, for if he is to get the praise when he's good he must take the blame when he's bad.

It is our opinion that a good director and a pile of money is all anybody needs to make successful pictures. But mark you well that word "good." He must know a good story when he sees it. That's his first job. So far there has not yet appeared a director who can pick his stories one hundred per cent.

That proves that directors are human beings, not inspired by the gods. They're much like great stage and opera producers, and editors, and men who buy new winter overcoats, and women who buy eggs. Nobody picks 'em right every time.

But given a good story, a first-class director need not worry about actors. He can go out and get Gloria Swansons and "Cutie Beautifuls" and make them great actresses, for if they don't do a thing right the first time he can take and retake the scene until it is perfect.

Great directors don't need stars, but great stars need first-class directors. Few stars are as fortunate as Charlie Chaplin in having such a great director as C. Chaplin to handle them. It isn't often that as fine a director as Eric von Stroheim has proved himself to be in "Blind Husbands," gets hold of as good an author as E. V. Stroheim, nor is so fortunate as to have in his company as sympathetic an actor as this fellow Stroheim.

Artists vs. Producers

We thought it was pretty big news when Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and D. W. Griffith organized the "United Artists." It looked like a combination of the biggest talent in the business.

But now comes the "Associated Producers," who are Thomas H. Ince, Maurice Tourneur, Marshall Neilan, Allan Dwan, Mack Sennett, and George Loane Tucker. To The Observer the "Producers" seem to be a stronger combination than the "Artists." It is our belief that, on the whole, the man who makes a picture is more important than the persons who act in it. Ince has proved it with Douglas MacLean and Doris May. Tourneur demonstrates it in "The Blue Bird," "The Life Line," and "Victory." Neilan can point to "The Unpardonable Sin," while Dwan has "Soldiers of Fortune," and Tucker has "The Miracle Man." Sennett has lost Chaplin, Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, and other comedy stars, and still remains the greatest of comedy producers.

A producer can vary his subjects, while a star cannot. That is why we believe Griffith to be the strongest of the Big Four—strongest, we mean, in ability to furnish a steady supply of good entertainment to the fans, which is all that concerns us. Charlie Chaplin, because he is now producing very few pictures, no longer is a very important factor in the life of moving-picture patrons. No matter how luxurious the service, a railroad would be of small importance if it ran only two months out of the year. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are getting into form again and are back on a schedule of about one picture every two months.

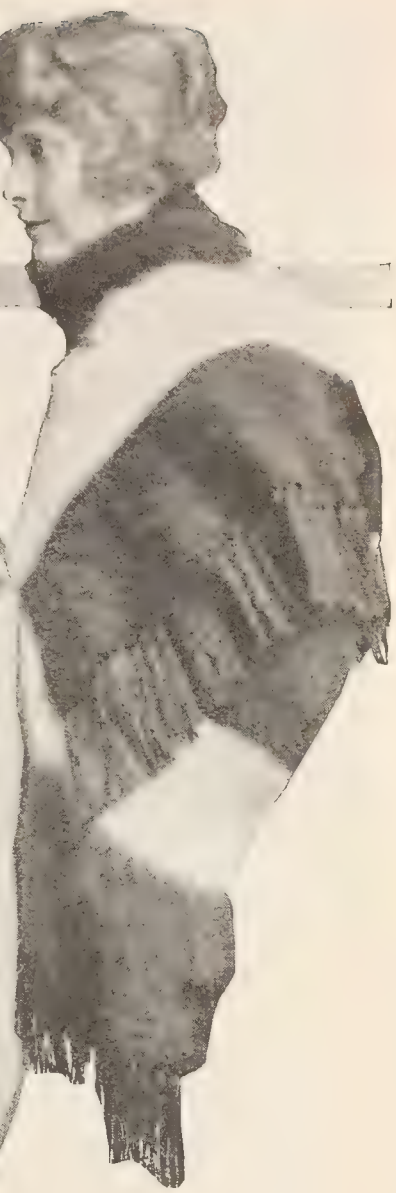
The "Associated Producers" will be able to turn out one feature picture a week. Ince, alone, has supervised an average of about thirty-five pictures a year in the last three years. Sennett can be counted upon for a two-reel comedy every other week.

Looked upon as a source of entertainment, the Associated Producers stand up as a very important body of men. When they once get under way—watch them!

Incognito Clothes

Here's Pearl White's idea of a disguise.

By Muriel Andrews



DEERSKIN gloves and hat and a woolly brown-and-plaid scarf—those were the high lights of Pearl White's costume the other day, when I met her indulging in a cross-country tramp near her Long Island home.

"But you weren't supposed to recognize me!" she protested. "These are incognito clothes—so much like those that everybody else wears this year that even a movie star is disguised in them."

"Maybe so—I'll admit that every girl in New York hides her light under one of those scarfs this year—but I knew you just the same," I answered.

"Well, come on home and see the rest of my new things; they're all designed to make me look just fashionable—and that means looking like all the world, you know; people seem to expect stars to be specially marked, somehow; I thought I could walk down the street in 'em and not have every child that passed shriek 'There goes Pearl White!'"

So she tried on the new clothes for me—the fleecy blue-and-white scarf like a soft cloud; the henna-colored tricollette suit and blue fox furs, and the blue duvetyn suit and white blouse with frills as crisp and crackly looking as popcorn.

"I used to think I'd have to wear a black veil and a raincoat if I wanted to go shopping without being recognized, but I believe it could be done in any of these outfits, don't you?" she asked anxiously. "I'm sure they're fashionable enough to be inconspicuous; they might be anybody's clothes, mightn't they?"

Well, she was right—they certainly are the kind of things that all the fashionable world is wearing nowadays, aren't they? But do you think they'll let Pearl get away from the crowd unnoticed? Neither do I!

A Gun Gen

A tale retold in rhyme
Which we chose

By C. L.

They ate their
Peas with knives,
So Harry
Did the same;
He knew that
They were rude
But he was
Being game;
He put to shame
The saucy dame.

THE daughter of a packer and a cattle shipper meet;
A case of town and country, now observe them, how they eat.
The lady, Helen Merritt, is a-laughing at her guest,
The man is Cheyenne Harry, he's a rancher from the West.
He's come to see the packer 'bout the title to his land;
The packer wants to get it and to steal it he has planned;
He has fogged the rancher's title in a clever legal way,
And has gobbled Harry's acres and he doesn't have to pay.
When Harry came to see him, why, the packer tho't it fine
To make an ass of Harry by inviting him to dine.
They sat him at the table with a bloomin' British earl,
And the packer and his lady and their classy, sassy girl.

Next month the whole caboodle
Went camping in the West;
The Earl of Monkeydoodle,
The girl, and all the rest.
They camped upon the acres
They'd stolen from Cheyenne,
This new-rich bunch of fakers
And the English monkey-man..
Meanwhile poor Cheyenne Harry
Was hiding in his hole,
And while that bunch made merry,
He nicked 'em for their roll;
He robbed their messenger and skun
The packer of his roll of mun.

Fighting
tleman

from the Universal picture
for you this time.

Edson

Cheyenne hid in
An outlaw lair;
He and the packer
Now were square.
The packer's
Daughter made
An error,
And Cheyenne
Harry got
Still *squarer.*

So Harry had the lady and he wouldn't take her back;
He housed her in the mountains in a lonely little shack;
He made her live on pork and beans and other humble chow;
"You're dining with a white man, not a social monkey now."
He made the lady like it; it was working like a charm,
And then her father's hirelings came and shot him through the arm.
He woke within a hospital, and there he saw the "frail,"
He lamped her through the foot-bars and he thought he was in jail;
But the packer's daughter kissed him with a kiss that was a treat,
And the packer gave his blessing—and then raised the price of meat.

The girl-struck English geezer
Conceived a little plan,
To have kidnapers seize her,
Then prove *he* was a *man.*
He hired Cheyenne Harry
To seize the dimpled dame,
Then he—the English Jerry—
Would get into the game.
So Harry, from his saddle,
Grabbed up the Bit o' Fluff,
And started to skedaddle,
And skedaddled sure enough!
The Briton tried the rescue stuff,
But Cheyenne bumped him rather rough.

Snapped Without Warning

There's nothing like having a camera handy when something interesting happens.

Yes, Constance Talmadge had a bathing suit on under her bathrobe, and intended going swimming —but, as you will note by the leaves on the trees, it was on a warmer day than this one. We print this just to remind everybody that summer's not so awfully far away.

The days when the Civil War was the "big war," and top hats and pantalets gave fashion writers something to say, were revived when Lionel Barrymore did "The Copperhead" for Famous Players-Lasky, and an entire village was built on Long Island as a setting for the picture. Rebuilt twice, it served as a background for life during three different generations.

You can't blame these people for having a post-card picture taken when the opportunity offered; they so rarely have a chance to be photographed! Then, too. Richard Barthelmess had just fallen in love—with the stuffed pelican—and Clarine Seymour and Creighton Hale yearned to prove that they were on terms of intimacy with an alligator, though he was just an imitation one. Miami, Florida, furnished the background, and D. W. Griffith the reason for their being there.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and also behind, in a case like this one. When Emerson Hough's story, "The Sagebrusher," was filmed by Benjamin B. Hampton, a few unintentional shadows were cast on the sand, and the director—Edward B. Sloman—and the camera men found themselves in the picture. The shadows cast on the screen when this picture is released will be slightly different from these, of course, but to us they won't be more interesting than these are.

Well, here you have both aspects of the case; you can take your choice. Go for a real salt-water swim, in an honest-to-goodness bathing suit, and you'll have to follow Norma Talmadge's example and take a shivery shower afterward, getting your hair dripping wet in the bargain. Or—choose a black lace-and-ribbon beach costume like Kay Laurell's, and you'll never need to go near the sea, or the shower either. The parasol? Oh, that's to keep the sun off. Too bad to limit a girl's activity this way, isn't it, especially when she swims as well as Miss Laurell does.

A Very Diffident Young Man

Harrison Ford is interviewed—but not with his own consent.

By Jane MacNaughton Baxter

"HE'S horribly bashful," the studio publicity man warned me. "He hates to be interviewed and won't talk—really and truly thinks he's not worth talking about. He's just a corking good fellow without any conceit. And when I phoned him that you were here he said the phone had waked him out of a sound sleep and he wasn't dressed or anything, but he'd come over as soon as he could."

Pleasant prospect, that, of interviewing a man who wouldn't talk, and probably felt grumpy over being waked from a nap. The publicity man went on telling me how bashful Harrison Ford is, while we stood around and watched Marguerite Clark do one scene of "Easy to Get" over and over, and it struck me that the publicity man had improved wonderfully since the day he took me to see Billie Burke; he'd only had his job a short time then, and when Miss Burke spoke to him he was so embarrassed that he was afraid to give her some newspaper clippings about herself that she was probably most eager to see. Now he was trying to convince me that a leading man was bashful! Why, just on the face of it that was preposterous. I'd gone to the studio to interview Ford because I knew that people all over the country were proclaiming him their favorite among the younger actors. How could he be bashful in the face of such popularity as that?

Then a young chap who'd just started across the studio happened to see us. He hesitated a moment, then came on, so interested in Miss Clark that he paid no attention to us at all. He stumbled over electric-light cords and bumped into chairs—but he kept his eyes on Miss Clark, and so, away from us. The publicity man smiled significantly, and finally, after the young man had wandered around and talked with carpenters and directors and electricians, he called "Oh, Ford—right this way!" And the stranger, with all the nonchalance of a convict about to be hanged, acknowledged an introduction as Harrison Ford. The publicity man had told the truth.

I'll pass lightly over my attempts to make him talk. Where was he born? He wouldn't say. Later I learned that his early days had St. Louis as a setting. Was he married? He didn't answer.

"He never tells," said the publicity man, who reminded me of a young mother trying to make her offspring recite for his father's rich uncle. "Tell her—tell her about your books!" he finally exclaimed in desperation.

"Yes, do!" I urged. "And then let's get a camera man to take a picture of you with a lot of books around you, and——"

A look of mingled agony and contempt silenced that outburst. And the publicity man, with a gesture of despair worthy of Nazimova,

fied to his office. As for me, I gave up the idea of interviewing this difficult young man and began to talk.

"Having a good time while you're here?" I asked. "I suppose you've seen Ethel Barrymore's new play?"

"Nope—couldn't get a seat," he answered gloomily. Five words!

"What a shame—I sent two back yesterday—you might have had them."

"My heavens!" he exclaimed, with sudden change of mien. "Don't ever do that again. If you can get seats for that or Jack and Lionel Barrymore in 'The Jest,' or *anything* good, let me buy them from you, please! I've got to go back to California as soon as this picture's done, and every ticket for every show is sold weeks in advance! And what do you think? Yesterday Rachmaninoff was playing at Carnegie Hall, just a block from here, and I had a ticket, and then I couldn't get away—had to work all afternoon. And maybe I'll get off for the symphony concert to-night, but probably I won't."

"Awful, isn't it?" I sympathized. "Don't you get good things in Los Angeles in the theater?"

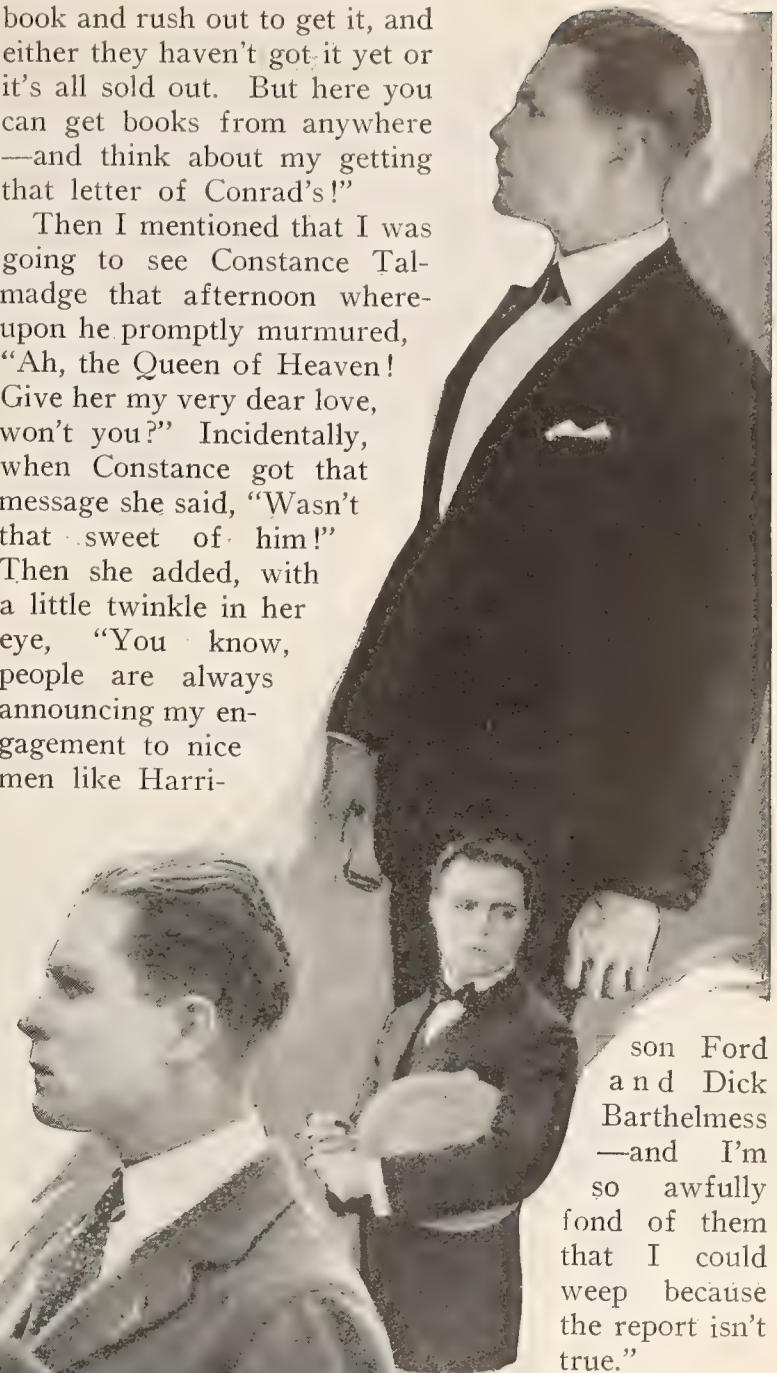
"Oh, yes, a year or so after they've been put on here. The Russian ballet came out there—I went every night—and do you remember the Chopin things Pavlowa danced? Well, somebody in my hotel plays them—late at night, usually—and I can't sleep in this town, it's so noisy, so I lie there and listen. Wonderful!"

"It must be." I was congratulating myself on this feast of reason and flow of soul. And then I told him about a little bookstore, famous all over the country, where you meet visiting authors and artists, and he said he'd go there, and he told me about how, the first day he got to New York, and had just half an hour before he had to leave for Loon Lake with Marguerite Clark and her company, he dashed down to Brentano's, the big bookstore, and bought an autograph letter of Joseph Conrad's.

"I went down there because I wanted to see a *lot* of books at once," he explained.

"Out in Los Angeles it's so different—you hear about a new book and rush out to get it, and either they haven't got it yet or it's all sold out. But here you can get books from anywhere—and think about my getting that letter of Conrad's!"

Then I mentioned that I was going to see Constance Talmadge that afternoon whereupon he promptly murmured, "Ah, the Queen of Heaven! Give her my very dear love, won't you?" Incidentally, when Constance got that message she said, "Wasn't that sweet of him!" Then she added, with a little twinkle in her eye, "You know, people are always announcing my engagement to nice men like Harrison Ford and Dick Barthelmess—and I'm so awfully fond of them that I could weep because the report isn't true."



We visited a while longer, and then he escorted me to the front door, and I started off down the street, beaming over the way he'd talked. But alas! my castle was built upon sand—for when I thought it over I realized that he hadn't told me any of the things the fans keep writing us to find out. I knew that he was crazy about Joseph Hergesheimer's books and thought "Java Head" would make a wonderful picture—but I hadn't the ghost of an idea what he did before he went into pictures, or how old he was. And an interview without facts is like a soft-boiled egg without salt—uninteresting.

Well, I knew that his hair was lightish and his eyes were brown; that he was about five feet eleven inches tall, and that he was exactly what the publicity man had called him—"a corking good fellow without any conceit." And then I had the good luck to meet a photographer to whom I'd recommended him—and the photographer held forth for half an hour on the subject of his old friend Harrison Ford—and furnished the salt for the egg.

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"Don't Do It, Marjorie"

There were other people going to the studio; I didn't know what car to take, so I stood near them.

I TOOK the ferry at eight the next morning, feeling most awfully professional. To me that little journey across the Hudson was as momentous as a trip to Europe; the boat seemed to go at a snail's pace, yet as the Palisades loomed up bigger and bigger I almost wished it would stop; now that I was actually going to get into pictures I felt a little shaky about it.

There were other people on the boat who were going to the studio I was headed for; I heard them talking about it while we were all waiting for the street car. Several of them had suit cases, as I did, and one of the men had on evening clothes under his overcoat. I didn't know what car to take, so I stood near them, thinking I'd just do what they did, and so I couldn't help overhearing them. They mentioned a lot of the pictures I'd seen at home, and told about their parts in them; I was awfully interested, and finally one of the girls turned around and spoke to me.

"I've been in pictures three years now," she said when we'd been talking a few moments. "Sure, I've had parts; doubled for a star once. But I can't count on steady work—haven't ever had a contract. How'd I get in? Registered at an agency. Say, did anybody ever tell you to try to get started by hanging around the studios waiting for a chance? Well, don't you try it—I did, and there's nothing to it! Why, out in California I did nothing else at first—many a day I've sat on that bench in the yard at the old Mutual Studio—fourteen companies working inside, and not a thing for an extra most of the time, it seemed to me. I know all the studios around Hollywood—but I think New York's a better place to break in; there's more chance to get work here in between times, you see. Los Angeles is full of women who can't do any kind of work and who want to get a job—men, too. Here you can get something—out there there aren't jobs enough in town to take care of the movie extras—'tisn't a very big place, you know. Now I've got a job clerking in a department store, and they dock me when I take a few days off to work in a picture, but they're glad to keep me on the pay roll because I'm a better saleswoman than most of their girls. That keeps me going when I can't get work at the studios."

Three years of it! I couldn't help being glad that I had that money I'd brought from home.

The studio looked as grim and forbidding as a factory, except for the glass roof that covered part of it. When we got inside a man divided the crowds of extras; the girls whom the director of the picture and Mr. Rowe had sent for were given a big dressing room together, and all the others were put in another room, which rather crowded them. A line of lockers ran down the middle of the room, and a mirror ran the

We lined up for the little box lunches.

The second installment of the experiences of a girl who became a motion-picture actress despite all obstacles. The first part, printed in the January number, told of how she came to New York and got her first job as an extra.

length of either side wall, with a wide shelf below it. There were lots of electric lights, and some of the girls got out curling irons and began making elaborate preparations as we girls at home used to when we were going to a dance. They had lots of make-up; some of them had brought three or four kinds of cold cream, and powder, and they all had lip sticks and black stuff for their eyes.

The studio was as grim looking as a factory.

One girl settled down and curled her hair all over her head in long curls—I noticed her afterward, and she was away back in a corner where she'd never show in the picture at all. And several of the girls changed all their clothes, and fussed around as if they had been stars. Somehow, it struck me that they didn't have any good mirrors at home, maybe, and were making the best of this one—they seemed to appreciate it so. I thought of the little dressing table in my pink and white bedroom at home—and then stopped remembering it as quickly as I could.

The girl who'd spoken to me when we waited for the car sat next me at the mirror, and helped me to make up; she said the powder I'd bought at one of the theatrical drug stores on Broadway was too dark, and gave me some of hers; it was very coarse and quite a deep yellow, and stood out in little grains all over my face and arms. She fixed my eyes, too; she heated a toothpick in a candle flame and rubbed it on a cake of black stuff and then along my eyelashes, making them dreadfully heavy, so that they stood way out and looked awfully exaggerated. She said they'd be wonderful and make my eyes look much bigger in a picture. Janet—her name was Janet Powers—looked much nicer without her mouth made up and her eyelashes fixed, but she said that her kind of looks wouldn't get over on the screen at all without lots of make-up.

What stunned me, as I sat there all dressed and waiting till it would be time to go up to "the floor," was the number of awfully pretty girls I saw there. Every one of them was pretty—some of them were beauties. I'd never seen so many pretty girls together before, and I wondered how Mr. Rowe and Jeanne Phelps had kept from laughing at me when I urged that because I was pretty I ought to have a chance in pictures. Why, if all they had to do to make a picture successful was to get pretty girls no director would have a worry in the world.

Some of the girls had brought wonderful evening gowns, and some of them wore the shabbiest, flimsiest little suits and hats when they came, and got their evening clothes from the woman in charge of the wardrobe room. Janet said that was one thing that made it hard for the girl who didn't have money to get along—clothes counted so much in lots of scenes where they used extras, and if you were well dressed

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He's Going Some!

Doing a hundred-yard dash in close to ten seconds flat is Lefty's idea of a good time.

It's easy to see, on examining this picture, how he won this nickname that has stuck to him long after his college days.

IT wasn't hard for "Lefty" Flynn to qualify for the title of Rex Beach's "Going Some!" He's been doing it all his life.

Maurice B. Flynn became "Lefty" at Yale, where he earned fame as one of the fastest sprinters, greatest-kicking full backs, and all-around athletes in Eli history.

When the war broke out "Lefty" Flynn left his Colorado ranch and enlisted in the aviator corps, with the idea of making the Hun "go some" in the air.

On his return, his father, a Wall Street banker, had planned a commercial career for "Lefty," but "Lefty" met dad's friend, Rex Beach. Straightway plans were off, and so was "Lefty"—off for California.

He fought his way to recognition as the thug in "The Silver Horde" and then sprinted away with honors in "Going Some." Watch Him Go!

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

Introducing Mr. Whitman Bennett

Few persons who write for the screen have any conception of the workings of a scenario editor's office, or of what really happens to a script when it reaches one of those mysterious places. We have, therefore, asked Mr. Whitman Bennett, production manager for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to tell us how the scenario department of his organization, the greatest of its kind in the world, goes about the business of procuring the stories for their productions, and he has generously complied by writing for this department the following article, which he calls "A Million a Year for Motion-Picture Plots." To all who are in any way interested in writing for the screen I recommend a careful reading of what Mr. Bennett has to say:

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guide-posts for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.*

Two Popular Fallacies

In the motion-picture business figures are always appalling to the people in the business as well as to the laymen who only hear curious stories of almost fantastic expenditures and returns. A year or two ago the ten-thousand-dollar-per-week star was the sensation of the motion-picture world. Now, it is the sixty-thousand-dollar story. As a matter of cold fact, not more than half a dozen stories in the whole field of possible motion-picture fiction are considered to be worth this price, but two or three sales have been consummated at approximately this figure and rumor has done the rest. It is seemingly impossible to make authors, editors, and publishers—or play producers for that matter—understand that these rare instances are only the result of the story's advertised success in its literary or dramatic form. A few high prices are paid for a few of the world's most successful and widely advertised book and dramatic hits—and the whole world goes crazy! It would have been better for the business if the few big subjects really worth these big prices had never been done than to upset the common sense of a whole business.

So the first big prevailing fallacy in connection with moving-picture stories is that they are worth fabulous amounts. The second fallacy is that they are extraordinarily difficult to find.

Our organization takes the most extraordinary means to search for material, because we want to find the best, and that which is at the moment most appealing to the popular mind; but this does not mean that material for motion pictures is more difficult to find than really fine novels for publishers or really fine plays for producing stage managers. On the contrary, the picture producer has the benefit of being able to draw material from the publishers and from the dramatic producers.

However, the finding of enough material which will combine a certain grade of artistic merit with popular elements, to make somewhat more than one hundred important feature-film productions a year, obviously offers some difficulties. It takes about a million dollars in money, and the time of many capable men and women. The publisher may have his problems, and the dramatic manager undoubtedly has his trouble—but film literally "eats up plot" as no other form of publication or production. A five-reel film is shown in about one hour and ten minutes. Yet a two-and-a-half-hour play will have to be expanded to provide sufficient plot; and often even a four-hundred-page novel, though many incidental episodes will be discarded, will need additional essential action..

The high-grade film of to-day, which makes due and increasing allowance for characterization, does not simply revel in crude overcrowding of plot, as did the films of a few years ago. But the fact remains that the best films are those which, not lacking in characterization, nevertheless have plenty of good, active plot.

Combing the World for Material

It has been pointed out that a brief description of the methods by which we conduct this eternal hunt in the fiction jungle may be of interest. As already mentioned, motion-picture figures have at least the fascination of size—and it is just a bit staggering to consider that we have in the home-office scenario department of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation about seventy-five hundred synopses of books and plays, made either in the office or by paid outside readers. These synopses are all based on works that were not impossible; for the obviously impossible material is dismissed with a paragraph.

The chief of this "scenario" or reading department—the actual continuities are made at the studios in association with the directors—is Robert E. MacAlarney, a professor of Columbia, where he taught in a school of journalism, and formerly city editor of the New York *Tribune*, as well as a successful fiction writer. He now has his department so arranged that readers actually in the office work in virtually all the modern languages—English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and the Scandinavian tongues. Every issue of every important American or European magazine is read immediately upon publication. Nor is this all done in New York—for we have a direct representative in London, who is connected with our English company, but who reports directly to the New York office by mail and by cable.

Although we have done our best to encourage original writing for the screen, the developments up to date are not anything to flatter ourselves about, and most of our films, as every one knows, are founded on published stories and books or on Broadway dramatic productions. This has led to certain interesting arrangements for getting the proofs of novels before they are printed, and for seeing the Broadway shows even before they have reached Broadway. Every big business must have its carefully oiled machinery. But the big problem, which we have not yet satisfactorily solved is how to get a better class of original film material without drawing down upon ourselves veritable deluges of illiterate and worthless chaff, which must all be glanced over and courteously returned in order not to make enemies—and in order not to miss the possible good story or the writer who shows "promise."

Of course, all editors and all dramatic producers and all film producers, looking for stories naturally turn first to the established writers. This is the safe and sane policy and one which naturally returns the highest percentage of results, even though many good authors have a habit of trying to sell the film companies the stories that have been rejected by editors or the plays that haven't been good enough for the theatrical producers.

The conclusion we have come to, in general, is this: Some persons are so naturally novelists, or short-story writers, that they cannot properly express themselves in any other form, and it is better policy to buy their novels and stories—simply explaining to them the value of writing novels and stories that will also be suitable for film—than to try teaching them original film synopsis writing. Some persons are dramatists so absolutely that they don't do themselves justice except when writing dialogue and giving stage directions; and the best that can be done with them is simply to indicate how much more the play will bring in if it also has certain cinema elements. But—thank Heaven!—there are a number of playwrights, story-writers, and novelists who are perfectly capable of writing directly for the screen if they can only be persuaded to stomach a few failures and find out how, just as they originally had to study their other forms of expression. And—thank Heaven, twice over!—there are some people now just coming into view who have such a specific talent for writing moving-picture synopses, that they do this better than anything else! In these authors—these dramatic and plot-creating visualists—lies the greatest hope of the future for our business.

How a Story Is Read

Many persons have asked to be informed as to just what happens when a book, story, play, or synopsis is submitted to our office. Before going further, by the way, it is well to explain that we never want continuity from outside writers—but just "synopses;" good, readable ten to twenty-page "stories" of the film as imagined by the author, with the main incidents and sufficient characterization, arranged not in the sequence of film presentation, but in the natural and most graphic sequence of the imagined events themselves.

Whether the story, book, play, or synopsis comes to us directly or through an agent, the procedure is all the same. It all goes to the scenario department, is recorded, and is assigned to a reader. In the case of short stories and synopses—if they are reasonably brief and to the point—they go from the first reader to the supervising reader in the original form. In the case of books and plays, if the material shows any promise, adequate synopses immediately are made. These synopses are made by really competent people and must always simply present the story to the best advantage, without making any plea for or against the narrative. It is a rule that readers must not editorialize in their work.

The supervising reader discards a certain amount of material, but refers to Mr. MacAlarney, the head of the department, anything that is by any chance a possibility, explaining something about it. Mr. MacAlarney has been informed by the production managers what sort of stories are particularly wanted at the moment, for what stars and to be produced by what directors. He naturally bears these instructions in mind—but also refers, in due course, certain other stories to the production manager, recommending them for purchase on general principles, though not needed at the moment.

Mr. MacAlarney cannot read everything that gets to his desk, but he does read an enormous amount of material, and has the assistance of certain very expert associates—one the sister and private reader of one of the world's greatest stars, another who is herself a recognized dramatist, and a man who has edited or vitally assisted in editing three or four famous magazines.

Mr. MacAlarney, acting as rapidly as is consistent with sound judgment, refers to the production manager perhaps twenty or thirty subjects a week. The production manager is the general go-between, compromising the issues between "art" and "business" and keeping the machinery of studio work in actual operation. He knows, as a matter of course, what material is required at each studio for each star or as a "special" for certain directors, and he reads with these practical facts always in mind. Most of the material goes back to MacAlarney, but he refers to each studio perhaps three times what it will actually require, with the name of the star or director suggested. In other words, he tries to apply the material.

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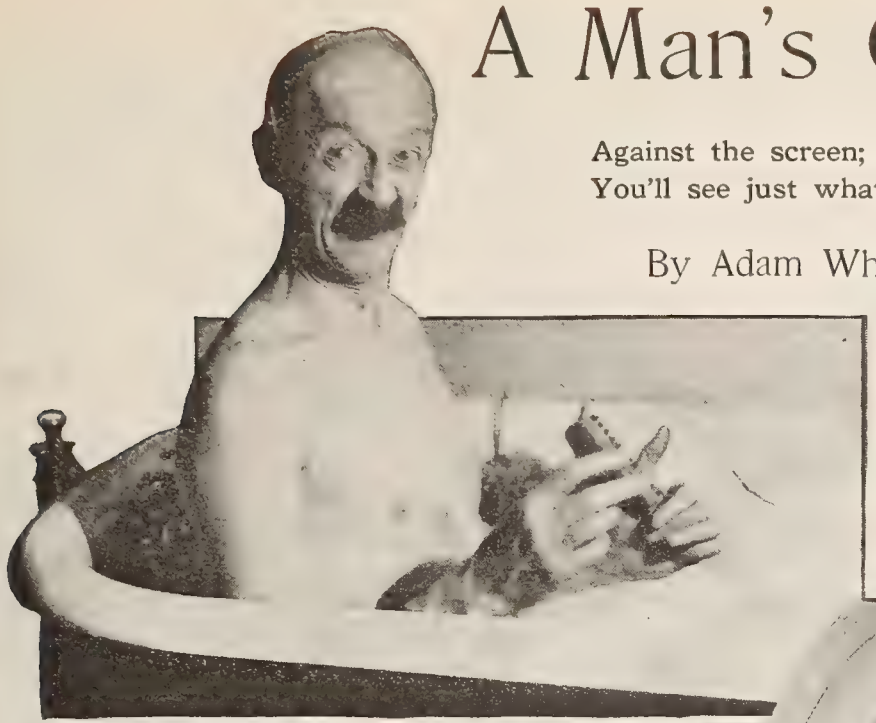
A Man's Complaint

Against the screen; read on—
You'll see just what I mean.

By Adam Whipple



OH, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us—"
This plea of Burns has been reversed,
Now others see us—at our worst!
The camera's eye, with scorn and spleen,
Bares all our secrets on the screen.
The husband, bachelor, or beau
Whose dignity was guarded so
Finds no seclusion in his lair,
The camera comes and shoots him there.
It looks through kitchen, bath, and stair
And pots its victims everywhere!

The spoken drama doesn't show
Its hero in his shirtless woe;
Great Hamlet would be called a dub
If Shakespeare soaped him in his tub.
Could Romeo still coo and flirt
While butt'ning on a balky shirt?
Could Don Juan set all hearts a-buzz
While shaving off his stubble fuzz?
What idol of the matinée,
Belov'd of all the girlies gay,
Could make those hearts still buzz like bees,
While he patched up his B. V. D.'s?
Oh, no; the spoken drama rings
The curtain down on all such things;
It won't suggest by deed or word
The things that make a man absurd,
But, oh, you motion-picture folk,
You make us out to be a joke!
Can any girl such pictures scan
And fail to have a laugh on—man?

Bringing the Summer Home

By Helen Ogden

They're the kind of kodak pictures any young married couple would love to make.

Evidently the Tellegens enjoyed a second honeymoon last summer on the coast.

THERE we are in the garden—and this was just a glimpse of the sun parlor, where we often had breakfast. And—oh yes, that was on one of the side paths."

It sounds like the description the girl next door gives you when she gets back from a visit, doesn't it? But it happens to be the sort of thing Geraldine Farrar says when she shows you kodak pictures taken last summer out at her California home, when she and her husband, Lou-Tellegen, were making Goldwyn pictures and having a vacation from their theatrical engagements.

"We brought the summer home with us in these pictures," she told me happily. "They're just little glimpses of our every-day life out there, but you've no idea how vividly they bring it all back; even in wintry New York they make me feel the California sunshine and see the flowers."

And the care with which she tucks those pictures away in their particular nook in her dressing room at the Metropolitan is proof of just how happy a summer she spent in California, and just how precious are these reminders of it.

A Dancing Star

Her name is Carrol Dempster—she tripped onto the screen after dancing with Ruth St. Denis—and the hardest thing she ever did was to kiss Dick Barthelmess!

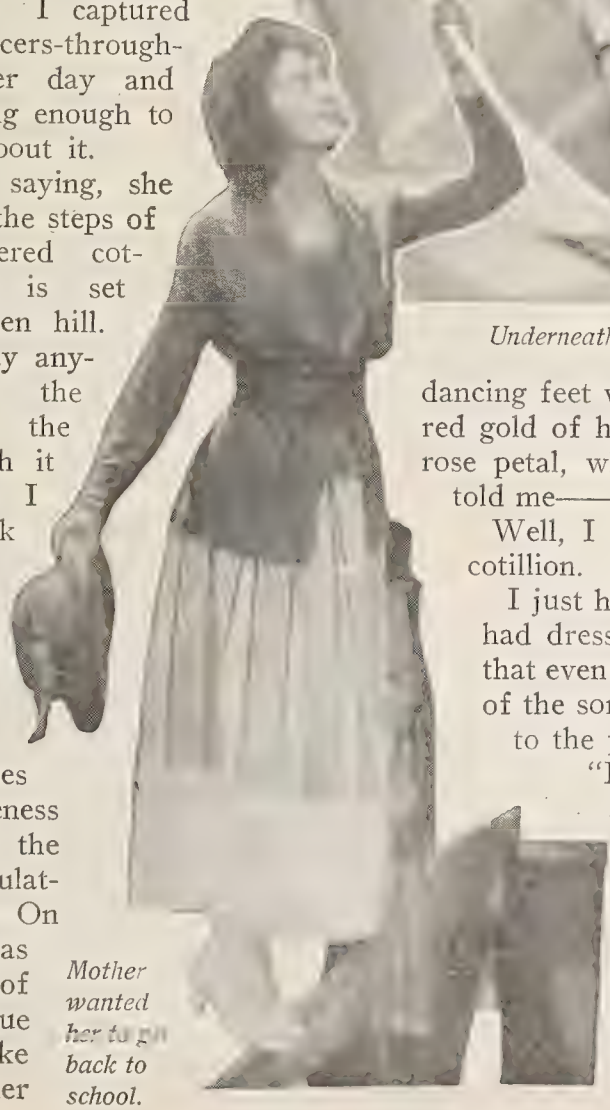
By Grace Kingsley

DOWN the steps of the prettiest little rose-covered cottage you ever saw—no, not one of those motion-picture houses without any insides, but a real, sincere cottage with a papa and mamma and an Airedale terrier in it—danced about the prettiest girl in the world, I guess.

You've heard about people who danced through life, and I'll bet the one little word that crossed your mind when you heard the expression was "Nonsense!" You didn't think anything in the world danced through life except whirling dervishes and water skippers, now did you? But listen! It can be done. I captured one of the dancers-through-life the other day and tamed her long enough to find out all about it.

As I was saying, she danced down the steps of her rose-covered cottage, which is set against a green hill. If I didn't say anything about the green hill in the first paragraph it was because I couldn't work it in. She was clad in a long heliotrope gown of the style of '49—one of those dresses whose demureness is belied by the naughtily undulating hoop skirt. On her head was perched one of those picturesque little pancake hats. On her dancing feet were Mary Janes. The California sun glistened on the red gold of her curly hair, and her pink and white skin was like a rose petal, while her brown eyes danced—well, they did!—as she told me——

Underneath the picturesque little pancake hat her brown eyes danced!



Mother wanted her to go back to school.

Well, I thought surely it was going to be about last night's cotillion.

I just had to rub my eyes to realize she was a picture star who had dressed at home in her bungalow for her day's work, and that even now there was dashing up to her door a coach-and-four of the sort that smells of gasoline, which would whirl her away to the place of the all-seeing camera.

"Hop in!" she commanded—just like that—instead of making the prim little curtsy that rightly belonged to the costume.

That brought me thoroughly to, and I said, "Oh, hello, Miss Dempster!"

Because, you see it's Carrol Dempster I'm talking about, whom you've seen in the last few Griffith pictures, and who, so far, has danced her way through life.

She began right away about the dancing as soon

as ever we had settled back comfortably and were watching the Glendale scenery glide by.

"Mother says when I was a teenty baby they used to lay me on the bed and start the phonograph to playing, and that I'd kick my baby legs in time to the music. Of course I haven't any photograph of me doing it, but you may read it in my baby book—and you know how careful mothers are about things like that—they're just never mistaken!

"But crying so that you break up the first show you were ever in, and then getting angry at having to grab and kiss a boy without any previous rehearsal—because never, never in your life have you done such a thing—well, those don't seem like very auspicious beginnings for a screen star, now do they?"

Carrol laughed as she told me about these things, because it's her way to laugh about everything; and besides the show was a school flower cantata and she was only a year old, and though the boy was Richard Barthelmess, the kissing was in a picture when she was eighteen.

"I'm just nineteen now and it was away back when I was a year old that I made my début with my sister, in a boarding-school flower cantata in Duluth, Minnesota. We were right in the midst of a number, and a bunch of little girls were singing about being glad, oh, so glad, they were pansies, and I suppose I suddenly realized that mother was away, 'way off outside the pansy bed, or maybe I'd decided I'd rather be a rose than a pansy—anyway, I suddenly began to bawl to go home, and disgraced myself and my family by breaking up the show.

"And maybe you don't believe me, but never in my life had I kissed a boy when, in 'The Hope Chest,' with Dorothy Gish, they made me not only kiss Dick Barthelmess, but made me dash at him and grab him around the neck! It takes previous rehearsals to do things like that, I guess, and I won't conceal that I was awfully mad! You see I was brought up in a convent——"

"Oh, of course!" I said.

"Honestly!" Carrol smiled, and we clambered out of the machine. "Life for me was just one boarding school after another, with a number of convents on the list. You see father was a captain on the Great Lakes—he's retired now—and that kept us moving."

At that moment we began to thread the maze of the Griffith Studio, which is so complicated it has put all the regular, professional mazes out of business. It was awfully early, but Mr. Griffith was already there, and Carrol sat down and began to daub fresh powder on her nose in anticipation of his call. But just at that moment he was having his troubles with a bear—for what would be a '49 story without a bear? Next moment Mr. Griffith called "Miss Dempster!" and Carrol danced into the set—but stopped short, according to orders, when she saw the bear.

In a minute she came back and put her little pancake hat straight—it had gone all askew when she registered very real terror when the bear came toward her.

"Want some more story of my life? Well, after the cantata fiasco I never saw the footlights again until I was all of seven. Then I went on the stage of the theater at Santa Maria during an amateur performance of some play I can't remember anything about except that the villain wore a red flannel shirt and high, shiny boots, and sang and danced. The song was called 'My Yankee Sailor Boy,' and I did a lot of high kicks in it which made the woman who gave the show tell my mother she ought to have me learn to do fancy dancing. So I learned, and when we came to Los Angeles I began at once to study with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, her husband. When I went out with Miss St. Denis on her tour as a solo dancer and a partner of her husband's in another number, Mr. Shawn said I was the best dancing partner he had ever had for the 'Joy of Youth' dance.

"I never thought much about pictures, but when I decided to stay at home instead of going out again with Miss St. Denis the next season, I made up my mind I'd have to do something. Oh, but I forgot! Before that, while I was studying with Miss St. Denis, I played in 'Intolerance' for D. W. Griffith, doing a bit and also appearing as one of the dancers in the Babylonian episode. Mr. Griffith came over to Denishawn where Miss St. Denis had her school and where she lived, too, and picked me out with several others. Then when I decided I must do something to make my living, and that pictures seemed to be the best thing, I went out to the Griffith Studio one day when Mr. Griffith was making a picture. He remembered me from 'Intolerance,' and asked me if I'd like to have a test. Would I! Well, I did, and then, without ever playing an extra part at all, I stepped

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The Woman and the Puppet

A tale of love in old Seville, retold from the Goldwyn picture.

By Walter Adolphe Roberts

"I have come to defend my love," she said.

LOLLING on the couch in the darkened living room of a house in one of the oldest quarters of Seville, Concha Perez listened to the medley of noises that floated up from the courtyard. Dogs barked and gaudy parrots in cages squawked truculently. The voices of women, on their way to or from market, exchanged tidbits of gossip. For the court—or patio, as it is called in Spain—was common to the whole block of squalid tenements that closed it in on all four sides.

Concha paid no attention to what the chattering women were saying. She was listening for a certain voice, the tones of which, softly modulated and aristocratic, would strike an incongruous note in the vulgar babble of the quarter.

"Will he come to-day?" she murmured. "Ah, that fool of a Don Mateo! That scented fop, with his fine manners! I hate him. I wish he would leave me alone." She paused and stared at a picture of the Madonna, barely visible in the gloom. "I don't always hate him," she admitted to herself. "Sometimes, I think I love him. But he is such a fool! He does not know how to win a woman."

Lying there, her corsage daringly open almost to the waist, a red rose thrust into her hair above one ear, her beauty was such as to attract instant attention even in a land where all women are comely. Her calling was that of a cigarette maker, but it was many days since she had been to the factory. Had not the noble Don Mateo, a captain in the army and brother of the mayor of Seville, made things easy for her and her mother by paying all their debts? Señora Perez, indeed, had lately taken the stand that the cigarette factory offered "too many bad examples for a girl!" Glad of the excuse to loaf, Concha had accepted her mother's dictum. But though the old woman was willing enough to let the generous Don Mateo have her, Concha reflected with fierce pride that she had not permitted herself to be sold. Don Mateo, as yet, had not touched more than her finger tips.

The voices in the court trailed into silence, as the gossips separated to go about their daily household tasks. Then, suddenly, Concha heard her mother greet effusively a new arrival. The latter's tones were cultured. Where had she heard them before? Ah, she remembered! This was none other than Bianca Romani, the Neapolitan singer, the recognized mistress of Don Mateo before he had commenced his frantic courtship of the beautiful cigarette maker. She had seen them together the night of the carnival on the Las Delicias promenade.

"Can I speak with your daughter?" Bianca was asking.

"By all means, my lady," Señora Perez replied obsequiously. "Will you condescend to step into our humble house?"

Her eyes snapping, Concha leaped to her feet. "I will come out into the patio," she called. "Let me have

just one minute to make myself pretty for so important a visitor."

In less than the time she had demanded, Concha appeared, a black lace mantilla draped picturesquely about her. She carried both hands on her hips. A cigarette she had lighted for effect smoked between her red lips. She smiled impudently as she approached the woman she had supplanted in Don Mateo's heart.

"I kiss your hand, my lady," she gibed. "How does it happen that you honor me with a call, I who am so much dirt under your feet?"

Bianca flushed. She could not fail to understand that the other was trying to lash her into a rage and make her ridiculous.

"I have a few questions to ask you," she said haughtily. "Will you be frank with me?"

"It depends on the questions. If you want to know whether I think you a great singer, I shall say 'Yes,' though I never heard you except on the phonograph. Or, perhaps, you want to know whether the noble captain, Don Mateo, finds you beautiful? Well, he has the bad taste to prefer me."

Concha spat out the words with insulting bravado. As she finished, she snapped the fingers of one hand.

Bianca Romani was a proud woman. She had come resolved to treat this cheap cigarette girl, as she considered her, with condescending irony. Already, however, she realized that she had met her match. Her lip trembled. She was ready to burst into tears. Controlling herself with an effort, she pleaded for her happiness.

"I have come here to defend my love—my life itself—against you," she cried. "Before the carnival, Don Mateo belonged to me alone. He loved me and I was happy. But from the cursed moment when he saw you he has changed. You must give him up. I will not be robbed of my lover."

"I think the beautiful señorita must be ill. A touch of sun, perhaps. She is saying things I do not in the least understand," declared Concha, her eyes round with affected innocence.

"Do not torment me, you impertinent wench!" retorted Bianca, beside herself. "Don Mateo loves you. You said yourself that he found you more beautiful than I. And of course you love him. No girl of your sort could fail to be flattered by his attentions."

"I love Don Mateo!" stormed Concha, her mood capriciously changing. "You do not know me, señorita, if you think I am to be captured by every dandy who chooses to smile at me. He finds me beautiful—yes. But to me he is only a monkey in uniform. Hundreds like him have wanted me, but I have left them to women easier to please than I. Let him keep his love."

"Then you will refuse to see him again?" asked Bianca eagerly.

"I spurn his love. I cast it into the mud for you to pick up, if you want it," ranted the girl, her eyes flashing.

Bianca was not accustomed to the tempestuous jealousies, the twisted pride of the women of Seville. Nor did she appreciate the fact that a girl like Concha was perfectly capable of saying the thing she did not mean, simply on account of its dramatic value. She clutched eagerly at the hope that Don Mateo had been unsuccessful in wooing this daughter of the people. A little tact, and Concha could be made into an ally instead of a rival.

"I used to be so happy," she said gently. "I want to be happy again. Promise me you will send him back to me."

"I will not help you. I hate you both," flamed Concha. "But it warms my heart that you should have come to me for help, my fine lady. Your kind does not understand love. If I had had a man I wanted to hold, he would have been mine forever."

Hurt and humiliated, Bianca was about to reply, when a step sounded in the archway that led from the patio to the street. Both women turned, instinctively aware that the subject of their dispute was about to catch them together. To Bianca Romani this was a new cause for shame. The more primitive Concha gloried in the situation.

A slender figure in his faultlessly tailored uniform, a pair of white gloves in one hand and a cane in the other, Don Mateo entered the courtyard. He started violently as his eyes fell on Bianca and Concha, with Señora Perez in the background. In his lovelorn state of mind, the cigarette maker could do no wrong. He smiled fatuously at her, then addressed Bianca with frigid disapproval.

"I hardly expected to find you here, señorita," he said.

"Oh, I am not spying on you," answered Bianca bitterly. "I had heard from many sources that you visit this young woman every day. I did not need to confirm the gossip. But I had things to say to her, and I have said them."

"Leave me out of your family quarrels," cut in Concha, taking the rose from her hair and placing its stem between her teeth.

"Family!" repeated Don Mateo, trembling with agitation. "Why should you use that word, beautiful one? This woman is nothing to me."

"The Woman and the Puppet"

Narrated from the Goldwyn picture based on the novel by Pierre Louys and produced with the following cast:

Concha Perez	Geraldine Farrar
Don Capitan Mateo Diaz	Lou-Tellegen
Bianca Romani	Dorothy Cummings
Señora Perez	Madam Rose Diana
El Morenito	Macey Harlan

"Mateo! Can you shame me like this before such people, I who have given you all my love? Mateo! Mateo! I suffer. Remember our happiness in the old days. Be merciful to me." The singer's voice rose to a piercing wail in the intensity of her agony.

"Ah, a good thrust! Now you have the bull staggering. He is almost yours. Strike for the heart next time," sneered Concha, dropping into the vernacular of the national sport.

Ignoring the cruel gibe, Bianca stretched out her hands to her lover. Don Mateo made a move to respond, but recoiled as the cigarette maker's voice rang out again:

"Bravo! You have the bull by the horns. Strike for the heart like a good matador."

Don Mateo writhed under the mockery. "Go home!" he shouted at Bianca. "Get out of my sight! I want never to see you again."

The curt dismissal was more than the singer's pride could endure. Her head bowed, she disappeared silently through the archway.

"Now, do you believe that I love you?" demanded Don Mateo, his voice raised in a high falsetto. "I have made my choice. I have sent away a woman who was devoted to me, who has given me everything, for your sake who have refused me even a kiss."

Concha shrugged her shoulders, then turned and ran into the house. He followed her. She was waiting for him in the dim living room. Always in the past she had repulsed him. Now she threw herself passionately into his arms.

"Yes, I love you! I love you!" she cried. *"Dios!* How could I resist loving a man who would humble a proud beauty like that one for me."

Don Mateo caressed her with fierce ardor. For a few moments she responded. Then, eratically, she pushed him from her.

"Return to me on Sunday, the day after to-morrow," she said imperiously. "Then you may love me all you will. To-day I must be alone. I must think about this new thing in my life."

Don Mateo was too experienced in the caprices of women to argue with her. He kissed her hand ceremoniously and swore that no power in heaven or on earth could keep him away from the rendezvous on Sunday.

"I believe you, my little Mateo. You have worked so hard for me. Of course you will come," cooed Concha. "But remember this. Not a word to my mother. I will not have my mother know what I am doing."

"Oh, I shall not tell her," promised Don Mateo.

On his way through the patio, he encountered Señora Perez. The latter approached him fawningly. She felt that all was now well, and that her daughter's protector must be flattered. She praised him for his gallant bearing and his great generosity. Eager to cut the interview short, Don Mateo took out his purse and handed her a fifty-peseta bill.

"There," he said, "buy silk stockings for the little one."

It was an unfortunate move. Concha had come to the window to watch him from behind the curtains. She witnessed the brief interview, though she could not hear what was said. Her face as white as chalk, she beat her breast with her clenched hands. She snatched the rose from her hair, threw it on the ground and trampled on it.

"He has tried to buy me, me, Concha Perez," she moaned.

The instant he was out of sight, she called her mother.

"We leave Seville to-day," she declared.

The old woman's amazed protests failed to induce her either to explain or to modify her ultimatum. And she, the strong-minded one of the family, had her way as usual. The only audible comment she made on the situation was addressed to herself.

"Ah, that fool of a Don Mateo," she muttered. "He does not know how to win a woman."

Many weeks passed before Don Mateo learned the whereabouts of the girl who had come so near to being his sweetheart. Frantic with grief at her disappearance, he had fallen seriously ill. On his recovery he had enlisted the aid of a friend, a young French-

Continued on page 84

Jealousy in a new form tortured him.

The Girl from Australia

Enid Bennett hails from the land of kangaroos and Anzacs—and became naturalized by marrying an American.

By Celia Brynn

She doesn't look one bit like a star—isn't that kind.

I KNEW the minute that Enid Bennett spoke to me that she wasn't an American; at least, that she wasn't born in America. She says "idear" and "owful," drops an occasional "oh, I say" and "isn't that jolly," and says "rilly" in a way that stamps her as a daughter of Britannia. By rights I should have asked her how she liked pictures, that being question number one in "Rules and Regulations for Interviewers." But I didn't; I asked her where she got her accent. Some stars, you know, put it on and take it off together with their corsets and complexions. But hers was real—I knew it was, or I wouldn't have asked.

"Have I still got an accent?" she asked me, in the delicious soft voice that is characteristic of her. "Why, I supposed I left that in Australia, where it came from."

"Oh, then you're an Australian?" I remarked quite needlessly.

"I certainly am," she responded with pride. "I was born in York—well, never mind how many years ago, but it wasn't so *owfully* many; and I didn't come over to this country until about five years ago."

"Home"—where she likes to be with Fred and mother.

We were sitting in Miss Bennett's dressing room at the Ince Studio, and she was in a pink silk negligee, with her yellow-brown hair pushed carelessly back from her face. And I noticed that it wasn't at all curly; it didn't even pretend to be; and it struck me that that was one of her chief charms—her entire lack of pretense. Her eyes are large and gray in color. She has a creamy complexion, and a very sweet and sympathetic mouth. She doesn't look one bit like a star, and I imagine that she was glad she didn't—she's that kind.

"I certainly love Australia," she continued, since we were on that subject. "In fact, that's one of the reasons I like California so well—the climate here is so similar to that of Australia. We have big groves of oranges, and lots of eucalyptus trees—I suppose you knew that the eucalyptus trees of California came from Australia, didn't you?"

And I had to admit that I didn't know it; I had thought that they were native sons.

"The winters are much more severe, of course," she continued, "but otherwise it's much the same. And the people here"—she hesitated a little—"well, of course they're lovely, and they've been wonderful to me; but—oh, I say, don't you think they're a bit fed up on celebrities? In Australia there are fewer stars and the communities are smaller. People there take stage favorites to their hearts much more than they do here; and they aren't

"I'm just a quiet home body."

so critical, and they are *owfully* fond of them when they make good. They don't forget as easily as people do here."

Just then Fred Niblo came to the door. He is Enid Bennett's husband, as well as her director. And the way they looked at each other—well, I thought they were newlyweds! I really think, if I hadn't been there, they would have held hands.

"The set will be ready in a few minutes, darling," he told her, and I couldn't help admiring his deep, rich voice.

"All right, dear," she responded dutifully, and they smiled at each other as he turned to leave.

"Freddie is perfectly wonderful!" the fair Enid confided as she pinned her hair back on her head and applied a layer of cold cream to her face. "We've been married exactly nineteen months to-morrow. My first theatrical work was with him in Australia; and though I admired him very much, our romance didn't start quite then. We came over to this country and I played opposite him for a while, then I played the ingénue lead with Otis Skinner in 'Cock o' the Walk.' And when we were separated"—she broke off with a smile—"we found we simply couldn't live without each other. So when I came West to go into pictures with Mr. Ince, Fred came out and we were married, expecting to go back to New York to live, but Mr. Ince made him such an attractive directing proposition that we decided to stay; and here we are!" she finished.

"And what picture are you doing now?" I inquired, that being question number two on the interviewer's list.

"'The Woman in the Suit Case,'" she answered. "It sounds terrible, doesn't it? I thought it meant a body cut up in pieces and put in a suit case; but it *rilly* doesn't," she assured me hastily. "'The woman in the suit case' is only a photograph."

We continued to talk shop while Miss Bennett put on her make-up and had the maid wave her hair. She admits that she is a picture fan, and spends many leisure moments in movie theaters. She likes comedy dramas best of all, and likes to act in them. She liked "Partners Three" better than any of her other pictures, and enjoyed doing "The Haunted Bedroom" because it was so spooky. She has been with Ince throughout her entire screen career, and has no desire to change.

I asked her if she golfed or tennised or anything, and she answered naïvely that she didn't. "I'm not athletic," she confessed. "I'm *rilly* not a bit interesting. I don't even drive the car. I'm just a quiet home body. I like being home with Fred and mother, and I almost never go to parties. And *do* I have to say anything about the art of motion pictures," she went on plaintively. "I hope not; I don't know so very much about art."

Her hair doesn't even pretend to be curly.

A Forecast of Future Films

In which the screen reviewer peeps into the future and hazards a prophecy for 1920.

By Herbert Howe

THE past is like a funeral gone by; the future is a welcome guest. I take the film adapter's license with the simile of Gosse to suit the public attitude toward the evanescent shadows of the screen.

What new type of plays may we expect in 1920?

Who will be the dominating stars?

Which of the directors will deliver the goods, which the hookum?

It requires no Delphic pretensions to forecast film tendencies. The best prophet of the future is the present. The successes of to-morrow are indicated by the successes of to-day.

THE SPIRITUAL DRAMA.

While the stage holds a hand mirror up to a segment of nature, the screen is a gigantic pier glass reflecting life as it streams by. The war tragedy turned humanity from a quest for those things which satisfy the senses to those that satisfy the spirit.

"Sorrow is salutary. It never leaves us where it found us."

This spiritual renaissance is mirrored on the screen by three of the best 1919 pictures, progenitors of the 1920 drama. These three are "The Miracle Man," "The Turn in the Road," and "Broken Blossoms." The first two are to be indexed as spiritual drama, while "Broken Blossoms" endeavored to manifest spiritual import by its interpretative subtitles, reminding us that unkind words are oftentimes as brutal as the lash of *Burrows*.

By consensus of opinion "The Miracle Man," by Frank L. Packard, is one of the finest of camera creations. Under the megaphonic wand of George Loane Tucker this inspiring subject was visualized in an inspiring and reverential manner. Mr. Tucker will continue to produce thematic drama. "Ladies Must Live" is one of his pictures which will issue from the projector after the old year fade-out.

King Vidor, creator of "The Turn in the Road," is achieving precocious success because he is doing what has been deemed impractical by "practical" picture manufacturers. He presents a play with a moral. He insists that a play must be based on a principle. The picture which commands interest only while on the luminous square is not for him. It must project thought worthy of retention after the plot has faded from the mind.

Nazimova continues the sorceress of the celluloid.

D. W. Griffith continues the supreme composer of shadow symphonies. He struck a lyric strain this year with "Broken Blossoms." This silent opera had a spiritual motif, which will be evident in some Griffith compositions scheduled for the new calendar. Already, "The Greatest Question," a drama based on spiritualism, is in circulation. Mr. Griffith also plans to produce "Wild Oranges" and "Java Head," both written by Joseph Hergesheimer, one of the finest contemporary writers. The principal criticism directed at Mr. Griffith in the past pertained to his selection of stories. In several instances he has reared magnificent structures on foundations unworthy of them. His choice of the Hergesheimer stories presages greater strength and symmetry for his productions.

THE WEAVERS OF SHADOWS.

Believing that in union there is strength, five of our megaphone commanders will form a league about the middle of the year. The object of this federation, according to the pronunciamiento, is "quality rather than quantity of productions, the producers confining themselves to super-productions of the type which they feel confident will meet with the approval of the public."

Among those in the anteroom to stardom is Helene Chadwick.

Dorothy Gish is without rivals.

The "Big Five," which appears to be an alliance with financial and artistic aims similar to the "Big Four," is composed of Thomas H. Ince, Maurice Tourneur, Alan Dwan, Mack Sennett, and Marshall Neilan.

Mr. Neilan, whose forte is "human-interest stuff," as writers term it, is capitalizing his particular genius by a transcription to celluloid of the Penrod stories by Booth Tarkington. Mr. Wesley Barry, of the freckled façade, who came into fame as a hard-cider drinker in "Daddy Long Legs," will be in the lead. Others of moment in the Neilan stock company are Marjorie Daw and Jane Novak. The stories which Mr. Neilan is bringing to life include: "River's End," by James Oliver Curwood; "Don't Ever Marry," a stage play; and "The Eternal Three," from Randall Parish's "Bob Hampton of Placer."

While George Loane Tucker is shading out his backgrounds in order to bring into bas-relief the figures of his canvas, Alan Dwan, of the same directorial fraternity, is emphasizing the details of setting. He chooses stories which afford decorative backgrounds, such as "Luck of the Irish" and "The Heart of a Fool," the latter by William Allen White.

With the exception of Mr. Ince and Mr. Sennett, the members of the quintet are excluding stars from their creations. The story is the thing—and the director. You will behold the name of the producer in the place where the star used to be, unless theater managers see reason to feature individual players of the cast. Although Messrs. Ince and Sennett will continue to exploit their principal players, they, too, are giving more regard—and money—for the story. The ovation

A purchaser of the best in dramatic and feminine wear.

Who will be the players of the new year exciting the most interest, exerting the greatest attraction? Which promise the greatest advance in popularity? The pantomimists commanding most attention in the 1920 constellation according to my best astronomical deductions—based on personal observation and upon consultation of the public pulse through the mail arteries of this magazine, will be, first, the men, for this is the day of the male in the movies. Of this gender I select a line-up of fifteen:

Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Tom Moore, Douglas Fairbanks, William Russell, Bert Lytell, Tom Mix, W. S. Hart, Douglas MacLean, Robert Gordon, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Eugene O'Brien, and William Duncan.

The contestants for leadership in a feminine detachment of a likely twenty are Alla Nazimova and Mary Pickford, followed by Dorothy Gish, Norma Talmadge, Bessie Love, Viola Dana, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Dalton, Katherine MacDonald, Dorothy Phillips, Elsie Ferguson, Lillian Gish, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce, Betty Blythe, ZaSu Pitts, Corrinne Griffith, Pauline Frederick, Priscilla Dean, and Doris May.

While I have found more women on the present stellar lists than men, the number of popular leading males throws the balance of interest in masculine favor.

"Dick Barthelmess is not only going to be a great star, he is the greatest already," pens one fervent commentator upon my recent article "New Stars for Old."

Mr. Barthelmess unquestionably merits stellar position, and eventually he will have it. Being a young man of foresight he prefers for the present the tutelage of D. W. Griffith to the blaring exploitation that another producer might give. The policy of watchful working is far wiser than that of leaping impatiently to stardom where the foothold is precarious. Mr. Barthelmess will arrive a star-to-stay in about 1921.

Other leading men having magnetic qualities are: Tom Forman, Cullen Landis, Harrison Ford, Ralph Graves, Monte Blue, Kenneth Harlan, Casson Ferguson, Nigel Barrie, Conway Tearle, Darrell Foss, Mahlon Hamilton, Niles Welch, Lloyd Hughes, John Bowers, Jack Holt, Jack Mulhall.

The names of Tom Forman, Cullen Landis, Monte Blue, and Lloyd Hughes will probably be cast in large type within the year. Joe Ryan and Buck Jones, both Western rangers, have cast their lariats starward. Mr. Jones will be seen in Fox entertainments. Mr. Ryan is booked for Vitagraph serials, having registered conspicuously in support of William Duncan in "Smashing Barriers" and other black-and-blue "drammers."

Both Betty Compson and Gloria Swanson have stellar attraction.

Mary Thurman, who, like Gloria, is a charter member of the Sennett sorority, serves as the effulgent high light of Dwan tableaus.

Alice Lake assumes her coronet as a member of the

Richard Barthelmess will be followed closely this year.

accorded "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," with the joyous duo of MacLean and May, is a good tip on the Ince market.

Cecil B. De Mille, while not affiliated with the "Big Five," has an identical policy. He is specializing in stories of sophisticated life, where the sex problem engrosses. Like Alan Dwan, Mr. De Mille delights in spreading optic feasts. He caters to the senses. No definite production schedule has been formulated. There will be important changes in the De Mille company of players. Thomas Meighan is to star individually for Paramount-Artcraft, and rumor reliably insists that Gloria Swanson will become a star of the Equity corporation, which sponsors Clara Kimball Young productions.

We also learn of William De Mille productions, issuing from the Lasky laboratories in Hollywood. The first of these will be "The Prince Chap," starring Thomas Meighan.

THE 1920 CONSTELLATION.

It might be deduced from the foregoing survey that the star system is doomed. That opinion has prevailed since the early days of the first star, Mary. It is a radical notion. The late Charles Frohman once said: "Stars will exist wherever there are democracies." When a man excels in the military profession he is promoted in rank; when a writer proves his ability to please the public he is featured on magazine covers; and the player who attains distinction is going to be a star, because the public will elect him. The fault of the system is that it contains stars not created or else not sustained by public demand. Their claims are false. During the last year there has been a process of elimination. The ensuing months will be a season for further threshing of wheat from chaff.

Metro royal family following her presentation in "Should a Woman Tell?" She will be tried emotionally in "Shore Acres" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Among the ladies in the anteroom to stardom are: Jean Paige, soon to be featured by Vitagraph; Jane Novak, featurette of Neilan productions; Florence Deshon, a young Pauline Frederick, appearing in Eminent Authors' productions; Wanda Hawley, hovering close to the heights in Paramount plays; Helene Chadwick, Edith Roberts, Helen Jerome Eddy, and Bebe Daniels.

Among the A.W.O.L. culprits who has already returned, is Anita Stewart.

Charles Chaplin remains slapstick champion. He is the world's beloved clown. Following him at some distance in the parade are "Fatty" Arbuckle, Harold Lloyd, Al. St. John, Larry Semon, Charles Murray, Charley Conklin, Ford Sterling, and the team of Montgomery and Rock.

Of the gentler sex Louise Fazenda is the custard Apache. She is a crack shot with either pie or pistol, never missing the risibles. Polly Moran and Fay Tincher come in for honorable mention as rough housekeepers.

Mildred Harris Chaplin became one of the aristocracy when she married the comic peer, Sir Charles. Whether her fame will be a transitory reflection or whether she will substantiate her position remains a question for the year to answer.

Edith Storey, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, and Owen Moore are A. W. O. L. culprits who are coming back after a longer or shorter period of absence from the screen. Theirs is a dangerous offense, but perhaps the public will be more lenient than certain of our military chiefs.

Charles Ray is to depart somewhat from his well-known "boob" rôles.

I believe that the dominant star of the year will be Charles Ray. He has arisen slowly and truthfully. His characters are as human and realistic in detail as those of Dickens or O. Henry. Lately Mr. Ray has been confined largely to the farm. Because he has perfected a lovable, real, and admirable hero of the R. F. D. sectors, he has been restricted to the type. It pays well. By such characters as the heroes of "The Girl Dodger," "The Clodhopper," and "The Busher," he has been recognized the foremost actor of the silent space. The public which adores him has forgotten or, perhaps, never has seen "The Coward." But Mr. Ray is not a mono-type actor. He just happened to score in yokel parts, and he has kept to them because the producer coined on them. Charles Ray can vivify any rôle. During 1920 he will conduct his own company over the First National route. He is determined to afford something besides suspenders, overalls, and bandannas, and I am going to prophesy that you will be surprised by a revelation of still greater genius from this young man.

One reason that William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks are being surpassed in popularity by other stars is their continual one-key characters. You know what they will do before you see their pictures. Both Mr. Hart and Mr. Fairbanks are splendid exponents of certain types. Perhaps they are capable of others. They have been independent producers for some time, however, and the tenor remains much the same, nor are there signs of variation.

Mary Pickford holds her position. She is a shrewd show woman. "The Hoodlum" was sheer slapstick in parts. We saw Mary kicking a policeman in the breeches and the policeman returning the delicate salutation as nearly as he could. Spectators laughed. Hoodlum hookum triumphed momentarily. Mary, capable of "Stella Maris," is playing for get-rich-quick returns. She is an ambitious financier.

Did you see Bessie Love in "A Fighting Colleen"? If you did you have an idea of this young girl's ability. Weighted by miserable stories and incompetent direction, little Miss Love has struggled on her starry way sustained only by her personality and talent. With just fair coöperation this soul-eyed child will far surpass anything she has ever done.

Antonio Moreno is another star whose work should be of especial interest this year. He not only has enjoyed a large following in this country, but in South America, Europe, and the Orient he has been elected to a premier position. Perhaps his superior recognition abroad is due to foreign partiality for serials, in which he has appeared for the past few years. But Mr. Moreno, who shone so auspiciously in "The Magnificent Meddler," "Dust of Egypt," "The Tarantula," "The Isle of Regeneration," and other Vitagraph features of a few years ago, is worthy of better treatment than he has had in the crazy-quilt drama. With proper attention to stories and production, this magnetic Americano might develop a special field for himself as have Messrs. Ray, Hart, and Fairbanks. He is the ideal romantic hero—not the simp

in the sport shirt and the curl above the middle of his forehead—but the magnetic, fiery, irresistible adventurer. Vitagraph has assured us that he is to have the best feature productions, commencing this month.

Mary Miles Minter, whose sparkle was temporarily subdued by inadequate productions, has been enthroned in the Realart court and surrounded by the best attendants that money can hire. While prejudiced toward the overworked curling iron, I believe M. M. M. has much more to recommend her than a crown of shavings. "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" is her latest effort. She will have expensive plays and exploitation during the year.

With Clara Kimball Young promising to retire after eight pictures, Elsie Ferguson ever languishing for her true love, the stage, and Geraldine Farrar losing phonographic lure which was the reason chiefly for her cinematic—youthful ladies of mature emotions are needed, and they are arriving.

Katherine MacDonald and Betty Blythe are two recent arrivals in the firmament who demonstrate that a lady may have emotions without obesity or optic circles. Miss MacDonald makes her new year entrance in "The Guest of Hercules," following Robert W. Chambers' "Japonette," screen-titled "The Turning Point." Miss Blythe, at this writing, is vivifying the principal character of a Brentwood play, "The Third Generation." She, too, holds a passport over the First National system. Her vehicle will be a version of James Oliver Curwood's "The Yellow Back."

Katherine MacDonald is one of the most beautiful women in lenslight.

Nazimova continues the sorceress of celluloid. She throws a wicked spell. The public doesn't love her; it adores her. She is the mysterious, all-powerful Alla. Like the goddess of the red lantern, she is regarded not as human, but as fascinating, magical, picturesque. The praise of Alla will continue to sound. Succeeding her East Indian picture, "Stronger Than Death," based on two stories by I. A. R. Wylie, who wrote "The Red Lantern," will come "The Heart of a Child." The latter is an English story by Frank Danby. For reasons sagacious and artistic, Madame Nazimova will continue to offer variety in the way of theme, setting, and character in her plays. While generally preferred in exotic rôles matching her personality, she is not permitting the public to get a line on her. She wisely keeps her devotees guessing.

Wallace Reid is the prince charming in many a schoolgirl's dreams, though he is not without masculine friends. Mr. Reid has been more fortunate in the matter of productions. So long as he has such support and keeps his good looks, present girth, and geniality, the Paramount star will be popular. He is at his height now. It is doubtful that he can go higher.

Tom Moore is another triumph of personality. He smiles away criticism. A favorite doesn't have to possess the talent of Edwin Booth if he's natural, frank, and Irish. Goldwyn has given Mr. Moore some good plays and some very bad ones.

Madge Kennedy is the discreet mistress of indiscreet farce. She's a bedeviling innocent. Her progress in pictures has been retarded because her plays have not been as clever as she is. She and Mr. Moore will prove the surest Goldwynners of the year.

Another witching comedienne is Viola Dana. She has shown versatility beyond her years. Like all Metro stars, she is receiving the most famous stories and stage plays that can be purchased. "Eliza Comes to Stay" will be her next picture after "The Willow Tree."

Bert Lytell, too, is being carried swiftly forward by means of good vehicles. "The Right of Way," by Sir Gilbert Parker, proved him dramatically expert. Now comes "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Man From Mars," by Richard Ganthony, to further his claims.

"The Walk-offs," sophisticated satire by the Hattons, gives new resplendence to May Allison. She will appear next in "Judah," by Henry Arthur Jones.

Mitchell Lewis, a Metro acquisition of the new year,

Continued on page 96

Mary Pickford's Understudy

To have an understudy for the tedious part of arranging light effects is the latest luxury for a picture star.

By Dorothy Faith Webster

Miss Du Pré, as Mary's understudy.

The real Louise Du Pré, who wants to be "herself" rather than any one's understudy.

The real Mary in the same rôle.

PARDON me, Miss Pickford——"

"Pardon *me*," interrupted the soft little Mary voice, "but *I'm* not Miss Pickford."

"You're not?" I exclaimed. "Why you must be Miss Pickford! Don't you remember, I had lunch with you not quite a month ago?"

Then I turned and—gracious Heaven! There at my elbow stood another Mary! I was at that moment in complete sympathy with the little old woman in the nursery rhyme who in terror declaimed, "Lawk a mercy on us, this is none o' I!" And my face must have registered my conflicting emotions, for both Marys laughed.

But at this point, Mary number two took pity upon me, and turning to Mary number one, said, "This is Louise Du Pré, who is understudying my 'Pollyanna'."

"Then you're the real Mary?" I wanted to know, still somewhat mistrustful.

"Well, I guess I am," Miss Pickford laughingly replied, "though to tell you the truth, I'm not always perfectly sure of my own identity when Louise and I are together."

And small wonder, thought I; though now that I knew which was who I discovered some slight differences in the matter of facial contour—Louise's cheeks were a shade thinner than Mary's, and her mouth a fraction of a degree larger. But at a little distance the illusion was complete.

"Just what do you mean," I said to Miss Pickford, recovering my interviewerish faculties, "when you say she's your understudy? I've heard of movie doubles, but——"

"Oh, Miss Pickford doesn't use a double," her double assured me. "This is really quite the latest luxury for a star. My job is to rehearse every scene with the company, and to pose while they adjust the lights to get just the right effects, taking her place until the camera man is ready to shoot. Then I make way for the real Mary. It just saves her the tedious drudgery, you see."

"Oh," said I, beginning to comprehend, when Miss Pickford broke

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She portrays only wholesome girls.

Miss Independence

Elaine Hammerstein's famous last name might as well be Jones.

By Susie Sexton

"I DON'T want to be just my grandfather's granddaughter!" declared Elaine Hammerstein, her dark-blue eyes very serious and her voice very vehement. "Oh, of course, I'm proud of him; every time any one says that Oscar Hammerstein was a wonderful man, and raves about his building opera houses of his own here and in London and presenting opera the way he thought it should be done, no matter what tradition said—why, I'm perfectly delighted. But I want to be something more than just his granddaughter—I want to succeed by myself, and sometimes it's pretty hard. You see, my father's a theatrical producer—and though I've never appeared in his productions except when he couldn't find any one better suited to the rôle, some people still remember that I'm his daughter, or the famous impresario's granddaughter, instead of the fact that I'm an actress. Yet why should being related to a man who produced operas and one who produces plays—neither of them ever acted a bit—help me to act?"

I admitted that I didn't see why it should, meanwhile making a mental photograph of her. She looked as if she belonged on a country-club veranda instead of in a New York apartment, in her soft white satin skirt and vivid blue sweater. Her dark hair waved and rippled about her candid blue eyes—and though I knew that she doesn't want to be a type and play the same sort of parts always, I set her down as the model American débutante—she's exactly the kind of girl who comes out at a big tea and dances and rides and plays her way through a season or two, before she has a big church wedding and settles down as one of our popular young matrons. But Elaine Hammerstein only looks like that; she's really a rather serious young person who, much as she might like frivolity, wouldn't sidetrack any of life's big realities for it.

Elaine wants to stand on her own two feet.

"You've never been in many stage productions, have you?" I asked. She's only twenty-two, you know, and it isn't so very long since she was graduated from Armitage College, in Philadelphia.

"No, not many—I was in 'The Trap' and played the lead in 'High Jinks,' of course, but most of my work was on the screen; 'The Argyle Case' was my first picture—and then I did some more Selznick ones, and some Jewel productions, and now I'm back in Selznick pictures again."

"Don't you love selecting your clothes for them?" I asked. It must be a joy for such a pretty person to try on hats!

"Oh, I never go shopping if I can possibly help it," she answered quickly. "Mother designs my things or buys them for me. I don't like shopping, and haven't much time for it, either; you see, I read all the stories that are considered for me. I'm never going to appear in plays that have heroines of questionable character. I think the public likes to see wholesome girls on the screen. So I read all my stories pretty carefully before they're bought. Only the other day Mr. Selznick sent me a script to read, but though the story was good the moral value was rather doubtful, and I didn't like it for that reason. Mr. Selznick was so nice about it—said I was quite right in turning it down and that something else would be chosen."

A girl who won't rest on family reputation, who doesn't like to shop, and takes a serious interest in the value of her pictures—it's rather an interesting combination, isn't it? Well—the other day I read that the late Oscar Hammerstein had become a magnetic figure in New York and London because of his real originality—and, despite Elaine's independent and determined efforts to stand out from under her family tree, I'm inclined to think that in this instance there's something in a name.

She looks like a model débutante.

This beats shopping all hollow!

There's something in choosing your own stories, too, if we are to judge by Miss Hammerstein's first two pictures made under her present contract with Selznick, for both "The Country Cousin" and "Greater Than Fame" gave her rôles that were well suited to her talents. She was preparing, the day I talked with her, for a trip to Florida, as the exteriors for her next picture, "The Woman Game," were to be made there.

"But we must have a good leading man; it's a fine rôle," she told me. So perhaps she inherits an instinct for casting productions from the men of her family.

Over the Teacups

Gossip is served with the Oolong and wafers in movieland.

By The Bystander

"Imagine calling her a ball and chain!"

MY dear, I saw Anita Stewart today. She's so glad to be back from New York, and she's the prettiest thing you ever saw! I had tea with her in the frescoed porch of her Italian villa, where it's all roses and arbors and little Cupidy fountains——"

"No wonder she looks pretty in such a setting as that!" I interrupted, as Fanny paused for breath.

"Oh, she'd look pretty anywhere!" declared Fanny positively. "Friend husband, Rudey Cameron, is with her, of course, and they seem to have fallen under the spell that governs that house. Oh yes, it's really historic, and haunted into the bargain, you know, but by a happy sort of spook. It's the house Fred Stone and his wife and little girl lived in when they were here, and Charlie Chaplin and Mildred Harris had it after that. People seem to grow angelic when they live there; anyway, they say that Fred Stone never even went to prize fights when he lived there, and neither did Charlie Chaplin, so the place must be haunted by some sort of missionary spirit. Still, maybe it's the thought of the awful hill they have to climb when they come home that makes some men give up going to the bouts at Vernon. I always do suspect something when men grow too angelic, don't you?"

"I suppose the lovely Anita is still slim and willowy as ever," I commented, as Fanny settled back more comfortably in the biggest chair at the tea table and ordered tea.

"Well, not quite; she's grown a little plumper, so that her dimples show, but it's very becoming. She says heaven knows she doesn't want to get too big, though, because then you don't get any sympathy on the screen."

"It's sort of too bad that her husband isn't going to play in pictures with her, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know; she says he has his hands full acting as her manager, and she'd rather he wouldn't act. But her kid brother, George, who is awfully tall and blond and good looking, is going to work in her next picture."

"She's one of the most happily married girls I know," I declared, going back to the subject of Anita. "She told me it was nice to be married if you were happy, though, of course, a girl had to give up a lot—beaus and flowers and candy from lots of different suitors, for instance—and that their husbands were liable to say when they saw their wives coming, 'Well, here's my ball and chain!' "

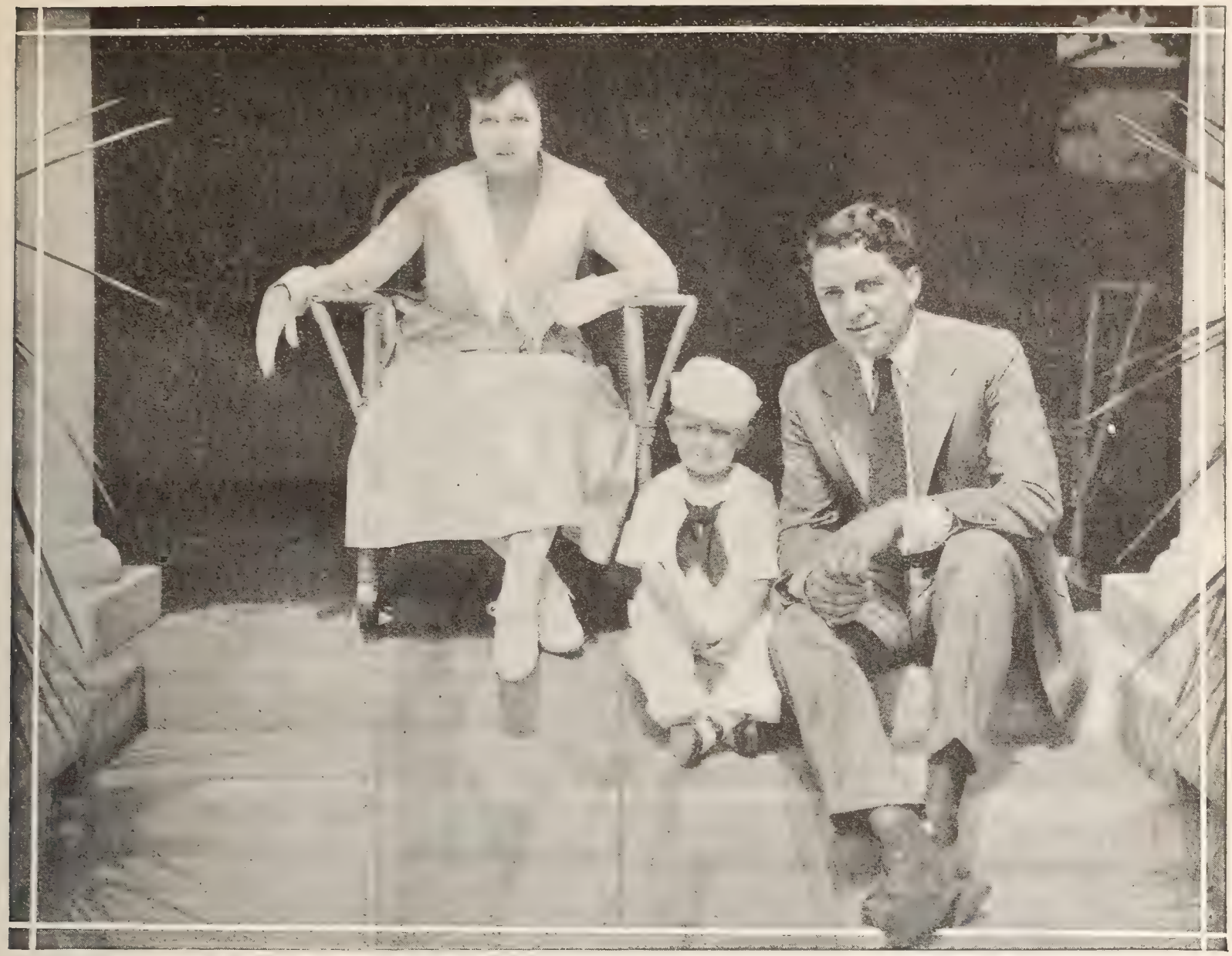
"I can't imagine anybody calling Anita Stewart a ball and chain!" declared Fanny indignantly. "Certainly Rudey Cameron wouldn't think of it. He seems to be a well-trained husband—stays home and plays the phonograph evenings."

"Well, I hope Gloria Swanson will follow Anita's advice and refuse to let matrimony lure her away from the screen," I remarked. "Of course, she says she's going to go on making pictures, and Mr. Sanborn is a most obliging fiancé and takes an interest in the business end of making pictures himself, so probably she'll be starring in her own company some of these days."

"I've heard she's to be starred by Equity, but I don't believe she'll ever leave Lasky; she's too happy right where she is." Fanny was most emphatic about it. "Have some more crumpets with your tea? I'm just having some more tea to finish my crumpets with; it's an endless round, isn't it? By the way, speaking of food, I had luncheon with Mary Miles Minter, at the studio, the other day. We had weiners, yes'm! She says she always does when her mother isn't around to watch. And what do you think? Mary Miles has taken the house Mary Pickford used to live in. Are you superstitious? I don't know whether it's significant or not. You know what a large house it is, and how beautifully furnished. Well, when I asked Mary Miles what she looked forward to most in it, she said the big old-fashioned four-poster into which she'd hop at nine o'clock every night after her hard day's work."

"She's an odd little sub-debby sort of person, isn't she?" I contributed. "Loves to talk about the league of nations and hard things like that. I suppose it's being so much alone. And then she'll switch off onto beaus and clothes. I asked her, the last time I saw her, about her love affairs, and she said she'd never really been in love, she guessed, although at the time when she was having them she took her two or three little romances rather hard.

"She has such a funny little sense of humor. I asked



All the Washburn family but the new baby.

her if she was Irish. 'Just Irish enough,' she answered, 'to make me love em—and want to spank 'em!' "

"Well, I don't know whether Doug Fairbanks has a streak of Irish in him or not—but the way he teases Charlie Chaplin looks like it. Charlie gets even, though," and Fanny paused to chuckle. "The other night they were driving down on Broadway, when the streets were full of people. Mildred Chaplin was with them, and got out of the car to buy something at a confectionery store, leaving the two comedians in the car together. That was Doug's chance. He leaned out of the car, calling out like a circus ballyhoo:

" 'Yes, here's Charlie Chaplin! The great and only Charlie! Take a look at him!'

"Chaplin sat back in the car, looking as mad as if somebody had bit his dog. But he got his revenge. Presently a big car drove up, and a handsome, well-gowned woman alighted. She bowed to Chaplin, and the comedian hopped out of the car, went over and talked a long time with her, paying no attention to Doug.

" 'Who was that lady?' asked Fairbanks later.

" 'That? Oh, that was Mary Roberts Rinehart!' answered Chaplin nonchalantly.

" 'Well, why the deuce didn't you introduce me?' demanded Doug.

" 'Oh,' answered Charlie, 'how did I know how you'd act?' "

"Isn't that Fairbanks youngster a chip off the old block, though?" I commented.

"You know the story the papers carried about his wrecking the hotel lobby in Atlantic City? Well, here's the letter his father received about it, the other day:

" 'Dear dad: That ain't true about my wrecking the hotel lobby. It was Bobby Black, not me at all, that did it. I was roping Bobby, and he got up in the mezzanine floor. My lariat flew around his head and pulled him over the railing, busting the chandelier and the light on the staircase. But I couldn't help that, could I?' "

"I suppose Lew Cody has much that same sort of excuse for having so many lovely ladies around him in 'The Butterfly Man'—it isn't his fault at all, it's the scenario's—but nobody is saying who chose the scenario! Anyway, Louise Lovely heads a list of seven beautiful damsels, which is doing rather well, even for Lou. He runs true to form, doesn't he? And so does Texas Guinan—she simply can't make her trigger finger behave, and now she's signed up with the Bull's-eye Film Corporation for a series of two-reel Westerns."

"Maybe Fatty Arbuckle will be consistent, too, and not leave the screen after all." Fanny's gasp of amazement was my reward for saving that bit of news. "Oh, yes, he says he isn't going to sign any more contracts after his present one expires; that he can afford to act on the stage—funny way of putting it, isn't it—and

that he's going to do it. And he isn't going to make any more two-reelers, either; he says he's going to do five-reel pictures, but won't try to keep up the funny pace all the way through; there'll be some drama sandwiched in with the laughs. And he isn't even discouraged at the prospect of having to reduce—says he knows a system by which he can take off fifty or sixty pounds easy as anything."

"Wish I knew what it is!" said Fanny yearningly. "I may not be in Fatty's class, exactly, but I'd like to be farther from it than I am. However—let's have some more cake. By the way, won't Mary Pickford be sweet as *Little Lord Fauntleroy?* She'll out-Wesley Wesley Barry! She's playing the mother, *Dearest,* too—she'll be lovely in that rôle."

"The nicest young mother I've met lately is Bryant Washburn's wife," I declared enthusiastically. "Have you seen the new baby? He was just two months old the day I was there, and looked very Irish, with his red hair and long upper lip. I think they took quite a chance, naming him after Dwight Moody, the evangelist, but Mrs. Washburn says he was an uncle of Bryant's and so it's all in the family. And little Sonny Washburn is so pleased with the baby—his father and mother told him that the baby belonged to him, and he feels so responsible that they can hardly get him out of the nursery."

"I heard the funniest thing the other day," chuckled Fanny as the second order of cake arrived. "It was during the filming of one of Fatty Arbuckle's pictures, and Mollie Malone made up the best subtitle of the season; they're going to use it in the picture. They were taking a thrilling scene in which she was in a burning house, and her clothing was supposed to be burned off, while Arbuckle, outside, called to her:

"'Jump out of the window, Mollie. Jump!'

"And she stuck her head out of the window and shouted back:

"'I can't—the censors won't let me.'"

"She'll be writing scenarios one of these days, with a start like that," I prophesied. "Tony Moreno's made a change; did you know that? Oh, no, he's still making pictures, but he told Vitagraph that the black-and-blue drama was awfully tiresome, and asked if he couldn't switch from serials to five-reel features, and now he's not to be continued-in-our-next any more."

Priscilla still yearns for winter sports.

"Which reminds me that Priscilla Dean seems to think she's playing a serial in Vancouver," Fanny cut in. "Ever since she spent that vacation up there she's adored the town, and nowadays she's never happier than when she's all dolled up in her skating togs, which make her look like a winter magazine cover. She even had a photographer make a picture of her with paper snow and everything, so that she could have it to look at while she's sweltering down here and longing to rush back up north again."

"Well," I remarked, fishing in my bead bag for money to pay the check, "here's hoping it's only a longing for winter sports that makes Priscilla yearn for Vancouver."

"If I made puns I'd say maybe she longed for a winter sport," murmured Fanny as she followed me out of the tea room.

"You know that mere man, even in numbers, never could attract Priscilla enough to take her to Vancouver," I reproved her as we sauntered out to the street. "One has attracted Peggy Hyland, though. Oh, no—not matrimonially; he's an English film producer, and signed her up when she left Fox to make pictures with a company he brought from England."

"Well, as long as she doesn't go back there I won't object," replied Fanny. "Going to get somebody to give you a lift home? I wish Jack Pickford would flit past in his new aëroplane—I'd take a tip from the Universal people who did 'The Great Air Robbery' and climb on the wings or something."

LIFE'S IRONY

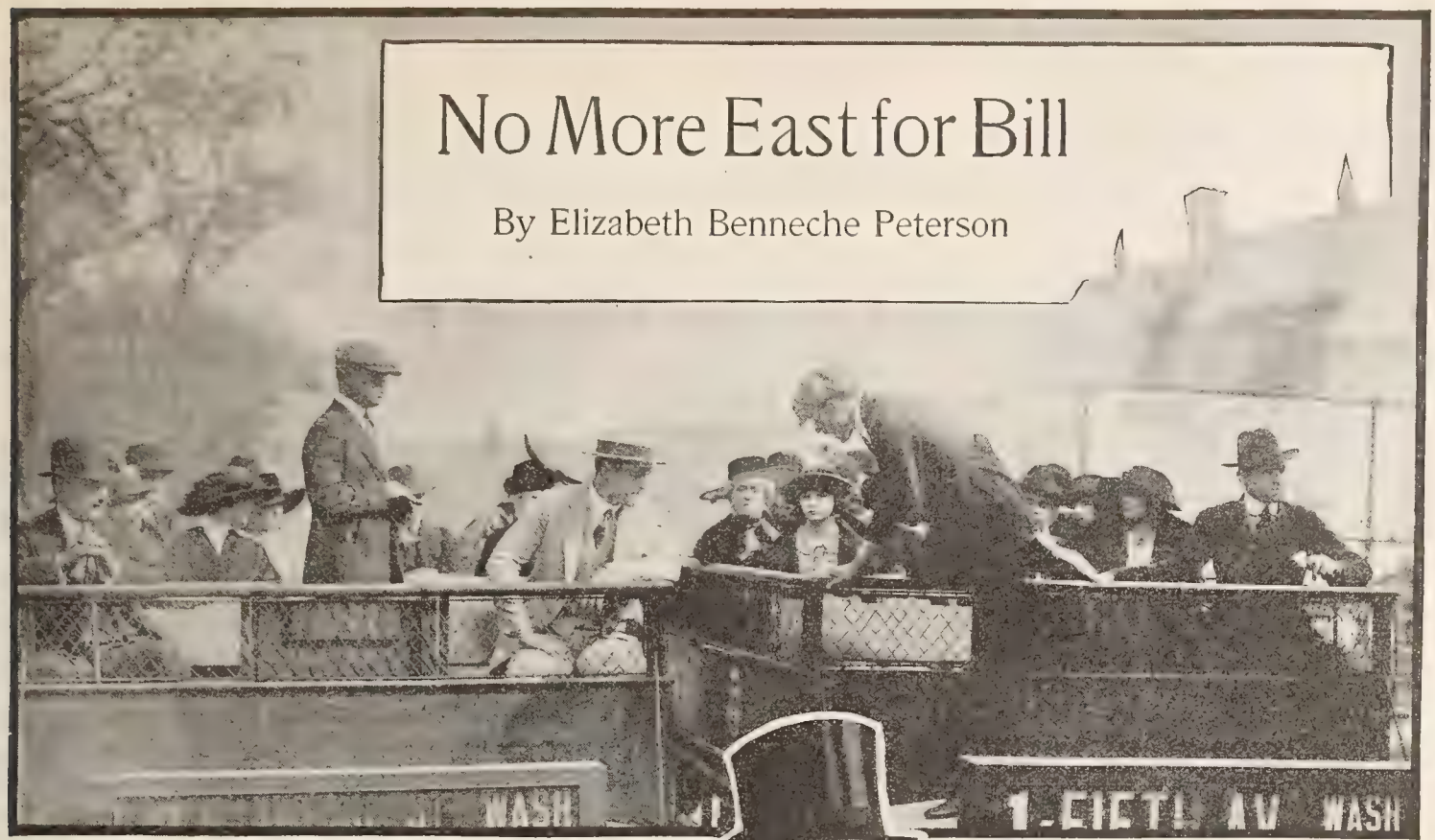
SHE makes a pie upon the screen;
It only takes a look,
To tell 'most any one, that star
Will never make a cook.

EACH person to his line, I say,
And yet, it took such tact
To make my wife (who cooks so well)
Stop thinking she could act!

FANNIE KILBOURNE.

No More East for Bill

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson



"I CERTAINLY do not like your town *at all!*" Bill Russell straightened his top hat and glared belligerently at some of the sets for "Eastward, Ho!" "And as soon as I finish this picture I'm going to start west—back to my dogs and horses, where I can have all the outdoors I want."

"But why——" I began.

"And I'm not going to get home half as fast as I'd like to," he went on. "We're stopping off along the way to make native scenes for 'The Lincoln Highwayman.' But when I do get back West I'm going to stay."

"Don't you like our theaters and restaurants?" I asked hopefully.

"Oh, well enough. But you don't know how to live here—riding on a Fifth Avenue bus is the most exciting thing I've found to do. Can't have a really good horseback ride in this country."

Now, visiting motion-picture stars are not wont to talk this way; if they don't care for Riverside Drive or Fifth Avenue, they praise the theaters; when all else fails, one can show them the sky line from a ferryboat at twilight and settle all criticism. However, I set Bill Russell down as a native son of California; they're not likely to care much about the East.

"Maybe when you know New York better you won't feel this way."

"Know New York!" he exploded. "I was born in New York!"

And after that there was nothing more to say.

Their Chums

Your favorite actress has a pal who's as dear to her as yours is to you.

By Barbara Little

Nazimova and ZaSu Pitts have a brand-new friendship that's flourishing beautifully.

DO you remember the little girl across the street you used to tell all those wonderful "secrets" to? Goodness, a lot of times you had to make 'em up, for those precious "secrets" you must have. No well regulated chums are ever without 'em. Usually, truth to tell, the secrets weren't about anything—but when you and your chum walked about looking important—oh, how irritating it was to other pairs of chums, and how you gloried in the air of mystery with which you had surrounded yourself.

Now a chum is a very satisfactory institution; and naturally in Filmland, where little stars have every other luxury, chumships grow luxuriously all about the place. In fact, chums are being much worn this season, with, of course, the prevailing fashions coming in contrasting shades of blond and brunet.

Peggy Hyland and Madlaine Traverse are, like Abraham Lincoln and his wife, the long and the short of it.

For example, it's pretty likely that when you catch a glimpse of Madlaine Traverse's blue limousine, if you take another peek you'll see that lively young person, Peggy Hyland, beside her. Maybe Peggy will be running the car! Sometimes they race their cars side by side, but Peggy is really the most adventurous of the two, and often gives her chum Madlaine bad half hours when she, Peggy, is at the wheel in a particularly lively mood. For Madlaine Traverse and Peggy Hyland, the long and the short of it, are fast friends. I don't know how Madlaine ever keeps up with that lively Peggy person, except that she can take longer steps than her diminutive friend.

There's only one thing about each chum that the other chum doesn't approve of. Peggy, being a conservative little English body, doesn't approve of Madlaine's plunging wildly into the buying of ranches and picture-company stocks, though up-to-date Madlaine has been able to tell you, "I told you so," as she points to her success. And Madlaine doesn't approve of the heterogeneous array of woebegone animals that Peggy is always cluttering up her house with. Madlaine likes animals, too, but she doesn't see any sense, she says, of turning your own house into an Old Animals' Home.

Any old time you see the blond Dorothy Gish—only she's a brunette nowadays in pictures, isn't she? For she says her personality just fades into her background when she appears on the screen without her dark wig—any time, I say, you see Dorothy without Constance Talmadge, that is, when they're both in the same town, you'll know that either one of 'em is ill in bed. Indeed, there's a very genuine little note of devotion in their friendship in the fact that when Constance had the "flu" last winter—Dorothy had it afterward—Dorothy insisted on coming to her friend's bedside every day to cheer her up. When Constance went East it was a big pull, but I've heard that Dorothy is going East, too, and so by the time this is printed, perhaps the two will be palling around New York together, happy, and doing the "perpetual-motion" stuff as of yore. Once in a while the twins become a trio. That's when Dick Barthelmess is along with them. And you can just imagine what a true friendship it is when they consent to share a man—especially when that man is the attractive Dick Barthelmess.

If you see Constance Talmadge without Dorothy Gish you'll know the other's away or sick in bed.

While Constance is palling around with Dorothy sister Norma has picked up a chum for herself. And

who should this chum be but Anita Loos, or, as it has been several months now, Mrs. John Emerson. Anita of the wonderful satirical stories and Norma of the equally wonderful acting. Could there be a better pair?

An odd little friendship which has just sprung up in Filmland is that between the classic Alla Nazimova and the droll little comedienne, ZaSu Pitts. It all came about from Nazimova's being so charmed at watching Miss Pitts' work in "Better Times," that she sent for ZaSu to have tea with her. ZaSu was all fussed up at the first meeting—said she just couldn't talk to save her life—but as the great actress charmed the younger girl with her own vivacity, ZaSu unfolded her clever mind to the other; and now the two, both the possessors of a great big human sense of humor, find wonderful enjoyment in each other's company. For after all, as George Eliot said, what's more vital to a companionship than the possession of a kindred idea of humor?

It is justly fitting that Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance should hang around together. We'd naturally expect it. And you can always be ready for a good time when these two get together, for it is sure to be forthcoming. Edna has a quiet sense of drollery, but Mabel acts out her funny stories with the comicalest little gestures and mimickings. And when these two romp—they romp! Jazz is putting it mildly when you try to describe the antics of this pair in their entertaining mood. If any one can go to a party with them and come away with a grouch, that person ought to be watched. He's up to no good. Of course they have their confidences! No doubt Edna knew all about the handsome aviator Mabel was supposed to have been engaged to—only it was all broken off—and Mabel could tell you whole reams—only she won't—about the millionaire polo player who was awfully devoted to Edna, but to whom, it is said, she said "No." And as for the practical concerns of life, one thing Edna won't do, and that is buy a hat without Mabel's help, while on the other hand, Mabel simply won't go to the photographer's without Edna's being there to help while away the tedious hours. "Because," as Mabel justly says, "I make my living posing for pictures—so why waste my perfectly good off days at that awful photographer's—and for mere stills, too?"

Another pair of chums, one an actress, the other a writer, are Mary Pickford and Frances Marion, who frequently writes the continuity for her friend's pictures, and I know of no more solid friendship than that which exists between these two. In fact, it was responsible in a way for Miss Marion's wedding—for when Mary Pickford was made godmother of a California regiment, before it sailed for France, Frances Marion went to the christening ceremony—if that's what you call it—with her, and she and Lieutenant Frederick Thompson fell in love at first sight. And when he got back from France the last of October, the wedding was held up until Mary Pickford could come on from California and be matron of honor.

It's fitting that Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance should hang around together.

A very solid friendship is that between Mary Pickford and Frances Marion.

It is a rare thing to find two chums playing at the same studio, yet this is the case with Viola Dana and Alice Lake. They are both at the Metro Studio, Viola being starred in "Please Get Married," and Alice carrying the leading rôle in a new play that at present is without a title. Each can always very easily be traced through the presence of the other. It is only necessary to ask if one of the couple is at a certain place, and if she is there, the other is sure to be in the near vicinity. They are working in adjoining sets at the present writing, and between scenes, visiting is the vogue, so the poor directors are still trying to de-

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Viola Dana and Alice Lake are so chummy that their directors can't tell which is working for whom.

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When this material goes to the studio—any one of the four now in operation—it goes to the supervising editor of the studio, who is in charge of all continuities—the actual working script from which the director works. He considers the story from close range, consulting the star or the director, and in many cases both of them. Except in the instances of stories of particular value or importance which are distinctly ordered to be made because of indisputable merit, the final decision is reached by this supervisor in consultation with his staff and his directors. Sometimes he will think the story is right but the suggestion of star or director wrong, and then he will wire the main office for permission to consider it for another form of handling. The main office virtually never forces the studio to produce a story it does not want. This is the one surest way to get bad film, and is no more just to the author submitting the story than to the audiences destined to see it. This does not mean that a story which is not immediately acclaimed at the studio is immediately discarded, but it does mean that the production manager works by persuasion and argument.

If a subject is suggested for one studio and rejected, but the production manager believes in its value, he will often get it accepted at one of the three other studios by another director and another star. The first director didn't "see" it but the second does "see" it and will make a correspondingly better picture. Also, certain material which must be useful but cannot be immediately placed is bought by the manager with Mr. Lasky's approval and simply put away for future production.

This whole process sounds lengthy. As a matter of fact, it is comparatively brief. The studios and the main offices are all in daily telegraphic communication, and the people involved are all vitally interested. We usually can give an author his definite answer within two weeks.

If we decide that we want the story, then the production manager is in charge of negotiations, subject to the approval of Mr. Lasky. We do not encourage "freak" prices and we try to abide within the limits of sound business, but no genuine value is too great for us to appraise it honestly and pay for it generously.

One of the questions that reaches us most frequently is: What do you want right now? The answer is: What the public wants. But what does the public want? We believe it wants substantial *romantic* modern stories and *lots of human nature.*

Comments on the Preceding

You will notice that Mr. Bennett brands as a popular fallacy the oft-repeated report that motion pictures are extraordinarily difficult to find. That is a truth which perhaps deserves a word of explanation. Since the scenario departments of the film companies find a considerable part—though by no means all—of the world's output of contemporary plays, short stories, and novels suitable for adaptation on the screen, and since, beside this available material, original stories are constantly being written for the screen alone, both by specially trained motion-picture plot writers and by ambitious beginners, it must be evident that his statement referred to is correct. Yet Mr. Bennett points out in the very next sentence that his company takes the most extraordinary means of examining every possible source where story material might be found, in order to get the very best—that is, "that which at the moment is the most appealing to the popular mind." And he might have added that the executive heads of every other company—except those whose material is obtained from special sources—do the same thing, so far as their means will allow. Not every company, of course, can afford to maintain so huge an organization for combing the story market. Nor could every company compete with his organization in bidding for the stories which have the greatest timely market value. But each company, working within its own field, is constantly striving to get the best material possible for its own needs. Discouraging? Of course, if you had the idea that writing for the screen was an easy field to break into, a means of picking up some easy money. But not if you're trying it for the love of the thing, because the field is open to every one who has the gift, who has the good sense to study the market, and judgment enough to decide for himself the most likely market is for his particular kind of literary ware. You noticed, I hope, that Mr. Bennett said that no matter through what channel a story comes to their attention, their method of examining it with a view to its purchase was the same. That should dispose of the idea so prevalent in the minds of many persons that only those with a "pull" can sell their wares, though common sense should have disposed of that idea without the need of such a statement from one speaking with authority. But, you ask, if they are all trying to get the best, what chance have I? At least as much chance as a beginner has in any similar line of work. A magazine editor whom I know—a man with a reputation for having broken in more new writers than almost any other editor in New York—said to me once, "Developing new talent and searching for new talent is a big part of my work. But I consider myself lucky if I get hold of more than two or three youngsters each year whose work I can use. Of course, the first consideration really is the procuring of the best stuff in our field."

Every intelligent person in the world who sets out to buy any sort of goods or services tries to procure the best he can get, for the purpose he has in mind, and for the amount of money he has to spend. Yet, despite this fact, beginners are always finding ways to wedge themselves into every profession and occupation. A beginner would not be so likely to sell his first story to Mary Pickford, perhaps, though there is no reason why that might not happen if the story chanced to appeal to her strongly enough, for there are authentic cases of young persons in almost every line of literary work who have had the exceptional good fortune to land their early efforts in some of the biggest markets. As a general thing, however, the beginner is more likely to meet with success at screen writing, as in magazine writing, through some channel in which big names are not sought after.

And I can give you a concrete example. I recently chanced to learn that Miss Emma-Lindsay Squier, a contributor to this and other magazines, not long ago sold a series of comedies, her first attempts at screen writing, to Lyons and Moran. While interviewing them she had become interested in the way they worked out their plots, and, learning that they were looking for stories, she

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When They Were Little

Jane and Katherine Lee, who are back on the screen, will have it distinctly understood that, though they are only youngsters, they—well, we'll let them tell it.

By Edna Foley

WHEN we were little," began Jane Lee. I looked at this six-year-old in amazement, but she chattered calmly on. And it dawned on me that after all, she and Katherine have been in pictures long enough so that they really have a screen past—Katherine began when she was two, in "Neptune's Daughter," you remember—and so they must feel rather grown up.

"We used to play in regular long pictures," Jane was telling me, as we motored down to a favorite spot of hers on Long Island. "But now we're just making two-reel ones, you know—they're much nicer."

A sage observation, that; nevertheless the Lee youngsters certainly appeared to advantage in those Fox features they made before they struck out under their own banner. Their mischievous tricks made them about as well known as any children of the screen—and more than one mother offered up thanks that they didn't belong to her. However, Mrs. Lee seems to have weathered the storm pretty well, and takes an active hand now in directing their careers and business affairs. She also feels that this new series of shorter pictures is going to prove better adapted to them than the longer ones were.

"They're called 'The Comedy Kids Playlets,'" volunteered Katherine, when telling me about the two-reelers.

"And they're awfully funny," chuckled Jane. "We get to laughing over them all the time when we're working. That picture we made this summer about a circus—I guess they'll call it 'In Circusland'—well, that was lots of fun. And so was the next one—'Kids of Dixie.'"

Apparently everything was "lots of fun" to them. The tour of the country which they made when they were off the screen for a short time, and which took them to various motion-picture theaters where their pictures were being shown, was no end of fun; the fact that they appeared in a little sketch at each theater, and held a reception for their admirers afterward, was simply one more lark. During our little motor trip they were hilarious over every one of the three punctures that we had, and even the news, received when they got back to town, that they'd have to work the next day at the studio, instead of having a vacation, could not dampen their ardor.

"'Tisn't really work, you know," Jane confided to me, as I left them, "it's just being allowed to do things, like playing tricks, that you couldn't do at home. Really," and she glanced at Katherine for confirmation, "it's just lots of fun!"

Continued from page 65

man, named Philippe Ferger. Together, they had scoured Seville and the nearby villages. No trace of Concha Perez could be found. Going farther afield, they reached Cadiz, the picturesque port of white houses and orange trees straggling about one of the bluest bays in the world. On the water front, frequented by sailors of all nationalities, scores of cafés, dance halls, and cheap theaters lured the wanderer in pursuit of pleasure. Most popular of these lurid resorts was the *baile* of Pablo Orozco, a sort of café chantant which advertised by means of gay posters that there, and there only, was the genuine *Flamenco* danced by qualified performers.

Loitering near the door, uncertain as to whether they should enter, Don Mateo and Ferger watched the passing crowds. Suddenly the Spaniard grasped his friend's arm. He had seen approaching two girls known as Pipa and Mercedes and their brother, El Morenito, all of them boon companions of Concha in the old days in Seville.

"Where they are, she will be found," stammered Don Mateo, beside himself with excitement.

He made a move toward the three Sevillanas, but they entered the *baile* before he could speak to them. Almost dragging Ferger after him, he hurried through the door. His guess had been a correct one. In the open space that served as a stage at one end of the room stood Concha, dressed as a *ballerina,* clacking castanets in either hand, as she prepared to launch into the sensuous measures of the *Flamenco.*

She had always been noted for her dancing. But that she should descend to being a public performer in a low port resort horrified Don Mateo. Jealousy in a new form tortured him. Nothing was more certain than that the men she met in this place must seek to win her. Had she been able, had she even wished, to repulse their advances?

Huddled in a chair, he waited for her to see him. When this finally occurred, she did not even start. Raising one eyebrow, she smiled cryptically, then began to dance. Her rendering of the *Flamenco* was a masterpiece. It was passion in three acts: desire, temptation, and possession. Her audience of fishermen, sailors, and chance tourists applauded frantically. She outdid herself in an encore, but refused a second call.

Strolling between the tables in the direction of Don Mateo, she stopped to lay her hand on the sleek black head of her little friend, El Morenito.

"You are beautiful to-night. You should have been dancing with me," she said for every one to hear.

The youth started up, but she eluded his clasp, sat down at Don Mateo's table and waited nonchalantly for the captain to speak. For a few moments, he resisted the temptation, then asked thickly:

"Are you not afraid I will kill you?"

"I am not afraid of anything. But why should you want to kill me? I love you as much as ever."

"You damned coquette! If you had loved me, you would not have left me in Seville."

"That is easily explained. I left you because you broke your promise not to tell my mother that I had accepted you. You even gave her money, thinking to pay for me, I suppose."

Don Mateo's astonished protests failed to make her retract a word of her statement. She swore he had been a traitor, and that though she loved him she could never pardon him.

"Nevertheless, you are going to leave this place with me," he said.

"Make me, if you can," she laughed.

Leaping to her feet, she returned to the stage. Through dance after dance she tantalized him. He, who had been accustomed to having things his own way with women, found it impossible to get even a word with her. The evening lengthened, and the crowd in the *baile* thinned out. Don Mateo sat sullenly until the last. Hours earlier he had dismissed his friend, Ferger.

At midnight when there was no one else in the café, Concha capriciously joined him.

"You know how to wait, at all events," she said. "I like that. If I agree to love you, will you give me a house of my own?"

She was too clever to confess that she had long since sickened of the sordid life in the *baile.* Her words implied complete surrender, and Don Mateo seized her hand.

"I will give you more than a house. You shall have jewels and Paris dresses. Everything that your heart may desire shall be yours without the asking."

"That is fine," answered Concha, plucking at the tassels of her gorgeous dancer's *manta.* "When will the house be ready?"

"To-morrow we shall choose one together. And to-night—you come with me do you not?"

"To-night—with you—oh, no!" she said flaunting away from him. "To-night I go to El Morenito, who is the most beautiful boy in Spain and who is to be my lover until you learn how to win me."

Don Mateo felt himself grow cold all over. She had played with him too long. He remembered a painting by Goya, showing four women on a lawn using a shawl to toss a ridiculous manikin. He, the proud Don Mateo, brother of the mayor of Seville, was in the position of that manikin. The only possible title for his love story was, "The Woman and the Puppet." It was not to be endured.

Pallid with anger, he leaped after Concha, like a panther pursuing a fawn. He caught her by the shoulder, spun her round and slapped her face. The spitfire was too astounded to protect herself and he slapped her a second time.

"Madre de Dios!" she shrieked. "No man does that to me and lives."

She drew a dagger hidden in her stocking, but Don Mateo seized her wrists, twisted them until the weapon flew from her grasp, and forced her to her knees. He struck her again and again, stopping her cries of fury with blows. It was the work of a few seconds to deprive her of all power of resistance.

In the reaction that followed, Don Mateo knew all the tortures of shame and remorse. So this was the end. He had maltreated the woman he loved. He had behaved like a drunken peasant. Staring at the figure still crouching at his feet, he told himself that it would be useless to try to explain or to apologize. She was lost to him for ever.

But Concha crawled forward and clasped his knees with her quivering arms.

"My lover," she whispered brokenly, "love is war and you have conquered me. Promise you will strike me again if I offend you. You have learned how to master a Spanish woman, my wonderful lover!"

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Continued from page 29

you to have it, you and Miss Clara. I think you've earned it." Well, sir, they added that codicil as solemn as you please and signed it as witnesses. I strode out and jumped on a broncho and rode out onto the range as fast as I could go. I had to get away from there before I lost control of myself and kicked the pesty skunks out of my house. When you've invited a man into your house and broken bread with him, the laws of hospitality won't let you turn around and fan his coat tails with your boot. As I was makin' for the open air, Lasca jumped out of the patio and signaled for me to wait. I turned back and picked her up onto the pommel of my saddle, and away we flew.

For the first time I had come to a realization of women. I compared that hot-house orchid from New Orleans, the cowardly, clinging parisitic kind, that would drain my veins like a spider sucking the blood of a fly. Then there was Lasca, the wild, free-giving, independent soul. She was afraid of nothing; she used to bully rag the steers to see how near their long horns could come to catching and rending her.

She would go hungry to let me eat,
Would choose the bitter to give me the sweet;
There was something fine in her smile or frown,
Her curling lip and her instep high,
That showed there ran in each pulsing vein
Mixed with the Aztec's wilder strain,
The proud, pure blood that she got from Spain.

Well, Lasca, and I poured out our hearts to each other that time. We sat there, afar on the grassy turf and the afternoon went by without our noticing the flight of time.

The air was heavy, the day was hot;
I sat by her side and forgot, forgot—
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot the air that was close opprest;
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon.
And if in the storm the herd takes flight,
Nothing can calm their panic fright,
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

A roll of thunder awoke us from our reverie. We looked up, and the cloud was curdling like a volcanic smoke in the sky. It was a norther and the herd was between us and the oncoming storm. But the boys will lull the herd, I thought, and hold them steady. They will drift before the gale until they get down into the willows in the river bottom and there they will weather it out. But I had not reckoned on Jack Davis. He had seen the gathering storm and had ridden around us, and even as I looked I saw him on a hilltop behind the herd. He had stampeded them even before the norther broke. As I looked, I saw him blotted out by the storm.

I sprang to the saddle and she clung behind.
Away! On a hot chase down the wind.
The mustang flew and we urged him on;
We had one chance and we had but one.

We must outride that sweeping avalanche that bore down upon us. The meaning of Jack Davis' codicil was plain. If I should die, and Lasca too, the ranch and herd and everything I had in the world would go to Jack Davis and the adventuress, Clara Vane. What a fool I had been to try to jest with them. Then suddenly——

The mustang stumbled, and down we came,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers!
Blows that were splattering blood in my eyes.

Then came agonies beyond the power of flesh to endure, then darkness and merciful oblivion.

When I next opened my eyes, Lasca was dead. The prairie that had been hard, dry turf, was trampled into a quagmire. The horse's hide had been cut to strips by the feet of the steers. I had fallen half under his body and had received some shelter. Lasca, in her death grip had fixed her little body above my head, so that she had taken the full brunt of the cruel blows. It was late afternoon—we had lain there twenty-four hours. I saw the footprints of Davis, where he had come and looked at our bodies and had gone away, doubtless well satisfied indeed.

I struggled to my feet, shattered in every nerve, aching in every muscle. I picked up the rigid form of Lasca and staggered toward the hacienda.

When we were crossing the bottoms, whom should we meet but Davis. He was riding to San Antonio to probate the will! The scoundrel had not even stopped to bury his victims. His horse reared at the sight of the mud-covered form; he sniffed the blood, and leaped, whirling. He threw Davis to the ground. I dropped my burden and tried to struggle to him. I wanted to tear him to pieces. Of course he was too quick for me, I was slow like a drunken man. I reached for my pistol. It was back there in the mud where we had lain. Davis ran down along the river bank to circle me. I ran as fast as I could, but it was no use.

"God," I prayed, "let him not escape me. Let me take vengeance, vengeance in the name of this innocent one that he has slaughtered."

But my limbs weakened, and I remembered the words "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "I will repay." And as I struggled to overtake the murderer, my legs moved slower and slower, and at last I stood as in a catalepsy reaching out my clutching hands. And as I stood there like one whom God has stricken in a trance, my enemy passed beyond the reach of my poor helpless hands, beyond my power to do him ill. He had blundered into the quicksands by the river and slowly he sank, screaming, into a mud-smother of oblivion before my eyes.

Forty years have passed since then! I am too old for heartache now. The years that have divided us, lengthening now are bringing us nearer together. Almost any day I may expect to meet her now, and clasp my Lasca in that happy land where parting is unknown.

Meanwhile I daily come to pray at the white chapel shrine I built to Lasca's memory.

And for forty summers the vines have spread
Their wreaths of petals above her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the prairie coyote runs here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in the cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard floats like a ship at sea;
But the joy in these things is not for me,
I no longer hope, I no longer care,
For my heart, in the tomb, is sleeping there,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
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- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
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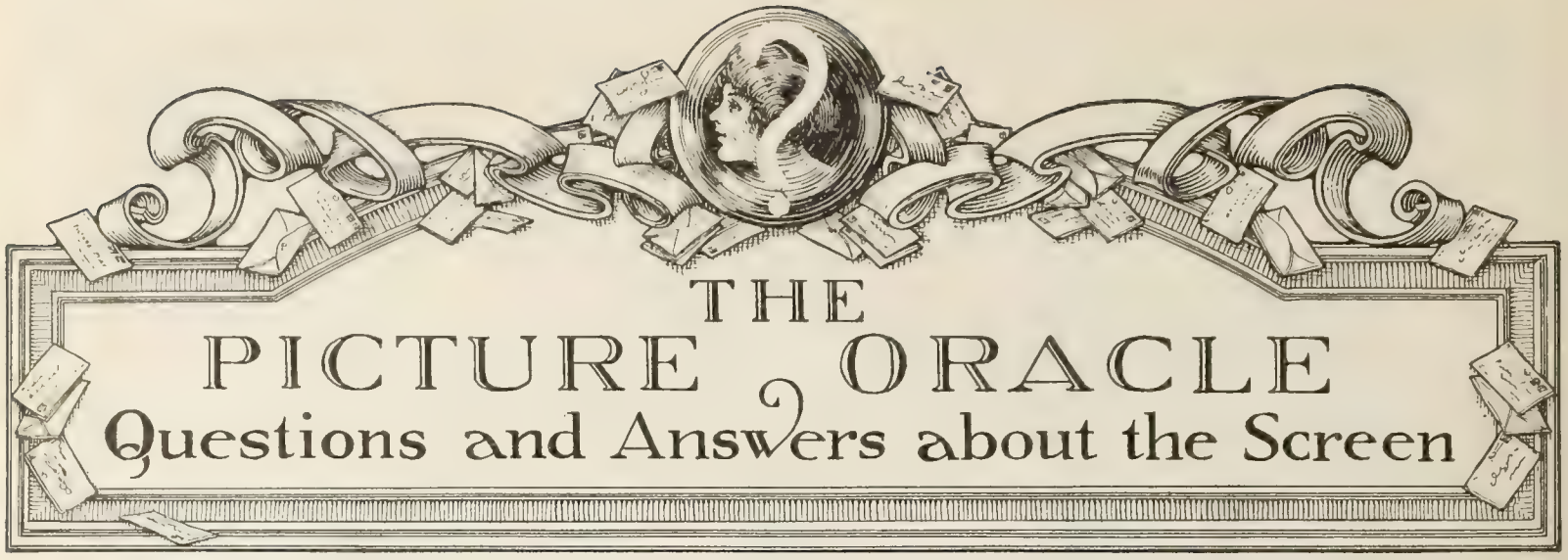

HERE we are again, a little late, but better late than never, you know. Of course I'm dreadfully sorry not to be able to answer all your questions on time, but when the printers all over New York City had their big strike, why of course we couldn't get our magazine printed. Now that's all over, we hope, and we're going to catch up just as soon as possible, and be right on time every month hereafter. And now let's see what we have to say to:

U. No Hoo.—Evelyn Greely is a World Film star. Norma Talmadge and her sister Constance are with First National. Julian Eltinge is not dead. He has just finished his tour of the United States at the head of his own road show, and is now making some additions in California to a picture he made over a year ago.

A Spider Web.—It is Tom Mix—not Minx.

K. D., Boston.—I'm not surprised at your asking what the "Pennsylvania Censorship Law" is; Pennsylvania seems to have acquired a reputation for being remarkably strict about its censorship of motion pictures. As a matter of fact, it seems more or less a matter of personality. You see, each State has its own censorship board—Pennsylvania's consists of three persons, appointed by the governor—which passes on pictures; the national board of review also passes on them. And each board has a long list of things to which they object, such subjects as suicide, lynching, et cetera, being tabooed. It happens that in various instances the Pennsylvania board has been thought unreasonably—absurdly—strict in its judgments. Its rules, however, do not differ greatly from those of other State boards of censorship.

A Nutty Nut.—What could be worse? See the end of The Oracle for addresses.

H. K. S.—It is always better to inclose a quarter or a Thrift Stamp with your request for a photo. It costs the stars more than that to send them out. Albert Ray is his correct name.

Mrs. Ralph E.—Elmo Lincoln was born in Rochester, Indiana, on February 6, 1889. He is doing a serial for Universal called "Elmo the Mighty," at present. I don't think they will play together any more. Eugene O'Brien is being starred in Select Pictures, and Norma Talmadge is being featured by the First National.

Jimmie H.—See above answer. Roscoe Arbuckle began his career as a singer of illustrated songs in his father's motion-picture theater in Kansas. He used to do a lot of funny stunts with them, and was a riot in his own home town. He finally got a job with a road show, and later toured the world with a musical-comedy company. Arriving in California, he thought he would kill some time by working extra in the movies, and went to work at Sennett's Keystone Studio. It wasn't long until Roscoe was a steady fixture there; then came his own company for Paramount. Lila Lee is not starring at the present time. She is leading lady for Wallace Reid in his latest film, "Hawthorne, U. S. A."

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Jerry & Madge.—So you think The Oracle wonderful? Thank you for those kind words. I only wish the editor felt that way, he might give me a raise. You think that I am a woman because I give such sensible answers? You and your sister must be man haters. The Market Booklet gives a complete list of all the studios in the United States, and tells just what kind of scenarios they are in the market for. You can get it for six cents in stamps by writing to the editor. Violet Radcliffe was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1908. Kittens Reichart was born in 1911. Buddie Messinger arrived in 1909. Forty-six pictures! Sounds as if you had your share already. Certainly you can put a thrift stamp in your letter. Do you think they'll eat it? Richard Barthelmess is a very good actor. His best work was done in Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." Dick started his career in stock. His mother was playing in the play, and a little girl was taken sick. Mother immediately got a wig and the girl's dresses, and put them on him. He did the part much to his indignation, and was so good in it that they kept him playing the rôle during the entire run of the piece. After that he never wanted to see the stage again. He started in pictures as an extra man, and finally Herbert Brennon took a liking to him and gave him a bit with Nazimova in "War Brides." After that everything went fine for him. I can't tell you whether you will be tall or not. Of course, there's no harm in writing for pictures.

Arlie.—You sure are getting to be on the job every month. Keep up the good work. Nazimova is Russian. You refer to Jack Mulhall. Charles Bryant is Mr. Nazimova in real life. Your review for the month was very good, or was it only for part of the month?

A Great Admirer of Movie Stars.—Olive Thomas was born in Chaleroi, Pennsylvania, in 1898. Corinne Griffith has blue eyes. Olive Thomas has light-brown hair. You will find the addresses you want at the bottom of The Oracle.

Virginia C.—Eugene O'Brien played opposite Norma Talmadge in the "Safety Curtain." William S. Hart's latest release is "John Petticoats." Don't remember a Theda Bara picture by that name.

Miss Dorothy S.—Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, on February 28, 1882. "The World and Its Women" is her latest film for Goldwyn. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. That is for you to decide.

Continued on page 98

S

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Fade-Outs

Continued from page 39

film stars of to-morrow. Herb's essay, while profoundly interesting, is also a great little argument-starter. So many of the fans may differ with him, you know.

"Fade-Outs", also, has some ideas on the subject, peculiar though they be, as usual.

Here is a list of players picked by us to be the bright particular stars of the celluloid sky sixty-five years from now!

Can any reader prove to us these people will NOT be stars at that time? We defy you!

Apryle Maye.
Oscar X. Watson.
"Smiling Jim" Johnson.
Mary Hicks.
Luke Nelson.
Dan Smith.
Michael J. Kelly.
Dick Whiffles.

—o—

Originality Run Riot.

Some day we are going to write a drama and exterminate The Hero and The Heroine in the first reel.

In the next three reels we'll allow the Chief Villain, The Vamp Hussy and The Assistant Villain to wrangle over what's left.

And in the last reel we'll marry The Vamp Hussy to The Chief Villain; clinch, fade-outs, 'nev'rything!

How'd that do?

Good Picking!

While making "Broken Blossoms," Griffith had,
They say,
Some difficulty finding just the lad to play
"The Bruiser."
His choice of Donald Crisp to play the part
Showed his
Great class: with due respect to Donald's Art—
Dave is
Some chooser!

Whoe'er picked "Ev'rywoman's" cast I'll lay
A dime,
Had eyesight that was wonderful, I'll say,
Or I'm
A Zulu!
"Beauty"—"Wanda Hawley!"—she's that, I'll swear,
Gee Whizz!
Which proves that as a picker he is there—
He is
A lulu!

—o—

We have discovered why one of those two-reel comedies of the brand you so warmly dislike usually follow the feature you came to see.

Nuts always come in at the end of a feast.

Rocking the Boat Both Ways

WHEN there's a storm at sea in the Selznick Studio—as was the case in Olive Thomas' picture, "Out Yonder"—the "boat" is placed on two sets of rollers and rocked backward, forward and sideways to give the proper nautical atmosphere.

A Dancing Star

Continued from page 62

into 'The Romance of Happy Valley' and then into one of the principal parts in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home.'

"Mother didn't like me at all in that last one. She went to see it at the theater, the opening night, and she said: 'You look like a cartoon of yourself! Back to boarding school you go!' But I didn't. Instead here I am, playing a leading part in another Griffith picture, 'Scarlet Days.'

"Here's a funny thing! You know they say that a person born in December has the gift of prophecy—that they say things without knowing why themselves that afterward come true. Well, the last time I visited Santa Maria, I told my relatives up there about my picture ambitions. They laughed. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll never come back here until I'm a picture star!' And I never did. Next time I went up there for a vacation, I had already played that part in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home.'"

"What's the hardest thing you ever had to do in a picture?" I asked by way of variety.

"I told you—kiss Dick Barthelmess!" answered Carrol promptly. Which does sound hard—to believe! Eh, girls?

"I wouldn't have minded *his* kissing me so much—but to have to grab——"

"What did Mr. Griffith say?"

"Oh, it wasn't Mr. Griffith's picture. But Mr. Griffith came by and was watching. He saw the love making was hard for me, and he asked me, 'Weren't you ever in love?' 'Not that I know of,' I said.

"'Well,' answered Mr. Griffith, 'if you were ever in love you'd know it!'"

"And what of dancing?" I inquired.

"Oh, I'll love dancing forever! I go to private parties and dance and dance. I dance all over the house. I'll die dancing—and if they don't let me dance in heaven—well I won't stay, that's all!"

Tears may come and tears may go
Always tears in movie show;
Atmosphere for which they long
Often caused by onions strong!

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You Leave a Film to Mar Them

Millions know that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. This is the reason for it:

There forms on the teeth a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Brushing in the usual way leaves much of it intact. It may do a ceaseless damage. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film-coated teeth are cloudy and unclean. So dental science has for years sought a way to combat film. That way has now been found. Able authorities have proved it by careful tests. And leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

We Now Apply Active Pepsin

This film combatant is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent for home test to everyone who asks.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Only lately has this method been made possible. Pepsin must be activated and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that method now enables us to fight that film with pepsin.

The results are soon apparent. You can see them for yourself. The 10-Day Tube which we supply will show. Get it and know what clean teeth mean. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now Advised by Leading Dentists Everywhere

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Send This Coupon

Then note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. In ten days you will know what is best.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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EASY PAYMENTS if desired at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash prices.
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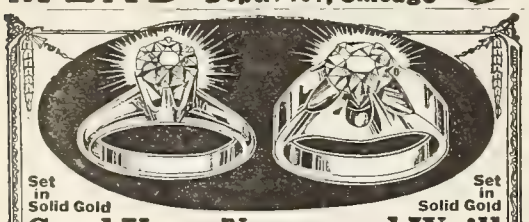
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. P101, Chicago



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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 82

tried writing some along their style, after having carefully studied some of their pictures on the screen. One of her stories was rejected because it repeated an idea which they had done once before, but the others were accepted and have been produced. This was a good market for a beginner, because the Lyons and Moran comedies are of a peculiar type and have to be written along certain lines, as was explained in an interview with Lyons and Moran in our January number. I wish that it were possible to give, for the benefit of the beginners, a list of markets which are the most likely to be available for them. That is not practicable, however, because there is always the *possibility* of selling a story to any company which does not state definitely that they are not open to outside contributions, and if I were to make out such a list as like as not, before it even got into print, some of the companies would change their policy, would possibly purchase through some source a series of stories enough to last them a year and then, when they advised my readers that "they were not at present in the market for stories," I should be held responsible for setting them on a wild-goose chase. In this one respect the person who is on the "inside" does have an advantage. It is not because he has a pull, but because he is in a better position to find out what companies are especially in need of stories, and just what type they are looking for. But though that is an advantage, it does not definitely close the field to the outsider who has a good judgment, determination, and a real gift for story writing.

What Every Woman Ought to Know

Continued from page 34

"Oh, a little of everything," Miss Kellermann replied. "I have a screened tent and in it we are making the scenes for what I call 'Athletic Housework.' It is sort of a burlesque on housework, and I do everything according to physical culture rules. I pick up things from the floor without bending my knees, dust the chandelier with my feet while standing on my head, and use the lamps like dumb bells. Then too, I did a wire-walking scene over Vernal Falls—oh, yes, I suppose it *was* dangerous," she admitted in response to my startled gasp, "but I balanced all right, though the wind was so high that I had to throw away my Japanese umbrella and trust to my own devices. Then I drove a golf ball from 'Overhanging Rock,' and we'll call that 'The longest drive in the world,' because it's four thousand feet straight down, and that measured into yards would take the cake, wouldn't it?"

Overhanging Rock, by the way, is only ten feet wide, and strong men sometimes tremble and grow pale when asked to walk out upon it to get a view of the valley, a dizzy distance below.

"Sorry, Tootie," came Friend Husband's apologetic voice, "but the light's too poor for the swimming scenes. We'll have to shoot 'em tomorrow."

"Right-o!" said Annette amiably. "In that case I'll come out of the swim and dress for dinner."

"There is just one thing more I'd like to know," I said apologetically, as she stood up and threw her robe around her, "*Can* you eat bananas under water?"

She said she could *not*, and added something about a "poor fish." Anyhow, that ended the aquatic interview in Yosemite.

THE first Pathé serial in which Lillian Walker stars is "One Million Dollars Reward," written by Arthur B. Reeve and John Gray.

JAMES J. CORBETT enjoyed making "The Midnight Man" so much that he signed a contract with Universal a while ago.

Their Chums

Continued from page 81

cide which one each is really directing. Viola lives in a sweet little house all covered with vines, and there's always a place set at the dinner table for Alice so that she is at liberty to dash in after work any time she wants to. Parties the same way. It would be a regular faux pas to invite Viola without Alice, or Alice without Viola.

If Marjorie Daw had a secret and wouldn't tell it to Mildred Harris Chaplin—well, Mildred would be awfully peeved, that's all! These two have been chums ever since they worked together as very little girls—it was only four short years ago—over at the Griffith Studio. Both wore their hair down their backs then, Mildred's in blond curls, Marjorie's in a fat bronze braid. They used to go about the studio arm in arm, making up secrets.

These are only a few of the feminine celebs that are chums and are proud of it. There are many more among the stars and just as many more among those that haven't yet reached the pinnacle. To try to chronicle them all would be too much of a task to tackle. And yet people talk sometimes about the lack of true friendship in the film colony.

They just ought to take a peep at the twentieth century Ruths and Naomis of the studios.

A Very Diffident Young Man

Continued from page 53

"Why, I knew that chap back in Syracuse, in the days when he played in stock there, and all the girls were crazy about him but he didn't seem to care a whoop," he declared. "Pretty good in pictures, isn't he? I've been following his work ever since the first picture he did—that was 'The Crystal Gazer,' you know, with Fanny Ward. And I've seen most of the ones he's done with Constance Talmadge—and 'Girls,' with Marguerite Clark—he was good in that, wasn't he? How old is he? Oh, about twenty-five. Say, is he still bashful? He used to be like a scared rabbit, but I guess he's improved now."

Well, if he has I pity the people who tried to interview him back in Syracuse!

How to Clear the Skin "Peppered" with Black Heads

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WHEN oil glands fail to throw off oil needed by a normal skin, the fatty material which becomes imbedded in the pores is surmounted by a black tip — hence the name blackhead. An eruption often follows.

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Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

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Astringent Cream for oily skin.

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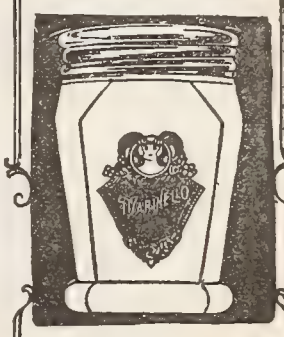

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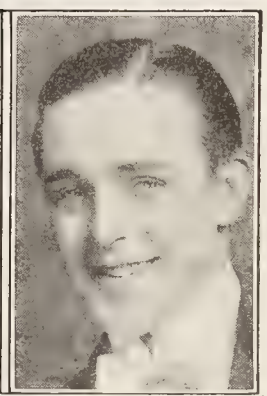

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The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

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which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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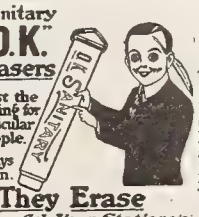

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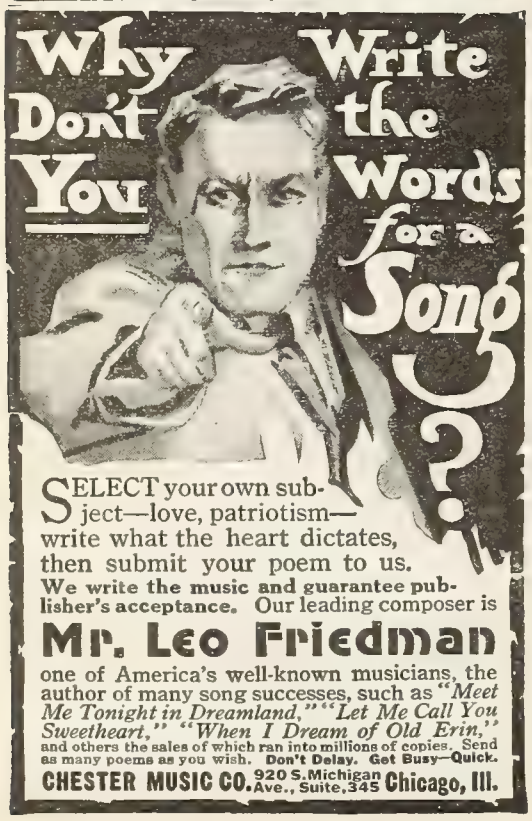

"Don't Do It, Marjorie"

Continued from page 55

you were lots more likely to get good places in a ballroom scene or anything like that, and have the director notice you. Maybe that was just her idea—she believed enough in it to have a lovely dress herself to wear that day, though she told me she'd bought it when she didn't know where her next week's room rent was coming from.

When we got up to the set, on the floor above, we were given partners from among the men who were waiting around. I got one of the men who'd come out on the ferry that morning. Janet knew him and a friend of his, and they all picked out a little table right in front of the camera for us. I forgot to say that the set was a reproduction of a famous Paris restaurant, with little tables all around, and a clear space in the middle for dancing, while the orchestra—a good one—sat on a platform at the end.

I'd rather have sat way back somewhere, but Janet and the two men said we had a dandy table.

"It's right behind the star's," she told me as we sat down. "Probably we'll all show. And lots of times in these restaurant scenes they have food for the people near the star to make it look more realistic, you know; I wish we'd get some to-day—all I had for breakfast was three graham crackers, and it's half past ten now."

The star hadn't come yet; somebody said she wouldn't be there till afternoon. They were going to take some of the restaurant stuff first—scenes showing people dancing, and the professional entertainers, and that sort of thing.

The director picked out the people who were to dance, and Janet and one of the men were chosen; so were my partner and I, but he didn't want to dance; he said they'd take those scenes over and over, and with the thermometer registering nearly a hundred under those lights he wasn't going to work as hard as all that. So we sat still and drank lukewarm ginger ale out of wine glasses—served by real waiters, who rushed around and pretended to take orders—and watched the others.

It was awfully funny to watch Janet and her partner try to stay in front of the camera; all the other extras were maneuvering the same way—they all wanted to "show," of course. Some of them would stay right in one spot till the director would shout at them to move on—then they'd dance off to one side, but pretty soon they'd be back again, and if they could they'd look into the camera. Next time you see a crowd dancing in the movies watch for that little trick—it's amusing, and it's rather pathetic, too, when you think of how much depends on it for these people.

Finally, after we'd been there for nearly two hours, the star appeared. She was wearing a marvelous ermine evening wrap, and thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds. I was awfully anxious to see her, of course, and she sat so near me that I had a good chance, but the blue stuff on her eyelids and below her eyes, and the yellow powder and heavy red on her lips made her look almost grotesque; it was hard to recognize her real beauty under that disguise.

Her part of the scene wasn't very long; she was supposed to be introduced to the hero, who sat at a neighboring table, and to be dreadfully overcome when she recognized him as a man she'd known before, and hurry out of the restaurant. They took five shots of her coming in, and as many more of her sitting there at the table, and then when she was introduced to him and almost fainted with amazement they did it three different ways, and took it each way several times. And in between shots they waited and waited till it seemed to me I'd go stark mad. It seemed perfectly endless.

"Action, there, behind!" the director would shout at us when they began taking the star's scenes, and then Janet and the two men and I would lean over and talk and try to seem to be having a good time. Janet Powers really enjoyed it; once she said something really funny to one of the men, and the star overheard it and turned to look over her shoulder and laugh, and the director called, "Good stuff—we'll keep that! Do it again." So they did it twice more, and Janet was so pleased that when we were finally dismissed she pinched my arm so enthusiastically that it was black and blue.

"Isn't that simply gorgeous!" she cried. "If I'm good in that bit maybe I'll get a chance in the next picture

this director does." And she went on talking about it all the time we were dressing.

She and I each got three dollars and a half for that day's work; the people who'd been sent by an agent would get paid by him, so that he could deduct his commission.

I went out on location a few days after that; they were going to take a big scene calling for several hundred people, Mr. Rowe's stenographer said, when she phoned, and I was to be part of a mob—a real mob that wrecked a store and chased a man out of the little town they'd built for the set. This time I wore a dress out of the company wardrobe, a thin, slazy cotton dress, it was, and I had a brilliant yellow shawl, too—I felt exactly like a real actress. It was rather a cold day, and between waiting for the sun to shine and for the carpenters to do something that everybody thought had been done the day before, we spent hours just sitting around. At noon we stood in line—such a long line!—for the little box lunches that had been provided for us. The lunches were really very good, but I don't believe I'd have cared if they hadn't been, for I was actually in the movies; I'd walked down the street right toward the camera, with nobody between me and it, I heard somebody say that that pretty little dark-haired girl—meaning me—was pretty good, and I'd learned how to put my make-up on all by myself; that was enough.

My next job was an awfully interesting one; I was maid of honor at a screen wedding, and wore a dress that was specially designed by one of the big modistes. But imagine my disappointment when I saw that picture and realized that in the scene at the altar the actor who played the best man had held his silk hat so that my face didn't show! However, I got ten dollars for that day's work.

Of course I hoped Mr. Rowe would send for me again, soon; the little taste I'd had of picture-making made me more eager than ever to do more of it, but finally, after a week had gone by and I hadn't heard from him, I decided to go to the agent to whom Ted's father had given me a letter; now that I'd had experience, perhaps he could get me a small part.

To be Concluded.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them?" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

Copyright, Lumiere

Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says:

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. **Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?** Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—Hazel Simpson Naylor, Literary Editor *Motion Picture Magazine.*

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. Pierce Weller, Managing Editor *The Binghamton Press.*

"Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy, just as you say. I have sold three stories and one play—which have netted me exactly $825.00."—Alfred Horto, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for $30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays—one of which sold for $500.00, the other for $450.00. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—Helen Kindon, Atlantic City, N. J.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a litle patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they **really learn to write** from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" **Who says you can't?**

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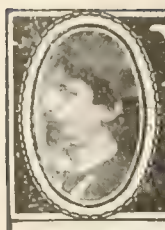

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A Forecast of Future Films

Continued from page 72

will be seen first in a Jack London story. This will be followed by other tales of rugged character.

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Dorothy Gish is without rivals. She's our best comedienne. And because her funisms are her own there need be no worry as to the source of supply.

William Russell has mental as well as physical weight. The financial fate of the old American-Mutual rested largely on the shoulders of this young Hercules. Despite mediocre productions and inaudible exploitation, Mr. Russell's popularity has rolled on with constantly gaining momentum. He is now a pillar of the Fox forum.

Tom Mix has roped in a large herd of followers during the past year. I believe he will throw his lariat with equal success during 1920. At the crack of the pistol in the new year race he seems to be at the head of the cowboys.

"The Miracle Man" put Thomas Meighan over the line. Before that opportunity his work had been passing under the damning praise of "adequate." He is scheduled for a place among the gods and goddesses of Paramount.

"The Hand of Blackton" has in its grasp a genius. He is Robert Gordon. Possessing character, sympathy, and talent, and a clean youthfulness, this boy appeals in the same fine way as does Charles Ray. The Blackton plays haven't given him a fair chance. Without handicap, Robert Gordon will be one of the first at the goal of popularity toward the close of next year.

In his first star play, "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave," Douglas MacLean cleared the hurdle and landed among the sure winners. Doris May, his partner in the A. W. O. L. spree is going to keep pace with him. This is the swiftest mounting team in the film field.

Of the reliable emotional vibrators, Dorothy Dalton and Dorothy Phillips are the most progressive. Elsie Ferguson enthralls in metropolitan centers.

Pauline Frederick maintains considerable prestige. At one time she was the unrivaled emotional star of the screen. Now competition is more keen, and the public is on the alert for new personalities. The past year has not been a good one for Miss Frederick. Realizing this, the star struck for better plays and secured six suited to her measure. "The Woman in Room 13," a Broadway stage play, is the first on the list for production.

Corinne Griffith is a lovely grace who is constantly developing her powers. Her portraitures are shaded with exquisite sensitiveness. A number of excellent stories have been placed in the Vitagraph library for her use.

There is a tranquilizing quality about Alice Joyce that gives charm to her work. She has a personality that pleases more on better acquaintance. This star has been raised to a high pinnacle during the past year by means of famous plays. The next twelve months should be the best of her career.

ZaSu Pitts is a unique personage. Given a director of discernment and sympathy she may be promoted to rank with the "Big Few" of filmland. Miss Pitts will complete her Brentwood contract early this year, and there will be eager bidding for her services.

Eugene O'Brien is the special delight of sundae consumers. As a leading man he was champion heart-thriller, but as a star he is less invincible. "The Perfect Lover" was not an auspicious conductor to starland. With more carefully fitted parts he may endure as a seminary hero.

Priscilla Dean is an arch thief and wicked coquette. The public recently has discovered that she is "different," this reputation causing lines to form when her name appears.

He would be a hazardous person who would prophesy what Pearl White's place on the screen will be under her new contract with Fox. It remains for the future to show what will be the place of this here-

tofore serial queen, when she appears for the first time in features.

The day for character players as stars seems to be dawning. Once it was held impractical to feature for any reason except beauty or personality. Youth was deemed a requisite, yet Frank Keenan grimly proceeds on his incandescent way, and Sessue Hayakawa holds his ground despite the difficulty of securing plays appropriate to him, while Lew Cody is to be a star in his own peculiar field. Will Rogers, the famous "stage cowboy" has made a good start as a whimsical character star.

The theory that a star must rely on his own personality and appearance to gain attraction is rapidly being exploded. Mr. Barthelmess obtained decision as to stellar merits by his characterization of the Chink in "Broken Blossoms," for which his personality was submerged and his entire appearance transformed. He scored again in "Scarlet Days" as a Mexican bandit with a beard.

The year will discover more stars turning to character rôles for variety. Virtually every type of "straight" part has been done. There is an increasing demand for histrionic talent, a diminishing interest in mere personality. Patrons of spoken drama show a similar preference. Lionel and John Barrymore have achieved glory by their character delineations in "The Jest." Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" offers further evidence. The character favorite is coming.

The costume play, another banned bugbear, already has begun to show signs of returning. If the populace will buy standing room at ticket brokers' prices to see a play of the Medici period on the stage, why will it not do the same for a screen play? It will. "Romance" is the perennial record-holder of the stage. It is to be translated to pictures, I am informed—costumes and all. Yet I hear producers say "no costume plays—they don't get over." And the star exclaims, "No character stuff—the public wouldn't like me." Both beliefs are erroneous.

The picture industry is not in its infancy. It is passing through its teens toward a well-rounded maturity. Now that players, directors, and authors have been recognized as forces equally necessary to a well-knit whole, the growth of the photo play during this year promises rich attainments.

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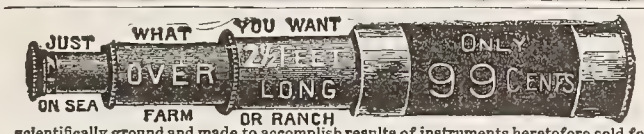

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 88

I'm not capable of judging that. Elsie Ferguson was born in New York City. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896, and sister Dorothy in the same State, but in Dayton two years later. The majority of them take frequent rides in aëroplanes, but outside of Syd Chaplin and Cecil De Mille, I don't know of any of them who own and drive them. To say who is the oldest and who is the youngest movie star would be flirting with the coroner. None of them want the former honor, and there are too many seeking the latter to take a chance with my young life. You don't have to be born a movie star. No one is.

WALTER W.—Romaine Fielding has deserted the screen as an actor, but is directing. You might write to her. "The Squaw Man" was never done on the screen with Monroe Salisbury in the leading male rôle.

GLADYS COLLOPY.—Mrs. Vernon Castle, Pearl White, and Carlyle Blackwell are not related. Whatever put that into your head? Irene Castle is back on the screen again. "The Firing Line" is her latest. She was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Antonio Moreno hails from sunny Spain. He arrived there in 1888.

MARGUERITE W.—The villain of course. Ruth Roland does not wear a wig. That's her very own hair.

PETER PAN.—Mary Miles Minter's correct name is Juliet Shelby, and her sister's name is Margaret Shelby. Wallace Reid is his correct name. Likewise the others. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. Alan Forrest was born in Brooklyn, New York, two years before Wally. Ried's latest picture is "Hawthorne, U. S. A." Alan Forrest's is "Over the Garden Wall," opposite Bessie Love. Jack Holt played the part of the German officer in "The Little American." Eugene O'Brien was *Adam* in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Dorothy Davenport is not working in pictures any longer. She has her hands quite full keeping care of young Wallace, Jr.

U. H. P.—Little Mary McAlister was born in Los Angeles in 1910. She was educated by private tutors. She is four feet one inch tall and weighs forty-seven pounds. Her eyes are brown and her hair is golden. Her screen career has been with Biograph, World, and Essanay.

STAR BRIGHT.—Yes, I know Phyllis Haver. Her father is your uncle by marriage, but still that doesn't make you any relation of hers. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. She is just five feet tall. Madge Kennedy is the lady's name. In private life she is Mrs. Harold Bolster. She is a native daughter—born in California. "A Fool There Was" was Theda's first screen play. Yes, there is a child actress by the name of Doris Baker, but Doris would be quite insulted if you called her that, because she's getting to be a big girl now. Just ask her if she isn't. "In Old Kentucky" is Anita Stewart's latest feature. "The Hoodlum" is Mary Pickford's latest, to be followed by "The Heart of the Hills." What's my name? I'm called lots of names, mostly by the editor. I am only one person. Phyllis Haver was born on January 6, 1899. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, New York, on September 5, 1897. Mary MacLaren—not MacLane—was born in Butte, Montana. Yes, she starred in "Shoes."

I. U. O.—I'm glad somebody does. Creighton Hales is not with Pathé any longer, but is now starring in photo plays for the World Film Corporation. No, that is not his real name. On the birth records in Cork, Ireland, where he was born, you will find that he entered this world as Patrick Fitzgerald.

H. K. E. E.—The first real motion picture ever made was "The Great Train Robbery," produced by Edison. The exhibitors were all dubious when they heard that Edison was to make a film eight hundred feet long. They didn't think their audiences would sit through it, figuring it to be entirely too long. The film cost four hundred dollars to make, which was a great expense in those days. The public ate it up, and Edison cleared just ninety thousand dollars on it. G. M. Anderson, who created the character of *Broncho Billy,* played the leading rôle in it.

BUNNY.—John Bunny was born in New York City on September 21, 1863. He died in Brooklyn, New York, in April, 1915. He was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, New York, and started out in life as a clerk in a general store. He always had a yearning for the stage, and finally, after appearing in various amateur entertainments, he got a job as end man with an obscure minstrel show, when he was twenty years old. He was on the stage for thirty years, his last engagement before joining the Vitagraph Company being with Weber and Fields. He started in with the Vitagraph for forty dollars a week, but was one of their highest-paid players when he left that organization to head his own road show.

ANITA STEWART FAN.—No, I haven't forgotten you, although it has been over a year since I heard from you. It has been released. I should say it was nice of them. I'm sorry, but I'm not who you think I am. Can't blame you for guessing, however. I shall send on your request for a photo to Albert Ray, and I am sure he'll send you one. I thought that picture was very poor, too. "The Game's Up" was much better. You'll have to guess again. You're getting nearer.

PEACHES.—There isn't enough room in the entire Oracle to publish the names of all the motion-picture players, Peaches. Why don't you watch the addresses at the bottom of The Oracle every month, and you will get pretty nearly all of them.

V. K.—You can get a list of all the motion-picture studios by sending six cents

in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet. It will give you all the information you desire.

ETHEL FOX.—I'm sorry, but it is against the rules of the magazine to print your request.

ANNIE N.—There isn't any place I know of where you can write and become a movie star. It takes quite a little more than mere penmanship to star in features these days, Annie.

MRS. REX M. I.—The nearest motion-picture studios to you are in New York City. It's a long way from Yazoo, isn't it?

IRA SUMAN.—The only way to get a position in a motion-picture laboratory would be to apply in person to the man in charge of it at any of the various plants. Your ten years' experience should help you in getting a position. I am not familiar with the salaries paid to developers or printers in these places.

FRENCHIE.—See below for addresses. Of course, artists have other ambitions besides acting. There are many of them in other branches of work even while appearing before the public. A great many of them have large ranches. Syd Chaplin, the Paramount comedian, is one of the shrewdest business men there is. He owns a big aëroplane business in Los Angeles.

FARRAR-TELLEGEN.—Geraldine Farrar is still making features for the Goldwyn Company at their studios in Culver City, California. Her hubby, Lou-Tellegen, is playing opposite her. He was born in Holland, and is part Dutch and part Greek.

ESTHER S.—No, it was not really President Wilson who played with George Walsh in "On the Jump." Ralph Faulkner is the actor who impersonated the President in that play.

THOMAS H.—There is nothing that I can do or say which will get you into motion pictures. It is a hard job these days to get in, because there are always plenty of talented people with experience at liberty, due to the plan in vogue of engaging artists by the picture. The only way for you to do is to try and get some extra work.

CHESTER D.—See the above answer.

AUGUST M.—Moving-picture companies always need extras. You must apply to the studios direct for this work, and not to me. I run The Oracle, and not a film employment agency.

M. A. A.—May Allison's features released by the Metro Company are all five reelers. "Fair and Warmer" is her latest. The Quija was wrong. It is not the fourth of February. The pups have grown up. I should say you are pretty lucky.

AS YOU NO.—Clara Kimball Young is still making features for her own company, under the management of Harry Garson. "The Eyes of Youth" is one of her latest features. Her parents were French, and the name was spelled Kemble, but when they came to America they changed the spelling of it to Kimball.

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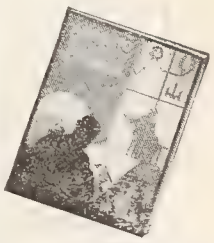

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Clara made her first appearance in theatrical life at the age of three when she was carried on the stage as a prop baby in "Hazel Kirke." She was born in Chicago in 1892. Yes, she was with the World Film Corporation for a time. Her former husband, James Young directed her there.

E. DEXTER FAN.—Grace Darmond played opposite Earle Williams in that picture. Elliott Dexter certainly was very good in "The Squaw Man." We shall be mighty glad to see him when he returns to the screen once more.

MARY DOLITTLE.—Lila Lee had the leading rôle in "Puppy Love." Bryant Washburn was the featured player in "The Gypsy Trail." Ashton Dearholt played opposite Ruth Clifford in "The Cabaret Girl." "Fan Fan" was Virginia's last. Yes, it was Monroe Salisbury in "The Eagle." Bill Desmond has a new leading lady with every picture.

I. I. I.—The stars have numerous requests such as yours every day about helping get their admirers into pictures, so I don't think you should feel offended at all, because Charlie didn't get you in. Why not try yourself at the studios. You might be able to get some extra work, and show what you can do.

MAURICE COSTELLO FAN.—Maurice Costello has not deserted the screen all together. He has been back again at the Vitagraph, playing in Alice Joyce features. Several years ago Maurice Costello was about the biggest male star in motion pictures. It seems as though the public is very fickle, doesn't it? He was born on February 22, 1877, so the family named him Maurice George Washington Costello. His father died when he was two years old. He was obliged to go to work when he was eleven to help support his mother and sister. He started in as a printer's devil. He began taking an interest in the stage at sixteen, and appeared in many amateur plays. He made his first professional début when he was twenty with the Davis Stock Company of Pittsburgh.

ADDIE.—Of course that's not Chester Conklin's real mustache. He hasn't any off the screen.

MIKE.—There is no girl in motion pictures by the name of Vera Pretty. You're thinking of Arline Pretty most likely. No, Bessie Love is not her correct name. In private life Bessie is known as Juanita Horton. You heard wrong. Her father is a doctor—not a plumber.

SAVINE B.—I am sure that she will be only too glad to send an autographed photo to such an ardent admirer of hers as yourself.

DAN.—Kathleen isn't making any pictures at present, but is expected to return to the screen in the near future. The scenes in "Who Is Number One" were all taken in and around Long Beach, California.

ANNIE M.—I'm sorry, but I can't give that secret away until after the serial has had a chance to show. It would only spoil it for others and yourself, too, to learn the secret before that episode was shown. If I told you, you would know, and wouldn't want to go to see it. I'm for the theater manager every time, so will have to let that question slip. You can probably get the shoes you want at any theatrical costumers.

C. RAY.—Julia Swayne Gordon and Kitty Gordon are not one and the same person. They are not even related. I hardly think they would reach them with such a vague address, because the stars are going from place to place so much in making their pictures.

MISS PEARL T.—William Stowell played the part of the son. *John*, in "The Heart of Humanity." Eric von Stroheim was the German officer in that picture.

SERIAL FAN.—There is no money or anything else required to get an answer in The Oracle. All you have to have is some paper, pen, and ink, and a two-cent stamp. Antonio Moreno's latest serial for the Vitagraph Company is "The Perils of Thunder Mountain." I don't think he will return to the Pathé banner for some time at least. Yes, Mary Pickford had the influenza, and pretty bad, too, but she is now quite all right again, and has just finished her first feature for the new United Artist's Corporation.

MAUDE E. S.—Mildred Harris doesn't play in Lois Weber productions any longer. She recently signed a contract with Louis B. Mayer to be featured in First National releases. I don't know whether they will bill her as Mrs. Charlie Chaplin or not. That remains with the exhibitor. Pobably some will and some won't. She will be known as Mildred Harris Chaplin. Ann Pennington, Billie Burke, Enid Bennett, Marguerite Clark, Mae Murray, Tom Forman, and Vivian Martin are all seen in Paramount productions. Ann Little, Harry Hilliard, Jean Southern, Marin Sais, Mary Anderson, Marguerite Cortot, Thelma Salter play for different companies. William Desmond is with the Jesse Hampton Productions. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are with the United Artists. Jackie Saunders is starring in World Film photoplays, and Jane and Katherine Lee are being featured in two-reel comedies by the Rogers Film Corporation. The Fairbanks twins are not playing in pictures any longer. They are with the Zeigfeld Follies now. Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. He died a year ago October from influenza. Dorothy Phillips is still being starred in Universal features. William S. Hart is producing for Artcraft and May Allison and Viola Dana are with Metro. George Walsh and Albert Ray are starred in Fox releases.

CARCHON.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. I think she will send you one of her photos. Write and see. Mary isn't playing in any picture at the present writing. There is no magazine that contains articles regarding only the child actresses. Yes, Madge's parents are living. She has two brothers and another sister.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD MOURNER.—No, May Allison did not go to France to do war work. Harold Lockwood left a son ten

years old when he died. Yes, that is his real name. Jack Pickford is Mary's real honest-to-goodness brother. John Smith is his name. Whatever put it into your head that Tom Moore acted with Mary Pickford? Tom is starring in Goldwyn features, and Mary in United Artist's offerings. Why can't you? There's lots of room.

MISS I. B. S.—It was Carol Holloway who played with William Duncan in "A Fight For Millions." Edith Johnson appeared opposite him in "A Man of Might." Joe is a very nice sort of fellow personally, and nothing like the villain he appears to be in the Duncan serials. No, I never get tired. I am always too busy. You should read the magazine more carefully, and you would see more about him. Bill began his theatrical career with a road show as a wrestler, meeting all comers, and not as an actor. The acting end of the game appealed to him, however, and he switched.

ANN ADMIRER.—You mean Warner Oland, don't you? That's his real name.

S. B.—It is customary to send a quarter or a Thrift Stamp with your request to any of the stars for their photograph. Photos, like everything else have gone up, and it costs the player more to send them out than they receive for them.

H. E. T.—The Squaw you refer to in "Mickey" was played by a real Indian who is called Minnie Prevost. She never told me what the Indian for Prevost is. She has worked in films for the various companies on the coast for several years, and can really act. She is always in demand and always busy.

BERNICE GILES.—New York is the birthplace of Jack Mulhall. He has just finished playing opposite Peggy Hyland in her recent Fox feature, not yet released. Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889.

K. M.—J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. He was educated in Kentucky. He was on the stage before entering pictures with Essanay. Then he went to the American Film Company, and from there to the Universal. After completing his contract with the U, Jack went with Jesse D. Hampton Productions. He is six feet one inch tall, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. His hair is black and his eyes hazel. His latest film is "The Joyous Liar." Write and see. Lois Wilson was born in Birmingham, Alabama. She is not married, and neither is J. Warren.

A SPANISH GIRL.—The English was quite all right, and I got through it perfectly, so you need not worry about writing in Spanish, as that's Greek to me. Mary MacLaren is being featured by the Universal. "A Petal on the Current" is one of her latest. You are right about Antonio Moreno. Certainly. Write again.

BETTY R. K. H.—Wait until the serial is through, and I'll tell you. It would spoil it to let you in on it so soon. Mary Warren was born in Philadelphia. Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Yes, Mary Pickford is a decided blonde. I have no choice. I like blondes and brunettes.

WILEE WYATT.—Write to the editor inclosing six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet. No, I cannot furnish you with pictures of the players. You will have to write to them personally for their photographs.

THEODORE W. S.—Yes, there is a Margaret Thompson. She is the wife of E. H. Allen, business manager for William S. Hart. She plays in pictures every now and then. She is five feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. "Pinkey" is her nickname.

A. S. AND M. D.—George Chesboro is an actor.

JACK PICKFORD ADMIRER.—The Lee Children were born in Glasgow, Scotland. Send six cents in stamps to the deitor for a copy of the Market Booklet. I think you'll change your mind. You're young yet.

TEXAS.—You will find your questions answered. See addresses below.

LITTLE SISTER.—Bert Lytel was born in New York City. Earle Williams is a native son. He was born in Sacramento, California, in 1880. I think you mean Frank Mayo. He was born in New York in 1886.

DREAMY SOUTHERN GIRL.—There is always room for one more in The Oracle department. Dorothy Gish is a blonde and not a brunette, although she seems so on the screen. She wears a dark wig in all her picture for the Paramount program. She is the same complexion as her sister Lillian. How should I know which actress has the worst temper? They are all mighty nice to me. Jean Paige was born in 1898. That is the right name. Lottie is next to Mary in age, and then comes Jack. Jean has blue eyes and dark hair. Not a bit, do you? Remember the old adage, "Beauty is only skin deep."

SKYLIGHT.—If he told you he was a motion-picture star, he has a very good imagination, because there is no one playing in pictures by that name.

MURIEL VIRGINIA F.—Francis Carpenter was born in 1911 and Virgina Lee Corbin in 1912. Both have light-blond hair and blue eyes. They are not related. Madge Evans was born in 1909, and so was Buddie Messinger. George Stone was born in 1911. Violet Radcliffe arrived on this earth in 1908. Muriel Ostriche is not a child actress. What made you think that she was? She was born in 1897.

VIOLET S.—Elmo Lincoln's latest picture is the serial, "Elmo the Mighty."

ARD.—"Traffic In Souls" was produced several years ago by Universal and is not a new picture. It was about three thousand feet in length, and at that time was considered a big picture. Walter MacNamara directed it and Matt Moore and Jane Gail had the leading rôles.

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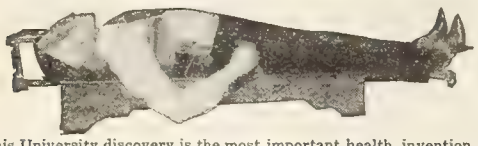

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or places, as I should say. Theda was supposed to be brazen in that picture, so how could you expect anything else? Elliott Dexter opposite Ethel Clayton. I liked "The Zero Hour," too. Mary McAllister is not playing in any film at the present time, but is expected to return to the screen in a short while.

P. E. B.—I don't know of any from your home town. Eddie Polo is quite popular with serial fans. He is just back from Europe where he was making a serial for Universal. Nita is not on the screen any more. Theda Bara has a brother named Mark. There isn't any book that can make you a motion-picture actress. You can read all the books in the world, and they will never make a screen star of you. It takes more than the art of reading to get you over on the screen. Mabel Normand looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Natalie Talmadge has been in a few pictures, but has never stuck to it. She played in one of Roscoe Arbuckle's comedies and in "The Broken Barrier" with Norma.

PEARL.—You are quite right. May Allison did not play opposite Tom Moore in the Goldwyn photo play, "Thirty A Week."

KIWI.—Your informer is all wrong. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, and not Dunedin, New Zealand. Also Mary's father was never a fruit dealer there. Yes, I have quite a few correspondents in New Zealand. They seem to be great motion-picture fans there, and don't hesitate to say what they do and don't like on the screen. Suppose I'm not a bit bald? Your compliment then becomes a knock, see?

CHARITY.—Now I have all the three sisters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, as regular questioners. June Caprice is appearing in pictures for Pathé. She is not married. Yes, I know her personally. Edna Mayo has been off the screen for some time. You are one of the few who do not want to become motion-picture stars, and taking into consideration your good looks, it is quite remarkable. Eileen Percy is playing in a serial for Louis Gasnier for Pathé release. Wanda Petit is now Wanda Hawley. She is supporting Wallace Reid in his latest picture for Paramount.

ISADORE S.—I can't give you the address of every actor and actress on the screen as there isn't enough room in five Picture Oracles to do it. If you take them a few at a time I will be glad to help you. Just look at the addresses published every month at the end of The Oracle, and I guess you will find the ones you want. If you wanted a personal reply, you should have sent a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

H. M. H.—You don't have to be a subscriber to PICTURE-PLAY to have your questions answered by The Oracle. Write to the subscription department of this magazine regarding back numbers. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. Grace Cunard has just finished playing the feminine lead in the Universal serial, "Elmo the Mighty." Francis Ford's latest serial is "The Mystery of 13." I am sure that he would send you one of his photos. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1882.

HYMAN H.—You and Isadore evidently got together on this, because your two postals arrived together, and practically the same wording, and without a doubt the same writing on both post cards. Now, did you write them both or did Isadore? The same answer I gave him will take care of your question.

ROSLINDALE DUKE & BEEF STEW.—Don't ask me how you can get a job as a motion-picture actor, because that's one thing I can't tell you. You seem to have an abundance of confidence in yourself, so why don't you go around to the different studios, and maybe you could talk them into giving you a job as a star or something? You would have to do some jumping around to meet all the actors and actresses you name in your letter!

MOVIE FAN. R. E.—There are schools for acting springing up all the time. Some stick it out longer than others. Some have certain set prices, while others charge whatever they think they can get. No, I don't know any addresses to give you.

C. S.—You would have to know all about the taking of motion pictures, and understand running a moving-picture camera before you could expect to be able to get a position as a camera man with a motion-picture concern. The camera man is one of the most important factors in making a photo play, and he must be thoroughly experienced.

FRANK V. F.—Your joke was very funny. I also laughed at the idea that Charlie Chaplin was deaf and dumb, but I suppose you were perfectly serious about that. I can truthfully say that Charles has A No. 1 ears, and the same goes for his speech. Mollie King is Mrs. Alexander in real life.

H. B. H.—Wallace Reid's latest picture is called, "Hawthorne, U. S. A." It was taken from the famous stage play of that name in which Douglas Fairbanks appeared before the footlights. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, on September 22, 1893.

MYRTLE M.—Falling off rocks and diving into water is hardly the requisite of a motion-picture actress. It takes more than that, Myrtle, to earn a place before the camera. Don't you think that at eleven years of age you are just a bit young to contemplate becoming a motion-picture actress? You have lots of time. I would stick to my studies at school, if I were you, and by the time you enter high school you will probably have forgotten that you ever wanted to be an actress.

BEATRICE H.—Rod LaRocque had the leading rôle opposite Mabel Normand in "The Venus Model."

M. M. D.—Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. Margarita Fisher changes her leading man with each picture. Pearl White isn't going to do any more serials. She is now starring in features for the Fox Film Corporation. Wallace MacDonald is back in pictures after serving

in the Canadian army. Charles Ray was born in 1891. Yes, William S. Hart has his own studios.

B. B. H.—Charles Chaplin has not completed his First National contract.

Addresses of Players.

Katherine MacDonald, 127 North Manhattan Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

Anna Luther, Authors' Film Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

Lucille Lee Stewart, Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Edith Storey, Haworth Film Corporation, 5311 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Rosemary Theby, 6629½ Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ruth Roland, 259 South Alexandria Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Arline Pretty, care of Lanning Masters, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Jean Paige, Vitagraph Studio, Fifteenth and Locust Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kathleen Clifford, 431 Olive Street, Long Beach, Cal.

Helen Eddy, 1911 North Van Ness Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Doris Kenyon, 850 West End Avenue, New York City.

William S. Hart and Margaret Thompson, W. S. Hart Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Chester Conklin and Vera Stedman, Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Tom Mix, Gladys Brockwell, Pearl White, and Theda Bara, Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Bryant Washburn, Wallace Reid, Helene Chadwick, Wanda Hawley, Lila Lee, and Theodore Roberts, Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles Ray, Enid and Margery Bennett, and Louise Glaum, Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mary Pickford, Beatrice Joy, Dustin Farnum, and Sessue Hayakawa, Brunton Studios, 5335 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Arthur Ashley, Johnny Hines, Creighton Hale, and June Elvidge, World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell, Alla Nazimova, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake, Metro Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mary Pickford's Understudy

Continued from page 73

in, "I really have been able to conserve a great deal of strength in this picture, thanks to my understudy."

"You're not the first person who has made that error," said Miss Du Pré. "A good many funny little things have happened during the making of 'Pollyanna.' Of course my costumes are exact duplicates of Mary's, which makes things even more confusing.

"And when this picture is finished," I wanted to know, "are you going to continue this work with Miss Pickford?"

"Oh, no, I'm just doing this to fill in," she informed me. "I've been 'in the movies' for ages—ever since 'Perils of Pauline' days, when I did my first bit with Pearl White. Now that I'm out on the West coast, I'm going to stay until the 'big opportunity' comes. Please don't place too much emphasis upon my resemblance to Miss Pickford. Of course I think she's perfectly wonderful," she hurried on, "but I'd like to be—just myself."

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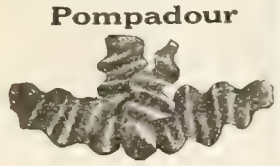

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The Air Reporter

Continued from page 16

the ground call up to Bee as he was unfastening his camera, "Say, did you guys know just how close you were to passing through the pearly gates on that trip?"

Captain Felix Steinle, however, who had had charge of the flying part of the undertaking, shrugged his shoulders and said that almost anything could be done with a Martin. But as we walked off the field, and he informed the ambulance crew that they were through for the day, he added, "Well, I'm glad we got through without an accident. We've been pretty lucky."

You can say what you like about the safety of modern flying, it has not been robbed of all its hazards. The results of the recent cross-country flights gave evidence to that, as have more recent news dispatches.

"We try not to take any unreasonable chances," Cohen said to me on our way back to New York, while we were talking about the work of his air reporters. "Our men are never ordered to make a flight—even the simplest kind. Some of course, can't, because of the way their wives feel about it. Those who do, volunteer for the jobs and, of course, that sort of work always calls for a bonus.

"Me? Oh, yes, I go up with them quite often. Assignments like this need a good deal of directing, as you've seen. Moreover, they've become a mighty important part of the news reel. People remember a picture like our parachute drop, for example. Then, too, I don't like the idea of asking a man to go anywhere that I wouldn't go myself—and I never do."

"And when will your air squad be going up again?" I asked.

Cohen shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe to-morrow—it's just according to how things break."

I suppose that by the time this account has appeared in print the flying camera men, not only those who went on this Washington expedition, but some of the other news-picture reporters, stationed in different parts of the world, have made several similar flights, and have risked their necks in a score of other ways. So, when, in future, you see a "thrill" picture in the news reel, just give a bit of applause for the nameless camera man who took it. For, as Bee said to me when we parted at the Pennsylvania Station, "I'm glad we're going to get a little credit for once—we don't get any on the screen, you know."

Would You Film Well?

Did you ever ask yourself: "If I had a chance to become a screen player, would I be a good subject?" That question will be answered in an article by the above title, written by the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, which will appear in the February number of *People's Magazine*. Besides enabling you to decide whether your qualifications would pass you through the studio doors, the article contains certain information about motion-picture photography which will explain a good many things you may have noticed on the screen. February *People's* will be on the news stands about January 26th.

In Somebody Else's Mind

Continued from page 36

ager, and electrician. It was after that that I played in 'The Varmint'; later came 'Huck and Tom' and 'Tom Sawyer,' and then I began making pictures for Commodore Blackton; 'Missing' was the first one, and 'The Wife's Other Husband,' which we're finishing now, is the latest.

"How about screen idols—have you any?" I asked. He seemed such a boy that you expect him to be like the rest of the youth of the land—an enthusiastic fan who could be counted on to have his favorites.

"Oh yes, I have two—Wyndham Standing and Theodore Roberts, but I don't try to copy their style, of course; I just study their work and try to take the best points from it."

That brought us up to date, and as the showing was over and young Gordon was due to go back to the glare of the Kliegs, I bade him farewell, feeling quite sure that I'd never see him again. For, of course, after that chat it would be impossible to think that I was seeing Robert Gordon on the screen; I'll know that, though he looks like himself, he's really quite submerged in somebody else's mind.

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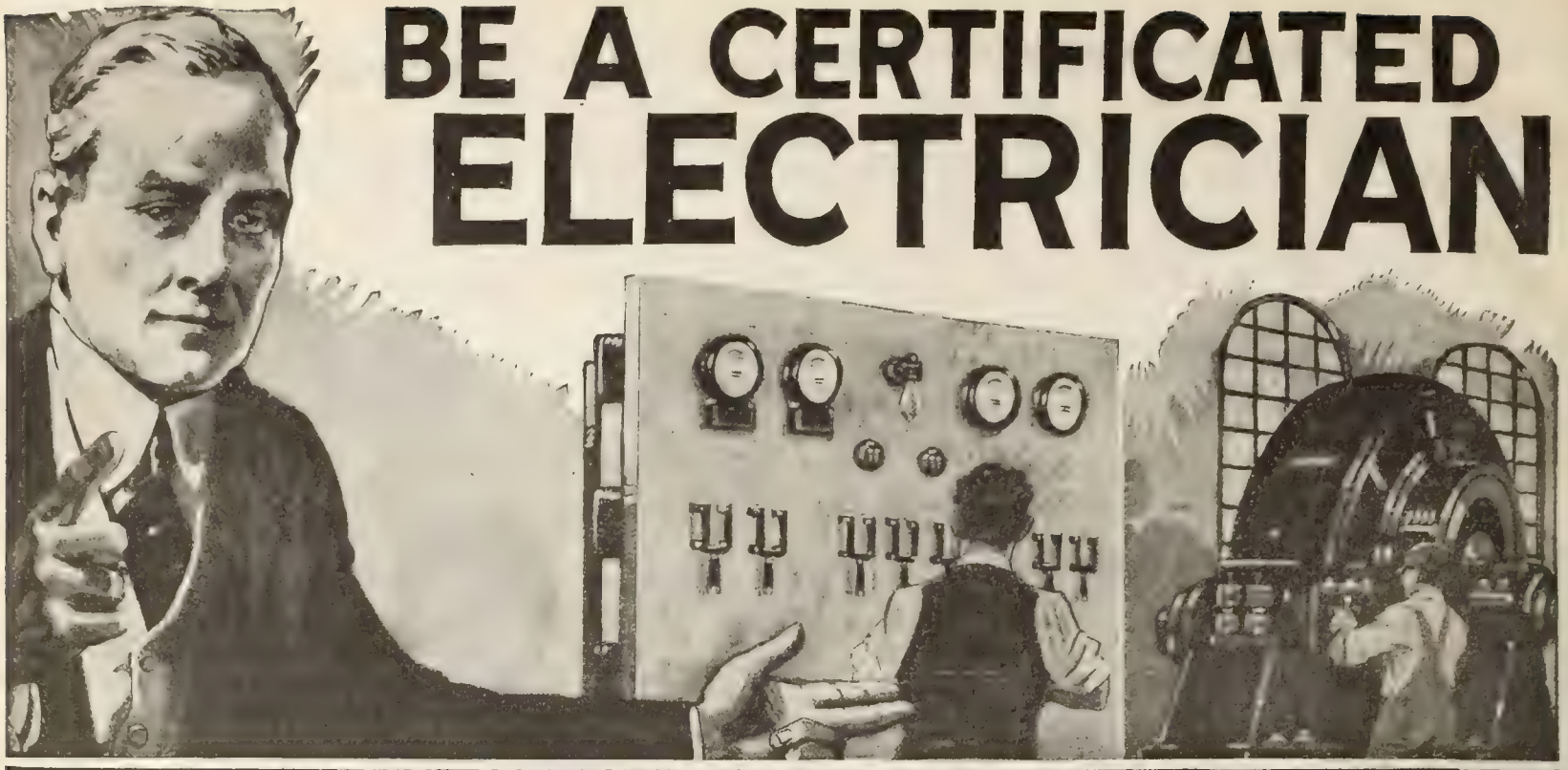

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It is,—"LASH-BROW-INE."

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Delay no more, at once begin
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Gloria Swanson
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BEAUTIFUL EYES

are framed in long, silky, luxuriant EYELASHES and well formed EYEBROWS, and these are largely responsible for the deep, soulful, wistful expression of her eyes and the great charm of her face. No face can be really beautiful without the aid of beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows. You too, can have beautiful Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows, if you will just apply a little

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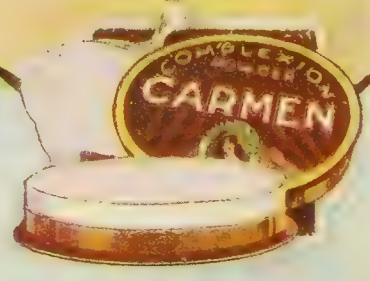

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Yours sincerely,
(Signed) VIOLA DANA."
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